BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores
How swiftly masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums, deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the common-sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.

Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!
**WHY WAS CLEOPATRA NEVER KISSED?**

Authorities apparently agree that kissing, on the lips, as a sign of affection, did not begin until after Cleopatra’s time. She died in 30 B.C. and the custom seems to have been established well after her day.

Cleopatra had one other misfortune, too. She used skin lotions, but did not have the famous Skin Softener - Italian Balm. Her lotions were mixed, undoubtedly, with “a little of this and too much of that” — but today, no guesswork is permitted in making Italian Balm for milady’s skin.

Here is a scientifically made skin-softening beauty aid that will help to keep your skin smoother and softer—fresher-feeling, more kissable and thrilling to the touch.

In Italian Balm you get not only a skin protection against chapping and skin dryness. You get also the costliest ingredients used in any of the largest selling lotions—yet the cost to use Italian Balm is negligible because it is rich, full-bodied and concentrated; not thin or watery. Try it FREE:

---

**Campana’s Italian Balm**

FREE

Gentlemen: I have never used Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________

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**MODERN SCREEN**

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Regina Cannon, Editor
Lea Townsend, Hollywood Editor
Abri Lamarque, Art Editor

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Names of characters used in stories and in humorous and sentimental matter are fictitious. If the name of a living person is used it is purely a coincidence.
Power that rivets eyes to the screen, that chokes back tears, that grips the heart and sets pulses leaping. Yes, it's one of the greatest dramas since films began! The young doctor tempted... a world of luxury and beautiful women within easy reach but the cry of humanity calling him back to the citadel of his youthful ideals.

ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind RUSSELL

IN

THE

C

ITADEL

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin

with RALPH RICHARDSON
REX HARRISON - EMLYN WILLIAMS

Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple,
Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Addi-
tional dialogue by Emlyn Williams.
Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

With everybody writing a col-
umn, I don't see why I should not take a crack at it myself.

***

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer pictures and personali-
ties. And if, I've got the in-
side dope on everything that goes on in the world's greatest
studio.

The late Will Rogers said all he
knew was "what he read in the
papers." All I know is what I
see on the screen (and what my
spies at the studio report to me).

***

You've read all about "The
Citadel" in our advertisement
on the left. It's made of the
sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer,
is "Sweethearts", which, with
appropriate fanfare, brings us
once again that thrush-throated
pair, Jeanette MacDonald and
Nelson Eddy.

***

"Sweethearts" is their first
modern musical. Modern as the
dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the
"glad girl") and Alan Campbell.

Hunt Stromberg, who produced
"Naughty Marietta", "Rose
Marie" and "Maytime", and
Director W. S. Van Dyke II,
are the sweethearts who give
us "Sweethearts"—and it's all
in beautiful Technicolor.

And if you want to hear more
about pictures, write for my
little book, "The Screen Fore-
cast," M-G-M Studios, Culver
City, Cal. It's free!

Just call me Leo

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!
A NEW CAREER AT TWENTY

By George Benjamin

Pat Ellis crashed the movies at fourteen—now she's back again

PATRICIA ELLIS, among Hollywood's better known players, has, at the age of twenty, experienced one of the most amazing careers of any actress on the screen. I talked to her recently at her New York hotel, when she exclaimed, "Oh it's so wonderful to be back in town! I feel free for the first time in five years. I just walk around waving my arms in the air. Hollywood is grand, but I had been there too long!" Pat is so young that it seems hard to believe that anyone her age could have had time to be any place "too long!"

Then she told me that she had been in Hollywood all of five years. "Well, I arrived to make my first picture, 'Three on a Match,' and the first day I was called to the studio was on my fourteenth birthday. I know it is hard to believe that, as at that time I was to play the part of a young woman of twenty-four. I was so frightened that I could hardly talk."

"I worked very hard on this picture as I was so anxious to make a good first impression. When it was over and I had a little more time to look around Hollywood, I began to meet people—Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Richard Cromwell, Anne Shirley and dozens of others that were working in pictures. At this time we were all rated about the same, and we all had one thing in mind—to get ahead in our work. Some of us have had better breaks than others and a few have faded out."

"For the next five years I was kept busy enough to think that I was doing all right. I made forty pictures in that time, and have been told it is a record number. As I became better known in Hollywood, life seemed very gay. There were any number of parties, week-ends in Palm Springs and my days seemed to be filled with sunshine."

"About three years ago, I found that I was putting on many extra pounds. My studio advised me to take a trip and go on a strict diet until I had lost about ten pounds. After pondering over many places I would like to hide myself in, I went to Death Valley."

"When I arrived I found one of the most perfect desert resorts I had ever seen. The only thing in sight was one lovely hotel right in the heart of the desert. I knew that I had come to the right place, as there was no chance to do anything except swim, play tennis, ride and take long walks. When I checked in at the hotel, they told me that I would have to pay for three meals a day—regardless! And as there was not even a drug store within fifty miles where I might be (Continued on page 85)
These are the "ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

JAMES CAGNEY
as Rocky . . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get—until they get me!"

PAT O'BRIEN
as Father Connolly . . . "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"

THE DEAD END KIDS
as Themselves . . . Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!

HUMPHREY BOGART
as Rocky's Mouthpiece . . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"

ANN SHERIDAN as Laury . . . "I'm Rocky's girl—so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"

Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

Directed by Michael Curtiz
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff • From A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.
FAY FINISHES FIRST

BY MACK HUGHES

IT'S WIN, place or show out at Santa Anita, the famed race track rendezvous of cinema stars. But, movie magnets don't give their players that much leeway. It's win or lose—with no small talk about ability. The Powers That Be turn to the ledger, figuratively saying, "Let's see. Mme. Fifi lost twenty cents in the 'Toy Bride.' eh? Notify the Madame. we won't exercise our option at this time."

And there, my friends, you have Hollywood. But, not Fay Bainter! She is always a winner. Since way back, Fay has been romping home with flying colors! And Hollywood, that land of celluloid and sound, is just another, though new, track to her. Yes, Miss Bainter's film fame is growing as fast as Junior out of Big Brother's hand-me-downs.

You've no doubt seen Fay's magnificent performance in "White Banners." This should win for her that much coveted award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the finest piece of acting during the year. Now you must admit that Fay's hurried to accomplish all this in the short span of her Movietown occupancy. For, it's little more than a year since she settled down to conquer the galloping snapshots.

For years the Bainter name adorned Broadway's best theatre marquee's, where only those excelling in the art of acting arrive. As you know, Fay has been a stage star for many theatrical seasons, so once in Hollywood, she set about combining the two techniques—that of the stage and screen. When she mastered the formula for camera craft, nothing stopped her. So, today Fay Bainter is one of the most sought-after actresses on the coast.

"You know," Fay explained, "it wasn't easy getting accustomed to the camera. That all-seeing eye isn't too kind. There's no bluffing when you stand in front of it for a 'take.' Of course, it's a help to be able to do a scene over, but if this happens often, the boss is liable to bark long and loud and I don't mean maybe! "After finishing 'Jezebel,' I was pretty much disheartened. On the stage you know when you do a good job. But, in pictures you can't tell until you actually see yourself on the screen. Well, after seeing the rushes, I was sure the stage was the place for me and my talents, if any. So, Poppy and I packed up and headed for home. Home to me, you know, is Ossining, N. Y. Yes, we were jogging along peacefully listening to the radio when suddenly the announcer interrupted the program saying, 'Fay Bainter, headed east by car, return at once to her studio.' "

"What have I done wrong?" I asked Poppy. [Poppy happens to be Reginald Venable, Fay's husband.] We decided there was only one way to find out. So, I hopped a train back and, much to my surprise, was immediately put into 'White Banners.' Poppy continued east to close the house.

"This was a marvelous break for me, but it presented a problem. I had to find a house as little Reg would soon be out of school and coming on for vacation. The places I found that I could afford weren't suitable. Then I landed 'Mother Cary's Chickens' and said, 'Oh heck, why not,' and took this place on the beach. It's been wonderful for my son. So, the Venables haven't gone swank, just practical for a change."

By way of reporting, let us bring you an interesting sidelight we garnered out Warner's way, concerning production on "White Banners." Seems the director called his camera crew together and informed them that all scenes Miss Bainter appeared in were to show her full face. There you have an idea (Continued on page 88)
7 GREAT PERSONALITIES

Selznick International presents

JANET GAYNOR

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

PAULETTE GODDARD

in

THE YOUNG IN HEART

with

ROLAND YOUNG

BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson
Directed by Richard Wallace
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK. Released thru United Artists

From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by I. A. R. Wylie
MODERN SCREEN

WHAT TO MAKE YOU LIPS
ADORABLE
WITH NEW
“BLACK” LIPSTICK

A Heart-to-Heart Talk with
VARADY, Eminent Beauty Authority

"Few women know the power of their lips in enhancing their faces. This is the reason why the 'Black' Lipstick, world-renowned authority on beauty and feminine adornment, "Yet every woman knows her lips are the most glamorous, the most seductive instruments of romance."

"Therefore, lady girls and women—give extra time and attention in making your lips attractive, magnetic.

"And that is exactly why I offer you my new black lipstick creation—Varady's Midnite Rose Shade. Designed especially for you to make the most of your lips. When applied, it changes instantly to a ravishing red—a blood-warmth color that makes your lips vivid and alluring, with the most dewy effect that wins men's hearts the world over.

"Try my new black lipstick now. It comes in two shades; Midnite Rose, light, and Midnite Rose, dark— for blondes and for brunettes. Ask for Varady's Midnite Rose Shade at any cosmetic counter now. Make your lips adorable!"

THESE ARE LIPS MEN ADORE!

GLORIA BRENNER, of the famous Brentani Twins, won Oscar for her work in "The Fox's "Hold That Coat!"

HUEY, glamorous star of Monogram Picture's "Rose of the Red Gardens." Mollie brings a new type of tenderness to the screen.

HANNAH BRENNER, sister of the lovely Gloria (at left). The Brentani Twins have more than beauty, they have those sizzling with their singing and dancing.

How! See How Amazing Cream Makes Skin Lovable!

The very first time you use Varady's Face Cream, your own mirror will show you the wonderful result! Skin that is clear and smooth... skin that is soft and thrilling to touch! This all-purpose cream in light, refines it. It spreads smoothly, almost instantly sinks into the skin. Just a palmful—a hard rubbing or slapping in. Leaves skin radiant, soft, smooth—wonderfully, invitingly fairer and brighter looking.

For your beauty's sake, try these other Valdary aids to loveliness: Oil of Youth, Face Powder, Blending Cream, all at your favorite cosmetic counter, Varady, 427 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

-looking. It contains in two shades; Midnite Rose, light, and Midnite Rose, dark— for blondes and for brunettes. Ask for Varady's Midnite Rose Shade at any cosmetic counter now. Make your lips adorable!"

NEW, COMPLETELY REVISED ADDRESS LIST!

Send your stamped self-addressed envelope today and we will mail you free MODERN SCREEN's new, enlarged, up-to-the-minute list of all the Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. Hundreds of names, from the top flight stars right down to the line, including contract and even free lance players. This new and enlarged list has been completely revised and rearranged alphabetically for your greater convenience. You've asked for it—here it is—a convenient size to handle, to keep in your scrap-book or writing desk for ready reference. Do you want to write a fan letter, or request a photograph, or just trace the studio connections of your favorite players? In any of these cases you'll find this list indispensable.

To receive one of these lists, you have to do is write to us asking for it, enclosing a large self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be considered unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Boost your favorite player—send a coupon

ANN SOTHERN is one of those penny-pinching girls who had fanned this coupon up. A spur of the moment trip to California changed the whole course of her life and turned a potential contract player into a prettary actress. Ann was born Harriette Lake, in Valley City, North Dakota, January 2, 1909. She was educated in various cities of the middle west and at the University of Washington. For three consecutive years at Central High School in Minneapolis she won first prize for original piano compositions. It was while visiting her mother, a concert singer, in Los Angeles that Ann was discovered by Hollywood. She made a number of pictures under her own name. Then she went to New York and appeared with Marilyn Miller in "Studs." She returned to Hollywood, took a new name, adopted partly from her mother's name, partly from that of E. H. Sothern, the Shakespearean actor, and entered the movies again, this time to become a star. Ann appears in many beautiful-but-dub characters, but she is really one of the film colony's most cultured and widely-read actresses. She is also a flying enthusiast, with thousands of miles of air travel to her credit.
credit. She keeps her perfect figure by riding horseback, swimming, and playing tennis. Ann Sothern is a natural blonde, with blue-gray eyes. She is five feet, one inch tall, weighs one hundred, twelve pounds and eats what she wants, depending solely upon exercise to control her pouting. Ann is always "herself" and is exceptionally popular with fellow workers. She has a sister, Bonnie, who is a composer, and another, Marion, who is a writer. Her family is descended from Cyrus Lake, inventor of the submarine. Ann's two most recent pictures were "Barraged at the Farm," and "She's Got Everything." Her next will be "Trade Winds." You may address her in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

WILLIAM BOYD: It was a long hard road that William Boyd tramped to the west—and to fame. The son of a civil engineer, he was attending school at Tulsa, Oklahoma, when both his parents died and he was left to face the world on his own. The spirit of adventure called and he set out for the Pacific coast. But adventure, he discovered, was made up principally of hard work and harder knocks. Near Globe, Arizona, he found himself that broke so he took a job in a sawmill.

The hours were long, the pay was small, but Bill managed to save enough to get to California. Near the town of Orange, Calif., he once more found his pockets empty so he hired out to pick and pack oranges. During the months that followed he worked at drilling oil wells, selling first automobiles and then groceries in a country store. Gradually he nearled Hollywood where he began his screen career as an extra. His first break came when he was given a "bit" part in a picture and later, was assigned to a major supporting role. After that, life was easier. William Boyd has starred in nineteen "Hopalong Cassidy" pictures. Though for years one of the film colony's favorite players and a protege of De Millic, easy-going Bill Boyd has never "gone Hollywood." He has remained "Bill" to everybody. He is married to Grace Bradley, screen actress and former Broadway star. They live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley where they both ride snow white horses with identical silver trappings. They are seldom seen in night clubs, preferring country life. Boyd works six months a year and loafs six months. He loves to hunt and fish and his wife usually joins him on these excursions. He refuses to let anybody double for him in hazardous scenes and has never had a stand-in. The drawl which distinguishes Boyd's speech in the character of "Hopalong Cassidy" comes natural as he is a real westerner. His riding ability can be traced back to his early days in Oklahoma. Bill Boyd was born in Cambridge, O., June 6, 1898, but moved to the West when he was scarcely of school age. He is just a bit over six feet tall, has blonde hair and blue eyes. He weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. His last two pictures were "Bar 20 Justice" and "Pride of the West." His next will be "In Old Mexico." You may address him in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 82)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name:

Street:

City, State:

If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

She was Beautiful IN HER SLEEP

... because her skin was Wide Awake!

Your skin, like your heart, must never cease working. Help it stay vital, beautiful, youthful looking; use this "skin-awakening" cream.

Your skin, to stay lovely, must work all day long and all through the night.

Woodbury Cold Cream which contains a skin-enlivening element—a skin-stimulating Vitamin—helps rouse sluggish skin to keep it busily working. By encouraging your skin to greater activity, Woodbury helps it stay fresh and vigorous.

Woodbury Cold Cream is a basic cream. It tones and stimulates the skin; cleanses the pores thoroughly; brings needful oils to lubricate the skin. And in this lovely beauty cream you have germ-free purity down to the very last dab in the jar.

Let Woodbury Cold Cream, with the skin-stimulating Vitamin, cleanse, tone and arouse your skin; $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

SEND for Trial Tubes of Woodbury Creams

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6796 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

In Canada John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Porth, Ontario

Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury Cold and Facial Creams: 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder; guest-size Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name:

Address:

11
LET US HELP YOU WIN
Here is the complete guide to the answers which can make you a lucky

EXPLANATION
Here is a chance at fame and fortune! To enter this contest, simply secure a movie quiz booklet at your neighborhood theatre. Answer one question about any 30 pictures included in the booklet, and then write a statement of not more than 50 words, telling which one of the 30 pictures you like best, and why.

Our sample letter will help you in writing your statement. Remember, it must be original. Just write as if you were telling a friend why the picture appealed to you, why you especially enjoyed it.
As a further guide, read our synopses carefully. They'll assist you in selecting the correct answers.

After you have completed your entry, mail the booklet containing your answers and the 50 word statement to

Motion Picture Contest
480 Lexington Avenue, New York City
Postmarked not later than December 31, 1938

SAMPLE LETTER
"Sweethearts" was a treat I'll never forget. Victor Herbert's thrilling melodies sung with such charm, the Technicolor which alone can do justice to such spectacles as the tulip scene, and the romantic tale which held my interest to the very end, all made it the most enjoyable entertainment I've had since Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sang 'Maytime.'

THE MAD MISS MANTON
When Barbara Stanwyck, a matcap society girl with a reputation for thoughtless pranks, finds a dead body in an old mansion, her report to the police is not taken seriously. With her "gang" of delinquents, she returns to the house for clues and finds the clock she had left in her horrified flight and the note, "The next time you'll be in it" pinned to the door by a knife. Undaunted by the peril that hovers over her and by conflicts with newspaper editor Henry Fonda, and the police, Barbara and her "gang" run down clues on this and a follow-up murder until they capture the killer.

THE TEXANS
As Randolph Scott and the rest of the Confederate veterans come off the boat at Indiana, Texas, at the close of the Civil War, they find the state under martial law. When Joan Bennett, who is in the dangerous act of running guns for Robert Cummings, is discovered and arrested, Randy goes to her aid. When an impossibly high tax is put on cattle, Scott persuades Joan and her grandmother to let him drive their cattle north to the railroad where they will have a ready market. After incredible hardships they finally make it, and Randy is rewarded by winning Joan's affections from Robert who, though he follows them, refuses to help her in any way.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH
George Raft and Henry Fonda are fishermen in the primitive north where fish are caught in boatloads and the ice to preserve them is taken from icebergs broken by the men's singing. Life-long friends, they grow apart when Fonda decides to go "straight" and Raft joins the salmon pirates. When the pirates find the threat of violence from the honest fishermen a menace, they plan a big raid. In the fight which follows, Fonda shoots Raft. Raft, dying, pretends hatted for Fonda, but carries out a plan by which the pirate leader is betrayed and Henry saved.

THOROUGHBED
When two acrobats are hurled to death, Edith Fellows is left an orphan. With Counto, the Wonder Horse, as a partner, she and the horse's handler, Cliff Edwards, drive to California to find her relatives. Afraid of stern Aunt Virginia Howell, they go to Cousin Richard Piske's. As he has just lost his racing stable to his creditors he goes to live with them. The story centers around Edith's efforts to get the horse financially fixed by making a race horse out of Counto. Despite the aunt's plots, a fire, a dialy sport and other obstacles, she is finally successful and all ends well.

MR. CHUMP
Because Johnnie Davis, who boasts of his success with the trumpet and the stock market, is thwarted in his love for Penny Singleton, she goes to the big city. In short time he returns in a trumpet player in a big orchestra with plenty of money. In the meantime Penny's brother-in-law and Johnnie's rival for her hand have "borrowed" money from the bank where they work and lost it in the stock market. Johnnie takes another large sum and recoups their losses, but the bank examiners have the three thrown into jail. Johnnie swings the trumpet in the prison band and his Penny is waiting for him when he gets out.

SYNOPSIS
In "Sweethearts," Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in Broadway musical comedy stars, have been happily married for six years, but a potted orange sent by the persistent Hollywood talent scout, an unexpected "sweetheart" publicity stunt on their wedding anniversary and disagreements with relatives lead them to agree to sign film contracts. Their producer, frantic to keep the "sweethearts" in New York for his new show, tries the hoax of making Jeannette think Nelson is unfaithful to her. Instead, the "sweethearts" quarrel and join separate road companies. Later, discovering they have been tricked, they rush back to New York and decide never again to part.

THE MAD MISS MANTON

As Randolph Scott and the rest of the Confederate veterans come off the boat at Indiana, Texas, at the close of the Civil War, they find the state under martial law. When Joan Bennett, who is in the dangerous act of running guns for Robert Cummings, is discovered and arrested, Randy goes to her aid. When an impossibly high tax is put on cattle, Scott persuades Joan and her grandmother to let him drive their cattle north to the railroad where they will have a ready market. After incredible hardships they finally make it, and Randy is rewarded by winning Joan's affections from Robert who, though he follows them, refuses to help her in any way.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH
George Raft and Henry Fonda are fishermen in the primitive north where fish are caught in boatloads and the ice to preserve them is taken from icebergs broken by the men's singing. Life-long friends, they grow apart when Fonda decides to go "straight" and Raft joins the salmon pirates. When the pirates find the threat of violence from the honest fishermen a menace, they plan a big raid. In the fight which follows, Fonda shoots Raft. Raft, dying, pretends hatted for Fonda, but carries out a plan by which the pirate leader is betrayed and Henry saved.

THOROUGHBED
When two acrobats are hurled to death, Edith Fellows is left an orphan. With Counto, the Wonder Horse, as a partner, she and the horse's handler, Cliff Edwards, drive to California to find her relatives. Afraid of stern Aunt Virginia Howell, they go to Cousin Richard Piske's. As he has just lost his racing stable to his creditors he goes to live with them. The story centers around Edith's efforts to get the horse financially fixed by making a race horse out of Counto. Despite the aunt's plots, a fire, a dialy sport and other obstacles, she is finally successful and all ends well.

MR. CHUMP
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$250,000.00 MOVIE QUIZ

winner! Read this carefully, for your chance to click is excellent

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<th>PRIZES</th>
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<td>1st Prize........................................... $50,000</td>
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SAMPLE LETTER

A picture like "A Letter of Introduction" may not settle any momentous question, but it does cure more ills than lots of medicine. The story is different from the usual run and full of exciting and amusing situations. All the personalities are excellent, but Charley McCarthy's wise-cracking by itself would be worth the price of admission. It's a real boat.

CRIME TAKES A HOLIDAY

When Ann Sheridan's father is prosecuted as a murderer by District Attorney Jack Holt in his attempt to rid a midwest city of racketeers, she convinces Jack of her father's innocence. Trusting Holt and his assistant Russell Hopton she agrees to say nothing so that they can try to trap the real killers. When all their plans fail and the Governor refuses Ann's father a reprieve, the only way out seems to be to let Ann expose Holt's handling of her father's case thus probably ruining his career. The racketeer leader who has been posing as the "belliginant citizen" gets abroad of the exposure but, in making use of it, slips his foot and is quickly trapped into a confession by Jack Holt.

SWING THAT CHEER

The Athletic Board of Carlton University agrees to retain Coach Samuel Hinds for one more year with the warning that he must win every game. Tom Brown is given the blocker's position on the squad and his room-mate Robert Wilcox carries the ball. When Wilcox's touchdowns win the game, though Tom's blocking is really responsible, Wilcox develops a swelled head and Brown is shoved into the background. This leads to a breakup of the boys' friendship and when things come to a showdown just before the final game, a sight takes place in which a table falls on Tom's leg. He flees a broken leg to show up Wilcox's dependence on his blocking. They are losing the game when Tom confesses his hoax. Working together with Wilcox, who now sees his error, they save the game just as the guns sound.

BROTHER RAT

Eddie Albert, Wayne Morris' roommate at Virginia Military Institute, needs money because the girl to whom he is secretly wed is going to have a baby. Wayne tries to be helpful by betting on their baseball game all the money he can get his hands on, including forty dollars Eddie had given him to put in the bank and money he gets for pawning everything in the room, even a saber belonging to the U. S. Government. This leads to one difficulty after another, climaxing in Eddie's failure to win the scholarship money they had counted on. Suddenly a telegram comes announcing the birth of the baby and Eddie wins the three hundred dollars for being the first father in the class.

SYNOPSIS

In "A Letter of Introduction," Andrea Leeds and Edgar Bergen save Charlie McCarthy and Andrea's letter of introduction to Adolphe Menjou when the theatrical boarding house in which they live burns. Though the letter reveals that Andrea is Adolphe's child by a former marriage, he asks her not to reveal their true relationship. Menjou's interest in her and her stage career leads to misunderstandings between Andrea and her love, George Murphy, but Bergen and McCarthy, started on a successful radio career by Menjou, stick by Andrea. Finally, Menjou's identity is cleared up, misunderstandings are cleared up and Andrea and George are brought together again.

DRUMS

Prince Ghul of India has plans to get possession of the British quarters at Tokot, then kill his brother, the aging Khan, and then the latter's son, Prince Azim. The British and the Khas, learning of the plan, form a treaty, after which a great friendship grows between young Prince Azim and members of the British quarters. After they all suffer terror at the hands of Prince Ghul, the little Prince finally saves the day for both the British and his own throne by using a "private" danger signal he and the Scottish drummer boy had improvised.

MR. WONG, DETECTIVE

John Hamilton, a chemical manufacturer, tells detective Boris Karloff he suspects his two partners of threats which he has received. Karloff, arriving at Hamilton's office for an appointment, finds him dead. John St. Polis, a little chemist who had accused Hamilton of stealing his formula for poison gas, is arrested. Picking up glass particles that he finds, Karloff discovers that his suspicions that Hamilton died from poison gas are true. When Hamilton's two partners meet the same fate, though evidence seems to point to a gang of international spies, clever Karloff proves that St. Polis is the murderer of all three.

SMASHING THE RACKETEERS

Chester Morris prosecutes, for the D.A.'s office, the case of his old friend the tobbacconist who was brutally beaten by racketeers. When he loses the case because of lying witnesses, he decides to handle the case his own way. (Continued on page 96)
Sonja Henie suggests baked treats to serve with coffee

Entertaining Ideas

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Sonja says that, in Norway, coffee is served more frequently than here.

Norwegian "brining up," for in Norway they drink even more coffee than we do. There the students forgerather in "coffee rooms" for the stimulation provided by this fragrant beverage as well as for the exchange of opinions. And there housewives serve to their most honored guests coffee with whipped cream, accompanied by their most delectable baked treats.

What are some of these fresh-from-the-oven delicacies that go so well with a cup of steaming brew? Their name is legion. The question of choice is governed neither by type nor nationality but rather by personal preference. However, I think you will be especially interested in a couple of Sonja's suggestions which I tried out—with immediate success.

The one that takes precedence over all others, naturally enough, is coffee cake. Not the usual coffee cake, but one made according to our Norwegian star's treasured version of an "old country" recipe. Rich, spicy and decidedly different, it is sure to impress your guests no end. The likes of it have never before graced my board but it is already booked for a return appearance!

Or perhaps you think your friends would prefer something more parfried—a little more of the "Bridge Club" type of refreshments? Then by all means bake some Party Puffs, says Sonja. And in order to make the task simpler she supplied directions for making those most frequently served in her own home when folks drop in for a cup of coffee and a not-too-filling sweet. Nothing out of the ordinary about the Cream Puff shells, I noted immediately, but there's something pretty special about both the filling and frosting. The one is lighter than any I've ever tried, the other gleams like nothing I've ever seen. Where is that mixing bowl, and that coffee pot? For I'm expecting guests this evening—are you?

ALMOND COFFEE CAKE

3/4 cup butter
3/4 cup lard or vegetable shortening
1 egg slightly beaten
3/4 cup cream
3/4 teaspoon almond extract
1 teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon vinegar
3/4 cups flour, sifted
2 tablespoons softened butter
4 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
3/4 cup seedless raisins
3/4 cup citron and candied cherries, combined
3/4 cup blanched almonds
white of 1 egg

WHETHER YOU are a gay and golden picture star, like Sonja Henie, or just a charming, simple little housewife, one of the most becoming roles you can play is that of hostess in the realm of your own home.

If you have ever stopped to realize how important it is for you to shine in this setting of your own making, you have also figured out, I'm sure, that it is not enough just to be poised and gracious. Being a perfect hostess also involves serving the right kind of refreshments. This, of course, is equally true whether your guests have been invited in advance or have just dropped in unexpectedly.

The best way to prepare for these occasions—planned or impromptu—is to decide first on one certain thing around which to "build" your menu. And if you were to follow Sonja Henie's suggestion, that certain something would be coffee. This popular custom can be directly traced to Miss Henie's.
Cream together butter and lard (or vegetable shortening). Add sugar gradually, creaming together thoroughly. Add beaten egg. Add cream and almond extract. Beat until very light. Add soda dissolved in the vinegar. Sift flour into a bowl, make a "well" in the middle and turn first mixture into this depression. Mix together lightly until blended. Roll out gently on well floured board to make an oblong piece about 18 inches long and ½ inch thick. Spread with softened butter. Combine the 4 tablespoons sugar with the cinnamon. Sprinkle buttered dough with ⅔ of this mixture. Rinse raisins in hot water, drain and dry; add to citron, cherries and blanched almonds. Chop well together. Sprinkle ⅓ of this mixture over the dough. Roll up dough as for jelly roll. Place this roll in a circle (with both ends joining) in a large, round, greased cake tin. Brush with egg white. Sprinkle with the remaining cinnamon-sugar mixture over fruit and nut mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes or until a cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Should be served hot, plain, or with butter.

PARTY PUFFS
1 cup water
1 cup flour
4 eggs
1/2 cup butter
Place water in saucepan, bring to a boil. Add butter, stir until melted. Sift in the flour. Stir vigorously, while cooking over low heat, until mixture is thick and smooth, and will form into a ball that does not stick to the sides of the saucepan. Remove from heat, cool slightly. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating hard for several minutes after each addition. Drop by teaspoonfuls, or from pastry bag, onto greased baking sheet. Each puff should be about one inch in diameter and slightly higher in the center. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes. Test "doneness" by removing a single puff from the oven to see whether it will "fall." If not, the others may be removed at once to a wire cake rack, to cool. When thoroughly cooled make a small slit in the side of each puff with a thin-bladed knife. Carefully fill with cream filling. Top with frosting.

SCANDINAVIAN CREAM FILLING
1 cup scalded milk
1/2 cup sugar
2 teaspoons gelatin
2 tablespoons butter
1/4 teaspoon (scant) almond extract
Scald the cup of milk in top of double boiler. Beat together the yolks and the sugar. Slowly add the scalded milk. Return to double boiler and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture is smooth and thickened and will coat a silver spoon. Remove from heat, add gelatin which has soaked 5 minutes in the cold milk. Stir until gelatin has dissolved; add butter, stir until melted. Add flavoring. Chill in refrigerator until thickened. Use as filling for cream puffs.

BITTERSWEET FROSTING
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon glycerine
2 tablespoons water
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar
Place chocolate, butter, glycerine and water in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until chocolate has melted. Remove from heat. Stir until blended. Add vanilla. Stir in the confectioners' sugar gradually, then add a little boiling water, drop by drop, until frosting is of the right consistency to spread. Spread on puffs with a knife dipped in warm water.

Happy Holidays from Hawaii
Greet them zestfully with DOLE Pineapple Juice — rich in natural fruit sugars

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

- Millard Sheets, noted American painter, pictures the century-old hospitality of friendly Hawaii — when natives greeted visitors from across the sea with luscious fruits.
MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★★ If I Were King

A happy combination of gayety and wit, romance and excitement, "If I Were King" also possesses another rare virtue—it is a costume picture that moves. Ronald Colman, a master of swashbuckling roles, was never better. The picture resonates with the swishing of cloaks and the clatter of swords, and it is done with a deft touch which makes it the finest costume picture since "Robin Hood."

The story, based on the play of the same name, is concerned with the somewhat legendary doings of Francois Villon, poet and adventurer of 15th Century France, during the reign of Louis XI. Villon, dashing but ragged friend of the poor, boasts one night in a tavern about what he would do if he were king. He is overheard by the king himself, and is given a chance to prove himself.

Colman's performance is his best in several years, and his fine rendering of the poetic lines is a delight to hear. Basil Rathbone, as the wily king, almost steals the picture. Frances Dee is beautiful and appealing as a lady-in-waiting who eventually wins Villon's and Ellen Drew (who made her screen debut in "Sin! You Sinners") contributes a lusty emotional performance in the title role.

Directed by Frank Lloyd. —Paramount.

★★★ Boys Town

"Boys Town" is a direct appeal to the emotions, and a preview audience proved the success of its appeal by spontaneous applause throughout its unreeing. A couple of days after you've seen it, you may wonder why you liked it so much, but that's what is important. What is important is the fact that while you're watching it "Boys Town" will captivate you completely.

You probably know that the story is based on the actual "Boys Town" near Omaha, Nebraska, which was founded by and is still ruled by Father Flanagan. The screenwriters have taken much of their material from Father Flanagan's own story—a story of early teachings and struggle and eventual triumph, a triumph built on Father Flanagan's theory that "there is no such thing as a bad boy."

Spencer Tracy plays Father Flanagan, and gives one of the greatest performances of his career. Mickey Rooney takes second honors as a recalcitrant young man who represents "Boys Town," and Henry Hull is splendid in the role of a business man who grudgingly aids Father Flanagan. John Eraser, Gene Reynolds, Edward Norris, Frankie Thomas and Bob Watson also deserve more than passing mention. Directed by Norman Taurog.—M-G-M.

★★★ Hold That Co-Ed

Here is the surprise of the season—a college football picture that's really funny. It kicks the pants off that sappy institution, high time football, and at the same time takes deft jabs at politics and turns out to be as funny a comedy as you'll see all season. "Hold That Co-Ed." The football takes a big step forward with "Hold That Co-Ed."

The story centers around a run-down state college which is suddenly boosted to affluence by the governor, who thinks a winning football team will make him a senator. He builds a tremendous stadium, sponsors an all-girl band, hires a couple of wrestlers for the backfield and introduces a new idea by putting a girl on the team. Around this plot has been fashioned a hilarious satire which will rank with the best screen comedies of the year.

John Barrymore is completely delightful as the governor, turning in one of the finest comedy performances of his career. George Murphy and Marjorie Weaver play the romantic leads, and Mr. M. is given a chance to demonstrate his nimble dancing when he isn't busy making love to Miss Weaver or coaching good old State. Jack Haley is excellent as the governor's secretary, Joan Davis is funny as a girl football hero, the supporting cast is outstanding.

DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN . . .
HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!

De Lesseps—whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal...living again his blazing romance...conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
ANNABELLA
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
HENRY STEPHENSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIG RUMANN
MAURICE MOSCOVICH
NIGEL BRUCE
MILES MANDER
GEORGE ZUCCO
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Directed by Allan Dwan • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Based on a story by Sam Duncan

Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture...into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources... Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!
**Modern Screen**

*Too Hot to Handle*

“Too Hot to Handle” is the first feature-length glorification of the newsreel cameraman and one of the exploits of these gallant gentlemen seem slightly incredible, you can blame that condition on the fact that the movies are sometimes guilty of exaggeration for the sake of drama. Up to now no one knew the newsreel business harbored such glamorous characters as Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Walter Pidgeon, but this trio of expert trouper will make most audiences feel that newsreel people take heroics as a matter of course, disaster, and tragedy as part of the day’s work.

Gable and Pidgeon are rival newsreel men in China when the picture opens, and most of their time is spent on phony stunts and faked stories, all of which will undoubtedly make all of us more skeptical of our newsreels from now on. Miss Loy enters their lives through one of these stunts, and stays with them through a series of hectic adventures comparable only to the daily thrills enjoyed by a movie newspaperman. As a matter of fact, “Too Hot to Handle” will remind you of newspaper films, but it is made different by the simple substitution of a camera for a typewriter. In place of the usual screaming movie managing editors, they have substituted newsreel bureau managers who scream just as loud.

This reviewer doesn’t feel that the picture comes up to the recent and somewhat similar “Test Pilot,” but it has action and melodrama and heroics galore, and the majority of people will like it. Gable and Pidgeon are ideally cast, Miss Loy is somewhat less sparkling than usual, and there are fine performances by Leo Carrillo and Walter Connolly in the supporting cast. Directed by Jack Conway.

**Room Service**

With an outlay of $250,000 for the story (rights to the successful Broadway play) and another $250,000 for the services of the Marx Brothers, RKO has a tremendous investment in this film. The Marx Brothers’ antics, “Room Service” is a comparatively sane piece which allows the brothers little opportunity to indulge in the brand of nonsense which has made them famous. It would have been a good picture for a cast of ordinary mortals, but for the Marxes it was a mistake.

As a broken-down Broadway producer living on the cusp in a hotel managed by his brother-in-law, Groucho has more chance to strut his stuff than either Harpo or Chico. The Groucho lope and the Groucho leer are there, but the gags to go with them are missing. Harpo and Chico have little to do, and don’t even get a whack at a harp or a piano. Frank Albertson is excellent as a playwright awed by the big city, Donal MacBride almost steals the picture in the role of an apoplectic hotel auditor, and Philip Loeb furnishes rich comedy as a hill collector with a Caspar Milquetoast complex. Ann Miller and Lucille Ball are capable and charming as a couple of girls who seem to be in the cast because someone thought there ought to be a couple of girls in it. If you’re a Marx fan you can retain your standing by skipping this one. William Seiter directed. —RKO-Radio.

**Mr. Doodle Kicks Off**

The fun starts before the kick-off—for it’s a Joe Penner picture. And for anyone with a Penner penchant it’s a natural. Joe isn’t such hot shakes in football but makes up for it by swinging a mean baton in bands at jitterbug jamborees. However, as far as his father’s concerned, Joe’s just a blot on the family scutcheon unless he attains fame on the football field. Being a million-dollar-a-year man, the pater plunks down two hundred thousand dollars bribe money to the college coaches in order to make an All-American of his offspring.

But it looks as if he can’t even make a Joe College out of him. However, to keep peace Joe finally quits the night-clubbing and goes in for higher learning and tackling technique. To say that he takes a beating is putting it mildly. Joe’s practically reduced to a pulp and would gladly throw it all over in favor of ping-pong except for the intervention of a co-ed cutie, June Travis, who instills the old fight in Joe’s battered frame. The climax, when Joe saves the day and the family name through no fault of his own, is worth getting in on. In the supporting cast competent characterizations are offered by George Irving, Richard Lane, Billy Gilbert and June Travis. Directed by Leslie Goodwins—RKO-Radio.

**Campus Confessions**

Another “rah rah” picture of college capers, this one turns out to be surprisingly acceptable film fare. First and foremost, credit for this phenomenon should be given Hank Lusetti, that champ basket-

(Continued on page 95)

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**Here is the New Linit Complexion Mask**

**In Four Quick Steps**

1. **1st STEP**
   Mixing Takes a Minute
2. **2nd STEP**
   Applying Takes a Minute
3. **3rd STEP**
   Resting For 20 Minutes
4. **4th STEP**
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Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

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For every member of the family. Delightfully different. TRY IT TODAY!
HINDS GIVES EXTRA BOTTLE

without extra cost!
A good-will gift to your chapped hands!

MONEY BACK ON THIS IF NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS

Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users! Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only.

MONEY BACK! Buy the medium size—get the Good-Will gift bottle with it. If Good-Will bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK—where you bought it—on large bottle. If you've never used Hinds, try it now—at no risk. Find out for yourself how good Hinds is. Even 1 application makes dry, chapped skin feel smoother!

EXTRA LOTION! Nearly 20% more Hinds—when you buy this Hinds Good-Will bargain! More of this famous, fine hand lotion for the money than ever before. Use Hinds before and after household jobs. Coaxes back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you "Honeymoon Hands." Also in 10c, 25c, $1 sizes.

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HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM FOR HONEYMOON HANDS
LET'S ASSUME for the sake of our story that there is a "warrant out" for Bob Taylor. For what? Were there ever any specific charges? Did he ever offend good taste? Was he ever exhibitionistic? Promiscuous in his romances? A problem child to his studio? Obviously, no. Then what? Then, it seems, he is "too handsome." So far as we can ascertain that seems to be the only complaint, thinly veiled, against Taylor. Which, considering that he works in a pictorial medium, in which producers and public alike are a-hunger and a-thirst for more Taylors and Powers, seems singularly feeble, not to say down-right contrary.

In the good old days of the movies we rejoiced over a Barrymore profile, a "too beautiful" Barbara La Marr, the exoticism of Valentino, the "handsomest male face in the world" of Richard Barthelmess. True, it was said that men "didn't like" Valentino. There is probably something of resentment in both men and women when a very handsome man meets their eyes. The men are, plainly, jealous. The women, although subconsciously, may resent the fact that their own Toms and Dicks and Harrys cannot compare to the incomparable one. But for the most part, and before the days when Hollywood became the second largest by-line in the world, we considered a woman's beauty and, no less, a man's fine appearance, as assets, not liabilities.

So that if our suspicions in Hollywood are correct and if the implied complaint against Taylor, the vague resentment which occasionally crystallizes into crude and even cruel form, has to do with the looks God gave him, then it is a malfeasance of justice. Because, can he help his looks? What can he do about them? Break his nose? Expose himself to small-pox so as to placate the sling-shot shooters with pock-marks?

What is most unjust of all is that Taylor can not defend himself. If he had become involved in a scandal, he could appear in court and take the stand in his own defense. But he could not, he cannot protest too much, or at all, because God gave him fine features. Now, can he? He can only keep his mouth shut and go his own straight way. Which is precisely what he has done.

I don't suppose a person is ever so well known as he is in his own home town. Especially if the home town is a small town, as is Hollywood. For Hollywood hangs over its back fences counting the pieces of wash on Mrs. Gene Raymond's clothes-line of a Monday morning with a relish which would put any Mrs. Moriarity to shame. Hollywood enjoys nothing so much as a good dish of gossip about that Mr. and Mrs. Tone and why they have separated. Hollywood knows just who was invited to whose latest party and what husbands talked to what wives of what other husbands.

I must report that nothing but good is ever said of Taylor. I report further, that nothing is ever said about Taylor's "looks." No one out here thinks about his looks, because his looks are so secondary to his seriousness, his honesty and sportsmanship as to make them, relatively speaking, inconsequential. Hollywood's only comment about the Taylor face is that it usually needs a shave.

Don't forget that you, the fans, see Taylor only when
One of the most important things to realize about Bob is that by heredity and upbringing he never belonged to Hollywood. For Bob was raised to believe that it's what a fellow is and does that counts. The men he was raised with in Nebraska, his own doctor father, the farmers and ranchers, didn't give a hoot for the way they looked. A man got well or died whether Dr. Brugh had shaved that morning or not. Corn grew strong or withered whether the rancher's profile resembled a Greek god's or Boris Karloff in make-up. The best that was ever said of Bob in Nebraska was that "Doc Brugh's boy is a likely-looking lad." It was what Doc Brugh's boy could do with a horse, a plough, as a handy man, that counted. And so Bob was not "conditioned" to the Hollywood, the photographic estimate of a man.

Here nobody thinks anything about Taylor's looks. Here we take him on his own ground as did those farmers in Nebraska. We know that he lives on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley. He raises alfalfa. He has seven horses. He ropes calves. He has the strength of an ox—and the indifference of the same. He spends almost every evening on his ranch or at Marwyck, with Barbara Stanwyck. They listen to the radio. They talk horses and crops with Neighbor Gable and Neighbor Warren William. Bob's only off-evenings are when he goes to the fights or when he and Barbara go dancing.

There has never been a star who takes so little advantage of the over-privileges this young man might so easily claim. It is something to remember that in his few years in Hollywood, Bob has "gone with" but two girls, Irene Hervey and Barbara Stanwyck. This should presuppose a singleness of heart and of purpose, a strong strain of loyalty. It does prove that there is nothing of the Casanova in Robert Taylor.

There is no she-she about (Continued on page 93)
The absorbing human drama

A HAZEL-EYED demure little girl of less than three summers tugged at the hand of her father as he sat reading in his big armchair by the fire.

"Daddy, I want to walk and see the prites. Please, daddy."

The big man smiled indulgently at his serious faced small daughter.

"Yes, darling, we'll walk if you wish, but what about the prites?"

"The prites, daddy, the pretty prites. Irene wants to see them."

It was some time before a bewildered father and mother realized that what their prodigy wanted to see were the bright lights or "pretty" lights of Louisville, Kentucky's main thoroughfare where went on such night life as existed in this Ohio River town of thirty years ago.

But the request of their daughter, even though couched so distinctly and emphatically, gave them no premonition that she was destined later to blazon her own name—Irene—in electric lights the world over.

A later ambition, crystal sharp and clear as bright prites, was to propel this child, brought up in the charming lackadaisical atmosphere of the Ohio and Mississippi River valley girls' futures were entwined with moonlight evenings and to like it!
behind the success of one of Hollywood's loveliest and most talented stars

soft-spoken flattery to bring Irene to the dramatic, brittle and exacting faraway world of show business.

Nor was Irene, as she went through her growing-up pains, conscious of the deeply buried instinct which was to urge her away from prosaic small town life to Broadway and then Hollywood.

"I always just coasted along," she says. "I am ashamed when I look back at my youth and realize how little I planned ahead and how much time I gave to fun and pretty clothes. But—I had a good time."

She did have a good time. That was what was intended for her by adoring parents. She had an elegant, skylarking childhood with games and friends and picnics and Fourth of July celebrations which were the envy of all her young companions.

When she was in her teens, her mother sent Irene to Memphis for a social season and there she had a wonderful whirl—new dresses, dances, teas and—beaux. She was belle of the town. She could have married any one of a dozen gallant young southern gentlemen, and settled down as a wife in the Old South.

But she didn't. Always deep within Irene something struggled to escape. Something strong and dramatic and pushing. Something which meant combat in the outside world instead of domesticity and society with a capital S in Memphis or St. Louis or even Indiana.

For an understanding of the Irene Dunne of today, you have to go back to before she was born. For, like all individuals possessing more than superficial qualities, her roots are deep and it is her background which tells why and how she thinks, what has gone into her makeup, what prejudices, fears, moods and ambitions and desires motivate her.

Irene's mother was Adelaide Henry, born in Newport, Kentucky, and brought up in Madison, Indiana, one of a family of four girls and a boy. Irene's grandfather built the boats which carried the freight and passengers up and down the Mississippi and Ohio rivers and the family, although not wealthy, always lived comfortably. Adelaide was given a fine musical education and was known as one of the gifted pianists of the country.

Irene Dunne's father was big, tall, handsome, dashing, black-mustached Irish Joseph J. Dunne of Louisville. He was a U. S. supervising inspector of steam boats and he met Adelaide quite formally through her father, and, as the tale has been told to Irene, promptly fell in love. During his courtship, he thought nothing of driving the fifty miles from Louisville to Madison behind a spanking team of horses to keep his Saturday night dates. In due time, they were married with much ceremony in a church wedding at eight o'clock in the morning.

Adelaide was voted the prettiest bride in the whole countryside and Joe the handsomest and luckiest bridegroom. It was in a day when marriages were meant to last, when husbands and wives were supposed always to love one another and there is no doubt but what the trust and affection which did exist between her parents made a deep impression upon Irene and influenced her later when she toyed with the idea of getting married.

Here's where Grandma lived in Madison, where Irene spent part of her childhood.

At two, all dressed up to see the birdie again.
She looks interested in a camera even then.
Irene was born in a modest frame house at 507 East Gray Street, Louisville. She was a first child. A brother, Charles, was to arrive two years later.

One of the four devoted aunts suggested the name Irene for the new baby. Another aunt, leaning over the crib, where the tiny morsel of pink and red flesh wriggled and gurgled, exclaimed: “Oh, what a little lady-baby!” And so she was.

Irene has never been able to escape from that tag of lady, which she first received when a bawling infant in diapers. It stuck to her all through her childhood and, no matter how much of a minx or flirt she was as she grew into the age of masculine attention, there was always present in her personality that elusive quality first noted by her doting aunt.

Even today when she goes rowdily comic in some of her pictures—as witness the hot-cha shuffle dance in “Show Boat,” the drinking scene in “The Awful Truth,” and her skating scenes in “The Joy of Living”—people are startled because they invariably associate only lady-like qualities with Irene Dunne.
Irene met and fought through her first life crisis when she was two weeks old. Somehow or another, she caught the sniffles. The sniffles developed into a lung cold and the lung cold into a serious case of pneumonia. Now, as everybody knows, a tiny baby of fourteen days hasn't much chance of pulling through pneumonia.

There came a moment when the doctor gave up hope. But the nurse who had been with Adelaide Henry Dunne when Irene came into the world insisted there was yet a fighting spark in the baby. "I know she is not intended to die," said the stalwart woman. So she knelt over the baby, and with a precious relic in her hand, the nurse prayed and prayed.

Irene lived. The doctor said it was a miracle. Whatever it was, faith and Irene's spunk triumphed. From then on, she knew little of illness. She grew into a healthy child with her mother's gift for music.

Her father, the jolly man with the lilting Irish ways, loved to sing while her mother played accompaniments. The old ballads were his favorites. As soon as Irene could hang on to the side of a piano, she made the third of a trio which had a whale of a time going into such sentimental numbers as "Home to the Mountains," Bartlett's "Dream" or "Last Night I was Dreaming of Thee, Dear, was Dreaming." Hours spent like this were red-letter ones to little Irene.

But any hours spent with good looking, vital Joseph Dunne were important to Irene. She adored her father, and being told that she was exactly like him made her very proud. It still does.

Joseph Dunne was an exceptional person. Although he died when Irene was eleven, she remembers him vividly and the things he told her to do.

"He made me love life," says Irene speaking of him. "He was so much fun and he always had so much vitality.

He was gay and merry and he was terribly popular with all of my friends. One of his best friends was a manufacturer of fireworks and every Fourth of July we had a party with rockets and shooting arrows and giant crackers to which all the children were invited and which practically set me up for a whole year.

"I will never forget a trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans with Father and Mother in one of the old river boats. We had the Captain's suite and because of my father's position everything imaginable was done to make us feel important. I was so excited. I loved the boat and the lazy river, and I liked to watch the darkies unloading and loading the freight."

The color and charm of that and other voyages down the turgid, yellow waters of the broad Mississippi, the singing of the colored boys in the mellow, early evenings, the splash of the water against the paddle wheels, are rich and treasured memories to Irene. And her father, "Captain" Dunne as he was known from Minneapolis to New Orleans, related many fascinating stories of life in the bayous and on the boats. To these Irene would listen by the hour, spell-bound.

But Captain Dunne not only had great charm. He had the gift of commanding respect. Says Irene:

"My father was definitely the head of the family. My mother looked to him for decisions. We, my brother Charles and I, knew there was no appeal from his authority. For all his jollity and good nature, he never forgot to emphasize the importance of character and integrity. He wanted us to be good—really good."

"The day before he died—he was sick for about a year and he knew that he was going to leave us—he called me into the bedroom, held me in his arms and talked to me a long time. I can remember his using the word morality, repeating it and telling me that (Continued on page 82)
Walter Pidgeon, the guy who looks down at the girl from his six-foot-three with a certain something in his eye, seems to enjoy life best when he's telling a story on himself.

You'll take him—and like it

Pidgeon's a bird who brags about his luck and worries about—nothing! But he's getting there just the same.

Trouble with me is, I have no story. My luck's been too good. Never had the fun of worrying over the gas bill or hiding under the bed when the landlady knocked. Missed a lot, I know, and here I'm missing the chance of a juicy writeup. But what can I do? I have no story. It was Metro's new heart-throb, Walter Pidgeon, talking—the guy who looks down at the girl from his six-foot-three with a certain something in his eyes that makes you wonder how long she can keep from flopping into his arms. Having just been told that the studio would buy his lunch in return for an interview, he was meditating strange combinations of all the expensive dishes he could find on the menu.
Once a broker, Walter is now entirely devoted to his daughter and his acting career. Here he's with Mary Astor and Freddie Bartholomew in his latest success, "Listen, Darling."

“How about filet mignon, garnished with lobster, and a small squab on the side? Just how far can I go under my contract?”

A theatrical agent would tab him “man of the world”—for his lean good looks, his ease of manner, the half smile in his eyes, amused, imperious, caressing. His screen personality suggests that combination of mastery and tenderness which has been the feminine ideal since the days of Eve. Off-screen, there is also apparent a lightness of touch in his dealings with people, a gay good will that embraces the world, and knows no difference between the girl who waits on him and the executive who stops for a word in passing.

“Where was I?” He was attacking his steak. “Oh, yes. Nothing ever happens to me. I went on the stage, Joe Schenck brought me out for silents, I went back to the stage, I came out to do musicals for Warners’, musicals took a nose dive, I was out on my ear. I went back to the stage, Wanger offered me a couple of pictures, Universal signed me, Metro bought my contract, and here I am. If you can find any excitement in that, you’re welcome to it. I didn’t.

“I figure it this way. If Metro kicks me out, there are other studios. If they all kick me out, I can go back to the stage. Sure it can happen. It’s happened before. After all, there are lots of guys around, and I’m being paid pretty good dough. Which opens up another angle.” He grinned broadly. “The more kids they bring out here from New York, the more room that leaves for me on the stage. So why worry? “All that worries me is keeping my health, so I can go on working. I can always find something to do. Good Lord, I have to. I’ve got a youngster coming along who wants fur coats and sports cars and trips to Honolulu and Europe. Mind you, I’m not saying she gets everything she wants. But I would like to start her off on the right foot toward taking care of herself. Mind if I talk about her?

“She’s long and lanky like me, and she looks like her mother. Just now she’s crazy about painting. When other kids curl up in a corner to read, she’s off with her palette. They tell me that’s a great game to starve to death on. I wouldn’t know. When the time comes, I’ll send her to a friend of mine in the East, man her mother worked with. He’s the kind who’d say right off the bat, ‘Walter, you want this kid to have (Continued on page 74)
JAMES CARSON

She has the romance routine
down pat and gladly passes
it on to you

Tyrone Power, Loretta Young and Joseph Schildkraut all appear together in "Suez."

LOVE AND LORETTA

THERE ARE people who feel sorry for Loretta Young. Actually, Loretta may be beautiful. She may be famous. She may be clever. She may be earning a handsome salary. She may have more friends than almost any other girl in Hollywood. Yet there are people who feel sorry for her because she isn't married.

Offhand, it might seem more sensible to pity the eligible bachelors who haven't been able to persuade her into matrimony. Or to pity a few other glamorous girls who are married to the wrong men. But no. They take it upon themselves to pity Loretta.

"It's a shame," they say, "that, after working so hard all these years, Loretta hasn't yet found happiness."

That's what they say. What they think may be something else again. "It's a shame," they may think, "that Loretta doesn't get married, and go out of circulation, so that some of the other girls can have a chance to get themselves married."

Loretta not only isn't married. She is distractingly single. There's the rub.

No telephone in Hollywood rings more often than hers. She hasn't suffered any lack of willing suitors. Actors, directors, writers and just plain millionaires have begged her to choose among them.

The fact that Loretta hasn't chosen would seem to indicate that she isn't matrimonially inclined.

But, sadly shaking their heads, people ask, "Why isn't she marriage-minded?"

There must be an answer for that one. What is it?

Loretta's own crisp, with-a-smile answer is: "I guess I just haven't been lucky. I haven't met the only man for me. When I do meet him, I'll marry him." It's as simple as that to Loretta.

Still smiling, she adds, "I know a few girls who gave up waiting for love, and married for companionship, and seem to be happy. But I'm still holding out for love. I can't see any other reason for marrying."

"I certainly don't have loneliness for a reason. I have three sisters, all of whom are very close to me—and a young mother, who is as close as a sister. I have a few friends who are also very close, and a number of acquaintances who are very companionable. And—there's Judy."

(Loretta's whole life nowadays revolves around blonde, brown-eyed, two-year-old Judy. She even does her vacationing within her own four walls. She can't travel with Judy until the adoption papers are final, and she would rather stay home than go traveling without that very lucky young lady.)

"I'm not tired of supporting myself, and anxious to have somebody else take over the burden. I don't have that for a reason for marrying," Loretta continues, "I already have a meal ticket. I earned it myself. And a home. And all the other material possessions I could possibly want."

"No, I'm afraid it will have to be love, to tempt me into marriage."

"I don't have any theories about when, or where, or how the marrying kind of love will come into my life. All I have is a sublime faith that some day it will come along, and make everything else seem trivial and unimportant. I'm not going around looking for it. Love isn't something you find. Love is something that finds you."

But there is such a thing as encouraging love and discouraging it. She wouldn't have been discouraging it, for some reason? She wouldn't have let the impression get around that she was strictly a career girl, independent of the male of the species?

Loretta shakes her head. "I'm not a career girl—never have been, and never will be. I don't have any illusions that a career is the greatest ex- (Continued on page 80)
There are people who feel sorry for Loretta Young—because she isn’t married. Or is that the reason?

David Niven is one of Loretta’s “once-in-a-whiles.” And very happy to be, too—as who wouldn’t!
GRANDPA SNAZZY’S GRANDSON

BOB BURNS hasn’t a single blood relative living in Crawford County, Arkansas. There really is a Crawford County. There also really is a Van Buren. It has upwards of six thousand inhabitants, and most inhabitants of the gender feminine are marvelous cooks. Some of the inhabitants of the gender masculine are pretty good cooks, too, among them former-inhabitant Bob Burns. He says he can cook almost anything, now that he can afford to buy good ingredients.

Time was (on a first venture into Cinemaland, which was bleak, blue and almost entirely unsalaried) when the only ingredients for any Burns meal were eggs. And then only because Robin and his first wife, Betty, had been shrewd enough to raise a few hens. I quote from one of the poet Burns’ exclusive biographies, published in his home town paper, the Van Buren Press Argus: “Eggs were nickels, and California hens didn’t lay any faster in the Burns backyard than they did in the Ozark Mountains.”

I and the magazine could be sued and put in jail together, I suppose, for that mealy little quote, because the whole durn Bob Burns Edition of the Press Argus was copyrighted. But me and the magazine feel quite safe, because the paper loves Bob Burns and a suit might be considered unfair publicity for him. That’s the way they feel about Bob in Van Buren, Ark.

And it isn’t only because his name and fame have brought trade-stimulating tourists to the little town, either.

Why, they love him so much that they wouldn’t even give away his right age in the afore-mentioned special edition. So I’m not going to tell, either, because I don’t know for sure and, as the wife of another famous Burns says, “Who cares so long as you’re healthy?”

The Burn family (the “s,” as you know, was legally added later) lived in a boat house. It seems that, before the war between the states, a large boat named the “Resolute” plied the Arkansas River. One day it saw fit to sink, right between Van Buren and Fort Smith, the metropolis directly across the river.

One Mr. Hayman thriftily bought the good lumber salvaged from the boat, and built three small houses on Broadway. This was way back in 1858. The three houses—staunchly constructed, but gingerbreadly in design—were inevitably and forever known as the boat houses.

Across the street from the Burns lived the Sadlers. Anna Sadler (nowadays dunning knowledge into young Van Buren in the new Sophie Meier High School) was an inseparable playmate of Robin and his brother Farrar, two years older than our hero.

“There sits the only person who ever whipped Bob Burns!” was the dramatic wind-up of a fine speech made by editor Hugh Park of the Argus one day last year at the Dallas Fair. A sea of eyes turned to follow the Park forefinger, expecting to find some giant there. The eyes beheld, instead, a mere woman, blushing a little at this unaccustomed attention. (Continued on page 78)
Here's the home-town lowdown on the poet Burns, bazooka-ist extraordinaire

When his home-town mandolin orchestra felt the need of more bass, brass and body, Bob Burns invented the bazooka out of a plumber's pipe and a funnel. Here's the inventor with his latest model.
Joan will talk for hours about Dick, Norman or Baby Ellen. But herself? That's different.

THAT GIRL'S Back
A husband and two babies keep most girls busy—but not Joan Blondell

FOR THE FIRST time in months, Joan Blondell was feeling the heat of the arc lights, hearing the clang of the “quiet” bell, seeing the inside of a sound-stage. She was sitting on the sidelines of Dick Powell’s set, watching Dick do a comedy scene.

It was a good scene, fast and funny. But Joan wasn’t able to enjoy it. She wasn’t able to relax and be just a spectator. She was sitting tense, one foot wrapped around her other ankle. In spirit, she was right in there with the boys, pitching those lines back and forth, praying there wouldn’t be a slip-up.

After the scene was finally on film, she treated herself to a deep sigh, leaned back, and said, with a baffled shake of the head, “I don’t know—it looks awfully hard. How did I ever use to do it? How will I ever do it again?”

But she will do it again. Under pressure, she will even admit that she’ll probably be around for “The Gold Diggers of 1960.”

She may be, happily, Mrs. Dick Powell. She may be a happy mother, twice over. Just to step on a movie set may tie her nerves in hard knots. Just to hear the clang of a “quiet bell” may give her chills and jitters. But Joan hasn’t a thought of retiring, now or ever.

When she stepped off the screen last February for a blessed event, people wondered if she might also be stepping off for keeps.

“No,” says Joan briskly. “No. I was just taking a rest. My rests always seem to come with babies. Unless you want to count the three weeks I had off when I had my appendix out. I couldn’t arrange that between pictures. I had to head for the hospital right in the middle of one. And just as soon as I was able to sit up in bed, the director had a crew of forty-eight men, more or less, up in my bedroom, to shoot the end of the picture. They rewrote the entire end of the story just so that I could be propped up in bed for the final clinch.

“The studio sent out photos showing me finishing the picture in bed, and the papers wouldn’t use them. They thought it was a fancy gag that the publicity department had dreamed up.

“But”—Joan closes her eyes eloquently—“it actually happened.

“Appendicitis gave me only three weeks off. I did a little better when Norman came. I got four months then. (He was in four pictures before he was born, even so.) This is the longest I’ve ever been away from work—six months. And every minute of the time out was worth it. We’ve got something awfully cute in our Ellen.

NO, WE didn’t name her after anybody. We picked ‘Ellen’ out of the blue. And it seemed to sound all right with Powell. Dick wanted her to be named ‘Joan,’ but I wouldn’t hear of it. I wanted her to get off to a nice clean start.

“She’s the image of Dick; Norman looks like me. I’m trying to get some curls on Dick for a few seconds, so I can see what she’ll look like when she gets some hair. You might say, as I shouldn’t, that she’s the super-baby of all time. She stood up at seven weeks—grabbed onto the bars of her bassinet and pulled herself upright. She has Dick’s vitality and pep. The two of them can keep going all day long. Me, I give out. My kind of pep is the galloping-nerves kind. Theirs is different.”

Let Joan once get wound up, and she will unwind for hours about Dick and Norman and Ellen, and say nary a word about her public career as an actress. This being so, how does she explain her not “resting” from it indefinitely?

“They’d have to stand over me with a club to get me to rest,” Joan says. “I wouldn’t know what to do with myself, not working.” (Continued on page 80)
"I may play the fool most of the time, but not while I'm acting," says David. Remember him with Pauline Moore in "Three Blind Mice?"

SOME ARE born pretty boys. They're lucky. And some are born witty boys. They're luckier. Consider, for example, the case of David Niven.

If he had had to depend upon his face to make his fortune, he would be stony broke. And that statement isn't a wisecrack from the sidelines. David says so, himself. He insists that he's an actor today in spite of his face. He won't go so far as to admit that he's an actor because he has a sense of humor. But it's true, nevertheless.

His screen career isn't all luck, as he claims. He did happen to meet the right people—people who thought he had screen possibilities. But if he hadn't amused those people, they never would have thought so. And if he hadn't been so amusing between scenes, no sane producer would have allowed him on a movie set. He was that ghastly, in the beginning, as an actor.

If he had taken his first film test seriously, and hadn't risked a facetious dig at all film-test directors and thus given Samuel Goldwyn a guffaw, Sam never would have signed him to a contract. David still would be among the anonymous, a footloose soldier of fortune.

Now look at him. Still carefree, but famous. A big enough name to rate second lead in the all-masculine "Dawn Patrol," only one notch below Errol Flynn.

And all because he has a talent for finding life amusing, no matter where he is or what he's doing. All because he operates on the theory: "Life's too short, and everybody's too inhibited."

He laughed his way through a hectic assortment of adventures to the present adventure of acting. And, after three and a half years of that, he's still able to laugh—even at himself.

To begin at the beginning: he was born in one of the last places on earth where you would expect a whimsical worldling to originate. The stork, with complete disregard for the Niven future, deposited him in a sleepy little village in inner Scotland, named Kirriemuir.

TO COMPLICATE MATTERS, he was born into a home that respected the good, old, solid British tradition that a son follows his father's profession. David's father was an Army man, whom he can just remember. The memory ties in with his earliest scrape. "On an exploring expedition, I had crawled underneath the netting that protected the family strawberry plants. My father caught me by the seat of the pants through the net and applied discipline then and there. Particularly there."

His father was killed in the War. His mother moved to England, and David, going to school there, lost whatever Scotch burr he may have had and acquired an English accent. Steeped in family tradition, and idealizing his lost father, he prepared for Sandhurst, the English West Point.

When he was ready, he was only seventeen. Sandhurst had a rule that an entrant had to be seventeen and a half. Tall even then and innocent-looking even then, he circumvented the rule. It was the first time he ever talked his way into anything. Since then, he has also become adept at talking his way out of anything.

Don't laugh at David's arrival in Hollywood—he was dumped from a ship
At Sandhurst, for lack of something more amusing to do, he went out for amateur theatricals. "They appealed to my sense of farce. The acting was that crude, and the 'heroines' were that enormous. Participating in the productions, I was, like everybody else, unintentionally funny." But that wasn't enough for David. He turned author long enough to write a show that would be not only crude, but mad. Moreover, the boys put on the show and it was an instantaneous, howling success.

The British turn cadets into officers faster than we do. A year and a half after David entered Sandhurst, he exited. He was assigned to a regiment on the Mediterranean island of Malta, than which there is only one place hotter. There isn't a tree on the island and the only breeze is the hot *sirocco*, steaming up from Africa. The life of a soldier there would turn most men into stoics. It turned David into a convivial conversationalist. Light talk made the heat less heavy.

One of the delights of life in Malta was his orderly, Private McEwen. "He was like something out of P. G. Wodehouse, except that his uniform was military and his name—for his employer was 'Messieur.' He had a tender solicitude for my welfare. One time, when we faced a broiling march, (Continued on page 76)
PROTECTIVE COLORATION, I thought, looking at Jean, feeling that if I didn't keep my eyes focused on her she might blend with the landscape and disappear altogether. We were sitting in the garden of her Brentwood home drinking afternoon tea. I watched her closely. For the shyness of Jean, her retiringness and evasiveness, have become part of the Hollywood folklore.

I thought of the day the studio previewed "You Can't Take It With You" and how Jean sat in the back row of the projection room clutching her husband's hand. And how, after the showing, we all filled out full of admiration for one of the best pictures anyone of us could remember seeing. And how later, I spoke to Frank Ross, Jean's husband, and asked him whether Jean wasn't feeling terrifically happy about it.

He said that she was moved and excited by the picture, knew that it was great, that she was proud as a peacock to have been in it. But, he added, she was not happy about herself, didn't like her voice in spots, didn't like the way she had photographed.

And then Frank said, with that sure understanding of Jean which must be her strongest prop and greatest source of happiness, "Jean is not essentially a happy person, you know. She is not in any way a Pollyanna. She is never satisfied with herself. You have to have quite a lot of self-satisfaction to be the 'happy type,' don't you think?"

The day I went to have tea with Jean, Frank drove me to the house. On the way, he told me an anecdote which is as illuminative as anything I have ever heard about her. They had recently attended the out-of-town preview of "There Goes My Heart," the picture starring Fredric March and Virginia Bruce. As they came out of the theatre, autograph seekers bore down on Jean and surrounded her. Later, driving home, she had said to him suddenly, "Do you suppose they could have thought I was Virginia Bruce?" It didn't occur to her that the fans might be wanting her autograph.

But this shyness, this inferiority complex which so flourishes in her private life that she has no public life, does not in any way touch or affect her work. As a private person, she is uncertain of herself. But as an actress, she is completely sure. For Jean as Jean Arthur steps onto a sound stage, she is dominant, self-possessed, handling the tools of her craft expertly and effortlessly. She knows that she is the character she is playing, having shed the shy sheath of Jean Arthur. Nor does her shyness and timidity affect the integrity which can—and did—throw away a fortune for the sake of a conviction. It may be a paradox to find such timidity and such integrity joining equal forces in one small girl of five feet, four inches, weighing a mere one hundred and ten pounds. But there it is. For when Jean had "difficulties" with her studio a year ago she did, indeed, throw away a fortune. She threw away one year of her working life. And it takes strength and integrity forged of steel to toss a fortune over your shoulder in these days. A gentle little creature compounded only of wistfulness and whimsy would not have had this strength.

For Jean left Hollywood a little more than a year ago. She left without a contract, without knowing whether she would ever return. She went to Carmel, in the northern part of the state, and rented a cottage there. Her mother was with her, her husband went up for weekends. And there she stayed for months, taking long walks or just sitting on the beach doing nothing, "not even thinking" she told me. She said, "I was completely worn out, more mentally than physically. I'd made six pictures in a year, which are three too many—for me."

"The argument with the studio was, of course, nerve-racking to me. I was absolutely numb for a year—so numb and defeated that I could just sit. I didn't even read. Then, after some months in Carmel, Mother and I went to the Yosemite for more months of solitude. I had planned to go to New York to see the plays, which I love. But I didn't even get around to doing that. I stayed close to the sea and the woods. "Then I came back and the 'difficulties' were all adjusted and I signed a new three-year contract which calls for only two pictures a year and permission to make one picture a year at some other studio." I asked, "Have you any special ambition to do any particular story or part?"

"Oh, I have an actress' usual complex of wanting to play everything from 'Peter Pan' to 'Joan of Arc,' " I said then, "You know, it seems a pity that you can't get more fun out of your success. I remember asking Lawrence Tibbett once whether he enjoyed being famous and he blew out his chest and thumped it and said, "I love it! Love to walk along the streets and know that people are staring at me and saying, 'There goes Lawrence Tibbett!' I get a big warm out of it." "Well," said Jean, "I like to be comfortable, that's all. To me, it's agony to be the center of attraction, unless I'm on the stage. When I'm out among people, I like to be 'just another guy.' Believe me, it's a strenuous job to have to live up to the way you look on the screen every day of your life. I asked one of the most beautiful girls on and off the screen how she did it and she said, 'Just work, work, work, and if you don't get a big kick out of it, Jean, it isn't worth it.' It means facials, massage, manicures, hairdressers, dress fittings every day of your life. Well, I just can't do it. And I don't think that an actress has a right to disappoint people."

"We play in pictures which cost thousands of dollars, sometimes more than a million dollars. Huge sums of money are spent to build up a star's personality. The
UNHAPPY?

story, the production values, the camera, make-up, lights, dialogue, all contribute to make her a glamorous personality. We create an illusion when we are on the screen. We should sustain that illusion. We owe it to the studio. We owe it to the public. But we can't be perfectly poised all of the time. Dear knows, I can't. I can't be glamorous like, say, Marlene Dietrich. I haven't the sheer magnificence of Garbo. I just like to be comfortable when I'm not working, so I try to keep out of the public eye as much as it's possible."

Jean Arthur added, "And I'm really as happy as a lark. I'd be an awful 'goop' if I weren't, because I have so much to be happy about. I've got the kind of a husband that doesn't grow on bushes. I'm in the business that I love. I've been able to do things for other people, and I'm as strong as a horse. Because I don't enjoy some of the things that most sophisticates do, doesn't mean that I can't get a tremendous kick out of the things I like to do.

"I love everything about my work. Research, costumes, hair-do's. I love having friends in for dinner and then sitting around just talking. I work in the garden. I like flowers and I like to learn flower names and their habits. I like to swim and hang around the pool in the sun. I enjoy taking walks in the hills with Frank. I like to take my dog to the beach. I love to go on little trips, camping trips, especially. I don't like big, overstuffed hotels, where you have to 'dress for dinner,' but I love to go to New York to see the shows. I adore New York.

"I'm not very domestic," smiled Jean, "in any big, efficient way. But I like to 'play house' now and then. I like to get dinner for Frank on cook's night out. I get pretty fancy, too. I love frankfurters and hamburgers and bottles of coke and pop and milk nickels and penny candy. And even if I don't count the linens or put up preserves, I'm very particular about the way my house is kept. A speck of dust and there's a big hullabaloo!

"I go to the beauty parlor quite often. I have to," sighed Jean. "My hair . . . it's so hard to handle." (It's like baby hair, soft as silk.) "I have to be in the studio long before most people, so that we can spend plenty of time struggling with it. Even a permanent with me doesn't mean a thing."

I interrupted here to ask, "But if you had to name what you (Continued on page 97)
BY MARY MARSHALL

IN ADDITION to some pretty snappy, straight-from-the-shoulder talk about taking care of your complexion this winter, plus some hints about winter diet so that you'll eat properly and sufficiently like good girls, plus a few new tips about putting on the war paint, I want to discuss—helpfully, if I can—those vague, nebulous aids to beauty, personality, self-development and self-improvement which do not come in boxes and jars. My unprofessional-looking shorthand notes, if you'd care to have me read them back, remind me that I want to say something about self-confidence and poise, the lack of which can hide beauty like a tent.

Everybody says they're dandy things to have and, if you have 'em, you can get by with a very modest donation from Nature in the way of actual, physical beauty. But nobody tells you much about acquiring 'em! And then, I've been thinking about the tendency of many older girls—married women, particularly—to "let themselves go," and I thought as how I couldn't blame some of them for letting themselves go, but wasn't there something I might say which would help them and pep them up. Also I've been thinking how real young girls might cease to be hidden beauties and come out from under their bushels if only someone offered a helping hand, or if they themselves could be put in the way of seeking a helping hand for themselves. And in this connection, I wanna pen a short plea to mothers; and I want to say something about earning money; and I want to say something about picking out a good model to copy.

Am I talking in riddles? Okay. I'll stop generalizing and get right down to cases.

Putting aside the make-up, the exercises and so on until later, let me try to get down on paper a few things about that desirable but undefined attribute called poise. It is essential to real charm, to success, to popularity. Can it be acquired? Yes! Is it easy to acquire? No! How can you, personally, make a start? Well, I'll make some small suggestions and give you some examples, and if you find anything here which fits your case, I shall be happy.

Do you go around, in your community, with a crowd—a bunch—a gang? A fine thing—a gang—part of the time. Wholesome. Friendly. Nice. But get away from the crowd occasionally. In any group there are leaders and followers. Whether you're the one or the other, you get to depending on this one group, thinking like them, wondering "what the crowd will think?" if you do thus and so. It's not good if it's carried too far. I am reminded of an attractive young school teacher I know. She told me she never met any men—never met anybody in whom she'd
be interested. No attractive man ever seemed to be interested in her and yet—looks!—she was pretty, dressed well, and was far from dumb in the head. "Well, sweetie," said I, "get away from Gracie and Dora and Hannah and What's-her-name. You even go on trips and vacations together. If there's anything detrimental to the blooming of sex appeal, individuality and all the rest of it, it is to be ticked off immediately by every male present as one of a 'bunch of old-maid school teachers on a toot.'"

Rule No. 1, then—if you travel in a group—is to get away by yourself occasionally.

Get away from the especially attractive sister—the more-popular-than-you friend from time to time, too. Not permanently, naturally—you needn't snub anybody or hurt anybody's feelings. I'm reminded of Joan Bennett. In the earlier days, Joan, the prettier of the two, was always overshadowed by Connie's superior smartness and sophistication. Joan lost many a beau when the beau set eyes on Connie. After being miserable about the situation for some time, Joan got out and made herself important—away from sister. You, now—make yourself important—give yourself integrity that is yours and yours alone, so that there (Continued on page 89)
Y’KNOW, I guess I’m just bad copy,” Fred MacMurray deplored, by way of explaining himself. “I don’t have much to say, but I don’t seem to know how to express even that. Some folks might think me dumb, and, at that, they may have something there—all the votes aren’t in yet! I’ve never been much good at yelling my head off. Guess I’m not actor enough to run around talking about myself constantly. There’s really very little to tell anyway. I don’t do anything outstanding, just hunt and fish and—well, guess that’s about all. Know what I heard about myself? That I’m one of those guys who answer questions in the fewest possible words, putting a large period at the end!”

“Any fool,” we reminded Fred, “can spout off his alleged mind. But it’s the wise man who sits back listening to what the other gent has to say.” As a matter of fact, being a figurative Sphinx has its compensations.

“Yeah? You may have something there,” Fred conceded with a sheepish grin. “You know the real reason I’m here? My wife said she was darn tired of spending two bits for a magazine to see merely a picture of me and my dog. For a change she wanted to read something about me—if there was anything to print! Now when your boss speaks, you don’t do much waiting for a second warning. So you see why I’m anxious for this interview.

“Maybe I’m a little scared when I face an interviewer. For some reason I shut up like a clam and can’t think of a darn thing to say. And, when he begins with questions like ‘Which of those many places you’ve lived did you enjoy most?’ I get actually tongue-tied. Why, I’ve lived in so many places I can’t remember them all. So, right there I’m stuck. Then he invariably comes back with the one about my favorite women. I bravely begin with my wife and then, when I’ve mentioned my mother, I’m in the dog house again. About the extent of my knowledge of women is that I’ve the best wife in the world and about the grandest mother a guy could have. Guess I’m not the romantic type because there just isn’t much scope on femininity there!

“Seems I could go to town when they ask if I had early ambitions to act. But, no. I finish that off with, ‘Nope, it was the farthest thing from my mind. I was lucky enough to play a solo in a band that happened to get into a show.’ And there you have it in a nutshell. Why, when I came out here I’m sure the company wondered, just as much as I did, why I was around and what the heck (Continued on page 73)
OFF THEIR Guard

Bette Davis, President of the Tailwaggers, has some fun playing "musical chairs." But then President D. always manages to have a very good time no matter what goes on.

Photos by George Stock
Just about anybody who is anybody in Hollywood turned out for the Tailwaggers' Charity Ball at the Beverly Hills Hotel, for the Tailwaggers is a dog lovers' organization, with Bette Davis as its national president. Above, the expression on the President's face looks as if someone refused a poor dog a bone. With Bette here are Norma Shearer and Miriam Hopkins.
Joan Blondell and Dick Powell trip the light fantastic in honor of the pooches.

Since Johnny no longer swings from trees in her yard, Lupe sees Henry Wilcoxon.

Edgar Bergen parks Charlie McCarthy on the sidelines and talks to Shirley Ross.

Here's dinner for a dozen doggies—won by Mrs. Wally Ford, presented by the President.
Wally Ford wins the cocker spaniel raffled off by the Tailwaggers. The Ford family seemed to have a winning streak that evening.

That very happy and very constant duo, Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, were right there to lend their support to a good cause.

Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper chat over the cocktails. What a lot of lucky pooches to have so many celebrated sponsors!
Anita Louise and Buddy Adler look as if they're afraid to smile and spoil their make-up. Or did we just startle them out of a tête-à-tête?

Our cameraman found Randy Scott, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Jock Whitney and the Henry Fondas lined up at the handsome bar.
Take a look at these shots snapped between scenes of "Five of a Kind" and you'll change your ideas of movie stars. It isn't hard to see that housework, puppies and a stroll down the lane are the important factors in the lives of these four-year-old glamor gals. Here at last are five little belles who aren't the least bit interested in who has the biggest part. In fact, they'd like Jean Hersholt to have it.

The director hasn't a chance—life is too full of interesting things hidden in pockets and such. As for m' ladies' movie wardrobe—it's just a great big nuisance, that's all!
FITE NITE

Maxie Rosenbloom fights Bob Pastor and everyone in town turns out!
Maxie, the Barrymore of the bone-crushers, broadcasts on the side!

Bill Powell arrives, gayer than Hollywood has seen him for some time.

Leif Erickson is interested, but Frances Farmer can't take it—or maybe it's so dull she's napping. What do you think?

A couple of inveterate fight fans—George Raft and Chester Morris.

It's all very amusing to Virginia Bruce and Walter Ruben, who evidently wish they were home with a couple of good books.
MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

—that's Mickey Rooney!

When "Love Finds Andy Hardy" surprised everybody and turned out to be a big hit, writer Carey Wilson surprised its young Lothario, Mickey Rooney, with a party. Right, the Rooney charm asserts itself on Cecilia Parker.

Cecilia Parker and Lana Turner with Cecilia's husband, Dick Baldwin, left, and Lana's fiancé, Greg Bautzer.
Hollywood's favorite game, Indications, furnished the evening's entertainment. Mickey's a master at it!

But a guy can't play Indications all night. Mickey and Judy Garland go out to investigate the moonlight.

Mickey and Judy at the piano—and it looks like sweet music to vivacious little Miss Garland.
Come behind the scenes with us and watch your favorites step around Movietown

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Milton Berle does a Helen Morgan to Louise Hovick's soulful accompaniment.
Her studio will take a million dollars out of its profits on its reigning star, Shirley Temple, and spend it on her next picture "The Little Princess." One reason for the tremendous cost is that the picture will be filmed in Technicolor, Shirley's first in that medium. La Temple, incidentally, will wear no make-up at all in the picture. After Technicolor tests with and without make-up, it was discovered that her own skin texture is so perfect that no make-up will be needed. Clean living wins again!

While we're on the subject of child stars, Jackie Coogan, the male Shirley Temple of his day, has just taken a job as a teacher. He's now with the Maurice Kosloff studios, and his job is to instruct kiddies who have a yen for screen stardom. Perhaps the first lesson will include a little talk on how to put aside a few shekels against the future.

One of the most heart-warming and emotional pictures you'll see in some time is "Boys Town," the story of which is based on the

out a chorus or two, and when it was over Mickey admitted he had met his master. Dyed-in-the-wool jitterbugs will be happy to know that Jackie Cooper can swing out with the best of them.

A debt the world—at least that large part of it which contains Merle Oberon's admirers—owes to Paul Widlicska would go unheralded were it not for their studio's alert publicity department. In "The Lady and the Cowboy" Merle was about to do a shipboard scene which necessitated the presence of fog. Since Merle was suffering from a cold, she was warned by her doctor to have no truck with fogs. But the doctor reckoned without Mr. Widlicska, her studio's special effects man, who, by adding eucalyptus oil to his fog solution, not only cured Miss Oberon's cold but won himself a spot in the news. To paraphrase a renowned bit of verse:

"Poems are made by clerks and stenogs
But only Widlicska makes curative fogs."

Reggie Gardiner is probably Hollywood's most envied—with that attention from Hedy Lamarr.

actual Boys Town near Omaha, Nebraska, founded some years ago by a young priest named Father Flanagan, because he was convinced that "There is no bad boy." A hard-boiled Hollywood audience applauded spontaneously during the picture's preview showing, a demonstration which must have cheered Father Flanagan, who was in Hollywood to see himself portrayed by Spencer Tracy. After the preview, Father Flanagan was given the real Hollywood treatment by a group of autograph hunters.

So do say that by the time you see this Janet Gaynor and Adrian may be Mr. and Mrs.

cently did a radio version of "Spurn of the North," Elaine attended all rehearsals with him and sat beside him on the stage during the broadcast. Incidentally, Barrymore's estate, developed over a period of years at a cost of $448,000, is now being offered for sale at $80,000. John and Elaine live in an apartment.

Joan Blondell can't understand it. She can't understand what having babies has to do with seasickness, and the doctors she's questioned don't know the answer either. It seems after her first child was born Joan couldn't go near a boat without getting ill. At the time she didn't mind, because she didn't care much for boats anyway. Then, after her divorce, she met Dick Powell. Dick liked boats, and Joan tried her best to look pleased about the prospect of week-ends on the briny, but whenever she ventured forth she returned to regret it. But all that is changed now. Ever
since the birth of Ellen, her second child, Joan and the Pacific are the closest of pals, and the old trouble has disappeared completely. But Joan still can’t understand it.

Open Letter to Hedy Lamarr: Wow!

Carole Lombard isn’t exactly the athletic type, but she’s got a tennis cup. It’s the Seabright cup, and a girl gets it only by winning the women’s singles three years in a row. The cup was won by tennis star Alice Marble, who promptly presented it to pal Carole as a gift.

Maxwell Everett Rosenbloom—Maxie to his friends—is now a full-fledged picture star. He has a term contract which nets him $1,000 a week, and his Hollywood night club is doing more business than any similar spot in town. All of which made Maxwell feel he could afford that town car and liveried chauffeur with which he now starts the town. The chauffeur sports a long yellow cigarette holder, and Maxie’s car bears the Rosenbloom crest—crossed boxing gloves bearing his initials.

Rumors are around concerning a rift in the marital bliss of Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kaye. Herbie’s orchestral duties keep him out of Hollywood except for rare occasions, and Dorothy’s film commitments keep her and her sarong in town all the time, so for the past year or so they’ve been together no more than two or three weeks. Perhaps they can straighten out their difficult situation. We certainly hope so.

Jane Withers is in the market for a good laundry, as soon as she replenishes several hundred items in her dolls’ wardrobe. It all happened when Jane decided to give the dolls’ dresses a going over. She put them all in the family washer, and not knowing much about such things, she found herself an hour later with a collection of rags. So Miss W. has decided to stick exclusively to her career, and leave her domestic problems in the hands of others. Incidentally she has just completed her newest picture, “Always in Trouble,” and in a philosophizing mood decided that this was the most appropriate title yet.

And now Mrs. Rhea Gable comes forth with a denial of all rumors that she has been holding up divorce proceedings between her and Clark. According to a friend of hers, Mrs. G. insists that the main reason Clark hasn’t got his divorce is that he has never asked for it. The same report states that Mrs. Gable is not interested in a settlement, since she has considerable money of her own.

Now that Priscilla Lane is marked for stardom, here are some things you may not know about her. She’s the youngest of the five Mullican sisters of Indianola, Iowa. (When Dorothy Mullican stepped into a revue in New York she became Lola Lane, and the remaining sisters who entered show business also became Lanes.) She lives in a ranch home in San Fernando Valley with her mother and sister, Rosemary, and you don’t see her around the familiar night spots in Hollywood because when she goes out she prefers the roadside places in her own neighborhood. Her current romantic interest is still Orrin Haglund, an assistant director. If you want a look at Haglund, you’ll see him playing a German war ace in the forthcoming “Dawn Patrol.”
Giving the legitimate theatre a treat
—Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson attend Tallulah Bankhead’s play.

John Garfield is a young man who can take Hollywood in his stride. He didn’t think he was so good in “Four Daughters” but everyone else did, including his studio, who are rushing him into several pictures at once. He’s not sure yet whether or not he likes Hollywood. He was born in New York, on the wrong side of the tracks, and spent practically all his life there, dividing it between hard labor and the stage. Now twenty-six, he’s been an actor since he was sixteen. His real name is Jules Garfield, he’s married, and he has a clause in his contract which will permit him to do a show on Broadway every year. Before he signed with his studio, he turned down a contract with another studio for much more money because he couldn’t get that clause.

Picture players are selfish, and for a reason, says Merle Oberon. “Motion picture players,” she says, “have the most precarious positions of any professional group on earth. The knowledge that the average career is but five years makes players selfish. There is no recorded instance in Hollywood, or in England, of any major star ever having helped a youngster to a better place. I personally would like to sponsor a young girl—my stand-in, for instance—and guide her to a more important place in the present scheme. She has talent and extraordinary good looks, but I am afraid that any attempt of mine to do this would be frowned upon by other players.”

Enterprise Dept.: At the amusement pier at Ocean Park, where some of the film players like to spend an evening now and then, one of the concessionaires got a bright idea. He ran one of those “try your aim” games where you throw a baseball at a target, and a bulleye releases a spring which sends a black-faced gent splashing into a tub of water. Business was terrible—until he got the bright idea. The gent no longer wears black-face. He wears the stubble mustache and the peculiar hair-do of Hitler, and there’s a line-up of customers every night.

The world’s longest serial, “The Married Life of Helen and Warren,” will be made into a motion picture. Helen and Warren began their syndicated marital career over twenty-five years ago, when their author expected them to last only thirty or forty chapters. But the readers liked them, and Helen and Warren have had their private lives exposed to three generations. When your children are grown up and old enough to start selecting a Scarlett O’Hara, you can take them on your knee and tell them about Helen and Warren.

When Tallulah Bankhead, Broadway’s Number One Glamor Girl, invaded Hollywood to try out a new play, all the ermine in town turned out to watch her. The fact that Tallulah’s play was bad only accentuated the well-worn fact that at Hollywood openings the best show is always in the audience. Film stars turn out to see their friends, and the common folk turn out to stare at the stars, with interest in the play running a poor second. In the future, it might be a good idea if, at the third act curtain, the actors all came out and vigorously applauded the audience.

Two stars in the family are enough, at least for the time being, so Dick Powell and Joan Blondell refused an offer of a contract for four-year-old son Norman Scott Powell. The studio wanted young Normie to play Dogwood in “Blondie,” a picture based on the popular cartoon strip. So careerless Norman sits around with his toys, and lets papa and mama pay all the grocery bills unaided.

Shirley Temple threw a party for the press in her studio bungalow the other day, and the press turned out en masse to eat cake, drink tea and indulge in games. (Shirley is the only star in town who can throw a party without a case of Scotch.) Shirley’s favorite game was one called “Treasure Hunt.” Everyone draws a letter of the alphabet, and from it picks an article for a treasure chest. Shirley drew the letter “Z” and
Olivia De Havilland, all Grecian simplicity, looks more luscious than ever as she steps out with her old friend, Billy Bakewell, to see Max Reinhardt's "Faust."

Some men have all the luck! Jules Brulé tour is the husband of that blonde eyeful, Hope Hampton of the golden voice and shining tresses.

picked something for her treasure chest without a minute's hesitation. She picked "Zanuck."

Looks like Paulette Goddard, in spite of Charlie Chaplin's objections, is really going ahead with her plans for a film career. She has completed a role of a secretary in "The Young In Heart," which stars Janet Gaynor, and now she's working with Luise Rainer and others in "Dramatic School." She plays a young dramatic student, and although she's not the star of the picture she is certainly the center of interest among the girls who are working with her. They've all read so much and heard so much about Goddard that they regard her as a sort of mystery woman. So all the actresses on the set keep an eye on her.

Here's one you can add to your list of Marie Wilson stories: During the American Legion convention in Los Angeles, her studio played host one day to 50,000 conventioneers, showed them around the studio and gave them a look at the stars. Marie stood by the exit gate, waved at a carful of people, and said, "Goodbye! I hope you liked us." The people in the car were Jack and Harry Warner and Hal Wallis, the heads of the studio.

Fredric March is really going places in his new picture, "Trade Winds." Scenes carry him all over the world—some 30,000 miles in all—and he makes love to twelve girls, including Joan Bennett. Says Freddie: "I've never covered so much territory in my life!"

Biggest romantic item of the month continues to be Janet Gaynor and Adrian. They're together constantly, and Janet's friends are positive they'll soon be married. Question of the moment, then, is: when the big day comes, Janet will become Mrs. What? Adrian has never used a surname professionally, but undoubtedly he can pluck one off the family tree in an emergency.

(Continued on page 98)

Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene, the Cinderella boy and girl of Hollywood, stop to pass the time o' night with the orchestra leader at Topsy's.
WOODEN ANNIVERSARY
—More Like a Honeymoon!

Smart Wives use this extra beauty care...they cream EXTRA "Skin-Vitamin" into their skin*

Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Braganca (Mrs. Ashley Chandler) is a great believer in creaming “skin-vitamin” into her skin. She says: “I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used.”

Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days...“Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. Extra 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin.”

Vitamin A, the “skin-vitamin,” is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.

• Now this “skin-vitamin” is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

Amazing Pond's Offer
With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream. LIMITED SUPPLY...GET YOURS TODAY!

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Franco-American Spaghetti is one of my best helps," she'll tell you. It means tasty, appetizing meals without long hours in the kitchen. It means being able to serve cheaper meat cuts and leftovers and get compliments on them! It means a nourishing hot lunch for the children in next to no time. It's zestful, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce makes Franco-American far superior to ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Try it.

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You're never too tired to step out and have fun

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Campbell Soup Company, Dept. 6212
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)
Address

Puzzle Solution on Page 81

ACROSS

1. First name of our star
7. Her real name: Edna ——
10. Last name of our star
16. Actor in "Carefree"
17. Talented ingenue: —— Lupino
18. Alloys containing zinc and copper
20. Male lead in "Everybody Sing"
21. Rising actress, Marcia ———
24. Exercise
25. Popular Irish actress
26. Cowboy star
27. Our star is "— About Music"
29. Quantity of Medicine
30. Tear
31. View
32. Bishop's headdress
34. Bushy clump
35. Name for the Academy Award statuette
37. Artist
39. Her first name is Genevieve
41. Comforted
43. Actor in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
44. Souvenir
45. Parent
47. Ginger Rogers' mother
48. Augers
49. "It": abbr.
51. Fuss
53. Cunning

54. Classifies
56. Paramount songstress
58. Trig
59. Our star's footprints rest before this famed theatre
63. Our star can —— as well as sing
66. This sign appears in theatres showing our star's films
67. "Life Dances —"
68. Aunt in "The Hardy Family"
69. Adhesive substance
71. Norse deity
72. Flaw
73. Varnish ingredient
76. Nobles
78. Eleanor Powell does this
79. Rich girl in "Holiday"
81. Ones
83. "— Jungle Love"
84. Comedienne in "The Road To Reno"
86. Wants
88. Piece out
90. Measure of land
92. Our star's studio: The —— Universal
93. Beloved character actor, now dead
94. Distant
95. Sophisticated comedienne
97. Greatest male tap-dancer
100. Make a speech
101. Re-covers the inside of
103. Girl in "Letter of Introduction"
104. Quailed
106. Oldest
107. Spanish river
108. Handles
1. Exotic star
2. Closed oval curve
3. Character actor: --- Hale
4. Our star’s sister in “Three Smart Girls”
5. Southwestern state: abbr
6. He’s in “Rich Man, Poor Girl”
7. Hero in “Men With Wings”
8. Paid notices
9. “She Had To...”
10. The male lead in “The Citadel”
11. Château city
12. First name of Mr. LaRoque
13. Feathered creature
14. Foolish
15. Singing star of “Sweethearts”
16. Boxer who was in “The Prizefighter and the Lady”
19. Winter vehicle
22. Lowest feminine voice
23. Leave out
26. The real “Josette”
28. Restraints
31. Urns
32. Our star starred in “100 ... And a Girl”
33. Film parts
38. Therefore
40. Buffalo
42. Period of time
44. Inlet
45. Who is Maria Marguerite Bolado Castilla on the screen?
46. Ornament
49. Gaze fixedly
50. She’s in “Woman Against Woman”
52. Famed jungle explorer
55. Things in law
57. A new starlet: --- Hayward
60. Stars of Penrod series
61. Heroine in “Gateway”
62. Dumb chick comedian
63. Our star is at “That Certain ...”
64. Music professor in “Four Daughters”
65. “The Earth --“
76. Yale
72. Father in “Lucky Penny”
73. --- Chaney, Jr.
74. He is married to Ruby Keeler
75. Rita Hayworth’s former name
77. Male lead in “You Can’t Take It With You”
78. Edict
79. Popular extra feature
80. Close by
82. Sonja Henie does this in “My Lucky Star”
83. Our star’s crowning glory
85. Smallest measure
87. Choose
89. “The Cook ... World”
91. Glenda Farrell’s birthplace
94. Tract
96. Compass point
98. Sailor
99. Cuckoo
100. Is indebted for
102. Plural ending
105. “Double - Nothing”

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**How to help keep Your HANDS Smooth and Soft**

HAND SKIN SUFFERS from loss of natural moisture, when exposed to cold and wind, or frequent use of water. Looks coarse and older, feels harsh. Girls, furnish beautifying moisture for the skin by using Jergens Lotion. No stickiness! Jergens contains 2 ingredients, so effective to help whiten and soften the skin that many doctors use them. Quickly soothes chapping! Use Jergens regularly for soft, smooth hands that kindle love’s flame. At business—have a bottle in your desk drawer; at home—keep Jergens in kitchen and bathroom. Use after every hand-washing. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ — or $1.00 for the special economy size—at any beauty counter.

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*Gloria Stuart has lovely hands. With Lanny Ross in new Columbia Picture success “The Lady Objects”

**Gloria Stuart**

(Hollywood Star)

TELLS GIRLS:

"Smooth HANDS are important"

"EXQUISITE HANDS are essential for feminine charm," says GLORIA STUART co-starring in Columbia’s “The Lady Objects.” “A little regular care helps keep a woman’s hands smooth and lovely.”

Try caring for your hands with Jergens! Used regularly, it prevents chapping!
In days of yore, when danger threatened, the entire countryside united nobly to crush the enemy, and save the people. Today, unless those camera lads crawl back into their holes very soon, an enraged public will join forces to destroy once and for all those creatures who prey upon helpless society and call themselves "candid camera shooters." Instead of doing the shooting, they should be shot!—Margaret Stettenheinz, Buffalo, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Poem

Ode to Double Bills

We're all in a dither
Don't know what to do:
Leave before it's over
Or see this whole bill through.

Ma's eyes are a-hurtin',
My head's on the brace,
Kid's are gettin' restless
And a-poppin' gum.

We've been here since seven
Now it's just 10:01
Newsreel's still again
Feature's not begun!

Sure we like a bargain,
You said that right—but gee!
'Nough's enough of anything,
Just 'ween you 'n' me.

—L. L. Hayes, Kansas City, Mo.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Cheers For Glenda

I'm up to bat for Torchy Blane, alias Glenda Farrell. Why, the gal's got everything! Looks, brains, snappy comebacks—and she's makin' B pictures! It burns me up. Not that I don't like the Torchy series. Back in the thought. Brother, they're swell-plus!

That's just it. They're too swell to be squeezed in between the full-lengths and a newsreel. Look at the Judge Hardy series with Mickey Rooney. Didn't they begin as B pictures? And now doesn't the latest release half-price billings sprinkled with super-superlatives?

And why shouldn't Glenda? She appeals to me far more than some few washed out glamor gals I could name who get top billing. She's hot stuff—that whirlwind newshound whose antics keep us glued to the edge of our seats. Sure, her adventures are far fetched. That's why we like 'em. We don't come to the movies to see our heroines wash dishes and scrub floors. We get enough of that at home.

We're ordinary people who want to see how the exciting other half lives. Our medium is the movies. We like to see our favorites in star places. We want to see Torchy there—with her name in lights, packin' em in at the ritziest theatre in town while she champs fire escapes or jumps from airplanes.

And why? Cause the gal's got everything!—Jo Flanagan, Omaha, Neb.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Opera Stars

What are these ugly rumors that the opera stars are not wanted in pictures, because they can't act? Shame on Hollywood! Who can be more delightfully
don't forget the tiniest girl in opera, Lily Pons, who carries around a million dollars worth of personality.

People like me can't afford to go to the opera and we thanked Hollywood for bringing its stars to the screen. Now when we are happy and glorying in their beautiful voices we hear they are to be thrown out because they can't act. I know at least fifty so-called stars who should be thrown out instead! — A. Van Doon, Paterson, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Sigrid Gurie

Why such a pow-wow because Sigrid Gurie proves to have been born in Brooklyn instead of Norway? Sigrid may have played tricks regarding her true birthplace, but she hasn't short-changed us as to screen accomplishments. She is charmingly different, I think; a glamour gal who possesses more than a mere drowsy, disinterested physical beauty. Sigrid has an individual type of beauty, and despite rather irregular features, is distinctly fascinating.

Then, too, she isn't above displaying animation, praise be! There is a twinkle in those half-mocking eyes which proves Miss Gurie has a keen sense of humor.

Native of Brooklyn, Norway or Walla Walla, Sigrid Gurie is a cute "keed," and is with us to stay— I hope.— L. R. Chapman, Los Angeles, Cal.

(Continued on page 95)

Stunning! Isn't She?

That's what they'll say about you when you enhance your charm with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. When you darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara it seems as though Nature made them that way. Maybelline Mascara goes on easily and stays on perfectly. It is harmless, tear-proof, and non-smarting.

Give your eyebrows definite grace and character with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It's perfectly pointed to form trim, tapering contours.

The slightest touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended on your eyelids gives them that misty, luminous effect.

Be your most adorable self by giving your eyes this added loveliness today.

Attractive purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at all 10¢ stores.

Maybelline
Eye Beauty Aids

The Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids in the World
It was between halves, score 0-0, when the Captain barks “Thompson—Get out some Beeman’s—Pass it around—Let’s get our minds on something pleasant—Relax.”

Even the Coach had to grin. “Learn a lesson from Beeman’s,” says he. “That fresh tangy flavor scores every time. Got a tang to it that drives away that weary feeling. Just think how fresh that flavor makes you feel and you can score like Beeman’s does.” We did, too.

IF YOU want to give yourself a Xmas present, here’s a love of a jacket, soft as down and flattering as fur. It is made of fluffy white angora knit in the simple stockinette stitch. For holiday parties, either formal or informal, it would be perfect in white or pastels. In dark dashing colors, it would be grand for classroom, office, or those winter bridge sessions.

The practical two-piece suit on the right is made of popcorn sports yarn knit in a stitch that gives a smart Persian Lamb effect. The fitted knuckle-length jacket is new and important this fall, and the squared padded shoulders make your waist and hips look slimmer. The directions for both of these new patterns are free. Clip either or both coupons and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with each coupon.

No. 2269—This fluffy evening Bolero is easy to make.

No. 1361—The knuckle-length coat is important in this day-time suit.
to do with me. But, they were big-hearted and kept me on until luck set in."

On and on our Mr. MacMurray, the gent with no words to express himself, went with only time out to catch his breath.

"I still don't understand picture business," Fred continued, "the things they do to work in with such colossal plans to eventually mystify the public as much as you.

"Do you like hunting?" asked Fred suddenly. "We went upstate for a week to hunt and fish. In a place that's sort of the last outpost, we got supplies. The proprietor told us we might be bothered with mosquitoes, so, just in case the wind hadn't changed and blown them away, to prepare for the worst. The only thing he had in the way of protection was green mosquito netting, so we took it. Well, we soon realized that our friend had grossly understated the facts. Why, those mosquitoes were so big we were afraid to leave the grub alone, for fear they'd walk off with it.

"However, with the green net covering our heads and tucked into our shirt collar, we were fairly safe. Oh, we had to wear heavy gloves, too. Well, things began to look up; that is, till we came into camp that night and doffed our headgear. The darn stuff had faded and we were a mass of green crosswork! We washed and scrubbed, but all to no avail. That guy had said the color wouldn't come off! The only thing to do was let it wear off and, in the process, our beards grew for the duration of the trip. You can imagine how we looked after ten days!"

Just chuckling as he reminisced, Fred continued, "On our way home, we decided to stop and pay our compliments to a friend storekeeper! We traded long enough for a drink. A gent walked up to me and said, 'Hi there, pardner. I know you from up Carmel way, don't I?' I told him I was afraid he was mistaken, but he was very sure.

"Nope, I know you from somewhere. You're darn familiar. I got it! You're from San Diego!" When I told him I was from Los Angeles and hadn't been in that section, he was more puzzled than ever. Finally he gave up, 'Guess you just look like a friend of mine,' he conceded and walked away. What he didn't figure was that I might have seen him in pictures, but minus the bearded disguise."

With not a moment's delay, our hunting host plunged into his favorite hobby. "Next month when the white pigment season opens I'm really going to have a time. Going up for a couple of weeks, my real vacation. Lately I've been just hanging out at the skeet range. My wife and I both have been quite fond of it and she's darn good, too. Did you ever try shooting?"

"Only a little trap shooting."

"Well, that's entirely different. Your targets are sent up from one position there, while in skeet shooting you have eight different positions to shoot from."

Mrs. MacMurray, she is right there with what it takes to worry any modern Venus. Fact is, she even did a movie test and on the strength of her beauty was offered a contract to enter the ranks of the screen's glamor queens. However, the Missus is a gal who values her home and huhly more than a career—a rare phenomenon these days!

"The joke was on me when we first came out west," that uncommunicative MacMurray informed us with one of his boisterous grins, a little on the sheepish side this time, however. "Everyone would tell me how beautiful Lillian is, so I'd just grin and say, 'Thanks.' That is, till one day a friend of mine said, 'What the heck are you thanking me for?' You had nothing to do with it. You know, darned if he wasn't right! Now I say, 'Yeah, I think so too.'"

And, spying the clock, Fred exclaimed, "Gee, it's almost three and I have to meet Lillian to go shopping. It's the cook's birthday and we have to select her present. Gosh, I'm sorry about the interview. Guess it's too late for it now. And just when I wanted to surprise my wife with a little reading matter, too! Oh well, it's probably just as well 'cause I wouldn't have a darn thing to say!"

"I thought if we let it go till after lunch it would be easier, and now look what's happened. Will you tell me why I shut up like a clam when they begin firing those questions at me? Anyway, don't think it hasn't been fun!"

For one who isn't talkative—well, that rumor was shot full of holes!
YOU'LL TAKE HIM AND LIKE IT
(Continued from page 33)

HAD a fine baritone voice, which he used in amateur theatricals and to entertain his friends. One night at a dinner party he was asked to sing. Another guest was a young man whose dashboard recently set Broadway by the ears. His name was Fred Astaire. He listened to Pidgeon with interest and, the song finished, asked: "What show are you with?"

"I'm not with any show."

"Well, why the devil don't you get into one, then?"

Pidgeon shrugged. "I'm a broker."

"Not for long, you're not," said Astaire.

He returned to New York and told Elsie Janis of his find. Miss Janis was about to start on a concert tour. She sent for Pidgeon, who went for the laughs and a week-end in New York. She and her manager listened to him sing. Miss Janis was plainly pleased. The manager, being a business man, said: "Hmm. Where have you sung before?"

Pidgeon related how he arrived at the concert halls in which he'd heard music, and named them. "Can you sing on short notice? This afternoon? In Aeolian Hall?"

Somewhat taken aback, he braved it out nevertheless. But he wanted Miss Janis to know the truth. "I've never appeared on a concert stage before. I think I can do it, but I don't want to let you down."

"I'm not worried," she smiled. "I've heard you sing. Good luck."

Neither of them reckoned with stage fright. As he stepped out, his knees began doing a cakewalk in his trouser legs. The footlights blinded him. He couldn't find the piano. He opened his mouth, and nothing came out. "This is going to make a good story later on," he kept thinking grimly. A figure both pitiful and absurd, he managed to get through the first half of the program, and fled back to his dressing room.

It was too close to Miss Janis's, and the doors were open. He heard the manager stalking down the hall, entering her room, clunking into a chair.

"What happened to that fellow?" he groaned. "He was all right when he sang for us. Then he stands up in that cutaway, looks like an undertaker, and sings like a blasted crow with a hangover. He sings on every concert stage in the country, but in Aeolian Hall, he just can't sing."

"That's what you think. This is his first appearance. He's nervous, that's all."

The scene that followed in Pidgeon's dressing-room may best be left to the imagination. He went out for the second half knowing that his career had perished at birth, that he'd sing at stake, that he'd live and die a broker, so nuts to manage, audience and critics. With the result that better on Hollywood Boulevard one day, he's recalled for three encores. The papers raved next morning, and to this day Pidgeon will hear no evil spoken of music critics. Every gentleman of them all ignored the first half of the program. The manager stammered apologies, Pidgeon forgave him, and graciously consented to come back another time.

It took him through the United States and to London. It cured him of stage fright. He's established himself on a solid footing in the entertainment world, it brought about a paradox. With offers popping around him, he began to study singing. Up to that point he took the child to his own mother and returned to pick up his life as he could.

WHEN Wanger persuaded him to a third trial, he made one stipulation: that he was not to be featured as a singer. On the stage he had long since graduated from musicals to high comedy leads. "I don't mind singing an incidental tune, but I won't be typed as a singing actor." He stuck to his point.

After a couple more successful pictures Pidgeon was borrowed to play with Jean Harlow and Gable in "Saratoga," and the "who-is-this-Pidgeon-guy" letters which the director was specially pleased. Hugging his arm, she smiled at him. "We're good, Pidge," she said. As he hugged her back, she winced and cried. "Oh, be careful." Her face was so twisted with pain that he grew alarmed. "Where does it hurt, honey?" "Right here, son." A moment later she was laughing, but Pidgeon kept his eye on her. "I don't believe that kid's feeling very well," he told the director. They had another scene to shoot before lunch. "Don't you feel well, Jean?" She shook her head. "Well, go and rest. We'll take this after lunch." They never saw her again.

"The nearest thing you can liken her to," said Pidgeon soberly, "is a little kitteh. She had that same natural, lovable, friendly quality that gets under your skin, and stays there even though she's gone. I didn't know her long, but I'll never forget her."

"My dear Miss Aldrich" won Pidgeon another contract. The girls who missed him in that, caught him in "Showworn Angel," and the "who-is-this-Pidgeon-guy" letters began pouring in. Then came the problem of casting Gable's rival in "Too Hot to Handle."
It's when he's telling a story on himself that he seems to enjoy life best. "Jack Conway sent for me. 'Walter,' he said, 'You're no more suited to this part than the man in the moon. I don't care if you're the best actor in the world, you don't look the way this fellow ought to look. I need a roughneck. You're the suave-big-bad-wolf-in-a-New-York-penthouse type. I wanted Tracy, but I can't have him. If I've got to have you, I've got to have you. But I don't want you. Report at nine tomorrow morning.'"

So much he told me. The rest I dug out by persistence. A couple of mornings later Conway met him with a wry face. "I've got indigestion."

"What did you eat?"

My words. After I saw yesterday's rushes.

That picture provided Pidgeon with his most embarrassing moment. "I tell you, I've cracked on high notes, I've missed cues in the theatre, I've spilled wine over a queen's dress. But I never lived through anything worse than this.

One sequence called for Gable to fall on his face into a lake of mud about a foot deep. Careful preparations were made, lines were rehearsed till everybody was letter-perfect. Nobody, Gable least of all, was anxious to go through the performance more than once.

Pidgeon's line was 'What are you doing Chris? Giving it a mud bath?' He still doesn't know what happened to him. Maybe Gable's realistic fall, his face emerging from the mud so that you didn't know whether he was himself or Joe Louis, threw Pidgeon off stride. At any rate, instead of the line he'd rehearsed, he said: 'What are you doing, Chris? Taking a mud bath?' Then, really blundered, added with nonchalance in his voice, but panic in his heart: 'Giving the film a mud bath, too?'

As he describes it, 'There followed one of those ghastly silences. I knew the shot was ruined. I'd ruined it. Here was Gable, eyes and ears full of mud. There were the rest, looking at me. Never in a hundred years would he get a fall as perfect as that one. I kept thinking, 'If only it had been some star who was a heel, so you'd love to send him into the muck again.' I kept thinking, 'Heck, why somebody say something!'

"Who framed me?" said Gable.

"Look at Pidge," said Leo Carillo. "As if he hadn't a friend in the world."

"He hasn't," said Conway. "Go get yourself cleaned up, Clark. We'll do it over this afternoon." Walter could have died.

Sitting miserably in the commissary at noon, Pidgeon felt a hand on his shoulder. "Come to the projection room," ordered Conway. "I want you to see what you messed up."

The sequence flashed on the screen. Gable fell, raised his mud-caked face, Pidgeon spoke his line. The lights went up, and the worm turned.

"What are you squawking about? I think it's okay."

"It is," chuckled Conway. "But you squirm something elegant, Pidge. I just wanted to see you squirm a little."

He likes violent exercise, which is why he doesn't play golf. "I've tried it because so many swell guys play it. Now my idea would be to stand on a hilltop, kick the tail out of a dozen balls, then go home and take a shower. But they won't play it my way, and I can't play it theirs."

So he sticks to tennis and horseback riding, with young Pidge as his favorite partner. "She runs me ragged," he said, looking like a fond parent trying not to look like a fond parent.

While she's fiercely proud of her father, she's also, like the typical young thing of her day, both critical and frank. She didn't like him at all in "Girl of the Golden West."

"You had the finesse of an elephant," she assured him. "You were lovely," said her indignant grandmother firmly.

Pidge sighed. "Grandma, you'd say he was lovely in 'Frankenstein.' Anyway, you know you're nearsighted. Believe me, Dad, you were not lovely as Sheriff Rance. 'Shopworn Angel,' now, that was another story. I think you had something there."

Hollywood feels that from now on they'll be taking Pidgeon and liking it.
he provided me with a papier-mache helmet. I was riding along, blessing the thoughtfulness of McEwen, when down came a deluge of small rain and down came the brim of the helmet around my ears. The spectacle so shattered discipline in the ranks that I had all my leaves cancelled for a month. Ah, yes, I miss McEwen. And decidedly I miss being called ‘Messire’.

The conversation, the Planter’s punches and McEwen helped to stay his hand through the war, was transferred back to England, and life really started being interesting.

Most of the people who made it interesting were actors. In Malta, there had been no alluring ways to spend money. In England, there were too dashed many ways. I went off the deep end, and spent more than I’d earn in five years in the military. Then—one spring eternal, you know—I tried to recoup with racing bets. I was an even-odds man. First, I thought I’d blackmailed one of the threatening my colonel, who held obstinately to the belief that no gentleman ever owed gambling debts.

“I had to raise money in rather a hurry. I couldn’t borrow it; so I literally sold myself. A London citizen was offering two pounds to any healthy specimen who would give his written consent to let said clinic have his remains, for research purposes, upon his death. They even gave me a few shillings’ bonus because I never had smoked. Thus was one creditor appeased.”

“Starved for the social life, after Malta, he became a rabid party-goer. Two years before he left the army, a London cocktail party, he met director Edmund Goulding, the same Goulding who now is directing ‘Dawn Patrol.’ He told Goulding a couple of stories, and Goulding, amused, told Alexander Korda that London Films ought to test this entertaining young man. Korda was persuaded, and so was David. Anything for a new experience!”

A S David tells it: “I went over to Lon- don Films on my first afternoon off, and they took still pictures of me in ninety-four different positions. Nothing happened for months. Then one day I had a phone call: ‘Come to the casting office at once,’ I was suffering from a beastly toothache, and all sorts of worry. This might be too good to miss,’ I arrived at the office, and a girl said briskly. ‘Oh yes, Mr. Niven. Here are your stills. Good afternoon.’ He liked the life military, but, the more debts he acquired, the more he wondered what life might be like, working for himself, instead of the War Office. He couldn’t become a captain for eight years, a major for fifteen. And one day, shuddering in company with two pals who had left the army—Vicctor Gordon Lennox and Philip Astley (who later married Madeleine Carroll)—he put in his resignation. Lennox had married a religious woman. They were going over to Canada in the summer. They invited David along, staking him to passage money. (‘It wasn’t the first time I had been to America. I had lopped over to New York once on a six weeks’ leave. And, at a regional forum afterward at which every- one else was talking about the interior parts of the rifle, I arose to discourse on American speakeasies—to the delight of my confreres and the horror of my colonel, a sportsman.)

After the Lennoxes went back to Eng- land, David stayed on in Canada to earn enough money to get to New York. The nearest job was with a road-building gang of French Canadians in the wilds of Northern Ontario.

“I swung an axe for the first and last time in my life. They took it away from me, lest I kill myself with my clumsiness, and made me assistant to the camp cook. One of my chores was to catch fish for breakfast by the cold light of dawn. I also caught chronic tonsillitis. Finally I had my tonsils amputated by the nearest man with a scalpel. The man was a veterinary. A tiger couldn’t have made a bigger hole.”

David, who had been trying to dodge a hospital, landed in one pronto—and stayed weeks. That took all his money, but he made more, writing some extrav- agant articles for magazines on the jolly life of a sportsman in the Canadian wilds. Knowing nothing about it didn’t hamper him a bit. He made enough to get to New York and still have $200 when he arrived. He felt so flush that he took up residence at the Waldorf Astoria. A few days later, he was so broke that he couldn’t move out. And, about the same time, the Chinese laundrymen caught up with him. He had taken his laundry to six different laundrymen, promising to pay the next time he returned—and then forgetting to return. One day all six arrived to collect. He persuaded them to let him work out his indebtedness.

Get the picture, if you can: ‘I spent my nights in a luxurious room at the Waldorf Astoria, but had no one to deliver wash.’ He contrived to eat, meanwhile, by signing for his meals—with a blithe faith in the future. Something would turn up. While he waited, he con- nected with some British wine merchants. They needed a New York representative. Knowledge of little about the wine business was whole into the job. A few weeks later, a couple of other fellows talked him out of it.

“I received a phone order for several cases of champagne, to be delivered imme- diately to a certain cafe, C.O.D. When my truck arrived, two men dressed like waiters were standing on the sidewalk with a check. The cases were delivered on the sidewalk, my truck went away, and, I learned later, another truck came and took the cases to an unknown destination. The check, for $3000, bounced. And I bounced with it.”

N E X T he was involved in a scheme to stage indoor horse races (1) in a vast auditorium in Atlantic City. When rack- eteers tried to crowd in, David edge out. He went to try to settle his case. He jumped over to Cuba, on the off-chance that he might get in on a revolution. While waiting for something to happen, he enlisted with two opposing factions. “What happened was that both factions found out and I had to depart in a hurry.” The tramp freighter on which he escaped set him down in Cristobal. There he expected to board a Japanese boat bound for Tokyo. “They were expecting me to sail, I made the happy mistake of tour- ning the local cantinas with some claps from the U. S. 3, of Oklahoma. The morn- ing after, I found myself on a Japanese boat bound for San Francisco.”

That looked like catastrophe at the time, but, David grinned recklessly. In San Francisco, he phoned some friends in Santa Barbara, asking if he might drop in “for a few days.” He had just enough money left to get there by bus.

He sent off desperate cablegrams to England, at his friends’ expense, and sat around waiting for answers. Three days later he arrived on the H. M. S. Norfolk, which had been stationed at Malta when he was there, dropped anchor in a half-wild state.

So enthusiastic was his reunion with old buddies, during a party on shipboard, that again he became an unconscious stowaway on a ship he wasn’t supposed to be aboard. The morning after, he found himself somewhere off Los Angeles. There, luckily for him, the Norfolk was passing briefly to be photographed alongside a man-of-war of a century ago, being used in the film, ‘Mutiny on the Bounty.’ It took David a whole day to get a brokedragged, with no clothes except the sorry-looking dress suit I was wearing. Dumped from a battleship into a film company launch.

Regaling the movie-makers with his misadventure, he got himself carried not only ashore, but at the radio goings on. There as they set him down, he was practically run over by Edmund Goulding, who, delighted to find him in Hollywood, presented him with the film test.

Four days later David had his test.

‘Harry Bouquet, who was directing it, said, ‘All right, do something.’ I asked what should I do? I didn’t have the slightest notion what one did on such occasions. ‘Turn around,’ he said. Say
something. Anything,' So I turned around, and said something about test-directors. A ribald little something that came to mind. Luckily, my sally had a swing.'

Goolding cast him in a small role in "The Flame Within." It was all too simple. If a chap of his limited acting experience could get ahead at this rate, he'd be earning thousands a week in no time. Then, just as he was about to start work, the Immigration Department caught up with him. He had no passport, not even a visitor's permit. He was given twenty-four hours to clear the country.

He went down to Mexico, where he "reoted for seven weeks" while they checked with Scotland Yard about him. When he managed to get back to Hollywood, the picture was finished, Goolding was away, and no one remembered David. No one, that is, but Sally Blane, whom he had met in England. She asked me over for a week-end, and insisted on my staying for weeks-on-end. So did Loretta Young and their mother. I couldn't puzzle it out at the time," says David, "I didn't realize they knew I was boasted.

"After that, for a bit, I lived in a garret, meanwhile talking myself into eight different tests at eight different studios, none of which led anywhere. I kept from starving to death by being invited to parties, at which, invariably, I sat next to Zanuck or Gooldyn and couldn’t, with any grace, ballyhoo myself as God's gift to pictures."

Then one night Gooldyn asked him if he had ever acted. David dodged the issue by replying that he had made some tests. Gooldyn took a look at the first one, "got a laugh out of it" and—offered him a contract. It looked rather as if Gooldyn were playing a practical joke on himself, but David lost no time accepting. "I made my first screen appearance at the bottom of a pile of thirty-two men and one donkey, in 'Barbary Coast.' After that, I had a speaking part. I said Goodbye, my dear' to Eliza Landi in 'Without Regrets.' Nobody had any regrets when I left the set. In my next picture I said, 'Hello, my dear' to Wendy Barrie. Then a dreadful thing happened."

"I was cast as a cad of great price in 'Splendor.' I had just met Ronald Colman, and was super-Colman-conscious. He didn't wear make-up, so I was going to dispense with it. My acting was frightful—bad; appalling. Rachel Crothers, who had written the screen play and was sitting on the set, kept sending me irate notes about how I was ruining the script. Every time I'd get one, I'd blush with shame. Actually, and you know how red photographs; it comes out black on black-and-white film. 'What's this?' Gooldyn demanded, when he saw the rushes; 'I didn't order any black-and-white comedies! We had days of retakes.'"

NOW, with seventeen pictures behind him, he doesn't have to do any prodigious blushing about this acting. Nor, since "The Prisoner of Zenda," has he had to play any casts of great price. In "Dawn Patrol," he plays Errol Flynn's buddy—a role he also has in real life. They're two of a kind. But they didn't suspect it at first meeting.

"Soon after I arrived, I went to see Lili Damita, whom I had met in New York. There, ahead of me, I fought this Flynn person waiting to see her. We sat and glared at each other at a distance of six paces, each determined to outisit the other. As I remember, Lili went out with someone else, leaving both of us there, glaring." English papers, for some reason baffling to David, have publicized him to the farthest reaches of the Empire as a playboy loaded down with money, who is acting only for the fun of it. "That makes me so mad I could gnaw old shoes," he says. "I may play the fool most of the time, but not while I'm acting. I work at that, from first to last. And, as far as I'm concerned, it's hard work."

Another impression of him that has gone abroad is that he is having a struggle maintaining his bachelor status, what with the girls pursuing him. "The picture doesn't fit. I don't know where they got it. I haven't been conscious of even one lone pursuit. And, as for being a pursuer, that's fraught with complications. "All of the girls I seem to meet fit into four classifications: (1) Those who are married or involved. It's asking for trouble, registering interest there. (2) Girls who are unattached, but stars. Any courtship there immediately becomes a big production, with ballyhoo and all the trimmings. (3) Girls who are unattached, but are trying to get into pictures. After the first glass of sherry, they start asking how to get a movie test. (4) Girls who have nothing to do with pictures, and want nothing to do with them, but who live rather definitely north of San Francisco. . . . I'm thinking of going into a monastery in North Hollywood at any moment."

Right now, he seems to be going with Olivia De Havilland, but he won't talk about that. His movie future doesn't worry him. "At the first sign of a decline, I'll be off like a shot. There are plenty of other things to do besides acting. But I hope I won't have to do any of them for a while. I like Hollywood. I feel less inhibited here than I've ever felt anywhere else in my life."
Monday Screen

GRANDPA SNAZZY'S GRANDSON

(Continued from page 36)

Dear me! Miss Sadler had nigh forgotten. It was all over that tricycle—a splendid dollar and ninety-eight cent tricycle which Papa Burn had purchased for Robin on his fourth birthday. Tantalizingly, Robin had ridden up and down Broadway in front of the Sadler home. He whirled him, he made fancy turns.

"Robin, may I ride?" Anna asked wistfully. "Uh-huh—after which he answered. Every time she asked when, Master Robin said, "After while." When flesh and blood could stand it no longer, Anna grabbed a flying lock from her pocket, and handed it over to the seat down onto the sidewalk, where she very thoroughly beat the stuffings out of him.

When Bob was six he started school, and his mother—a wonderful woman, but misguided—thought it fitted for a man of six to start in school in a Lord Aaronvelot velvet number and long, and was nigh dead before the back of his school was a year long. Some pointed remarks about suchnesses had been made. Ribaldry and ridicule had filled the room and home and laid down the course to Mrs. B. for the first, last and only time.

After two hours of litigation, during which the father fell from the ceiling, Mrs. Burn's car stood no more, so she said, "All right." Miraculously the tumult and the shouting and the tears ceased and to the barbershop, where Bubba took the lead, and the course did go. Mrs. B., armed with a handkerchief to cry in and a length of tissue paper to pat the dear curls in. Then the father sent to Ly Cordele's boys' outfit emporium for something quiet and tasteful in tweed. "Know Bob Burns?" says Ly Cordele nowadays, sometimes before anybody asks him, "I sold that boy his first pair of pants!"

Complexes and psychic traumas and all the other googymen which the child psychologists teach about were unknown in the childhood days of Robin. But, perhaps, that tortured first day in school may be responsible for the fact that, though Bubba went straight after a gentleman, after the necessary years for growth and social experience, he never, never became a scholar.

On his work card, the grades were way down below freezing point. Walking slowly—very slowly—home from school with brother Farris and one was named the happy home. Sometimes, in some cases, the saddest of cases, and the saddest of homes.

"Bob, why were you crying?" "Oh, I'm jes' cryin' because Bubba feels so bad over my report card grades," he said.

Damon and Pythias, ham and eggs, and the hands of the clock at half past six were never any closer than Farris and Robin. On one rare occasion when Robin was quiet and still, which prompted an anxious inquiry as to what he was thinking about, he answered, "Oh, I'm jes' a-thinking about what Bubba is a-thinking about." The two brothers every developed the same kind of digestive peculiarity. Both of them could ever eat sweets of any kind, and Bob cannot to this day. They marched plain crackers in wholesale quantities and adored rolled oats. Bob was sneaked through the grammar grades by the skin of his teeth. Carrying books back and forth to school was a mere formality to high school by the skin of his teeth, too. But not quite. He was much too busy studying human nature.

Then, too, there was his burning ambition to be a riverboat pilot, and he swiftly perceived that one needs but little formal education for that. Back and forth across the Arkansas River, between Los Angeles and Capt. Tom Arnold piloted his ferry boat. Capt. Tom and his elderly negro helper, Bill Perrywit, would sometimes let Robin ferry across the river. And one wonderful ten days, when Capt. Tom went to the Exposition in St. Louis, he left Robin in charge of the ferry boat. Washington crossing the Delaware, fractions and the mastery of English composition were dull matters compared to.

Today Captain Arnold (retired) will, at the drop of a hat, tell anyone who asks to listen that he knew Bob Burns when. He claims that he might nght out of the price of one ride across the river, for, when not a homebody member of the crew, Bob was supposed to pay his fare just like anybody else. He marked one day and when the boat was safely out in mid-river, he confessed that he was busted. This prompted a stern reproof from Captain Arnold that a busted boy was just as well off on one side of the river as on the other.

Perhaps one might say that the true Bob was more artistically than he was psychologically inclined. When piloting began to lose its charm, he developed a great urge for the stage. Let anyone suggest amateur. He replied to the Travis Sisters, boat, and they were on hand, ready, willing and able to nay as the villain or to defend fair ladies in his best hog-calling Arkansas tones. At the head of it all, the opera, and devoting a share or charity, there came up the question of a dress suit. His bank account being down to two figures, Bob approached the family. His proposition was coldly received. Then he would borrow one, he decided firmly. But from whom? Everyone he knew intimated enough of her dress suit.

Bob was working in the John Q. Allen Real Estate Agency. Mr. Allen now, Bob had his heart set on a dress suit. Mr. Allen also had—and still has—a kind heart and a constitutional inability to say no. So it was in the Allen tailoring that Bob stood up at the counter. "Mr. Allen, Bob," Bob remarked when he went home to Van Buren to do business with the black bands and huzzas a couple of years ago, "do you remember me borrowing your dress suit?"

"Mr. A," said he indeed did—and what, by the way, had Bob done with it afterwards? Bob's mother saved enough out of the family budget during the high school years for mandolin lessons under Professor Frank McLean, leader of the Queen City Silverstone Cornet Band. Even here, how ever, Robin found all that stuff about notes and keys and tempo and rhythm, slow, he just plunked ahead on his own account and, in this way, attained a highly-faceted piano facility on the piano, harmonica, guitar, trombone, violin and cornet. The guitar is his favorite instrument, and Robin really plays like a freak. What's more, he actually does play it at occasional Kraft Music Hall meetings.

Perhaps the most exciting part of the story of the boxers' invention. Robin teamed up with the Van Buren Mandolin Orchestra. This rustic philharmonic society must be given credit for the Mandolin shop. At one rehearsal—they played "Over the Waves" and "Blue Danube" and other pre-swing hits—everyone agreed the music seemed a bit "under-arranged." The bottom had seemingly
MODERN SCREEN

fallen out of the orchestra. They needed bass, brass and body—needed it bad.

The town genius—Mr. Burns—grabbed a length of Hayman's best pipe, inserted a funnel of paper and blew a healthy blast, meanwhile sliding the paper up and down. Thus the bazooka was born. Of course, it was given refining touches, and was improved upon as time went on. Credit should be given Henry Hink (known the world over nowadays as Bob's radio-uncle Hink, but actually no kin at all) for substituting a smaller hunk of pipe for the makeshift funnel of paper.

Robin never crossed the rostrum to receive his high school diploma—at the proper chronological time. But December, 1935, on another triumphant return trip to Van Buren, he was awarded an honorary high school diploma which he treasures as dearly as any captain of industry treasures his honorary Ph.D. from one of the great universities.

In spite of sonny's casual reaction to the better things, Mama Burns enrolled him, willy-nilly, in the University of Arkansas. If it was humanly possible, she was going to make a civil engineer out of him, like his pa. But here again, books and Burns just didn't click. He picked up enough technical information to be of some help on surveying trips up into the Ozark mountains with his father, and that's about all.

It was good to have along, too, because he could make corn bread.

Brother Farrar was much more studious—and look where it's landed him. While Robin collects a five-figure check for each picture, Farrar ekes out a modest, if contented, living, as editor of a small paper in Bellingham, Washington.

Boiling way up in the Burns subconscious mind at this point was the urge for the stage—the professional stage. He didn't

say much about it until a chance came. And then—no—the family did not rise up on its collective tin ear and state that no son of theirs should ever become one of those play-actors. Bob had a considerable reputation as a local wit, and his family was proudly proud of this reputation.

Bob was always as natural as his own rugged, homely face, and as plain as the proverbial old shoe. He has always said the shrewd, pity sort of things, seasoned with the same earthy wit, out of which he nowadays makes such a handsome living. So, when he departed on his first theatrical venture, his family gently hinted something about coming right back home if he should get hungry. Mrs. Burns put away her dream of seeing her son build great bridges and fine railroads and decided that if he did what he wanted to do and was happy that was all she asked.

Brother Farrar went along with that first blackface act—which Robin was sure would wow the whole Southwest. Something must have slipped up somewhere, for the Southwest was quite apathetic. The Burns Brothers tried a new act. And a third. And a fourth. They didn't quite seem to have their fingers on the public pulse. They were compelled to change their eating habits materially.

Once, Robin, having nothing to swallow but his pride, was forced to knock on a door and ask the hard-visaged female who answered his summons if she could spare a snack. She said she could not—and slammed the door. Robin tightened his belt, turned away, then spied a skinny, miserable looking gray cat. He tapped on the door again. "Madame," he said, when the door flew angrily open once more, "here is your little kitty!"

The Great War provided an hiatus in the Burns odyssey of failures. Overseas with the Marines he blew the bazooka to cheer up his comrades and got a medal for expert marksmanship. When the Armistice was signed, he went right back to his dogged search for theatrical fame.

During a lean spell, he ran a concession on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. In an adjacent booth was a pretty dark girl from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, whom Bob decided he'd better marry before anybody else grabbed her. Elizabeth Fisher Burns was a sweet, quiet, stanch little person who "managed somehow" through all the lean years—and tragically died not long after the great break came. Their son, Robin, Jr., had been born one week after the sheriff closed up his papa's boardwalk concession. Robin, Jr., laid a hectic babyhood and childhood, sleeping in the tents of Southwestern carnivals, and eating his lamb chops and spinach cooked over the gas flares of many a theatrical boarding house.

Then that fine will-o'-the-wisp, Success, seemed actually caught in the butterfly net when a studio gave Bob Burns an honest-to-gosh contract. He drew a salary for a refreshing change, playing small parts in Will Rogers pictures. Later, perhaps you caught sight of him as the sideshow barker in Clara Bow's "Hoopla."

It was Will Rogers who told Bob, "Go East, young man. Get on the radio somewhere—anywhere. Play that bazooka if you must, but take off the burnt cork and start talking about the things you know—the people you know." So Robin invented Grandpa Snazzy, Aunt Petunia, Uncle Slug and all the rest of the weird and wonderful hillbilly kinfolk. And Rudy Vallee said, "I'll try out some of that." And Paul Whiteman said, "So will I."

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"But I have a reason for my coming back to work so soon. It is soon, isn't it, with Ellen only two months old? I could keep on resting, but that would just stretch out my contract. That's life, in Hollywood. You sign to work for a certain studio for a certain length of time. If you have an appendectomy or a baby during this time, you have to stop work. And that time out is just added to the original finishing date of your deal.

Figure three weeks, months, or six months for Ellen, and a month for two suspensions (I didn't like a couple of stories)—and already I've got a whole year to make up. I don't want to be spending half my life finishing up one contract. So I'm reporting back to work, right now!"

She was a trifle more in the heavy heartedness. She says it with a chipper smile, a big smile that implies: "Bring on those movie jitters. I've missed 'em a lot, believe me!"

I've been lost, not working, Joan confesses. "Kind of bored. When I get through doing things for the kids, there's still a lot of the day left—unless I make up a flock of extra, unnecessary things to do. I think they get bored too if I'm not jumping around all the time. Our get-togethers are more of a treat for them, the way their get-togethers with Dick are. You know, mothers ought to have the same break as fathers: a rating as playmates, not just nurses or governesses. If you've never noticed, kids' favorite people are those who do things not for them."

"I figure they'll be happier if I'm working part of the time. We'll all be happier. Not that I'm crazy about a career. I'm not. I crab all the time when I'm working. The only trouble is, I crab more when I'm not working."

"It isn't ambition that's bringing me back. What's bringing me back is good sense. I'm not desperately hanging on to fame or money. After nine years, they don't matter so much. The thing that matters now is—besides something to do. Some women, for something to do, take up knitting. Some take up bridge. And some take up acting. That's all it takes.

"I was feeling loose ends, with no acting to do. I could spend only so much time at the beach. I could do only so much reading. I don't go in for tea parties or bridge parties. I could probably use some more schooling, but who wants to go to school at my age? I might crochet. I suppose. But I did crock while I was waiting for Ellen, and the memory still haunts me. I was determined to prove my womanly qualities. So I made a bedspread, all in one piece—and before I finished I was seeing double.

"My something-to-do has got to be acting. I'm afraid of it. But what kind of acting? The same kind as before? (The more children she has, the younger Joan seems to look. Right now, sheathed in a black silk afternoon dress, snug of fit and short of skirt, she looks in some danger of being cast as a trim ingenue.)"

"Yes," she says reluctantly, "the same kind as before. In 'Unfit to Print,' I'm a wisecracking girl reporter again. I'd like to stop playing cops-and-robbers, but the studio says 'no such ideas.' As long as cops-and-robbers, with a dash of Blondell comedy, seems to please the customers, that will be my screen fate. Why should the studio take a flier and find out if I might be able to please the customers in something different? That wouldn't be good sense from a business standpoint. And that of business standpoint can't be overlooked.

"During my accouchement (I believe that's the word) I read the novel, 'May Flavin.' Now, there's something I'd love to do on the screen. But some other studio has bought the book, and I'd probably be the last person they'd think of for it. Simply because I've never done anything remotely like it."

"I'd like to show that I could do other things, as actresses and girl detectives. That's why, sometimes, I'd like to go back to the stage. So would Dick. We've both got a suppressed desire to go on a road tour, doing a series of plays, hit every big town in the country and be gone about a year. We'd have fun. We'd get a lot of acting, and a lot of business, out of our system. And one of these years, when we aren't tied here by contracts, watch us do it.

"As far as this little girl is concerned, it would be like the old days. Do you know how many times I've been across the continent on road tours? Fifty-six. Since I've been in pictures, I've been across the continent twice—once on a honeymoon, and once on a vacation. Between contracts and babies, my wanderlust has been sort of fixed.

"It's lucky I do have a family to keep me anchored. Otherwise, with a nice partner, like Dick, I'd be flying all over the country. All over the world probably. Why, Dick and I would have seen the South Seas long ago."

"Travel" used to be my middle name. Up to the time I was seventeen, I didn't think anybody ever knew anybody else more than a week. I was so amazed when we stayed in Santa Monica eighteen months once, and I kept seeing the same people week after week. That's why I'm not overloaded with friends today. It's easy for me to get acquainted with people, but very matter-of-factly, even if he doesn't exactly understand it.

"I could hardly stand it when I first came to Hollywood. I was moving my trunk every girl reporter constantly changing my address. Nobody could ever find me. But I didn't feel natural if I stayed in the same place more than two weeks. And even if I didn't take the clothes out of my trunk, I'd been there for months. I was making fairly good money, but I was still sleeping in a pull-down bed. It didn't dawn on me, till some girl told me, that I should have a bedroom of my own."

Youngsters aren't going to get the impression that the world is full of strangers who keep moving around. They'll be luckier than I was. About the only thing I remember is that all the mothers and fathers in the world go off to movie studios to work. I'm sure Norm thinks that right now. And accepts it very matter-of-factly, even if he doesn't exactly understand it.

"I took him to see 'The Cowboy From Brooklyn.' He's not so crazy about me on the screen. That night, when he saw Daddy, he wanted to know where Daddy's cowboy suit was. Apparently, after Dick
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Irene Dunne’s TRUE LIFE STORY
(Continued from page 31)

Betty McGuiness, Chicago, Ill. Ann Rutherford was born in Toronto, Canada, the daughter of a blind violinist, who worked with the New York Metropolitan Opera Company and Loeb-Baumgarten. Ann went on the stage at the age of six, and, accompanied by her mother, toured intermittently until she was eleven. While still in high school, Ann took a radio job and continued in it for four years. From radio she went into the movie business, and a few feet tall, and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. She wears glasses and is not at all unattractive. Her friend in “Love Finds Andy Hardy.” You may address her in care of G-M-G Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Laureta Morgan, Princeton, N. J. To obtain stills from your favorite movies send ten cents a piece, together with a description of the scene which interests you, to the publicity department of the studio which made the movie, New York City. All the large studios have New York offices, and it is from these that stills are distributed. For autographed photographs of the stars write directly to each star in care of the Hollywood studio, to which she works. Always enclose twenty-five cents when requesting photographs from stars.

Helen Papernick, Cleveland, Ohio. Russell Hayden was born in Chicago, Ill., June 12, 1905. He has black hair and blue eyes, and his real name is Pat Lucic. He is six feet tall, weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds, and was a successful studio technician before becoming an actor.

Ruth Perry, Sheffield, Ala. Elsie Edinson was born in Valier, Montana, on a May fourth, but moved to Hollywood when still a youngster. He made his debut in 1925, and has been a success for the past few years. He is married to a former actress, and his two most recent pictures are “Vivacious Lady” and “Mother Carey’s Chicken.”

Norman Russ, Salt Lake City, Utah. Virginia Weidler was born in Hollywood, Cal., March 20, 1907. She has brown hair and eyes, is about forty-seven inches tall, weighs over sixty pounds, and is growing fast. She speaks several languages, and has been in the movies for a number of years.

Mrs. Van Dine, Chicago, III. Margaret Brooke Sullivan is her real name. She was born in Norfolk, Virginia, May 16, 1911. She is the tall, charming, natural beauty of Hollywood.

Irene needed little encouragement in this.

There were country club dances and yachting parties on the river. It was the “thing to do.” Irene started going after the pretty young girls and boys of Hollywood. And so, she went.

“My first love was a boy named Warren. He had black hair and twinkling black eyes and a great spirit of fun. He was never serious about anything. He wasn’t even serious about me—at first.

“We had grown up together. He used to take me dancing to the country club and to those big garden parties on the river. He was the only person who would ever go with me. Secretly, I was in love with him. I wanted him to be romantic and adoring and send me flowers, and to talk to me about anything and everything. ‘Darling, I adore you. You promise to be mine?’

“Only Warren never seemed to get around to saying anything beyond, ‘Well, goodnight. I’ll be around about eight tomorrow. Suppose your mother’d pack some sandwiches if we get up a picnic for Saturday?’

“He was faithful, too. faithful. I could always count on him for companionship, but not for romance. I used to lie awake nights wishing that he would become interested in me, make me realize he really loved me. I’d do my hair a new way just for him and when I asked him if he loved me, he’d reply, ‘Sure, you look okay to me.’
"This had gone on seemingly for ages, when a tall, handsome stranger came to town! This lad had lived in the South, had been to school in the East and had the smoothest line of any boy who had ever come to Madison. All the girls in my crowd went mad over him. He had airs, clothes, distinction, and he could dance like nobody's business. Oh, he was a catch, made it all up my mind that he was intended for none other than little Irene.

"He knew he was something, too. He was terribly conceited. I sensed that he expected the girls to make a fuss over him and so I deliberately ignored him. I didn't care about him as I did about Warren and so it was simple. The first time he asked me to dance at a club party, I made up some excuse. He was annoyed, I could see, but he tried not to show it. He maneuvered things so he went home in the same automobile with Warren and me and he took the opportunity to whisper in my ear. Why don't you like me?"

"It was as easy as that! In two days he was calling me and asking for dates. Any other girl in our crowd would have jumped at the chance to go out with him, but I wouldn't and it piqued his interest. When the next club dance came along, I did go with him and Warren was furious.

"From an amiable good-natured, ever-dependable escort, Warren turned into the most jealous and sulkifl individual I had ever known. He called Jack (the boy from the East) a drug store sheik, a no-account phlunterer, breaking up homes and friendships. He raved and stormed and wanted me to say I would never again be seen in the company of Jack. So then I knew that I had Warren, too. After that I wasn't in love with either of them.

"It was my first lesson in how to handle the opposite sex and one I never forgot."

WHEN Irene was sixteen years old, going on seventeen, her mother sent her away from Madison to Memphis, Tennessee, for a social season. She was the guest of rich and charming friends of Adelaide Dummer's, who thought that Irene should have an opportunity to come out in society and meet eligible men. For, in Memphis, when you are sixteen, it is time to think of getting married.

"I don't believe a girl ever had such a good time as I did that winter," remembers Irene. "Everything was perfect. I was surrounded by glamour, romance and wealth. Everything I might want was there within reach. It seemed as if I were living in an enchanted fairy tale."

From a pretty small-town girl, Irene blossomed overnight into a coquette. This was exciting. This was gay. This was silver romance. These were golden, exciting days when the world was laid at your feet by first one soft-tongued, flattering, handsome suitor and then another.

She learned the Southern creed—"it's better to be dead than to be pursued by some male." She learned that in the Old South nobody cared whether a woman had a brain, nobody cared a rap of a finger whether a girl could read Shakespeare or drive an automobile. All that was important was that she could captivate a man, preferably men.

"In those days," says Irene, "I thought of nothing except of being attractive and popular. I worked at it."

"And so the proposals came. I almost married one of those Southerners. I loved him, so I thought. He was delightful and charming, but I didn't think he was serious enough in his outlook. You see I was used to Northern men who knew where they were going. I couldn't quite visualize the casual, mellow, easy-going life of the South. He couldn't understand my seri-
HERE'S THAT NEW BLACK LIPSTICK

that magically changes to your own personal shade of a new, more alluring South Sea RED the instant it touches your lips!

O' moonless South Sea night... a black as a pocket... a Voodoo fire... its witchery of the Love Dance, during which charming maidens conure the hearts of their mates-to-be. Black Magic! And now... for YOU... all the black that instantly casts a new, unique, South Sea RED that you behold as you kiss your against the kiss. It's Black Magic... a scream of a South Sea RED that attracts the South Sea Ancients!

And so Irene left the warm, mellow and hospitable South and went home to Indiana with an accent you could cut with a knife. She was restless. She exaggerated her friends by her new manners, by her grownup airs of coquetry. They didn’t know what had happened to Irene. For that matter, neither did Irene. Perhaps she had been in love. Perhaps she had renounced the one man who was her destiny and her choice.

But years later, when she met Dr. Frank Griffin and fell deeply, tumultuously and really overwhelmingly in love for the first time, she knew he had made no mistake. However, now, she could no longer be content in Madison. She must go away—anywhere, as long as it was in a direction away from “Shanghai.” So she decided she would get a job—she could teach school. Why not?

SHE was already well versed in music. She had graduated from Loretta Academy and with her diploma she could secure a license to supervise music and art in the public schools. She could pass an examination in art.

Art! She didn’t know much about it, beyond drawing pretty trees and flowers in school. However, nothing ventured, nothing lost. She went to Indianapolis, took the tests and passed with 90 in music and 92 in art.

She sent out her applications for a job. With them went some photographs which showed her a young lady of decidedly dignified men. Her figure was long and pointed on top of her head. Actually, in those pictures, she looks older than she does today.

The East Chicago school board accepted her application. (Little did they know what was not in store for them.) Mrs. Dunne helped her find a suitable school ma’am’s wardrobe. Late in August she took the train for Chicago, planning to visit some cousins in Irving Park, a fashionable suburb, before going on to Art and Music.

In Irving Park, her attention was caught by a story in the morning Chicago Tribune about a new program in the Chicago Musical College. She had passed an art examination, knowing little or nothing about it, hadn’t she? Why couldn’t she get a job there?

The Chicago Musical College was the famous institution run for many years by Flo Ziegfeld’s father, a Doctor of Music. During the last ten years of its work and the high type of students graduating, it had attracted endowments of wealth. The college had provided the scholarships for which Irene was trying.

“I thought to myself,” she said, “I see if I’m anybody. Everybody has always said I could sing. Well, maybe I can, and if so, I’ll become great and won’t teach school after all.

“The day for the audition was set. I went to bed early and the next day was deep. I was determined that nothing should stand in the way of my winning. I would sing the very best I knew how and—would I could win my way. Mrs. Dunne was staying with her and the board, and any elderly gentleman on the board of judges, was I going to smile prettily at them? Did Memphis training to the fore?

“At the opera, I don’t remember much about that monumental hour of my life—the hour which was to make such a difference to me. I faintly recall a room filled with strange, serious-looking people. I remember thinking that I must please every one of them. Edowardo Sacerdoti was my pianist and played Villa Nella or The Garden. "How well I sang, I wouldn’t know, Nor whether I smiled or frowned. By the time I had made them all, I was in my throat. I wasn’t exactly frightened, but something strange and weird was happening to my insides. They seemed to be slowing down."

At any rate, Irene won—won the judges by both voice and manner and capped a scholarship! And that is as far as she ever went, for Irene never went to Chicago. Irene didn’t live in Chicago. She shared a room with a younger cousin in the pleasant old frame houses at Irving Park and committed daily to the memories of the Irving Park episode with pleasure. People came and went casually, it was always some one around to talk to. It was home.

Irene worked very hard at her music. There wasn’t much time for play, nor to learn about the life of a big city. She was in school all day long, and nights and mornings she was taking that long train and elevated ride back and forth. But she was content.

In the summer, when school ended, she did not go back to Madison. She had tasted something strange and savory, something that had never before been known in those “prizes” or bright lights that as a child she had begged to watch. She had visions of becoming a great concert star.

And so instead of home, she went to New York to find out what was going on there. She visited again, this time with the Piffars, a German family. It was one of those exceedingly astute and brilliant managerial mothers who wanted her daughter, Rosemary, gifted with a gorgeous voice, to capitalize her talents.

SHE was promoting Rosemary for a leading role in one of the six road companies of “Irene,” which were then being organized. However, Rosemary didn’t seem to be the type and Mrs. Piffar, terribly disappointed, looked about for somebody else to promote then that day.

She trotted young Miss D. down to the casting office, where the gentleman who was picking the stocks, looked at the girl, eyed the Chicago musical student warily.

“You can sing,” he said, after listening to her, and, frankly, you’re got some legs, too.”

Irene assured him she could. Indeed, she could. She was one of the best professional dancers in the world. He was still dubious, so dubious, in fact, that she had to go out and take some professional dance lessons and demonstrate her skill before he hired her. But hire he did, at $150 per week.

She couldn’t believe it. She was only eighteen years old! She was to go out to Rochester, with the rest of the show troupe. Play one night stands in tank towns, in old theatres, opry houses. She was to stay in hotels, sometimes not too bad, sometimes really tawdry. At every show she had to put on a performance, to show a part. She was to make up in dingy, dismal dressing rooms, musty with tradition and dust. She was to hear and see things that she would rather have not. She thought were those glorious days in Memphis. This was life.

(Ths conclusion of this intimate true story will appear in the January issue of MODERN SCREEN.)
NEW CAREER AT TWENTY
(Continued from page 6)

tempted to cheat on a soda or two, I accepted my fate.
I stayed in Death Valley for three weeks and it will always remain one of the high spots in my life. I was up at sunrise and off to some place in the Valley. I explored old ghost towns of the gold rush days, even went down through several of the old mines.
Each day I swam for at least two hours. I was good about not eating breakfast or lunch. But, when evening came, I forgot about diets, studios or anything except food. Then after dinner I would walk for miles. But, to my chagrin, when I returned to Hollywood I had gained four pounds!
"After I had been in Hollywood a few years, I began to feel that I was not making the headway that I should. Considering the number of pictures I was doing. Until this day I have never felt that I was given one outstanding part. And the main point was that I was signed to sing and they had not allowed me to. Yes, the studio was too busy casting me in dizzy blonde parts. So I never got a chance to really prove what I could do.

A year ago when my contract was up, we called it a day. For a moment this gave me quite a scare. I knew that I had learned in five years all that I could possibly cram in about the picture business. But I still did not know whether or not I could do it. All my parts had been about the same and if you could do one, you could do them all. Even though I had made forty pictures and did have something of a name, I felt quite sure that no other studios would be clamoring to sign me up. But luck was with me and the very same week in which my contract ended, I was signed by London Films to do a picture in England. I was in New York before the week was over, met Mr. Alexander Korda and was on the "Queen Mary" the next day sailing for England.
"We worked for eleven weeks on 'Gaity Girls.' Everyone was swell and, even though customs there are not at all like ours, I was soon made to feel at home. And the best thing was that I was at last going to be given a chance to sing in a picture. After it was finished, I went to France, Germany and Italy for a vacation and then back to Hollywood.
"Shortly after returning, I made three more pictures. The last one was with Hal Roach. It was during this that the starring team of Laurel and Hardy split up and when the picture was finished, after weeks of delay, I was very tired and blue.
"Just at this time my English film, 'Gaity Girls,' was shown in New York. The critics wanted to know if I really did sing or if they had faked another voice.
"Now that I felt I had made some small success in a singing role, I was very anxious to get a job in a New York night club, where I would have the chance to improve on what I felt had been my asset all the time. My agent arranged an audition and I was soon to appear in New York. The opening was a nightmare as New Yorkers seem ready to find Hollywood people at their worst. After the first night's show was over and everyone was so nice, I felt that I might be able to stay on for the rest of the two weeks and I managed somehow to do just that."
Pat is now working on a picture in which Wallace Ford and Stuart Erwin have the leads.
LOVE AND LORETTA
(Continued from page 34)

SHE wouldn't have put any thought of marriage far from mind for fear that, if she married someone besides a movie star, he might be called "Mr. Young," and might resent it, and might ask her to give up her career. Again she shakes her head. "That situation would never arise. When the right man comes along, I want to give up my career right then." She denies then that she has been discouraging love for the sake of her career.

Loretta smiles. "Yes, I deny it. No woman in her right mind ever discourages love. She tries to be ultra-feminine. A woman can't look dowdy and be attractive to men. But a woman can't spend most of her time thinking about her looks and be attractive to men, either. They resent self-centered women."

"It isn't the cut of her clothes or the fineness of her make-up that makes a woman ultra-feminine. It doesn't hurt her to look her best, or to have poise and charm. But these attributes aren't what make her ultra-feminine. They're the results of her outlook."

"Ultra-femininity doesn't depend on physical things. It depends on intangible, invisible things. Things inside. Ideals. Ideals don't go bad as much, now-adays, to a great many girls. They seem to think they can sail through life with much less effort if they aren't 'hardened' with them. But when girls toss ideals overhead, they're throwing away all their guiding compasses and their self-respect, as well."

"I've tried, and when they say they can get anywhere, they'll be fooled there. Providing any men come along who think they're worth the toying. From all I've been able to see, women that men have faith in are the ones who keep faith with themselves."

Loretta has no elaborate pre-conceptions of what a "feminine" will be like. She hasn't conjured up any dream man. She has only one intuition about what he will be like."

"I don't have a temper and he won't have one. It isn't in my nature to fight and he won't have a chip-on-the-shoulder na-

ture. Now, for a Carole Lombard, a Greta Garbo, a Camille Milgoot or training to be a Mrs. Milgoot. People like that are just pathetic. But I don't think anyone can ever release all of his angry impulses, either, if he has any regard for anyone else. There's a happy medium of gentleness that can simplify life for you and everyone around you. For me to fall in love with any man, he must have that same quality. He could have it and still be virile. He could discuss things without arguing about them."

"I've tried to estimate that she hasn't yet met a man she could fall in love with. Far from that.

"The difficulty about being an idealist, she believes, is that you're a romanticist also. You're always looking for the likable traits in people and always finding them, and think about them constantly, until finally you start wondering, 'Am I in love?'"

"I can't tell you how many times I've wondered that. Sometimes, I've shaken 'no, this isn't it.' And some-
times, I've decided, 'Well, maybe this is it. Time will tell.' Once or twice, when I've broken the sad news, I've been pretty broken up myself."

"If you're of a romantic nature—and I plead guilty!—I suppose you're fated to have a series of infatuations and trial flirtations and may never wonder if you're in love or not. But one day something electric will hit you totally and you'll know that only one thing could cause all the sensations you're experiencing. Just one thing—love."

"I've had a few tingles, but I'm still waiting for lightning to strike. You see, I want to know, beyond any doubt, what it's like to be hit by love. When it hap-
pens, I'll be lucky enough to marry the man. I'll certainly be marriage-minded, for I've heard that lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

A LL that feminine intuition tells her is: "Don't put on any acts for the benefit of this male or that. Don't take the risk of disillusioning a future husband. He will fall in love with you as you really are."

Intuition adds, "Just be a diplomat while waiting. That won't dis-
courage love."

And what are some of her rules of diplomacy?"Be gracious, never rude. Cultivate serenity. Avoid displays of jealousy without trying too hard to rate the 'Oh-shes-a-good-sport' brand of compliment. Every woman should have a certain amount of tolerance, certainly, but she shouldn't sacrifice poise and dignity for the sake of being called a 'good sport.' That's against the really feminine woman's nature. So is the 'Em-so-frank' technique. She'll tell little white lies rather than hurt others' feelings needlessly. You can get so many more fish with honey, have so many more friends with graciousness."

But suppose a suitor were shy, backward, a bit dazzled—and she wished he would be more protective. Loretta smiles, "You don't have to make a man feel protective he really is a man. The difficulty is how to keep a man from going beyond protection."

There's a difference, you know, between 'I don't want you to' and 'You can't.' The moment he starts saying, 'You—it's time for you to say', I don't tell you what you can't do, so why should you tell me?"

"A woman can sense possessiveness. And if she does sense it, and allows it, she is sowing tragedy for herself. She can't per-
BEATING THE GAME

(Continued from page 50)

nearly double what the work was worth that way. Instead, I gave the money to a friend—Loretta, a friend of the studio. Then he went out and bargained for and got a special body job for a really good price.

"Not only did the owner flatter me by immediate recognition, but he flattered me more by raising the bid to at least four thousand more than the property could possibly be worth. I thanked him and drove off. The next night another friend of mine bought the property for fifty-five hundred dollars less than had been quoted to me as the rock bottom price. I expect a bumper crop of nuts this season—but not the kind that actors are taken for at every crossroad in your town.

"Actors are supposed to be a little stupid, very vain peacocks who blather about Art with a capital 'A.' Esogutie is supposed to be their stock in trade, and it's almost an offense censurable by the Hays Office if they admit that they've a practical side to their natures.

"It just ain't glamorous. But me, I'm just an Irish mug. I don't worry about being an artist as long as I can learn to be a first class craftsman. I'm in this profession to earn a living, not to discourse profoundly about The Higher Things. To me it's a hard enough job to do good work in a dozen pictures a year and I leave the happy flights of fancy to the boys and girls who enjoy pretending they know what they're talking about—right or wrong.

"And we all get into swell jams pretending that they do. Take the ones that tell you, confidentially, of course, 'The only way to really beat this town, you know, is to play the social game.' You know, they wink broadly, 'go out and get pei-eyed with so-and-so and then he can't turn you down for a part any more.' One of the easiest ways in the world of wrecking yourself is to play that social game.

"For example, there's X—. Preston Foster lived in the same apartments in Hollywood. 'He doesn't play that way as a rule, but he accepted a dinner invitation one night from a producer whom he'd known in the old days back in New York. Before the evening was over, the producer was singing a tale of the X and had pulled all the stops, including the vox humana. Only one thing would save his next production—and his job—and that was for X to portray two of the male parts. Now, X is a nice guy—soft-hearted and sympathetic to a fault. He couldn't take it. He couldn't stand that lack-sheep look in the producer's eye. He hated to do it, but he nodded. He said okay, he'd play the part.

"He did, and it was the only real, personal flop that actor has ever experienced. But the thing that really burned him up was to find out later that the day before that dinner party the producer in question had just signed a new five-year contract with his studio which made his job and his fate a great deal more secure than X's, to whom he had appealed in friendship and apparent desperation.

"You've got to protect yourself not only from your so-called friends, but also in some cases, even from the men you're working for. By that I don't imply that all—or even most—of the producers are as shortsighted as X's friend. They couldn't be, without endangering the popularity of the personalities the industry is built on. But there are some of them to whom a dollar now at any cost is bigger than a million-dollar commodity in six months.

"If you play the social game, you're laying yourself open to future obligations that may be hard, if not impossible, to avoid. And it's an expensive way of jeopardizing your future. It means spending money to entertain, and means night clubs and all that goes with them, and it means howling hang-overs the next morning.

"That's what I have a beat. That's why I disappear from Hollywood between pictures. I don't hurt anybody's feelings that way and I don't get myself involved with a lot of cult members that I might get along like the night before they cut my throat, the pleasant smile still on their lips.'

"Preston Foster hasn't learned to keep his chin tucked into his shoulder and his guard up just because he likes to be retiring. It's been forced on him by personal experience. The most common way in which a player loses everyone he or she has worked for is bad casting.

"There are certain parts a player can do to perfection, ones in which he will be loopy—and he knows it. But the people
MODERN SCREEN

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BAD DAYS

Reduce the pain No narcotics

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DUART CREME OF MILK CREME
CONTAINS MILK-OLDS BLENDED WITH OTHER OILS

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he's working for don't seem to realize it all the time. Then, too, there are other producer considerations such as a salary that runs on whether the player is working or not. This last year's contract had him into a quickie, even at the risk of his personal reputation, than to show a bad balance sheet for the quarter. But established players get wise to that routine, hence the frequent rebellions you've heard of in the past two years. Hence, also, many of the studio-instigated rumors you've heard that Joe Hokus and Mae Dapos have gone Hollywood because they won't play in a certain 77-B the studio wants to whip into production outright.

PRESTON has had more than his share of this type of trouble and fought it like a steer to be a free-lance player without contractual commitments to fulfill when he felt they'd be bad for him. But getting into good pictures is frequently just as difficult as getting out of the quota type. The two best pictures he's had, best for both his personal success and that of the studio, as well, took him weeks of campaigning and door knocking on his own lot, where they had him under their noses the whole time. Out went the thought of Commandant Gallagher in "The Informer." Although it started out in life under the tender hands of producers Cliff Reid and Fred Guiard as a low-budget Preston foresaw it's terrific potentialities. He wanted it and he wanted it bad. People took him to one side and told him he was making a mistake, but he held up his guns—and won an Academy Award.

But this fighting for good breaks while keeping covered against the bad ones backed once. Early in December a year ago Preston finished a run-of-the-mill opus and announced that he was leaving for Christmas in the East with his folks. Christmas in his family has always been something of an occasion. The whole family, down to the farthest in-laws, has always foregathered under the same tree to share their gifts, but for a couple of years Preston had missed out due to work. This time he swore he wouldn't. He'd had word that his Dad was falling in health and it couldn't be worse. Otherwise like it might well be the last Christmas he'd be with them.

"And then," Preston says, "came a script from the studio. It was 'Love Before Breakfast.' I said 'no' without looking at it. I was headed East. Telephone calls were followed by wires and the well-known pressure was put on, but it was the script. It was a pip. It was different from anything I'd been in and it looked like an important step. I weakened, I listened to the studio and to my friends. They told me that I was needlessly alarm ing myself. Well, I've already done it and won't be too sorry. That's what my father would probably feel about it, anyway, and all the rest of the old-timers. He'd have said that the young executives people can raise when they want you to do something against your better judgement.

"The result was that I took the part and co-signed to it. But when I dis- tance called to my father on Christmas Day, "Love Before Breakfast" was a success. It was a good part for me, too. But the point I had to pay was out of all proportions. You see, my father died later that winter."

After a couple of minutes Preston shrugged, grinned. "This is a hell of a way for a fellow to be talking to a lunch guest! Say, did you show the new .22 Hornet I got the other day for going after medium size game?"

He pulled out a sleek, powerful little rifle with telescopic sights and the firing impact of a young Howitzer. Neat but not gaudy, powerful, light and compact—a gun that would delight any man. He fondled it like a baby, pulled the greased flannel plunger out of the chamber.

"Listen, just tell this to your readers," said Preston Foster, "there are two ways of beating the game in Hollywood. First, stay out of it as long as you can. That's the best. But if you do have to come out and try to bust into the racket, be tough about it. And if you are tough, be tough for your rights and don't take any back siss. If you know what's best for you, fight for it, and don't let the silver-tongued boys talk you out of it. Be civil enough, sure—but don't be gullible."

"Remember the first rule of Hollywood—everybody in it is out for himself first, last and all the time. They're nice enough people at heart, but they keep their hearts in safety deposit boxes. They'll treat you like a brother until they think you might possibly get in their way. And if you're any good at all, that'll happen sooner or later—so keep your chin covered."

He laid the rifle in the cabinet. "It shouldn't take you long to put that down in black and white, so how about it—boar shooting on Santa Cruz, or being shot at by horses instead of people?"

"Preston was right."

"It didn't take me long to put it down, so now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta go fishing."

And that's my idea of how to beat Hollywood.

FAY FINISHES FIRST

(Continued from page 8)

of what movie makers think of Fay's ability. However, if you recall her memorable characterization you'll see why it was necessary for Fay to emote with both eyes toward the camera.

"You know, sometimes I can't realize it's me," Fay suddenly admitted when we commented on her good fortune. "When I first came out, they told me what to play and just how to do it. Naturally I was news and unfamiliar with the studio. We actors usually resent anyone telling us how to interpret a role. It was hard at first to accustom myself to supporting less experienced people, but I felt it was all for the best.

"Well, now things are different. I even get scripts sent to me to see if I like them. My contract gives me the privilege of rejecting any stories that I don't like. Sometimes I feel like pushing myself to see if I'm awake! I guess that's one of the reasons I like it out here. Though it is a bit frightening when I think of New York and that I'm really working. I'd love to return to do another play! You sort of lazy out here, and, what's more, you learn to like it!"

FAY smiled as she reminisced and discussed her favorite topics. "Even when I was at Malibu Lake, I didn't mind. It was one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade, but when it came time for a shot, we worked until the sun was down. Between times we had to have cold compresses on our wrists and foreheads, but when the camera started to grip, off they came, and when you see the picture you'll never be able to tell what misery we suffered. That's the way people in picture business work.
and it's a pleasure to work with them.

The thing that pleases me most, Fay enthusiastically assured me, is that I'm to do a dress-up part in 'The Shining Hour.' You know, I love sophisticated comedy. It's what I made my name in on the stage and screen. Now I'm to have a chance at it in my next picture. It's going to be good getting into some smart clothes and some tricky hair-dos for a change. Not that I'm complaining—but, I do like a change!

One of our most versatile actresses, Fay is at home both as a chic comedienne and as an accomplished actress. No mean feat is her successfully combining her career and home life for fifteen years. For, since that memorable day, some fifteen years back, when, as an absent-minded girl, she was dashed by a soldier to the ship off long enough for a marriage ceremony, Fay's had eyes for no one except Reggie Venable, by the way, has many decorations for serving his country in the World War.

Walking into her charming blue and white nautical pro Ober, we were interested to discover how Fay had planned and executed it entirely herself as a surprise for her husband.

"Oh, what fun and fussing I went through to get this ready by the time Poppy arrived," she explained. "It was no easy job, but worth twice the bother if only to see the expression on his face when I brought him down those stairs. Do you know that now we spend all our time here, never bothering with the outside world? It is cheerful and from here you can see the ocean and hear the waves. It's peaceful and we love it."

At this point we met Fay's son, who vacations from military school with his famous Mommy. His age we quickly learned was fourteen. His proud mother apparently takes more pride in him than in her accomplishments in the world of entertainment. There's no worrying about a grown boy in the Bainter mansion for she could say the Venable household—for, once away from the studio, Fay becomes Mrs. Venable. In fact, they should prove a shining example to uncertain Hollywoods of the double Thomas Ilk.

"I think one of the reasons Poppy and I get on so well is because I never bring my business home. I do get the homey, as you know, and so does he," Fay explained, looking as youthful as any California matron. "And, if I were inclined in the slightest degree to go, shall we say 'starry,' Poppy would nip it in the bud with one of his five pertinent cracks—which I might add, he's become famous."

ARE YOU A HIDDEN BEAUTY? (Continued from page 45)

will be small danger of your becoming an eternal tagger-along, an eternal barracks-woman in sister's shadow—without glamour! How?

Well, I'd suggest that you learn to do something superlatively well. Fix yourself up as pretty as you can. You needn't be a genius, but this is the one time dissemblment counts for most in winning popularity and—to stick to our topic—the ability to do something really well. At least for self-confidence and poise. Make any talent that you have—and it can be a talent for cooking just as readily as piano-playing or dancing—bring you poise, self-confidence, popularity.

Another rule for achieving the above: Get out and do something on your own hook—some small thing, for a starter—which you've been told you're not capable of doing, or that you feel you can't do. Wear a color you've always thought you "couldn't wear." Change your hairstyle, change your make-up, after practicing on it in secret beforehand. I know a woman whose husband wouldn't teach her how to drive the car. He said she was absent-minded and he wasn't going to let her touch the wheel until he was so rich he wouldn't care. If she smashed up the buggy or not, which would have been never.

Well, now, this wife was dreadfully tied down as a consequence. And one fine day, she up and decided that if her "unmedicated" laundress—a lady of color—had brains enough to run a laundry, she certainly could. And she got herself a professional instructor and learned to drive in a week.

Choose your next embarrassing moment to put muscle and strength into your hump of poise. I mean it. Andrea Leeds, who is going such desirable places so quickly, once told me that she thought it would be better to accept her "enforced" Violetta with a linked arm in arm with perfect grooming, faultless make-up and so on. She said the time when poise really stood you good was when you had a run in your stocking, a hanging rip and a shiny nose! She cited an instance when she had been particularly anxious to make a good impression and handed if those three minor tragedies didn't behoove! So she just said to herself, "Posture, Andrea! The smile, Andrea!"

And she marched in to meet the important gent who might give her a job, holding herself as beautifully as you know she can and smiling her gorgeous, wide smile. And—P. S.—who is to say whether her first good break was the interview which did result from that interview might not be credited to the posture and the smile, which made the important gent not notice nose, slip, or stocking?

Well—and now I want to get along to the young hidden beauties and the helping hand stuff. I said I wanted to pen a short plea to mamas, and I will do so, at the risk of being told I'm butting in where I have no business. I used to get so many letters from young girls telling me their mothers were made up, or did any dieting, or even exercised, for heaven's sake. Their mamas said they were too young, they were all right as they were, they'd ruin their constitutions and so on.

They'd write to me, "Dear Miss Marshall, don't you think it's all right for me to be what I am? I'm too fat, I need to diet." Warra, warra, woe is me—what could I say? Far from me be it to tell any young things how to dress their hair, if they used make-up, or did any dieting, or even exercised, for heaven's sake. Their mamas said they were too young, they were all right as they were, they'd ruin their constitutions, and so on.

And that's why I'm sending out this little plea to parents—about such routine questions as the above.

I do think that a girl's happiness depends on an awful lot on being allowed to do what she associates do—what "the other girls" do, within reason, of course. I do not think that the junk a girl daubs on her face will hurt—provided it's washed off daily. I do not think the way she faxes her hair will hurt, or that any crazy fad in clothes she may wish to adopt will hurt. By "hurt" I mean that I do not think her character, morals, or youthful sweetness will suffer.

However, on the other hand, if it came to cocktails and puffing cigarettes, now, because the "other girls" did it, I'd lay the

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MODERN SCREEN

TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

TROUBLELESS FLUSHING OF THE BOWELS

Immediate relief from painful bowel troubles. Ex-Lax works without strain or discomfort.

Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.

Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retreating. It tastes like delicious chocolate.

No spoon, no bottle! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.

In the morning you have a thorough bowel movement.

Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

NOW IMPROVED—BETTER THAN EVER!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

Say Goodbye to Dull, Drab Hair

In one, simple, quick operation, Loyalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things...

2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place. Use Loyalon after your next shampoo. It does not dye or bleach.

It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, made in 12 different shades. Try Loyalon. You will be amazed at the results.

LOVALON

—the 4 purpose vegetable HAIR RINSE
GIVE YOUR LIVER
THIS GENTLE “NUDGE”

FOLLOW NOTED DOCTOR’S ADVICE.
FEEL “TIP-TOP” IN MORNING!

If liver bile doesn’t flow freely every day into your intestines—headaches, constipation 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 troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from purely vegetable ingredients—Olive Tablets are harmless, non-habit-forming. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help to keep you regular. Get a box TODAY, 15c, 30c, 60c. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets

Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
and LOOK 10 Years Younger

At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect wave of hair. Economical. Bandages with patent, rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by trying a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

NEURITIS
Relieve in a Few Minutes
To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor’s formula. No effort, no nausea, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve brain pain to your satisfaction in a few minutes or money back at Drugget’s. Don’t suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guaranteed.

YOUR CUE TO BEAUTY

Beautifully make-up always...
with the new POWDER-BASE stick

Keeps powder and make-up on until removed. No nose or face shine. Non-greasy and waterproof. Simple to use—achieves that velvety, flattering complexion.

Flash—Rochelle—Brunette—
Sunton. 10c—25c—50c—$1.

POWDER-BASE
Hampton
Hampton 251 Fifth Ave. N.Y.
The very-nearly-all-purpose exercise I wanted to give you is this—a simple one, but one which can be made to do a lot of things. Lie on the floor on your back and prop your feet up on a low sofa or something, so that they are raised about a foot from the floor. A very simple stunt to flatten the turn is to push the small of the back against the floor, while lying in this position. Do this ten times, slowly. Then bring each knee firmly and with plenty of pull on the muscles up against your chest—alternating left, right, left, right. Then, to make things harder, try raising your upper body from the floor to a sitting position, with your feet still up there on the sofa.

And, for a really fine hip reducer, take your right leg, swing it across your left till it touches the floor on the other side. Keep the upper body as straight to the floor as you can while you do this. The idea is to twist at the waistline, which slims and supplies that spot, and roll on one hip and thigh, thereby reducing bumps in those localities. Alternate, left, right, left, left.

In the paint-and-powder department, I have space for only a few tips about eyes—most important and more in demand of glamorizing than ever, what with the hair going up on the head and calling more and more attention to 'em. You know about eyeshadows being heavier and more natural, but have you tried the trick of making them shine? If yours are naturally dark, simply brush them with oil or lash-grower. If yours must be darkened, carefully apply oil, lash-grower, brilliantine—any form of goo—after they're made up.

There is a tremendous range of eye shadow shades now on the market. Gone is the day when we must choose between blue, green and brown. There are grays with hints of blue and grays with hints of brown. There is a heavenly blue-violet shade, and since purple is the rage of the moment you might consider the possibilities of a purple evening gown, slippers dyed to match, eyes subtly lined with purple, creamy powder and lips and fingernails made up with lipstick and polish that have quite a blue mixed in with their red. I said that eyebrows should gleam—and it's nice if lashes gleam, too. Use the merest bit of oil, if you have mascara on, or else your lashes will blot off on your lids. Some of the Hollywood gals use old-fashioned mustache wax to give their lashes a permanent up-sweep and a nice shine. You might try that.

I solemnly swear that never again will I state at the beginning of an article that I'm going to talk about thus-and-so, for I always run out at the mouth too much and find myself drastically apologizing at the finish because I must leave something out. All the things I wanted to say to the women who have begun to let themselves go, for instance. Particularly youngish married women. Are there scores of hidden beauties among them? I'll say there are. And the chief reason these beauties are hidden is that there seems no incentive to "keep up." Nobody sees you, you never go out. What's the difference you say. Or, if this deception hasn't set in, it's a case of there being so many demands on your time and so many demands on the family purse—and you come last. This isn't right. You'll be a far better wife, mother, housekeeper and individual if you hold out for certain requisites. Clothes. Particularly good, more expensive hats as the years roll on. The beauty aids one needs—very few as years advance—that good jar of tissue cream, for instance, to ward off any lines and wrinkles. The manicure. The trip to the hairdresser.

Here are two rules I would lay down for the busy married woman—particularly the mama of one or more small fry. Put your face on first thing in the morning. You'd be surprised what a wonderful psychological effect it has. It may be only a film of powder and little lipstick. But none of this going around with a washed-out face until noon or maybe later. Put the girdle on first thing in the morning, too, even if it's only a housedress that's going over it.

Rule Number Two: Eat. Does that sound odd? Well, I know the habit so many busy women get into—because they're so busy fixing three breakfasts and perhaps packing lunch boxes, and planning meals and all that—of not eating themselves, beyond rumino nibbles, because it's just too much trouble, or because they hate to eat alone. Make yourself eat. I've got lots more I want to say, but this is all the paper the printer will let me have, so I must sign off until next month.

**MODERN SCREEN**

Robert Donat, a great favorite, and Rosalind Russell caught between night scenes in a coal mine in their new British-made picture, "The Citadel."
BLACKHEADS... LARGE PORES
Caused by Simple Mistake!
Avoid it with Sem-pray Jo-ve-ny!
You yourself may be causing those large pores and blackheads on your face and neck! Yes, you may be! A number of women are making their pores large and conspicuous because they neglect the danger of applying fresh make-up over oil!
Designer clothes, a party, or the powder puff. Never dream of the trouble they are causing, leaving you with a dirty-looking, blotchy, splotchy, pudgy face. 
Tissue paper—it has profited on your profile and appeal he becomes, let us say, slightly obnoxious.
Arthur was smart, and visual, and heifer in the start. Though her success may be slight, she's gained a degree of necessary confidence. I think any girl needs all the help she can get to fortify herself against life.
"I'd be delighted if Sylvia wanted to become an actress. As a matter of fact I wouldn't be too surprised, with Sem-pray Jo-ve-ny! Curly is it her jobbing... it comes in a push-up plastic case easy as use as a lipstick! With Sem-pray Jo-ve-ny you can clean your skin perfectly in a few quick seconds. And it leaves its mark. Your skin will never return to the same. The white gloves every trace of dirt and slate make-up from your skin. But the quickest way to a fresh, healthy face is with a push-up plastic case. Or émail this coupon now for his beauty.

YOU NEED NO OTHER CREAM
Sem-pray Jo-ve-ny is more than a cleaning cream. It is a complete beauty treatment, a combination of all... blended by a long, slow secret process. You need no other creams when you use Sem-pray Jo-ve-ny. Generals of lovely women have proved it is the only preparation needed to keep the skin clean, soft. Always

Elizabeth Husted, Sem-pray Jo-ve-ny Company
--------------------------------------------
Please send me your clever pores-size container of Sem-pray Jo-ve-ny. Tell me how you find it will cost ever cost of handling.
Name.
Address.
City State.

Hundreds of candid pictures of your favorites in January MODERN SCREEN

EMBARRASSED BY HORRID PIMPLES?
Help protect your skin against intestinal waste poisons
Ridiculous and shunned because of ugly, pimples, on my own. Get right at a common cause of the trouble—guard against intestinal waste poisons.

Dozens of 25, the skin is apt to be oversensitive. At the same time, poor digestion and elimination often throw waste poisons into the bloodstream. 

I'd had a college education, worked on newspapers for three years and been in and out of the theatre world for several years, and I haven't lost my enthusiasm for social, economic or political affairs. I'm essentially a lazy person and it takes effort to wade mental horizons. Arthur taught me how to really appreciate living.

THE Sheekmans are a truly harmonious and completely. Gloria concedes his felling for big black cigars and Arthur puts up with her passion for interior decorating—which means moving every six months and for her she spots a new house with "possibilities."

The only thing on which they don't agree is Sylvia. Gloria wants her to be a little more feminine—soft curls and the prettiest of dresses at all times. Arthur likes to see her running around in blue jeans. But at last we've agreed to disagree on that," Gloria says.

Gloria had never wanted a child before marrying Arthur. She had always thought that marriage would be long, loving life. After she had her baby she still did not return to the screen for another year, simply because she didn't want to end the happiness of her life. She tells me, she says, to be protected and loved and not have a worry in the world. And it was grand to have a career so far out of the picture that she could get just as fast as she liked and know that her husband, at least, would still think she was the most beautiful woman in the world. "Oh, mother have," missed Gloria, "is to moderation. There's no fun in it. I like hard work and I like to loaf—hard. I love to go file thing on my swankiest clothes and jewels and dancing 'til the Troc doors close. But I can have an equally gorgeous time when I go out a run on gardening—cutting filthy dirty, in shorts and bare feet, and not a smite of make-up. I like to go on grand damaging sprees—thick steaks, hard pressed wines and sunsets—all I want. And then I like to kiss the calories goodbye and be completely virtuous on fruit and vegetables for a spell. Incidentally, I'd like to add that they don't have any crazies on one hundred and forty-five pounds.

"I went on a diet for two and a half weeks on an apple and three crackers a day. I still am, with my eaters, and deadly sick for the next two and a half weeks. But I remember thoroughly enjoying the effect I gave of Camille in the last act.

"I object to monotonous, too. Variety's the spice of the Stuart life. I love bullfights, symphony concerts, Chekov, dime novels, cooking—and having a cook at home so I won't have to! Guess that's the reason I have such an assortment of Cyd—down and dull, dependable and untrustworthy, presentable and untrustworthy. And I'm crazy about them all!

"I object decidedly, by the way, to hav- ing a cook. That's a great asset. If my acting career were finished tomorrow I could still go back to newspaper work—I'd love to publish and be a man's man and all of that."

I had a college education, worked on newspapers for three years and been in and out of the theatre world for several years, and I haven't lost my enthusiasm for social, economic or political affairs. I'm essentially a lazy person and it takes effort to wade mental horizons. Arthur taught me how to really appreciate living.
A small cuff turban with peaked crown toys with double-net jerseys with small roll collar of the material, and huge double cuffs of silver fox.

Miss Stanwyck goes siren in a formal velvet negligee, or hostess gown which has long tight sleeves broad at the shoulder, and yards of skirt sweeping to a short train. Only decoration is a raised scroll design over the shoulders and down the front of the bodice, which latter demurely closes high at the throat, then deceptively opens again almost down to the waist.

All of her evening gowns are worn with lavish furs, with one exception. A silver and the set Campbell with corsetlet waist has a matching floor length wrap. Both corsetlet and wrap are bordered all around with silver leaves.

Her flowing crepe evening gown, tied at the waist in three little bows with a faceted, is worn under a sumptuous Basically a black shirt below the bodice. The soft bodice is shirred over the shoulders and the wide girdle is also shirred. The enormous full circular skirt is irregularly patterned in splash flowers. The bodice is open to the waist front and back—but it’s all right because the girdle is higher in front.

A lip length silver fox cape goes over a silky gown made entirely of black bugle beads.

Elke Marischon Hansen represents innocent guile in a demure embroidered scarlet white chiffon, the skirt composed of three circular tiers. The bodice is tight and shirred, while daisies nestling in the tiny cap sleeves, and scattered over the skirt.

Frances Mercer braves the strapless style, with an evening gown made of fragile black lace, embroidered in sliver thread. The billowing skirt is finished with a border of white net applique with the lace, and the bodice is deep heart shaped. Probably all of you know by now what holds those strapless gowns up besides will power. But in case you’ve missed anything, it’s a boned camisole effect, usually cleverly sewn onto the dress inside. They must be reliable, as the girls seen wearing them don’t seem at all nervous. It’s a wonderful attention-caller to nice smooth shoulders, but make sure yours can take it before you bare them to the stagers’ bound to get.

Miss Mercer also has a charming afternoon frock, with a cut-away bolero coming to the waist in the back. The jacket and circular skirt are banded in shiny satin, and the same satin is used on the skirt and also bands the crown of her hat. The hat brims swoop in up front like a visor, and narrows in the back, where it turns abruptly down.

If there is no scarcity of fur-bearing animals since the production of “The Mad Miss Monty,” it isn’t the fault of designer Stevens. He seems, as grand Sir aged 80 used to say, to have gone hog-wild with the pelts. Blue and cross fox give the silver variety a run for its popularity, and orange is far from neglected.

Vicki Lester wears lavish white fox, Frances Mercer is scintillating in silver fox, and Whitney Bourne is elegant in rare ermine.

Smart college girls are making charming substitutes for the brief white fox and ermine gowns, by the way. They get the feathery flattery without the strain on the budget, by knitting bulky little evening wraps of fluffy white angora. They do these in all colors, too, to wear for daytime with their favorite wool frocks and sweater outfits.

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**HE’S TOO HANDSOME**

(Continued from page 27)

Taylor. He doesn’t sputter. He banks his money against the day when the name of Taylor may no longer adorn the marquees. He believes that “a star’s life is short.” He drives his own car. He has no dresser on the set. A skilled gown with corsetlet waist has a matching floor length wrap. Both corsetlet and wrap are bordered all around with silver leaves.

He does not talk about one thing only—that he knows Gabie. He admits that he loves to say, “I’m going to have dinner with Clark.” Clark has no fan, so whole-heartedly devoted to him as Bob Taylor.

He holds that a man who thinks about his fox three times a day is not an actor who is meekly acting his part. He is convinced that if an actor is forced to slide along on his looks, he won’t get anywhere. He holds that it’s what’s inside a man that matters. Tracy doesn’t rely on his looks, nor Muni. Gabie’s is not the face on a Greek coin. And they don’t come any better.

Taylor admits to his friends that he has fits of depression that get him down. He goes along for weeks, and then, plunk! And there he is! He can’t snap out of it. He can’t talk it. He gets it in his mind. He doesn’t feel like talking. He realizes that when he admits to the doldrums he runs the risk of being jeered out of court. For what, the world would shunt, has got to be low about the possessor of everything the world considers desirable?

It is probable that heredity has much to do with the temper of a man. If so, Bob’s fits of depression can be traced to his mother. For she is inclined to be pessimistic. Bob’s father, on the other hand, was your confirmed optimist. So it seems credible that Bob does suffer from recurrent bouts of low spirits. He tries to work out when he is talking with a doctor, a man with a fine understanding of what makes the works of men go round, what causes the weeds and why.

To have an understanding of Taylor you have to realize that he is, essentially, a serious young man. You may remember that his original intention was to become a psychiatrist. He has a sense of humor, but it is a quiet one. He is never a show-off. He has very little small talk. His
BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(Continued from page 71)

$1.00 Prize Letter

An Answer

I have a criticism on the letter “Realism” in the October issue. After I came out of the theatre where “Three Comrades” was playing, I was sad, too, but it gave me the feeling that at last I had seen something that was real.

For years I have been seeing pictures where “they lived happily ever after.” My friends and I were getting a little sick of it. So when we heard about this picture we made a dash for the nearest theatre.

We lived through the joy of the first meeting of the lovers, the embarrassment of the man when his evening suit fell apart at the party, the pain of the girl when she fell sick and the heartache of the man when the woman he loved died.

My friends and I always give us more true-to-life pictures like “Three Comrades.”—E. M. Hobson, Hollywood, Cal.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Musical Love-Making

You may not like kickers, but I’m going to kick just the same. I’m tired of having my music bunted up, and want you and the movies to do something about it. Don’t get the idea that I’m a movie hater. I’ll miss a meal to see a good show any day, but I’m sure something is wrong. I walk into a movie and see a picture get off to a swell start. Boy is introduced to girl, and they both get that old familiar ticket. Then they take a stroll, park by the old mill stream—or something—and boy opens his trap and begins bleating the first line or two of a new song.

With no chance to have learned the song; with no forewarning whatever, gal bolts in as boy slows down and goes on with the story line for two. Right then and there, blooey goes my sense of reality, my interest in their further doings, and I get a morning-after feeling in the old bread-basket.

I wouldn’t kick if this happened just once. It has happened time after time, in picture after picture. Now I’m plenty fed up. Why can’t the producers give the gal and boy a chance in the plot to learn to harmonize before springing these duets? Revoltingly yours.—Luther Clark, Birmingham, Ala.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Jackie Cooper

I have just been convinced that Jackie Cooper has grown up. He is no longer the mischievous Skippy of a few years ago, but a man, and a very charming one, too.

When I saw “White Bauern” I was amazed and pleased to see Jackie in the role of a young lover. Regardless of the excellent performances of Fay Bainter and Claude Ranis, I found myself eagerly awaiting the next entrance of Jackie upon the scene. Perhaps it was because of the fine part which he was given, but I believe it was just because he is and always will be a super actor. I hope his studio realizes that in Jackie Cooper they have a real box-office attraction, especially to all of high-school age. I am asking for more and more pictures with this delightfully refreshing young star.—Phyllis Johnson, Lead, S. Dak.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

ball player from Stanford. Though his dramatic ability will never cause loss of sleep to Academy competitors, his athletic prowess is the best screened to date. He makes the customary last “60 seconds of play” full of genuine suspense, since for once you know it’s the real stuff.

The story is according to the old formula but with enough variations thrown in to provide an entertaining buildup to the basketball high-spots. The small college which is the local there is the familiar son of the board member. Though he arrives at college with all the ideas of his old man, it doesn’t take long for the campus belles and bullies to snub out the old lines.

William Henry, in his role, shows considerable talent. Betty Grable, as the seat of his heart, is vivacious and pretty as always. Directed by George Archainbaud.—Paramount.

★★ Sons of the Legion

100% Americanism is the backbone of this picture—a good theme for these troubled days and good entertainment besides. The story is concerned principally with the organization of the “Sons of the Legion” to combat the forces at work against good citizenship in a typical small town. Though Lynne Overman is the only name which is well known to film fans, the rest of the cast is well worth getting to know. Outstanding is the work of two small boys, Billy Cook and Donald O’Conner, as kids from opposite ends of town. Billy is the well-bred son of Lynne Overman while Donald is the scolding offspring of a ruthless criminal. The fight of bringing Donald into the fold is not only inspiring but packed with good laughs to balance the sentimentality. There’s nothing tricky or preachy about this one.

The romance angle is competently handled by Evelyn Keyes, a very pretty blonde and Tim Holt. It is Tim’s job to instill the spirit of the American Legion into the changing girl, which job he accomplishes with sincerity and good humor. Helped by him, the gang brings the picture to a walloping climax with the capture of a public enemy. Others in the cast who contribute good bits are Bill Frawley, the leader of the Legion Post and Elizabeth Patterson, “gramma” to a roisterous family, and Lynne Overman delivers a performance which should rate him more along the same lines. Directed by James Hogan.—Paramount.

THE MODERN IDEA FOR

Feminine Hygiene

LYGENES...when your doctor advises feminine hygiene...a dainty, white, antiseptic suppository; ready for instant use...melts promptly at internal body temperature, to form a soothing antiseptic film...freshly scented; no other odor...individually sealed; untouched by human hands until you open...scientifically prepared by the makers of "Lysol" disinfectant...box of 12, with full directions, $1.00.
He does so well that he is made Special Rackets Prosecutor of New York. In the meantime he has become devoted to Frances Mercer, whose sister, Rita Johnson, is in love with a young lawyer, Bruce Cabot, who is tied up with the rackets. This leads to many complications, finally resulting in Rita's death, Cabot's conviction and the marriage of Chester and Frances.

**THE KING OF ALCATRAZ**

Public enemy J. Carrey Naish and his gang escape from Alcatraz and stay away on the ship on which Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston are radio operators. The gang takes control of the ship and Nolan and Preston are forced to send fake messages to the F.B.I., which has broadcast the news of the escape. When their guard dozes, they attack him, but are both shot. Naish escapes to secrecy, and the surgeon on another ship. By wireless instruction an operation is performed that saves Nolan. Ed Nolan's wound is fatal, but the crew, no longer afraid of the guns, turn on the gangsters and again secure control of the ship.

**SONS OF THE LEGION**

Evelyn Keyes is in love with Tim Holt, who has come to her town to organize a branch of the Sons of the American Legion, which her two brothers, Billy Cook and Billy Lee, have joined. When their father is forced to tell his family that he has been dishonorably discharged from the Army, the empy parents decide to protect the escaped convict father of Donald O'Connor, a fellow-member of the Legion organization, has the evidence that will exonerate his father; however, the police capture the convict, Evelyn's father is exonerated, and she gets her Tim.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

(Formerly "The Comet")

Joy Hodges and Bill Gargan are bitter rival newspaper reporters trying to prove, from their respective points of view, the innocence of guilt of a wealthy widower accused of murder. Joy, however, has the advantage in scooping all other reporters and uncovering important evidence, because her pen name, "The Comet," conceals her identity from everyone. During the course of her private investigations she even becomes Bill Gargan's fiancée. But a public campaign to ridicule and discredit his stories, steals from his mother a baby picture which she uses with telling effect. In the end the mystery is solved, and even the love affair which looked hopeless, works out to a satisfactory conclusion.

**SUBMARINE PATROL**

Here's an heroic and humorous saga of a powerful branch of our World-War Navy, the fragile submarine chasers first scorned by the warships they protected, but, after a while, covered with glory earned by the efficiency, loyalty and bravery of their fighting crews. Among the men who fought on this "splinter fleet" were Perry Townsend, wealthy socialite; Rocky, a taxi driver; and Brett, an East Side tough. A forlorn girl, daughter of a tramp ship skipper, gives Perry something more than glory to fight for and furnishes a pleasant romance for this magnificent drama of love and duty.

**THE MISSING GUEST**

Scoop Hanlon, a newspaper reporter, sets out to investigate Baldrich mansion, for the murder of its owner has never been cleared up in twenty years. He finds a complicated setup in which several people appear guilty. Is it lady Dearden, who loves Stephanie, the owner's beautiful daughter? Is Dick Gartwell, an old friend of the family? Or was it Edward, the strange butler, or Jake, a former convict turned detective? Or perhaps her former cell-mate, Vic, was the murderer? Scoop has an exciting time of it, but comes out unscathed, with a surprise solution and the love of Stephanie to show for his trouble.

**THE COWBOY AND THE LADY**

Merle Oberon, the spoiled daughter of a U. S. Senator, is so desperate for a thrill that she goes out one night with the cook and chambermaid on a blind date with some visiting cowboys. Her original intention is to just "have some fun" but turns into a serious romance ending in elopement with Gary Cooper. However, Merle's distaste for rodeos leads her to leave Gary and return home until more suitable arrangements can be made. Gary follows her and some amusing and enlightening incidents occur. Merle thinks it is all over and so does Gary, but Merle's Uncle Henry Davenport steps in, shows everybody up in his true light and saves the day for love.

**THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABELL**

Lucille Ball plays the part of Annabel, a beautiful movie star who is forever being pursued by the frantic publicity stunts of her press agent, Jack Oakie. In order to furnish real life experience for a movie role, Oakie gets Lucille a job as maid in the Fletchers' home. Through a crackpot member of his family, two crooks are introduced into the household and proceed to take it over. In order to extricate Lucille, Jack Oakie stages a false fire shooting right in the home, but things do not work out as planned and Jack almost loses his sweetheart in the ensuing confusion. However, the situation is finally saved and all ends happily.

**UNDER THE BIG TOP**

When her niece starts a fire that burns down Marjorie Main's circus, she begins anew with the insurance she collects. Years later the niece, Anne Nagel, Jack LaRue and Grant Richards became the greatest aerial act in the world. Marjorie discovers that Grant is in love with Anne and fires the two men. Anne leaves, too, and the trio perform on their own until
news comes of Marjorie's illness and near failure of the crusty old judge. They return to the circus, and when, during a daring number, Jack LaRue, who also loves Anne, purposely falls to save her from a similar fate, Marjorie appreciates his sacrifice and agrees to let Anne and Grant marry.

YOUNG DR. KILDARE

Dr. James Kildare, upon graduation from medical college, decides he prefers a city career to taking over his father's small town practice. He goes all behind, including his childhood sweetheart, he affiliates with a New York hospital. There, life is full and things happen in breath-taking succession. Complications arise involving professional ethics and hospital politics, and before long Kildare is suspended for shielding a young patient's wife, for which service he returns home, glad to be a country doctor.

IS JEAN ARTHUR
REALLY UNHAPPY?

(Continued from page 43)

consider your best feature, what would your answer be?"

Jean reflected, then said, "I think that the eyes are the most important feature in any one's face. Whatever qualities you have, good or bad, show in the eyes."

"But, to return to the things I enjoy, I love to shopping. I adore shopping for furniture even though we don't own our own home. Frank was a builder, you know, before he came to Hollywood and he built and owned so many homes that he has no particular craving to build or own another. And neither have I. But I like furnishing and I love clothes, too. I love sweaters and slacks and easy feeling clothes. But I hate tailored suits. I've had to wear them playing office girls in pictures so often that I've got a regular complex about them. I'm not interested in jewelry either. Jewelry never suits me properly.

"My other pet loves," laughed Jean, "are marinated herring—I never get enough of it—and animals! The only reason I'd like to own a house is so we could have one with lots of grounds and lots of lots of animals of all kinds and descriptions. My pet 'hates' are people who chew gum in the movies, and snap it, and nightgowns and spanders and my own inability to make friends more easily.

"We go to the neighborhood movies. My greatest admiration is for Garbo. Next to Garbo it's Ginger Rogers. I love to watch Ronald Colman and Spencer Tracy and Bill Powell, too, among others.

"I spend most of my time between pictures reading. People in books open up and tell you everything they think and feel. Pick you subject and you can find a book on it by some of the greatest minds of all time. You can have them right in your own home to keep the company company."

Twilight began to fall. I said, "Have you any special dream of what you want the years to bring?"

"No," said Jean. "I haven't. I haven't outlined at all what I think or hope for the future, except that I'd like to travel a lot. I know that some people try to 'see' ahead and picture their lives at fifty or sixty. I don't. If I can just live each day happily..."

"And quietly," I asked.

"And quietly," she smiled, "maybe just half of the time."
Claudette Colbert and hubby, Dr. Joel Pressman, are always on hand when there's some-thing going on. This time it's a new play.

Charlie Farrell, left, congratulates Allan Jones and Robert Young, who threw a party to an-nounce the opening of their stables in Bel-Air.

Prosperity came around the corner at full speed in the Ozark Mountain region, where most of "Jesse James" has been filmed. In Pineville, Missouri, where normal business is anything but rushing, there was a sudden influx of commerce, and in a few days there were fifteen hot dog stands, twenty-two soft drink palaces, two fortune-tellers and a tattoo artist. Just shows you what happens when Tyrone Power comes to town.

Even the glamor girls' horses are wearing make-up these days. Out on the "Shining Hour" set Joan Crawford has put her horse, Secret, to work. Secret—or rather, Miss C—gets twenty dollars a day for acting like a horse. The reason Secret has to wear make-up is that his flanks are too shiny, so he wears a special dark powder to reduce the sheen. Secret is very happy about his job, and likes to work in drawing room comedies like "The Shining Hour," mainly because he's on his own and doesn't have to share the camera with a cowboy.

Hollywood's favorite stay sport—poker—has been invaded by only one woman, according to the town's historians. Men who blush at the very thought of a gal's presence around a strictly masculine table always make an exception and admit Connie Ben nett to their games. She plays with the town's biggest-money gamblers, and they like her for two reasons: 1. She plays a silent man's game; 2. She can afford it.

Mickey Rooney's one proud guy. He's going around telling everyone that Clark Gable bought a car just like his, after a ride with Mickey. It's true the cars are just alike—a low-priced coupe. Clark liked Mickey's a lot, and that was a factor, he admits. But the principal reason he doesn't use his $3500 roadster is because he and Carole were always recognized. It's got to the point where they even want privacy en route.

Deanna Durbin may turn out to be the jitteriest jitterbug of them all. For her picture "That Certain Age" they're doing swing for the first time. Deanna turned up her cute nose at the noises manufactured by the band for the first few days. Finally she started hanging around while they were practicing, humming a bit and trying out a few tentative wiggles. Then one of the boys taught her a few real steps and now you can't hold her down. She's a real rugcutter!

Our cameraman caught Elaine and John Barrymore just as they stepped from their car. Yes, they're still happily married.
Two years' tests on living nails prove that DURA-GLOSS—flows on evenly without brushmarks and dries quickly, giving a hard, gem-like, "streakless" luster—resists chipping and peeling—wears amazingly.

New patented "pre-view" cap shows you the actual color just as it will look on your own nails before you buy.

Hundreds of thousands of women already have bought Dura-Gloss—and bought again—and again!

Many women who have been paying up to $1.00 a bottle for nail polish are Dura-Gloss fans now—and it only costs 10¢.

We sincerely believe that no matter what you paid you couldn't buy a better nail polish than Dura-Gloss—at a modest little dime.

Try it—and see for yourself.

Hundreds of thousands of women already have bought Dura-Gloss—and bought again—and again!

The patented "pre-view" cap ends all that! Think of all the money you'll save! Because that nail on the cap shows the exact shade—just as it will appear on your nails.

We actually put the same polish on the cap that you put on your nails—by a new, special process.

Your money back if you don't agree! Just take it to the store where you purchased it, for a cheerful refund.

Dura-Gloss Nail Polish

Lorr Laboratories • Paterson, N. J.

No more playing guessing games when you're buying nail polish. No more finding that the shade you bought in the store looks different on your nails—and then throwing it away.

The patented "pre-view" cap shows the exact shade—just as it will appear on your nails.

We actually put the same polish on the cap that you put on your nails—by a new, special process.

Your money back if you don't agree! Just take it to the store where you purchased it, for a cheerful refund.

Dura-Gloss Nail Polish

Lorr Laboratories • Paterson, N. J.

The colored nail on the cap tells you it's Dura-Gloss. Here you see the new, patented advantage of Dura-Gloss—none that no other nail polish can offer. The color you see on the cap is the color you will get on your nails, because we put the very same polish on the cap that you put on your nails.

Watch for the thrilling new style-right colors for fall and winter on the patented "pre-view" cap—a preview of fashion's latest color dictates. You'll recognize them "on sight"—you'll pick up the bottle and match the color on the cap right against your most fetching accessories—see how it harmonizes with your newest gown.
Otis Rucker, independent expert since 1909, says:

“I smoke Luckies because they buy fine tobacco.”

Sworn records show, in fact, that among independent buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Yes, Luckies give you the finest tobacco. And they are kind to your throat, too! Their exclusive “Toasting” process takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. So Luckies are a light smoke—easy on your throat. Try Luckies for a week, and see.

Sworn records show that—with men who know tobacco best—it’s Luckies 2 to 1.
Here is the excitement of Paris, combined with the fun of a honeymoon... and glorious prizes to boot! A contest that’s as merry as a courtship— as simple as saying “I do!”. And you are a qualified entrant.

All you need do is write four or five “easy” words, completing a jingle. Then send that line to SCREEN ROMANCES—and that’s all! Just a single sentence, and you can win one of the thrilling awards we list below.


- 1st Prize $350.00 in Cash
- 2nd Prize An I. J. Far Somali Leopard Fur Coat
- 3rd Prize A Costume Ensemble designed by Cymonette of Paris
- 4th Prize A Shear Madiney Gown and Negligee Ensemble designed by Carol
- 5th Prize A Matched Luggage Ensemble, consisting of a Hartmann Sky-robe and a Hartmann Hat Case
- 6th Prize Bulova’s new 21 Jewel “Dally Madison” wrist watch in 14kt. yellow gold
- 7th Prize Lentheric’s “Formalité” Evening Bag
- 8th Prize A Two-Ounce Flacon of Lentheric’s “A Bouquet” Perfume
- 9th, 10th and 11th Prizes A Ronson Magnapact, consisting of lighter, cigarette case and vanity case.
More Trouble for Topper—
...More Fun for You!

Thorne Smith's Famous Topper is on the Loose Again...with his Vanishing Girl-Friend and Her Bag of Tricks!...Disappearing Bathing Trunks...Driverless Taxis...Riderless Bicycles...Invisible Jail-Breaks...Dissolving Rhumba Dancers!

ECTOPLASM runs riot and blazes a trail of hilarity from Fifth Avenue to the French Riviera!
"For Skin men find Appealing — TRY CAMAY"

WILTON, CONN.

I never trust my skin to any soap but Camay. I'm sure Camay's gentle cleansing helps to keep skin fresh and smooth...to bring out its natural loveliness!

(Signed) PAMELA SCHREIBER
November 23, 1938
(Mrs. TELL Schreiber)

EVERY GIRL wants the fresh, smooth skin that men find so attractive! Charming brides like Mrs. Schreiber—and thousands of other girls who win romance—tell you, "We use Camay to help keep complexities lovely!"

No other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather. It cleanses thoroughly, yet gently, too! That's why, for regular care of your complexion, and for your daily bath of beauty, you won't find a more refreshing, more luxurious beauty soap. Let Camay help bring you all-over loveliness—and the exquisite daintiness that wins romance!

Get three cakes of Camay today. You'll agree with lovely Mrs. Schreiber that you never tried a finer beauty soap—you'll be grateful for Camay's low price!


camay
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
The greatest star on the screen

We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow readers, you may wet your screen appetites on some little tid-bits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.


Question: What are some of the forthcoming productions of M-G-M?

Answer:

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (from the famous play). Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"HONOLULU" (wicky-wacky-wonderful). Starring Eleanor Powell with Robert Young and Burns and Allen.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN." Starring Spencer Tracy and presenting the new glamour girl, Hedy Lamarr.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939" (a new idea in musical drama). Starring Joan Crawford and James Stewart.

Question? What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M?

Answer: "SWEETHEARTS."

Thank you, class! Now there will be a short recess to allow all of you to attend your nearest theatre showing this M-G-M attraction.

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."

"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thriller.

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

Love is sweeping the country.

—Leo
Mary Boland, seasoned trouper, reviews her past

**BY MARY JACOBS**

IF YOU had your life to live over again, how would you live it? Would you do the same things over again, relive them in the same way? There aren’t many movie stars big enough to answer these questions truthfully, but Mary Boland is one who did.

You would think that this woman, loved on the screen for her amusing portrayals of hare-brained women, loved off the screen for her daring wit, still sought by men at an age when most women merely thrill vicariously to their daughters’ romances, would have nothing to regret. But Mary Boland feels differently.

As we sat chatting together, an air of peacefulness pervaded the room. Here was ease and luxury, with never a trace of the struggle that has made them possible. And Mary, sitting there, hardly looked old enough to be reflecting upon the years and saying, “If I had my life to live over again—”

Smiling at her secretary she said, “We’ve often discussed this, haven’t we, Jean?” Jean, a pretty woman in her thirties, nodded.

“Wouldn’t it be grand,” Mary Boland sighed, “if we could go back to sixteen with the wisdom of the forties? If I could live my life over again, I’d live it in the same way except for my mistakes.” She chuckled.

“You can see what a silly woman I still am when I tell you that it is only upon my mistakes that I have built anything worthwhile.”

“Is there anything you’ve ever done that you regret?” I asked.

For a moment there was silence.

Mary Boland has built the worthwhile upon her mistakes.

“There’s something I haven’t done that I regret,” she said. The words came haltingly.

“I have moments when I feel sorry for myself because I didn’t marry. I miss not having children. If women only know it, they’re much better off being married, raising families than pursuing careers, which, after all, are always thankless things.

“What are women to do with themselves in their leisure time? Let them develop their talents and make themselves interesting companions to their husbands. When you’re young, time seems inexhaustible. There’s so much time to do everything you dream about that you keep putting things off. As you grow older, you realize how little time you have left. I know I get a pang whenever I waste an hour. If I had my life to live over again, I’d say to myself, ‘Ah, I’m young, but every hour is precious. I must grab it.’”

**WHILE** she spoke, her hand touched a yellow rose in the vase beside her, and the petals fell like leaves dropping from a tree in autumn. They seemed symbolical of her unrealized dreams and for a moment I saw Mary Boland as she really was, not the gay, assured woman of the world moving from one success to another, but as a woman who knew how little of the world’s blessings she had really acquired.

As though she realized that she was giving herself away, the mask was suddenly back on her face. “How stupid of me,” she said, brushing the petals into the palm of her hand and losing them away. “Another thing I’d change if I had my life to live over again, is to rid myself of my unnecessary sensitiveness.

“When you’re young, you make a lot of mistakes, and you feel very intensely about them all. Even today I’m sorry for young people because they suffer so. Sometimes we say, enviously, ‘If I could only be sixteen again,’ but sixteen is really a horrible age, when people haven’t learned to build up defenses against life. As you grow older, the edge goes off your emotions. Nothing can be as devastating as it was when you were very young.

“I’ll never forget my early days in the theatre, and how sensitive I was when I was poor. For two years my entire wardrobe consisted of a few old dresses, one hat and one coat. How I dreaded going out to look for work in those clothes! I used to imagine that everyone was looking at me, pityingly, laughing at my poor queer get-up.”

*(Continued on page 102)*
HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! . . . AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!

They roared into each blood-red dawn on fighting wings of glory! Gay, reckless, gallant, they fought, these eagles, for women they had never seen, and for the love they might never know.

WARNER BROS. present

ERROL FLYNN
as the adventurous leader of
"The DAWN PATROL"

with a dashing squadron of famous players including

BASIL RATHBONE
DAVID NIVEN
DONALD CRISP

Melville Cooper · Barry Fitzgerald · Carl Esmond
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

SCREEN PLAY BY SETON I. MILLER AND DAN TOHEROH · FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN MONK SAUNDERS.
**★★★ Just Around the Corner**

Shirley Temple delivers a bombshell as a dramatic actress in this lively picture. She's still the cute child, but for one brief moment, she stirs you by coyly sweeping her lashes upward in a glance that out-Lumy's the glamorous Hedy. The object of her affections is Master Bennie Bartlett, her first screen boy-friend.

By the time you've relaxed from the speedy romance, Ila Temple gets, the story is moving along merrily with Charles Farrell, as Shirley's father, giving very commendable support. Shirley's comedy provides a gay background for a more serious theme —a plea to help America successfully round that corner to prosperity. Shirley indubitably pitches in to straighten the slacks out of business with a benefit show. A natural childhood mistake in the identity of "Uncle Sam" incites hilarity that couples oddly with Shirley's dancing ability.

Bill Robinson's nimble footwork is excellent. The rollicking Joan Davis and Bert Lytke are very funny and Amanda Duff, a newcomer, brings sincerity to her romantic role opposite Charles Farrell. Franklin Pangborn and Cora Witherspoon are delightful.

Directed by Irving Cummings.—20th Century-Fox.

**★★★ Submarine Patrol**

For high adventure and genuine thrills here is your picture. It is packed with humor, tragedy, exciting bravery and plenty of suspense. Even if stories of the war hold no particular appeal, you'll still find enough human interest and informative material to make it worthwhile. The plot is centered mainly with those ships that escorted munitions boats across the seas during the war. Constantly on the lookout for enemy submarines and ready to do battle at any moment, life in the Submarine was precarious business.

Into the service comes Richard Greene, a playboy with fancy ideas of life in the navy. When he is assigned to the "splitter fleet," the outlook is anything but gay. His shipmates are a motley, disloyal assortment. As the captain of their slovenly ship, Preston Foster, out to redeem his court martial by snapping this ill-assorted crew into workmanlike condition. The great climax comes when the men capture the most dangerous enemy submarine afloat.

Naughty Kelly, Preston Foster, George Bancroft, Henry Armetta, and Slim Summerville are excellent. John Ford directed.—20th Century-Fox.

**★★★ The Cowboy and the Lady**

When a poor little rich girl who hasn't had a date for two years meets a cowboy who hails from the land where men are men and women are scarce—well, the fireworks in this case are provided by Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper. The story is both new and it is presented with such freshness and verve that you won't mind.

The daughter of a millionnaire with presidential ambitions, Merle Oberon has been wasting her charms on elderly politicians. Bored to distraction, she gets the house-maid, Patsy Kelly and Mabel Todd, to take her on a blind date. And—guess what—the lucky girl draws Gary Cooper. With beautiful abandon she forsakes the parental Long Island and Palm Beach roofs for a little home where the buffet room.

In the line of picturesque entertainment, you'll be a long time topping this. Love and laughter are diluted with just the right amounts of sentiment and seriousness. Romantic settings are provided by Palm Beach and the wide open spaces of Montana. Excellent characterizations are delivered by the lovely Merle Oberon and cowboy Cooper, who has one of his best roles to date in this. There are some grand comedy scenes, by a fine supporting cast. Directed by H. C. Potter.—Samuel Goldwyn.

More Reviews on Page 10
At Last!
YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!

A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE
Coming Soon!

W.C. FIELDS
in You Can't Cheat an Honest Man

Edgar BERGEN
and Charlie McCarthy

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN
MODERN SCREEN

★★★ The Young In Heart

"The Young In Heart" is a picture that will be thoroughly enjoyed and long remembered. The story in itself has charm and appeal while capable performances by the entire cast in excellent direction and production add further merit.

The unpretentious plot concerns a very old lady who has a great deal of money but no kin in life. She meets Roland Young, Billie Burke, Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—a family who never have a penny in their names but have a whale of a good time. Though the family's original plan is to get hold of their new friend's money, their parasitical ideas are instead installed in their heads by the tale. Though belief in the inherent goodness of humanity pervades the story, it is saved from sentimentality by sincerity and wit.

Making their first screen appearances with noteworthy performances are Minnie Du- wise and Richard Carle. Billie Burke and Janet Gaynor's characters could not be improved upon. Janet Gaynor is excellent and so is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Paullet's final act makes a good impression in both appearance and acting ability. Directed by Richard Wallace.—Selznick-International.

★★★ Dark Rapture

A complete and thrilling accounting of the Denis-Roosevelt Expedition into the Belgian Congo, "Dark Rapture" is a picture of such unusual caliber that it cannot be heartily recommended for the most inaccessible parts of darkest Africa, this expedition has brought a pictorial story of strange peoples and strange lands, never before seen on the screen. The best of the jungle expedition pictures to date, this should prove itself a welcome relief from the usual sort of pictures. Many strange and gruesome scenes go to make this picture a genuine, bone-fide thriller. While the picture drags a little in spots it is so packed with unusual spots that it manages to pick itself up nicely again. "Dark Rapture" has been beautifully filmed and recorded by Leroy Phelps, Frank Bashi. The narrative is also effective. Most amazing scenes are the feast of the elephants by the pyramids of the Long Head and Giant tribes. To lovers of adventure and strange places, this picture should prove itself great entertainment. Directed by Armand Denison.—Universal.

★★★ Say It In French

Gay as the proverbial spring day in Paris, "Say It In French" has a zip that turns it into one of the season's comedy hits. The sparkling dialogue and nonsensical romantic entanglements are sufficiently new to set a brisk action pace and perfect casting gives the story complementary smoothness.

Ray Milland, in a tailor-made role, and Olympe Bradna carry the leading romantic involvements who discover they must keep their marriage a secret in order to straighten out the family financial status. Milland, returning to New York with a French bride, finds himself suddenly engaged to a former flame, Irene Hervey, and the resulting complications provides the entire cast with excellent comic opportunities. Miss Bradna and Miss Hervey share top honors as delightfully comediennes, and Mary Carlisle is close behind them in the role of Milland's sister. How they rehabilitate the family fortunes and straighten out the romantic mixups is pleasantly novel and climaxd by plenty of comedy.

The entire cast turn in expert performances and Billy Lee, without saying a word, is briefly a knockout. Directed by Andrew L. Stone.—Paramount.

★★★ The Great Waltz

Bringing to picture audiences the life and music of Johann Strauss, "The Great Waltz" is worthwhile entertainment. The music is glorious, the script by Dimitri Ti- kennin's orchestration and to the singing of Miliza Korjus, the European opera star who here makes her screen debut. Judged by the popular standards in which he is considered a movie siren. But, besides her lovely voice, she has great charm and if roles as suitable as this can be found in the future she will have an enviable reputation.

As the romantic Johann Strauss, Fere- naud Gravet's performance is notable for its sincerity. Gravet Rainer is the model of his part and gives one of those lovely emotional biontions which could have been soft-pedaled in dozens of spots. In the supporting cast, Hugh Herbert, Christian Rub, and Lionel Atwill are standouts.

Though the screen play leaves much to be desired, with a plot that does not sus- tain interest throughout, the music alone more than makes up for dramatic lapses. The dance sequences and photographic effects are excellent in their beauty. Light-hearted Viennese strains of the Strauss waltzes and lovely scenes in the Vienna woods are additional reasons to classify "The Great Waltz" as excellent. Directed by Julien Duvivier.—MG-M.

★★★ A Man to Remember

And a picture to remember, this one about the life and work of the composer Johann Strauss, and lamassu fortune have forgotten, but whose memory remains in the hearts of all who knew him. Edward Ellis' performance will long be remembered, too. It is a powerful characterization of the small-town physician whose steadfast loyalty to the principles of his profession net him an annual income of starvation, compared with the many cases the condemnation of his patients and fellow practitioners. It is only in the course of long years that his fine work and unswerving loyalty are appreciated by the townsfolk.

The picture opens with the doctor's funeral services and the reading of his will. From there the story continues in retrospect through innumerable episodes in the physician's life. Each episode is an outstanding bit of character portrayal, often emotional but never touching on the maul- lin, thanks to the sincere efforts of every- one in the cast and expert direction. Leo Bloom, as the doctor's adopted daughter, is outstanding in her respective roles. Granville Bates, Harlan Briggs and Frank M. Thomas are excellent as three prosperous pillars of small-town society whose main delight in life has been to balk the good doctor at every turn. Altogether it is first-rate screen fare. Directed by Garson Kanin.—RKO.

★★★ The Shining Hour

With an illustrious cast, "The Shining Hour" turns out to be a disappointment. Though individual performances are good, the story has too many complications. Margaret Sullavan provides some of the high points of the picture but she cannot make a character of ultra noble intentions believable. Fay Bainter, excellent as al- ways, pulls the prize zanie of the character- ization—that is, almost completely destroying everything about her. Melvyn Douglas is convincing as an unappreciated husband and Robert Young satisfies as the younger brother with tries to get all the appreciation.

Joan Crawford appears in a role that...
Here they come!... Roaring for battle or ready for love! Reckless, loyal, swaggering sons of the thundering guns of Kipling's India in revolt!... You've longed for adventure, thirsted for thrills, hungered for red-blooded action. Now join Sergeants Cutter, MacChesney and Ballantine, the lustiest devils that ever manned a cannon or plagued a woman's heart... in the picture that sweeps like a cyclone across the screen!

"GUNGA DIN"

STARRING
CARY GRANT • VICTOR McLAGLEN
AND
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
With Sam Jaffe, Eduardo Ciannelli, Joan Fontaine
Screen play by Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol. From a story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Inspired by Rudyard Kipling's poem.

RKO RADIO PICTURE
PANDRO S. BERMAN, IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED
BY GEORGE STEVENS

THE YEAR'S BIG SHOW IS READY! WATCH YOUR NEWSPAPERS FOR LOCAL PLAY-DATES!!!

MODERN SCREEN
LYNNE OVERMAN tried to get into the movies, failed, then by accident made the grade. He was born in Merryville, Missouri, September 19, 1887, and started earning his living as a race track jockey when he was only twelve. He rode the horses in the summer, attended military academy in the winter, and later studied at the University of Missouri. At eighteen he joined a minstrel show and for two years sang and danced with them. Followed stock, dance hall entertaining in Alaska, vaudeville in the States and eventually Broadway in 1916. During the War he enlisted in the Navy, then returned to the stage, acting in New York and London until 1923 when he came to Hollywood. His screen test, however, was considered a flop so he returned to New York, disappointed. He was barely inside the door at home when a wire arrived summoning him back to Hollywood. A representative from another studio had accidentally seen his screen test and wanted him for a picture. Overman, by this time somewhat dazed, repacked his bags and bade himself back to Hollywood. He did so well in that first picture—Lynne’s particular horror is of ever being typed, but he hardly need fear that for he has played practically every kind of male role ever written. His three most recent pictures were “Spaws of the North,” “Men With Wings,” and “Sons of the Legion.” His next will be “Union Pacific.” Lynne Overman is six feet tall, weighs one hundred forty-five pounds, has blue eyes and blonde hair. He is married to Emily Helen Drucu, a non-professional. What with his long theatrical career which started in Milwaukee back in 1897, and his experience in the Navy during the World War, Lynne has covered a lot of territory in his time. He is now under contract to Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

ANNABELLA: When this talented little French girl was a mere child, she was an avid movie fan whose one ambition was to become an actress. She didn’t know just how to go about it but she started out by producing little matinees in the henhouse behind her Paris home. When not being an impresario she would turn collector of autographed pictures of famous stars. Only, to save time and trouble, she didn’t bother the stars—she just autographed pictures herself. Annabella was born in Paris on Bastille Day (July 14) in 1912. Her real name is Suzanne Charpentier and her father is a newspaperman. Though she is now only twenty-six, she has had years of screen experience to her credit. At the tender age of eighteen she began playing small parts in French movies. Later she made pictures in England, and four years ago she came to Hollywood to make French versions of American pictures.
WINTER WARNING!
Underarms perspire all year 'round

Popular girls never risk offending.
In winter, as in summer, they use MUM

A MAN—A GIRL! Every chance for romance if that lovely woof dress is always fresh and sweet—free from underarm odor! Even when she sees no moisture, a smart girl knows there’s danger of odor. And she realizes that warm clothes and indoor living actually make this danger worse.

That’s why she uses Mum! For in spite of heavy clothing and tighter-fitting sleeves, Mum makes odor impossible. With Mum you’re always nice to be near!

For Mum does what no bath can do—Mum prevents underarm odor. A bath removes only past perspiration but Mum prevents odor to come. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps your sweet. Mum is so easy, so dependable!

MUM IS QUICK! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum, and your underarms are fresh for a full day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your druggist’s today, and know that you’re always charming!

NO WINTER WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM!

IMAGINE THINKING WINTER MAKES YOU SAFE FROM ODOR, WARM CLOTHES ACTUALLY MAKE ODOR WORSE.

To herself: This room is warm—but I needn’t worry, Mum keeps me fresh.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum leads all demeterants for use on napkins, too. Women know it’s gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.
A "new face" in the movie world is just the same "old phiz" to a lyrical fan from Wilton, Maine.

$5.00 Prize Letter
Real Entertainment

I hope the movie people, from producers down to extras, have taken to heart the lesson that the public has taught, through the box-office, during the past year.

The paying public has shown conclusively that what they want first, most and always, is entertainment.

Big spectacles, million-dollar productions and big-name stars don't mean a thing to the constant movie-goer. That is, unless these are coupled with entertainment. At least, that is the way I feel about it, and I think I can consider myself an average movie-fan.

Big musicals, with that monotonous "back-stage life" background, seem to have gone the way they deserved. Such screen veterans as Joan Crawford, who aren't actors or actresses but just names, are fading quickly and surely—they can't give the fans what they want, entertainment.

Such low-cost pictures as the Jones Family and the Hardy Family series show just what the movie public craves—good, plain, down-to-earth acting combined with an interesting plot.

I hope the movie industry goes on to give us less stars who are just names and more people, plain people, who can act and who will give us the entertainment we want.

—John C. Treneden, Milwaukee, Wis.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Let By-gones Be

Just "between you 'n' me" why do they bring the old films back? Perhaps that question may sound strange considering the crowds that these reissues are drawing. But, really, does the average fan who attends one of these old pictures truly enjoy it?

Not very long ago I went to see "Smiling Through," which had been brought back by popular demand. The first time I had seen this movie I had been deeply touched. I cried, as a woman will, and was completely carried away by the pathetic portrayals of Miss Shearer and Mr. Howard as the lovers whom death had parted. I had considered this one of the best stories the screen had ever presented.

Naturally, when I knew it was going to be featured again I went to the theatre to see it. But I was disappointed. The scenes which had once thrilled me now seemed overacted. The clothes, which I had so admired, were now outdated. In parts which were to have been sad the audience laughed. Needless to say, it was a very disillusioned fan who left the theatre that day.

Please stop bringing these old films back. Let the fans keep their favorite movies tucked safely away in memories' treasure chest. Let them enjoy reminiscing the beauty of the old films. But don't bring them back into the scrutinizing light of modernism.—Rena Pacini, Chicago, Ill.

$2.00 Prize Poem
New Faces?

It's none of my biz
But here it is—
They take newcomers
And dab on the paint,
And make 'em look
Like what they ain't.
They want "new faces"
But you'll agree
They all look alike
To you and me!
Same old haircut.
Same old "phiz"
Why not leave 'em
The way they is!

—Ethel Smith, Wilton, Me.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Movies for Young-Marrieds

I wonder if you have any idea what movies mean to the young-marrieds? Before you were married you took movies in your stride—several a week probably—and it didn't matter too much whether they were good or not, for at least it gave you the chance to be with your mate.

After you're married, though, you shop around for movies and choose them for yourselves. When there is coal to be paid for, movie theatre tickets are, after a time, probably more important than orange juice and cod liver oil, you don't feel like throwing away a dollar on a poor show. Therefore, a movie becomes something to look forward to, and one truth of your courting days still holds good, a picture theatre is practically the only place of amusement where you can recapture that intimate sense of there being only two persons in the world who matter, and those two are yourself and your husband.

And if, for some reason, your feelings have been a bit ruffled before you go, there's a good chance that, as the romance unfolds on the screen, you'll begin to wonder why you were so impatient. For, after all, the man beside you still spells romance, and it's easier to make up in the dimness of the theatre than to say you're sorry when the lights are brighter.

The picture over, perhaps you hurry home so not to keep the girl who stayed with the young man too late. Then you'll raid the ice-box, bring your cocoa and sandwiches into the living room and relax and gawp, talk over the picture. All in all, I think movies should have some award for the Promotion of Married Happiness.—Robert Wortendyk, Albany, N. Y.
Try your luck at winning a cash prize. What do you have to say about the movies and their stars?

From Albany comes the prescription of a good movie to cure young-marrieds' quarrels. Did you ever try it?

$1.00 Prize Letter
Ramon Novarro

The first picture I can really remember seeing is "The Pagan," starring Ramon Novarro. Even to this day I can remember the beauty of the setting, story and music of that picture. For it gave me my first "movie hero," the handsome, charming Ramon Novarro.

Down through the years that followed, Ramon has remained my favorite actor. For he gave to the screen such grand performances as his roles in "Devil May Care," "Mata Hari," "Son Of India," "Laughing Boy," as well as many other fine roles. Surely these portrayals rank on as high a level as most any the screen has ever known. Surely he rates the starrin rank he achieved through hard work and splendid performances!

Then he left the screen for a musical tour. I think that was a mistake on his part, for the public is fickle and soon shifts its favor, when an actor is away for a long time. However, he is back on the screen again to stay, I hope, for many years. I'm sure that Novarro fans everywhere are very glad to welcome him back. Unfortunately, he did not receive very good stories for his first two pictures since his return. I, and probably many of his other fans, would like very much to see Ramon in a role placed in a background of his native land. Anyway, I'm rooting for him all the way. So here's good luck to that handsome, talented Mexican star.

Viva Novarro—Genevieve Sayre, Hillside, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Lynn Bari

A few years ago when Bette Davis first made her debut on the screen a critic accused her of imitating Constance Bennett. This riled Bette, who changed her personality, hair-dress and type of acting, and then scaled the heights of film fame.

Today, there is another glamorous newcomer in exactly the same situation. However, unlike Miss Davis, this starlet is intentionally imitating incomparable Claudette Colbert. Her name is Lynn Bari, who last appeared in "Meet The Girls." (Continued on page 96)
Fredric March dislikes romantic parts.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

THE ACTORS of Hollywood are unhappy. The funny part about it is that they have a right to be. Yes, I know. They earn huge salaries. They live in luxury. They are handsome and famous.

That doesn’t alter the case at all. They’re still unhappy. What they really want is a chance to do the sort of work they think they can do best. They look at themselves quite honestly, realizing their capabilities and limitations.

Take Bob Montgomery, for instance. You write Modern Screen and ask, “Why do they keep on giving Bob the same role? Why do they always make him the smart cracking gent with a supercilious smile? Why can’t we see this good actor in another kind of part?”

Bob wants to know the same thing. He doesn’t like that role either. He’s sick of it. But what can he do?

Says Bob, “Look here, I’ve given my studio value received. I think I’ve earned the right to play a role in which I can honestly believe. When I complain about the parts they keep on handing me they say, ‘You show no gratitude.’

“That isn’t true. I’m grateful for every fantastic thing that has happened to me in this amazing business. But if I were as grateful as Hollywood thinks I should be it would be the same as if you sent me a Christmas gift twenty years ago and twice a week I wrote and said, ‘Thanks so much for the military brushes. They are just what I needed.’ You would be sick and tired of that letter pretty soon—and so would I.

“I’m grateful to Hollywood. But I think I’ve earned the right to play one role I want to play, and I don’t mean some vague and arty job, either. Those light, smart cracking things I’ve been doing, I can play with both eyes shut. Without conceit, I can do them as well as they can be done, merely because the role itself is so limited. There are a thousand other people who can do them just as well as I.”

“And what?” I asked, “do you want to play?”

“Well, I’d like to do something like ‘Prisoner of Zenda,’” Bob answered, “I want to do it with a light comedy touch. I’ve a hundred ideas about it. I know I could do it well and that it would be successful.”

So that’s Bob Montgomery, an intelligent, sound thinking man who can look at himself honestly.

Now take Freddie March—and there are a lot of gals I know who wouldn’t mind. Fred is sick to death of the roles he’s been playing.

“I’m not the romantic type,” he told me, “I can’t see myself in romantic roles.

“The thing that amazes me is that I’m always getting them, when there are men, younger, hand- (Continued on page 100)
The Kentucky of great tradition has inspired a great picture... in all the splendor of Technicolor!

Proud romance... beautiful women... chivalrous men... magnificent thoroughbreds! The sport of kings climaxing when the silks flash by at Churchill Downs in the famed Kentucky Derby! All against the warm beauty of the Blue Grass country!

Kentucky

with

LORETTA YOUNG • RICHARD GREENE

and WALTER BRENNAN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE

KAREN MORLEY • MORONI OLSEN

Photographed in Technicolor

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote

From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production
IN WINTER...
Let Hinds Lotion help your hands say nice things about you.

FORECAST: Chapping weather

Even one application makes Chapped Hands feel smoother!

PEOPLE look at your hands and think—"She's well groomed, hands so smooth!"...Or—"She's let herself go, hands so rough!" Don't let them stay that way. Use Hinds. Extra-creamy, extra-softening. Even one application helps soften up flaky chapping, comfort tiny "skin cracks" that sting and burn. Used regularly, Hinds coaxes back the "Honeymoon Softness" that wind, cold, steam heat, and hard water take away. Right now you can try Hinds without risking a cent. Without risking a cent! Do it. Good-Will Bargain (below) is at toilet goods counters.

TIME EXTENDED ON GOOD-WILL BARGAIN
Extra bottle with the medium size Hinds! Money Back—Buy the medium size Hinds. You get a Good-Will gift bottle with it. Try the gift bottle first. If it doesn't convince you that Hinds is grand for chapped hands, take the large bottle back unopened, where you bought it—and get Money Back.

EXTRA LOTION—Keep both bottles and get nearly 20% extra lotion—at no extra cost! More of this fine lotion for the money than ever before! Also in 10c, 25c, 50 prices.

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS
HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued from page 10)

offers opportunities of wearing clothes and making men swoon at her feet. The role also provides her with dramatic scope.

Undoubtedly a woman's picture, "The Shining Hour" may be enjoyed by some audiences but not looked upon with much favor by those who like a lighter touch in their screen entertainment. Directed by Frank Borzage.—M.-N.

★★ Straight, Place and Show

Since everyone goes slightly mad at the race-tracks, you can imagine what happens to the Ritz brothers. "Straight, Place and Show" has them completely berserk, and offers a fitting vehicle for their peculiar talents.

Though operators of a poney ring, when the boys chance on a hot tip at the track, they stake their all. Through bad management mixed with good luck, they get the wrong ticket and win $3000. From that moment the dime-a-ride ponies are scorned in favor of the horses. The brothers acquire one of their own to enter the steeplechase. The nag belongs to Phyllis Brooks, a blonde and beauteous heiress, but it's Richard Arlen who paws it off on the Ritzes. It's a matter of making the deal or losing the girl, for Phyllis is far more stuck on Play Boy (the horse) than on Richard Arlen (the hero).

One of the many high-spired films of the picture is the wrestling match in which Harry Ritz becomes involved—and we mean involved—in order to earn the required entrance fee for their horse at the track. She's a winner, of course, when Arlen finally rides Play Boy for the $25,000 sweepstakes, but not until all the Ritzes have had a go at being jockeys. It's straight comedy for the brothers Ritz, without sacrificing any of their best shenanigans. Musical numbers are capably handled by Ethel Merman. Members of the supporting cast do their bits with a flourish, but it's a Ritz picture from first to last. Directed by David Butler.—Twentieth Century-Fox.

★★ Hard to Get

It's Dick Powell who's hard to get in this particular case and Olivia De Havilland is the girl on his trail. It all starts by Dick, an aspiring architect, but at the moment a gas station attendant, being tough on Olivia, an heiress whom he thinks is just the girl to get him out of a daylight job, to get revenge, but after a short exposure to the Powell charms, is out to get him. The picture is based on one of those fool-proof formulas that you've been seeing for lo these many years, but with just enough variation to pass it off as entertaining screen fare.

Dick Powell is likeable in a role that allows him to break into only an occasional warble and Olivia De Havilland, prettier than ever, makes the most of every opportunity afforded her by the script. Stealing all acting honors, though, is Charles Winninger. The millionaire father of the heroine, he has that rich, sonorous voice in life—his spoiled daughter and his valet. He is intent on seeing that Olivia doesn't develop into a slob like her mother and younger sister, played, respectively, by Isabel Jeans and Bonita Granville. And he is equally intent upon some day beating the valet, Melville Cooper, at wrestling.

Good performances are given by Cooper, Penny Singleton and Allen Jenkins in the supporting cast, while the rest of the characterizations are adequate. Directed by Ray Enright.—Warner Brothers. (Additional review on page 101)
Words torn from the anguished heart of a woman in love... words breathing the intense emotion of a proud woman whose pride has vanished in the wonder, the thrilling glory of her first great love... the words of the immortal Zaza to her beloved Bernard... pouring tumultuously from the screen as Claudette Colbert brings Zaza, gay, reckless Zaza, who loved too well, to thrilling, glorious life in Claudette's mightiest acting triumph, in the year's grandest screen love drama.

"I love you"
"Don't be modest, darling. There are men who can't leave alone. And you're one of them. Yes, and there are men who can't leave women alone and you're one of those, too!"

Adolph Zukor presents

Claudette Colbert

"ZAZA"

with

Herbert Marshall

Bert Lahr • Helen Wesley • Constance Collier • Genevieve Tobin • Walter Catlett

Directed by George Cukor • Produced by Albert Lewin

Screen Play by Zoe Akins • From the Play by Pierre Benot & Charles Simon

A Paramount Picture
THIS ISN'T," Claudette Colbert said, puffing away at a cigarette, "a man's world, any longer. Today the very phrase sounds musky and old-fashioned. Time was when it was much easier for a man than a woman to get a job. If there was a boy in the family, no matter how many intelligent girls there were, the boy was sent to college and the girls were pushed into the background. But the day of pushing women aside is gone.

We were talking about a recent magazine article which told women "how to be happy in a man's world." A famous woman star had said, "Before I married, I thought this was a man's world. Now I'm sure that it is."

Claudette leaned back in her chair, her dark brown eyes sparkling with amusement. We were sitting in the living room of her Georgian home—an all white home beautifully landscaped, with great green stretches of lawn, and white roses clambering over the fence outside. The living room was done in gray and old rose, with everything, even the flowers and pictures in harmony with those shades—for Claudette likes soft lights in the room brought out the reddish-gold tints in her smartly coiffed brunette hair. "Naturally, each of us sees these matters "

Claudette Colbert, with lure.
The star and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, attend a Benefit.

FOR GLAMOR!

from a different viewpoint,” Claudette was saying. “Perhaps if that star’s husband had been asked, he would have said, ‘This is a woman’s world.’ I’ve sometimes heard men complain that today it’s the women who get the breaks.”

“Do you feel that it’s a woman’s world?” I asked.

Claudette leaned down to pat her dachshund. Hansi, who had just come into the room. “No,” she said, “I don’t think so. Today everyone has an equal chance at happiness. Our world is colored by economic conditions. The day of the woman who sits back and does nothing seems to be gone. And that, I believe, is all for the best, because I know of no better recipe for happiness than keeping busy.

“Of course,” said Claudette thoughtfully, “I don’t mean that all women have to rush out and find jobs in order to be happy, for undoubtedly some of the happiest ones find their greatest joy in running perfect homes. Sometimes, however, it isn’t economically possible for a woman to devote herself entirely to domesticity. It often takes a long time for a young man to find himself in this modern world, and if women didn’t put their shoulders to the wheel, many couples couldn’t afford to get married.

“I’m afraid I’m like that. I work because I love to. I see no reason why an intelligent woman cannot manage to have both the man she loves and the work she enjoys, if she applies good sense.”

I glanced at an old interview Claudette had given me seven years ago, when she was a young actress. The article contained a photograph of Claudette, and the face that stared back at me was sweet and pleasant but very unsophisticated. She looked like a nice young girl trying very hard to appear (Continued on page 80)
"HOLLYWOOD'S A DANGEROUS PLACE"

BY MARY PARKES

THAT IS a very dan-ger-ous place—Hollywood," said Charles Boyer.

We were standing together on the wide semi-circular deck porch of his new house on the mountain top, a beau-
tiful, modernistic place with circular rooms and a great central loggia, the ceiling of which rolls back exposing the owners to the sun, moon and stars. Below us lay the canyons and lower hills, the distant sheen of the Pacific, the dark crag of Catalina against the horizon and Holly-
wood spread at our feet. It was then Boyer said, "That is a very dan-ger-ous place—Hollywood."

I thought how well the setting suited him for, at heart, Charles Boyer has always been a man on a mountain top. Unlike Pepe Le Moko in "Algiers," Boyer has never wanted to leave his Casbah, his home, either to follow the wiles of the world or to drink in the applause that would be so eagerly heaped upon him. Not a hermit—for to be a hermit is, often, to be a poseur—and Boyer is guiltless of any affectation of any sort. He is so little exhibition-
istic that the limelight spots know only his name, not his presence.

Indeed, he has only gone down from his mountain top three times in the past three months. He smiled and held forth one sockless, sandalled foot and said, "I haven't had on a pair of socks for over two months!"

It occurred to me that Boyer would take his women fans somewhat aback if they could visit him at home. For there is something about his screen personality which pre-
supposes a Sybarite type, a dark and languorous Latin, lounging in exotic robes and exerting a professional charm off as well as on the screen. One would not expect to find him wearing indifferent slacks, a shirt of no particular color, open at the throat, yes, but not the professional open-at-the-throat kind, just a shirt without a tie. He was sitting on the sun-deck reading and smoking his innumerable cigarettes.

It is not that he is less attractive in real life than he appears on the screen. "Those eyes," as his fans say, take care of that. It is that when he is on the screen he is so completely the character he is playing that one can't imagine him any other way. And when he is off the screen he is so genuinely and simply just himself. He spends his time, he told me, but all of it, "reading madly" books both in French and English, swimming in his pool in the mornings—he is a powerful swimmer—playing tennis—and he has a serve which Big Bill Tilden in his heydey might have applauded. Somehow, this is surprising, too, because one does not expect Boyer to be athletic. But he is. He also has a fine flair for culinary artistry, with intricate sauces, salad dressings and the exact charring of steaks among his proud accomplishments. Add to these unexpected talents his knowledge of horticulture. He pointed with pride to the young trees and flowering shrubs, the annuals and perennials with which he hopes to make his mountain top to blossom like the rose—"mostly with my own hands," he told me. But afternoons he spends with his books. And on occasional, but very occasional, evenings, (Continued on page 93)
"A career child, unless carefully guided, is at an overwhelming disadvantage," says our Shirley's mother.

**MRS. TEMPLE’S DEEP**

Shirley's mother tells a dramatic true story, never before revealed!

ON A MEMORABLE day, two years ago, Gertrude Temple confided to me a dramatic and stirring and poignant story!

Today, a glowing, buoyant Mrs. Temple said to me on the set of "The Little Princess," Shirley's current production, "That story we have been keeping secret—it can be written now. I've never felt so well in my life."

Younger than I had ever known her, with a serene charm which heightened her electrifying energy, she was an inspiring contrast to the anxious, harried, ill woman to whom I talked those many months ago.

It was a throat-tightening story she told, the story of a mother's terror. The story of a mother's heartbreaking but careful preparation to place Shirley's destiny and happiness in the hands of another woman! At that time she revealed that for weeks she had been painstakingly training another woman to replace her in Shirley's life, if the need arose. So casually had she done this that not once did she give a clue to her terrifying suspicions.

Until now, only two people, Gertrude Temple and I, have shared this secret. Now at last, the whole story can be told.

The "Wee Willie Winkie" company was on location. In a wedge of the Santa Susanna mountains, the magic of Hollywood had created a replica of India—of British Forts and Chieftain's strongholds, of the trappings and backgrounds to give the picture authentic flavor.

Gertrude Temple sat in a camp chair in the indiff erent shade of a scraggly bush, while below her, in the cup-like canyon, assistant directors marshalled camels and horses and turbaned extras for a scene of triumphant Arab return to their inaccessible hideaway.

Lights. Camera. Action. Mrs. Temple watched Shirley as she climbed laboriously up the rock-hewn stairs, edging away from the flying hooves of the horses and the pack animals. According to the story, Shirley was on her way to call on the Arab chieftain and to plead the cause of peace between his people and the English.

The child stumbled—a bit of action not in the script—and instinctively extemporized some dialogue to explain her misstep. John Ford, the director, nodded in approval, and the cameras ground on.

Mrs. Temple smiled. "That bit wasn't in the script," she explained. "It adds to the scene, doesn't it?"
SECRET

It will surprise and touch you

was triumph on her face. And a strange excitement. Her expression betrayed an absorption in Shirley I had never seen before. I looked at her curiously. I had known Shirley and Mrs. Temple long before the world's united acclaim, long before a curly head and a misplaced dimple and an unerring sense of drama had made this remarkable child a star.

Through the years, I had frequently watched Shirley work. Had seen her electrify hard-boiled directors, blasé electricians, exacting technicians with her amazingly spontaneous talent. I've heard many an old timer mutter to himself, "How that kid does it certainly beats me!"

Never once had I heard (Continued on page 76)
WE CALL HIM
GLAMOR BOY

BY
NANETTE KUTNER

And believe that you will agree Doug Fairbanks belongs in the spotlight brigade with his qualifications

WHEN A national magazine recently ran a spread picturing America’s leading glamor boys, they named Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr., and, if memory serves, Woolworth Donahue of the ten-cent-store clan, Eddie Reeves of those grocery millions, several other blue bloods, and Errol Flynn. “They left me out,” said Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. I judged he was sorry. The editors are entitled to their competent opinion. However, after taking a good look at Mr. Fairbanks, at his gray suit and red tie and his red handkerchief and carnation to match, and listening to his talk (conversation is hardly the word), this reporter nominates him for the glamor brigade. He belongs in that sphere, right up in the front line of spotlight boys of cafe society. He practically admits it himself. “I am an eligible bachelor,” said he.

“I’m not in love,” he added. “Why people keep wanting to know that sort of thing is beyond me.” He wearily waved one hand. Then, with man-of-the-world tolerance, “They must get a vicarious thrill. Sex starved, I suppose.

“Yes, you can say I’m not in love today, but,” and he flashed his engaging, even-toothed grin, turned it on as one might twist the water faucets, “I can’t tell about tomorrow.”

He grinned again. “A girl would be foolish to marry me,” he said.

I did not contradict him.

“I’m selfish.”

“In what way?”

“That’s my secret. But I’d make a rotten husband. I’m thoughtless and undependable and irresponsible. In fact,” and he looked me straight in the eye, “I’m Peter Pan.”

This was enough to stump anybody, so I kept quiet.

His clipped words, pleasant sounding, rolled out in his slight English accent, far less pronounced than the last time I had seen him, at the rehearsal of a Rudy Vallee broadcast when Fairbanks, Jr., had but recently returned.
from London and was more British than Parliament. Now he has toned down, although he still retains a couple of English traits; that of diplomatically evading the answer to a direct question, and being able to speak charmingly, and at great length, about nothing at all.

Marlene ... as he says the name his voice becomes a croon. She is in Paris and plans returning to this country. When he goes to London they will probably pass each other on the ocean. That was for Marlene Dietrich.

Gertrude Lawrence. Here his voice loses the crooning quality. Like Noel Coward, he calls her Gertie. They have known each other since 1920. She was a friend of his uncle's. So much for Gertie.

Norma Shearer. They are neighbors, just one happy group out there on Santa Monica beach.

He feels people are catty when they say he goes out with older women. These women aren't just older than his twenty-eight years. They are intelligent, he claims. And he often goes out with younger women, but they don't happen to be well known, says he, so nobody knows about them. When asked what obscure young women he took places, he couldn't remember. He did mention Zorina, whom he escorted dancing on his first night back in New York. “She is younger than I,” he said. She is also on top, the ballet dancing toast of Broadway. He neglected to mention that.

He is partly right. His women friends are not merely older, but they all have one feature in common. Fame. He evidently prefers this kind (i.e., glamor boys like glamor girls).

He wants to impress you with his utter casualness, his devil-may-care approach to life. This is a pose. When he made “The Rage of Paris,” a friend of mine, on the same picture, said that Fairbanks, Jr., a big boy, kidded all through the work. What my friend doesn't know is that during this time Fairbanks made retakes for another picture. And although he was exhausted, with barely five hours a night sleep, he resolutely continued his light-hearted act. For he works at this casualness.

“Twice I've been on top of the movie heap and twice skidded. So I don't take it too seriously.”

Again that pose ... probably due to the Noel Coward influence. If Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., could be anybody else, (Continued on page 87)
Alice Faye admits that everything she has she owes to this famous New York street

by

Gladys Hall

Hit the Bennett in "Tail Spin" hurt Alice more than it did Connie—but really!

Alice always wanted a tall, dark and handsome husband—so Tony Martin!
ALICE FAYE and Constance Bennett were standing face to face, eye to eye. Two beautiful blondes, Connie as brittle as a faceted diamond, Alice as softly curved as April. They both struck Cagney poses and prepared for battle. Connie let go a stinging blow that caught Alice on the cheek. Alice let go a plushy tap which barely grazed the surface of the Bennett cuticle. Director del Ruth groaned. He called, “Hit harder, Alice. Hit as if you meant it!”

Connie, the trouper, obligingly offered the other cheek. Alice tried again. Perceptibly she girded up her loins and let Connie have it. But still too gently, again pretty much “faked.” Then she walked off the set of “Tail Spin,” tears in her eyes. She couldn’t hit Connie. Alice has to feel what she does and she likes Connie. That’s the way she is. That’s why you get a lump in your throat when Alice sings sad songs. Because the tears aren’t part of her make-up—they come from her heart. That’s why her gaiety is infectious too. When Alice acts gay she really is gay.

She told me, “I’m a cream puff at heart. I can’t hit anyone I like. It isn’t natural.” And for Faye, what isn’t natural is well nigh impossible.

Gotta-mean-it Faye: that’s why she’s sitting so pretty among the stars. But that’s also why her studio has a problem on its hands every now and again. They will tell you that the difference between a Faye rehearsal and a Faye “take” is that well-known difference between night and day. The rehearsal is as limp and colorless as a dish rag. But when Alice goes into the real take she comes to life, tears, laughter, song, death, hilarity—anything the scene calls for. She’s got to give all or nothing.

Her studio has to sell her on herself, of all things, and on the idea that she can do dramatic parts. (Shades of the Swansons, Negris and Naldis, whose egos rampant stormed ahead of them like Bengal tigers at feeding time—those yeasty stars of yesteryear!) Alice made a test for “A Message to Garcia” a couple of years ago—Barbara Stanwyck played the part because Alice didn’t believe she could do it! She didn’t want to be dramatic. She doesn’t realize that she is more important now than she was before she made “Alexander’s Ragtime Band.” She has a sort of complex. She’s humble in her own esteem unless she actually feels what she is doing. She hates to say no. Alice does a lot of things she’d rather not because of that. She admits, under cross-examination, (Continued on page 90)
No matter what you thought John Payne was like, you were probably wrong.

YOU NEVER can tell. Your preconceived idea of a person may be so far wrong that once it's set right you feel like using your head for a football and kicking a little sense into it. That's how I felt after meeting John Payne.

Everything I'd read about him had led me to think Mr. Payne a solemn young man of scholastic profundity whose whole day would be spoiled by a split infinitive and who, by some strange mischance, had been lured from somber halls of learning to glittering Hollywood, there to brood over eventual return and lifelong dedication to differential calculus or dark-green Ibsen matinees.

It didn't help any even to know that a remotely avuncular celebrity had written "Home, Sweet Home." When, from time to time, it had been suggested that I do a piece about Mr. Payne I had taken my cue from that hearth-warming song and locked myself indoors.

But one night I ventured out, not without forebodings, to take a squint at the cinema likes of him in "Garden of the Moon." Imagine, then, my glad surprise at finding John Payne not only a gay and swingtime lad, leading a jazz band and singing for the sheer joy of it, but also the most natural and likable young actor.

Meet John Payne, a new light on the Holly-
it has been the luck of the screen to discover since James Stewart first ambled down the lot.

Of course, "Garden of the Moon" had thrown a new light on him. But it was on the other side of the moon I found the real John Payne. Indeed, he turned out to be real as a tree. Not scrub growth, either, but standing well over six feet and no knots in him. Most of his slim yet sturdy height was barked in old gray slacks, but from the timber-line up he took the air in a half-sleeved shirt, free at the neck as the wide open spaces and unfettered by that coil of masculine civilization, a necktie. His dark hair, tumbling over his eyes like branches in a breeze, recalled something out of the Black Forest, while his face played through its shadows, pleasantly careless of a close shave.

That's what I liked about him—no "side." Still, I took it he must be feeling not a little set up by scoring a success which unmistakably marked him for stardom. "Swell," he admitted. "But after seeing you I'm going to see a doctor."

That didn't sound so good. Seemingly, John Payne had anticipated my insalubrious effect upon him.

"Bum knee," was his reassuring explanation, as he sprawled into a chair and yanked up a leg of his trousers to half-mast by way of introducing Exhibit A. "Had a bit of a fall down in Florida—and was it hot there!—
doing a scene in 'Wings of the Navy' with George Brent. I played a young flyer. No music. Suits me fine. Untypes me before I get typed. I spent just as much time learning to act—or trying to—as I did to sing, and I don't want to lose either one."

There wasn't a word out of him about "Garden of the Moon" till I mentioned his hit picture. Then, surprisingly enough, "I haven't seen it. And I don't care to see it. I'm not eager to criticize myself. Willing to let it ride. It was my first break in two and a half years."

Thanks to Dick Powell, who turned the part down flat. Interesting, too, that, in spite of the fact the boy from Roanoke, Va., had run a pool-room (five cents a cue) in the upper reaches of Manhattan during his collegiate days at Columbia, he should have come to Hollywood only to find himself again and again left behind the eight-ball!

"They certainly had me sewed up," he confessed. "After playing the son in 'Dodsworth' I got three other parts, but none of them got me anywhere. I had more money than I could spend, and that was in marked contrast to other days, for," and he twisted a wry smile, "I had not lived a nourishing life. In New York it was anything for a living. When I left Roanoke, I'd saved a couple of hundred dollars, but that wasn't enough to keep me going at Columbia. Having kicked around in various phases of the contemporary young man, I felt I now could do it with comparative ease. Running a pool-room was far easier than running a dormitory switchboard for three dollars a week, room and board. There were more than a thousand numbers. I'd get them all mixed up, then pull the whole thing out and start all over again. When I happened to get a right number I had a wonderful sense of triumph."

"This, unfortunately, was not generally shared by the telephoning students, so I turned (Continued on page 84)"
A LANE Alone

YOU MEAN,” said Priscilla, wide-eyed, “that I am not even to mention my sis—ter—not even Rosema—
or, er, Lo—”

“Not one word,” I said firmly. “This is not to be a sister act. This is to be a solo. A Lane alone.

Just you, Pat Lane. I want you to talk only about yourself. The truth, the whole truth and nothing
but the truth about Priscilla Lane. I’d like you to take your heart out, if you don’t mind, lay it
on the table and analyze it for me. Spread out your hopes and fears, your likes and dislikes, your
virtues and faults, your whims and ambitions, favorite things to eat . . . your loves and dreams.”

“A sort of mental and emotional vivisection, eh?” laughed Pat, who is nothing if not quick
on the trigger.

“Well, more or less,” I said in the slightly martyred tone of one who really doesn’t ask
very much.

Pat laughed again, mischief in her blue eyes. She wouldn’t be poking fun at me now,
would she? Then she said demurely, “I am a very popular girl! How’ll that do for
a take off? I bet I’m the only girl you ever met who has had 720 beaus in one
evening. The only drawback to this proud boast being that they didn’t come
a’calling on me. I went a’calling on them. It was when I went to V. M. I.—
Virginia Military Institute to you—with the showing of ‘Brother Rat.’ The
first evening we were there I was the only girl in the midst of 720 cadets.
That was really something. I’ve known what it is to have a couple of boys
at a time cut in on the dance floor but when a couple hundred cut in at one
time—that was an evening! Wasn’t Lilith supposed to be the first woman
in the world—even before Eve? Well, that was me.”

I said, “And did you eat it up?”

“It was fun,” admitted Pat, “and novelty for a girl who’d never had
much time to go with boys until she came to Hollywood. But here
is the moral of this little tale: It’s not my kind of fun—for more
than once. I’m not the coquette type. You see, I’m what is
called a—a one-man woman. I’m not the date—with-a-different-
boy-every-night type. I like to ‘go steady’ with one boy—
one at a time, anyway. I never go out with a boy just
because he can take me dancing or to the Troc, for
instance. I like to go with one boy and feel at home
with him, have companionship and be real friends.

“My idea of the perfect date,” said young Pat, “is
to wear slacks, go to the beach, raise Cain on the
roller coasters, eat hamburgers and frankfurters.
I hate to be all dressed up with hat and pocket-
book and gloves.

“I can’t stand big parties. I’m not very
talkative and I’m uncomfortable around
big crowds of people. I’m not one of the
ready-repaterie Rheas who can go right
into a snappy routine of smart small
talk.

“I like to be comfortable. That’s
why I got such a special kick out of
making ‘Cowboy From
Brooklyn.’ It was fun, good,
down-to-earth, no-frills-about
it fun. I was always in the
middle of about fifty cow-
boys, watching them do
down their rope tricks. When
the picture was
finished I knew
every rope trick.

Didn’t have to
watch my dic-
tion in that
picture, either.
I could
just
Fame led all the Lanes to Hollywood, but it was Priscilla, the baby, who really conquered—and there's a good reason why, as you can see

relax and be cozy. That's what I like. I hate being fussy about every little detail. Don't you, really?

"Do you," I countered, "get serious about the boy you are going out with? Do you think you are in love with him?"

"Well," said Priscilla, and now her eyes were level and grave, "I thought I was in love once..."

"Wayne?" I asked boldly.

"Yes, Wayne."

There was a brief silence. Then Pat said, "And if you think you are in love it is a kind of being in love—the same thrills, same sadnesses. Wayne was the first boy I ever went steady with, you know. Before we came to Hollywood, when we were with Fred Waring's Band... I started with the Band when I was fourteen and now I'm twenty... we moved around so often that it wasn't possible to form attachments of any kind, even if I'd been old enough, and hadn't been working so hard.

"Then I came to Hollywood and they sort of threw me into 'Varsity Show,'" grinned Pat. "Then Wayne and I were co-starred in 'Love, Honor and Behave,' remember? That was pretty unbelievable luck. We were called a 'team,' and right away everyone said, 'A romance!' They kept on saying it.

"At first it wasn't a romance at all. But people talked so much about it and kept on writing that we were in love. We did have dinner together every night when we worked late and it certainly was 'propinquity' plus. We got to kidding about it ourselves and the first thing you knew, it wasn't kidding any more. We really thought we were in love. We were on the thin edge of getting married.

"Of course it's a good thing for both of us that we didn't. We were much too young and green.

"I don't like to talk about it," said Pat quietly. "But people have seemed so interested that I'll just say this: there were no hearts broken. Both of us are going out with other people. I'm happier right now than I've ever been in my whole life, and that's saying a lot because I've always been pretty happy. And that's the whole story of Wayne and me. The same kind of story happens to girls and boys in every small town and city in the world. It's only in Hollywood that anyone pays much attention.

"I've learned one lesson, though," said Pat. "I'll never again make any predictions about love—not until I'm telling it to the minister. I don't mind talking about going out with a boy." (Pat is going now with very clever young assistant director and screen writer, Oren Haglund.)

"But I'll not talk about the state of my feelings. It's all too uncertain. It's pretty silly to make predictions about anything involving emotions.

"I'll only say that I hope I won't fall in love for the next two years, because I feel differently about my career now since 'Four Daughters.' In that picture, for the first time, I felt the character I was playing. That did something to me. The next two years of my life will be very important to my career. I want to give most of my time and thoughts and energies to my... (Continued on page 83)

Oren Haglund is the lucky object of Priscilla Lane's affections. They have great fun.
For four years, John Garfield turned down movie contracts.

BORN TO BE A MUG

yet John Garfield has grown to be a scholar, a gentleman and an artist

But “Four Daughters” with Priscilla Lane brought him overnight success.

BY FAITH SERVICE

HE WAS born to be a mug. He was born to be a gangster, or, a second-rate prize fighter. Or worse. He was “conditioned” to crime. He lived to be a movie star. The fates had it all fixed for him to end up in prison or as a battered punch-drunk pug. He is an idealist.

He was born in one of the toughest neighborhoods in America, away down town on the lower East Side of New York. He could now pick himself a Beverly Hills “estate” if he wanted to. He doesn’t want to.

His mother died when he was seven. His eyes and heart are still scarred with the remembered sight and pain of that piteous death, climaxing a still more piteous life. With his mother’s passing went the geranium in the tin can on the window sill—symbol of the sweetness of love for him which strained through her tired heart. Thin striving for beauty which she attempted. With his mother’s passing he also “lost” his only brother, Max, a few years younger than John. Max went to live with an uncle in New Jersey. “One less mouth to feed” is money in your pocket on the lower East Side.

His father was a poor tailor who was too closely engaged in endless warfare with the lean and mangy wolf which prowls the tenements to have time to teach his son the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments, his prayers, how to take a bath, respect women or even to look for the
stars that shine above the gutter for all the world to see.

He was hungry and poorly clad. He was always too hot or too cold. He was bad, but he was not unhappy because he didn't know what it means to be happy. He must have been content enough because, now, he pities the children of wealth, playing on clipped velvet lawns, alone. He says, "Poor little mugs, they must be lonesome."

At twelve, he was a vegetable-swiping, cop-baiting little hoodlum. Now at twenty-six, he says, "To do honest things is all I ask of Hollywood." Environment! Heredity! Where are you now?

He went to one school after another because he was expelled from one school after another. He was so bad that the mothers in the tenements tried to keep their sons away from him. "He don't teach you no good," they said. Now, in Hollywood, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Cagney seek his company for the gifts he has to give. Gifts of idealism, of courage, of integrity.

The guttersnipe has become a sought after gentleman.

In the Bronx, where he lived with his father after his mother's death, he was a source of constant annoyance to the police and to the school authorities of his neighborhood. He was always in trouble and he says now, "It's a wonder I didn't end up in a reform school. I was headed that way. But I'll probably be in trouble in Hollywood, too. Next year or the year after that they'll want me to do something I won't believe in doing and then I'll have to fight. The only difference is that now I'll fight for what I believe is true and honest. When I was a kid, I'd fight for anything. I didn't know the difference."

After school hours he sold the "Bronx Home News" on a street corner. He'd picked the best street corner. He learned to use his fists to good advantage, protecting his stand from kids who thought that they were tougher than he and ganged up on him because they wanted his corner. He told me, "I kept that corner until I surrendered it of my own accord. I'll keep my stand on what I think's right, too, until I surrender of my own accord. But when that day comes, they'll be planting me."

When he was thirteen, the authorities decided that something would have to be done about him. He had got into contact with two criminal gangs. He says, "I was ripe material for either one of them."

At thirteen, then, he was sent to the Angelo Patri School. Now the Angelo Patri School is an institution to which problem children are sent. Its aim is to straighten out crooked minds in neglected bodies. Most people would try to conceal the fact that they are alumni of Angelo Patri. But not John Garfield.

He says, "I'm proud of it because I'm proud to know Mr. Patri. He's doing one of the finest things in his school that any man has ever done. He's making useful citizens of underprivileged children. He certainly changed the course of my life.

"When I went to the school, I didn't like it. I decided, after two days, to run away (Continued on page 88)
HAVE THE MOVIES CHANGED YOU?

BY

JAMES CARSON

Madeleine Carroll points out that they very easily could—and tells why.

"American girls are very lucky," says this British beauty.

Shirley Ross and Fred MacMurray with Madeleine in "Cafe Society."
SHE CAME clean. She'd just had her hair washed. And, of all things for a Hollywood star, it was in a net! Only a defiant beauty would dare risk that before masculine eyes—strange ones at that.

Yet Madeleine Carroll was not too aggressively challenging. She didn't cry out, "I must look a perfect fright!" She probably knew she couldn't. Obviously this British charmer doesn't bother about her off-screen looks—doesn't need to. But there is something more in that shapely head than the gold that was at that moment shining like sunlight through a lattice. Brains, that's what she values—and possesses—besides the beauty reputedly only skin-deep. And right now Madeleine had something on her mind.

"In Hollywood is changing women the world over, inside as well as out," she began. "And it's the inside that really matters. So far as actresses are concerned, in England people don't even think that beauty goes with dramatic talent. The most admired and successful young women on the London stage are not beauties. Indeed they're quite plain, and glad of it. Beauty is an asset on the screen, but over there a face like mine, at any rate, is a positive liability."

Her frankness was refreshing, even a bit startling. Here, for once, was beauty unafraid. Better still, it was honest. None of it had come out of bars and bottles. There was no daub of rouge, no smear of lipstick. Madeleine Carroll's color is flung up from an inner glow to light her face with human warmth.

From that lovely presence grew the grateful impression of hearing the woman, not the actress speak. Moreover, she had something to say, and now she was speaking:

"We who make pictures must not be content with beauty alone. We must think of the effects of our work upon people beyond our own narrow horizon, understand what it makes them think and do, how it influences their lives. I have realized this more than ever since my last visit abroad. At the studio it is very difficult to keep tabs on what the world in general is thinking. In Rome, for example, I was asked by ministers of state what the American people thought of this and that, and whether Hollywood was clearly expressing that thought. Their questions made me see Hollywood's responsibilities as others see them. I realized our amazing influence in the world, our almost staggering power."

Yet Madeleine was not staggered by it. Simply, without pose or pretense, Miss Carroll sat there, plainly wrapped and talked about things that most Hollywood stars would not even think of.

"At heart," she added whimsically, "I'm a potential ambassador of good will. In my small way I'd really like to help bring about a better understanding between Hollywood and the outside world. No, I have no mission," laughed Madeleine, "nor am I any kind of a politician. But a nation, it seems to me, is like a person, and may be approached in a personal way. Certainly, if anything can be done to smooth out world-minded conditions, now is the time to do it. This, of course, is only one woman's opinion. Yet women rule Hollywood. They make up at least three-fourths of our film audiences, and women are nothing if not personal."

Although no mere man could hope to be a match for this adroit would-be ambassador, it seemed quite safe to challenge her on Hollywood's influence on women.

"Hollywood has the most powerful influence in the world on women," was her decisive reply. "This is especially true of young women. In England shopgirls, typists, and the like are terrifically influenced by American films—in their emotions, their dress and their language. In the matter of speech, for instance, there can be no doubt we're definitely accepting an international accent. Emotionally, women everywhere because of Hollywood pictures, are becoming more and more introspective. This has made them much more conscious of their inner needs. I daresay this is all very good for them, but," she laughed, "it probably makes them seem impossible to their poor dear husbands."

"Overly emotional pictures, before censorship was established, had a most harmful influence on inadequately balanced young women. This was only to be expected. Women always put themselves in the place of the heroine. They feel—or make themselves feel—that they would behave exactly as she does in the same situation. Now if the heroine happens to be a decent sort, that's all to the good. But if she's the opposite, it's very much to the bad. Good or bad, women are highly impressionable, so are bound to be affected one way or the other. Of course, the one greatest danger lies in making the heroine do wrong, then letting her get away with it.

WOMEN get far more out of pictures than men do. I'm sure of that. Many impressions sink unconsciously, things a man wouldn't notice. In watching a picture they see, for instance, the style in which interiors are decorated. In this and other ways their tastes are being formed, though they may not be aware of it. And when it comes to feminine fashions, of course they have both eyes wide open, taking in every detail.

"I doubt, though, whether many women always see what is right or wrong for them. Now in real life I myself dress quietly and simply. But I can't keep to that creed on the screen. It would be fatal. There, clothes, like acting, have to be projected. In other words, clothes must be made to act. If they weren't, no one would pay any attention to them. But it may definitely be bad acting if they're not suited to either the actress or the character. They must be tempered and adapted to both."

"Now I would not, and could not, wear exactly what Joan Crawford wears. Even if I believed her hats and bows and so forth to be just right, it is a certainty they wouldn't be right for me. The same rule applies to others. A girl in the audience seeing Myrna Loy sail down a flight of stairs in a marvelous creation might easily see herself in it. But she ought to have sense enough to know she could never in the world, let us say, get on a bus with it."

"Still I don't see any real danger in that phase of pictures," sturdily maintained Miss Carroll. "Film fashions, the more conscious she becomes of them in relation to herself, may work a wonderful improvement in the girl who studies them sensibly. Or they may at least bring a bit of color (Continued on page 70)"
Remember the days when hair looked as if it had never been combed?

How much smarter Norma Shearer is in today's simple coiffure.

THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE GIRL

BY MARY MARSHALL

GALS, THIS is going to be an article about such things as suitability and good taste, about not over-doing, yet not under-doing your own individual style. It's about trying to achieve, in clothes, make-up, hair and general grooming, a rightness that fits your type, your environment and the occasion at hand.

One reason I am doing this is because we beauty scribblers are inclined to keep always in the backs of our minds a composite picture of a young, pretty girl who really doesn't need much advice from the likes of us. We rattle on about new shades of lipstick and dabbing on eyeshadow in our efforts to bring you new beauty news and forget two rather important facts.

One is that many a girl who is not-so-pretty, but who nevertheless has her possibilities, is going to take our advice literally and go daubing on some sort of war paint which won't enhance those possibilities at all. Another is that there are thousands of girls and women who simply couldn't "get away with" the hog-wild artificiality in make-up and the elaborateness of coiffure which are fashionable this year.

When I say they "couldn't get away with" such didoes, I'm thinking of—oh, school teachers and nurses, for example, who might lose their jobs if they went in for blue-spruce eyeshadow and a doll hat perched on a Gibson Girl coiffure, of young people in small towns, who'd probably be socially ostracized and dubbed hussies if they went "too far" with make-up.

I'm thinking of the athletic type of gal with the fine figure but plain face, who'd like to fix up a little but who'd feel like a simp with much make-up on. And of plump, comfortable matrons who just naturally are going to stay plump and comfortable the rest of their lives, who'd also like to "do something" to add a little zip to their appearance, but who, again, cannot alter themselves greatly. I'm thinking of all these people.

I think the "do and don't" method of attack, plus a few examples from life, will best put over my points about taste and discretion.

Don't, then, if you are under twenty, wear eye make-up. Why is it young things all want to go femme fatale in slinky gowns and lots of paint? I see them all around. Don't put on lipstick in the Hollywood manner—that is, over the edges. Wear lipstick if the "other girls" do, but in as natural a shade as possible, and blot it after you put it on. When may you start, you ask, to get a bit more flopsy about make-up—particularly eye make-up, which you feel you sadly need?

Well, if you live in a (Continued on page 74)
Pretty Joy Hodges would look much more attractive minus artificial lashes.

Hair piled high may be all right for formal, sophisticated evenings.

A soft, upswept side curl adds height to Deanna Durbin's round young face.

—but see in how much better taste Bonita Granville is this way.
TIME WAS when all an actor needed was a double-breasted blue suit and a little dialogue," reflected Herbert Marshall. "No, don't protest. I know. I was there. Nowadays, it's an entirely different story. You have to give the cash customers value received or else—or else you're right on the outside looking in at the people who work."

Herbert Marshall knows whereof he speaks, for Herbert Marshall has been around for years, he not only admits, but points out. However, it's little short of amazing to see this middle-aged gent successfully carrying off romantic leads. His contemporaries are playing character roles. And that goes for that scintillating Bill Powell, who usually begins life in a picture with a wife. But, not Herbert Marshall! He still wins the girl in the last reel—which automatically makes him one of 'em. We mean a juvenile—though a grown-up version.

Meeting Mr. Marshall, it is easy to understand why he can so convincingly project that youthful quality. He likes fun. We don't mean the subtle sort, but good, healthy, robust humor. There are those prone to think him pompous, but those are the people who do not know him. On the surface, he may seem as cold as the tuna Clark Gable is forever supposed to have just caught, but when he thaws out a bit, through sympathy and understanding, he's as impulsive as a Wayne Morris.

"I like Hollywood," he began, "but I'm not quite sure how Hollywood feels toward me. Somehow I don't seem to be a sensation out there. Maybe I don't have the right sort of polo shirt, eh? That infernal telephone again. Pardon me. As I was saying, it might be a question of wardrobe and then again, it might be me."

However, we can't help doubting this. Especially when you consider the constant trail of autograph seekers ferreting him out, no matter where he goes. Though, Herbert Marshall is the first to admit he feels darned foolish when he signs for the simple folk.

"You know, there's always some business man who invariably glances over just long enough for me to catch the disgusted expression on his face. That, you must admit, is a bit disheartening. But, then, we actors wouldn't be happy if they overlooked us, either, so what to do about it! (Continued on page 98)

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

Herbert Marshall could play character roles—but he doesn't
IS Stardom WORTH IT?

Kay Francis, who's been cinematically around a long time, gives the answer

OF ALL the incandescent ladies currently twinkling in Hollywood, perhaps none is better qualified to assay the values of stardom than Kay Francis. For a decade or more she has been importantly photographed in minor and major masterpieces stemming from the cameras of Paramount and Warner Brothers. She has given her talents to miniature classics and pretentious disappointments. She has weathered silent, talkies and the switch from sophisticated comedy to costume drama and back. She has had hits and floppers, triumphs and disasters, yet today she remains pretty firmly entrenched.

In addition to this, Miss Francis has been around. She knows both Paris and London as well as she knows Hollywood and New York. She is possessed of dazzling beauty and is, in a word, worldly, as few movie stars are. She does not hesitate to express her opinions, and she knows a number of good words that enable her to express them well. She is decorative but, more important, she is adult in her thinking processes.

When cornered, Miss Francis had just arrived in New York and rather begrudged any time from the theatre, which she was attending matinee and night. However, she agreed to weigh the advantages of stardom against the disadvantages, and you, as the judge, may decide whether stardom is worth while or not.

"Stardom looks alluring when you haven't achieved it," said Kay. "You know the old maxim, distance lends enchantment. It's very true. Not, mind you, that stardom hasn't its virtues.

"First of all, the financial remuneration. Delightful! Money is handy stuff. I don't think I'm mercenary, but when all those horrid bills start piling up the first of the month it's reassuring to know you can write checks with a free hand.

"Then there's the idea of being somebody. Seeing one's name in lights is a thrill, and don't let anyone tell you it isn't. I've yet to glimpse Kay Francis on a marquee without glowing a little inside. Call it vanity, call it pride. Whatever you want to name it, there's a tremendous ego satisfaction in being a star on the lot, instead of one of hundreds of more or less nameless stock players.

"That brings us to the third good reason for enjoying top billing. There are attentions shown the star that are reserved for her only. Portable dressing room, special camera care, special lighting, and retakes when desired. Sometimes you've done a scene that you feel could be better even though the director has let it run. As a star, you're entitled to a retake. If you were a character woman or second lead, you could whistle for it and like it."

Just as Kay was leading one to believe that she is the original glad girl who likes everything, she tacked over to a complaint against being a star.

"One of the unpleasant angles," she said, "is being handed a poor story with the idea that your name and popularity will carry it. That's a very foolish notion. No star is better than her script. Someone once said that no star could survive three flops. (Continued on page 92)
SIGRID GURIE is starting the New Year right, with a “splash” wardrobe designed to wipe out the memory of the loose blouses and peasant skirts assigned to her in “Algiers.” No longer hiding her streamlines under a bushel of gathers, Miss Gurie chooses street clothes with an eye to line and femininity.

She starts out with a formal version of the new classic dirndl. “Classic” in fashion language, being a style that keeps cropping up in one form or another for years—like the shirtwaist dress. Miss Gurie’s dirndl is a modified version, bearing only a distant relationship to the original, or meal sack effect—and a blessing it is that the designers took it in hand. The dirndl which first swept a gullible femme public overboard, and still persists in some quar-
ters, unfortunately made girls feel a lot cuter than they looked. The figure required to wear that type of full gathered skirt successfully should be womanly above and very boyish below, and that’s a shape that rarely exists outside of fashion sketches.

The model chosen by Miss Gurie is smoothly molded through the midsection, with a slightly full bodice and the skirt gathered low on the corselet. The bodice is crossed high at the throat in surplice fashion, and a large metal flower perches on one shoulder.

The whole is topped by a merry Scotch plaid turban, or rather the 1939 version of a turban. It consists of a saucy roll perched over one eye, with a feather rising from the small, fitted crown. (Continued on page 97)
When Shirley sets her mind on anything, no gambler would take odds against her!

IT WAS COCKTAIL time Saturday afternoon, September 17th, and two young people, well known around Hollywood, sat at a small table in the Seven Seas, seeming to listen quietly to the tropical prop rain which dripped from the eaves over the bar, down through the prop palm trees. One was Shirley Ross, recently of “Thanks For the Memory.” The other was Ken Dolan, popular bachelor around town, handsome, thirty-five, a successful radio and picture agent, besides.

It’s not quite certain what was in Ken’s mind at the moment, but Shirley has since admitted what was in hers. She sat there with one elbow on the table, her pretty face propped against her hand, and behind the quiet look in her eyes the thought wheels were turning madly. Shirley, at that moment, was working mental telepathy, or trying to at least. Over and over she repeated to herself, “Now, Ken, now is the moment. Ask me to marry you. Go ahead, Ken. Just to see what I say. Ken, say ‘Shirley darling, will you marry me?’ Say it, Ken. Darn you, will you say it, Ken?”

Now wait a minute. That kind of thought will only confuse him. Start all over again, think it calmly, clearly. “Ken, you know you love me. You want to get married. You know I’m the girl for you. It’s just natural you should ask me. Come on, Ken, right now, ask me. Ken darling, ask Shirley. Now, that’s right, take a big breath. Oh, now you’re going to say it!”

Ken was taking a big breath all right. He was going to say something. She waited, not daring to breathe.

“That was an awfully good movie we just saw, wasn’t it? What was the name of it?”

Shirley answered his question, drearily. She took another sip of her cocktail, prepared to start her deep mental work all over again.

This was the last step in her campaign, the last resource. She had tried everything else. A week before she had decided that Ken Dolan was going to propose to her within a week, and the time (Continued on page 78)
Dick Powell looks over the nags at Santa Anita and, remembering Hollywood Park last summer, wonders whether he did the right thing.
Look out—it's Paulette Goddard on her way to the studio, and in a hurry, too!

Jeanette MacDonald takes to her garden as the proverbial duck does to water.

Yes, movie stars have 'em, even as you and I
Needlework is Anita Louise's chief hobby. And she's good at it!

When it comes to target shooting, Fred MacMurray is the tops.

Basil Rathbone's leisure moments are spent in his pool.

His boat is Jimmy Cagney's greatest off-screen interest.
HERE BY REQUEST

JANE WYMAN
LUCILLE BALL

RONALD REAGAN
DICK FORAN
Ladies and gen'men! The attractive players on these pages are here because you've asked them to be—and let it never be said that a potential star isn't an obliging one! Each boasts good looks, personality and acting ability and, with a little more experience, will rate an individual gallery page in MODERN SCREEN.
It's always be-kind-to-animals week in Jane Withers' back yard

Professionally, Jane may be a problem child, but at home on her California ranch, she's the meticulous mistress of a miniature menagerie. She started out with dogs—several varieties of them—but it wasn't long before deer, turkeys, chickens, geese and little mountain burros were answering to her lusty call. We heard at Christmas time that Santa Claus was considering writing her a letter, but didn't have the heart—she's that attached to every furred and feathered playmate in the lot! Every day Jane dashes home to feed her pets before having her own dinner. All have names, too.
THINK BEFORE YOU ACT

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Movie stars know how to make haste slowly

YOU MAY have heard of the wisdom of counting ten slowly before answering back, and surmised that what’s one man’s bad break is likewise to be another’s good. But there are stars in Hollywood who actually know the truth of the famous adages.

Luise Rainer and Rochelle Hudson are just two of the players who walked into the movies because hotheaded favorites, who acted before they thought, walked out!

Let’s consider Myrna Loy, or perhaps, better still, let’s consider why Luise Rainer became an overnight sensation in “Escapade”.

In the vernacular of the Oriental ladies whom the exotic Myrna’s enigmatic eyes suggest, her studio chief may be described somewhat in this fashion: Big shots do velly much for Loy. Move mountain girl right into drawing-room. Give her Leslie Howard, Bill Powell and heap glows on Adrian. Could girl ask for more? Girl could—and did! She pick up fan and chop-chop off “Escapade” set.

The big shots, not being in sympathy with old Chinese customs, tore at her fast thinning hair. Who to get to fill the vacant role? Several names were suggested and discarded. There was Rosalind Russell, who looked more like Miss Loy than anyone on the lot, including Myrna, herself, but she was busy on another picture. There was that new girl that someone brought over from France or was it Vienna, or just where the heck was it? No one knew exactly. The files gave them a clue that her name was Luise Rainer and that she had been under contract for five months. Oh, yes, someone remembered. She was the girl who was told to lose fifteen pounds and learn to speak English! Well, if she had and could, there might be a chance for her now, but frankly, the bigwigs were skeptical.

And so when she was called to the studio at eleven o’clock at night to make a test, she was bewildered but ready. At midnight the cameras cranked and Miss Rainer emoted. Next morning the test was shown and the smoke-filled projection room reverberated with reverent, if slightly exaggerated, murmurs of “Genius.”

Luise Rainer made “Escapade” with William Powell and thrilled audiences with her captivating personality. A new star had arisen.

Myrna Loy has long since patched up her own troubles and is now busy again, but the dove of peace didn’t fly high before little Luise was well on her way to bigger movie accomplishments.

When you saw “Way Down East,” did you pause to wonder why Rochelle Hudson was entrusted with a role as important as that of the heroine of this famous tear-jerker? Here’s the reason.

Janet Gaynor, who was originally cast for the part, walked out of the picture. She said she was ill. The meanies claimed temperament. The “in the know” guys argued for studio politics. But the point is Miss G. was out.

With the wardrobe made to fit Janet, the problem was to find an ingenue who could step into her shoes—and dresses and hats. After testing Rochelle Hudson, studio heads decided she could play the role without so much as putting in a tuck or letting down a hem. So, you see, even the ability to slide into a Winsome One’s clothes may prove a golden opportunity.

And so, as Uncle Don signs off, let him warn movie stars that it may be important to look before you leap, but it is very wise to think before you walk. For the door that lets you out might let in a brighter star. Why add a new face to face when you walk back?
JEAN HERSHOLT, the man who has played doctor to the most famous little girls in the world, the Dionnes, thinks this particular job is the most interesting of all his thirty-one years in the films. Hersholt admits, however, that it is thankless, supporting the wards of the King of England, but he is ever-willing to help out. It's not easy to get youngsters to like a total stranger, you know.

Besides, Callender is a long way to go for a picture and the conditions we work under are not too good. That's why Mr. Zanuck is considering building a studio on the grounds. It wouldn't take much money and when you figure how much would be saved in time wasted, you realize it's well worth any cost.

"Every morning I had to be up at six and gray my hair in time to leave with other actors at six forty-five. By nine-fifteen we were back at the little hotel with nothing to do for the rest of the day. The children can only work for one hour a day and you can't get much done with five babies to photograph in an hour. Consequently, after about a week, none of us felt like speaking!"

THOSE WHO know him—and to meet him is to know him—claim that Jimmy Cagney is the tops. No side, no nonsense, no beating around the bush for friend Cagney. He speaks his piece, let the ax fall where it may. He has never "yessed" a soul from his mother to a movie executive, for which gent he usually doesn't have too much respect. At one time, Jim and his studio had a row, a rousing one. The newspapers kept the score for the public for days. The fight wasn't very fair, many thought. But there was no complaint from Cagney when he ultimately went back to work, having made an independent picture which proved to be too independent to make money.

Cagney likes good books, simple food and down-to-earth people. He doesn't put his neighbor on the pan and expects the same consideration and courtesy to be accorded him. He has a home in the West, where he works, and a cottage in the East, up in Martha's Vineyard. There you can ride for hours and just when you think you're practically at the jumping-off place—the end of the world—you're practically in the front drive of the Cagney estate. Pretentious seems a fitting description for a movie star's estate—but not for the Cagney variety.

"They all think we're crazy up there," Jim explained when we asked about it. "Last summer, an old fisherman saw Allen Jenkins down near the shore one afternoon and cornered him. 'Say, do you stay up there?' he asked, and pointed to the place. 'Sure, it's a great little spot, isn't it?' Allen replied. To his amazement, the old man just said, 'Oh,' and walked quietly away. We had a laugh when Al told us about it.'"

Before we let Mr. C. get to the forgetting stage we got him down to remembering a few of the old times—when he was still a struggling young actor, hoping for a break. There was an amusing incident about the time he was in vaudeville and did a bit of female impersonating that interested us no end. Now if you have an imagination you'll have to stretch it a bit to see Cagney in the role of a female. Never a more virile Irishman has kissed the Blarney Stone than one James C.

A friend of Jim's had told me about the night when he was working down on Fourteenth Street in a show. It seems that one night just when Jimmy had finished his bit, it was discovered that the gal in the act had not shown up. However, the show must go on and Jim was it, with a capital "I!" Out he went, wig and all, and did his stuff. That all seems years ago and funny to Jim now, but no doubt not half as funny as it did to the audience at the time.

"We had some great times back in the days when I was hoping for a job and even when I got one, which was pretty seldom, there was always that seventh day of rehearsal to worry about."

When Max Reinhardt arrived in Hollywood to make the picture industry his office for a short sojourn he was asked by the press whom he thought was the greatest actor in motion pictures. "James Cagney," he promptly replied. Yes, indeed, Mr. Cagney is a great guy and a splendid actor.
Let's go sightseeing and glimpse the little shacks the stars call home.
After a dizzy day of playing somebody's scatter-brained wife, Billie Burke relaxes in the quiet surroundings of this charming Beverly Hills home. Here she lives with her pretty daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld.

When Errol Flynn isn't acting, globe-trotting or otherwise disappearing, he comes home to this little shack (lower left). It hangs precariously on the side of a hill in a setting as untrammeled as its dashing occupant.

Classic simplicity and restful spaceousness bespeak the good taste of William Powell, who owns the beautiful home at top, right. Bill has been taking a long enforced rest, but you'll soon be seeing him again.

Claudette Colbert's sunny home in Holmby Hills stands in the midst of a charming garden and commands a broad view of the sparkling blue Pacific. Here Claudette retreats between those too infrequent pictures.
What's this? Sonja and Tyrone back together again? Well, now and then!

The sables are on Miss Lombard, of course—but why the sulk on Gable?

We've just heard about Hedy Lamarr's big passion. It's not Reginald Gardiner but pecan crunch ice-cream. The gallant Gardiner brings a pint along every time he comes to call. The other evening he arrived, handed Hedy the paper bag and sighed, "The things I do for Austria!"

That other glamour girl, Virginia Weidler, prefers a vanilla cone dipped in chocolate syrup. John Barrymore happened on her at the commissary as she was going to work on one. "What, in heaven's name, is that?" he inquired. "It's swell," said Virginia. "I'll treat you." The Barrymore profile in a chocolate syruped ice-cream cone was something to see!

In "The Great Man Votes," Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden play a strenuous fight scene. After the fourth take, they walked over to Director Garson Kanin and said, "We think we could do it better if we tried it again." Impressed, the director consented and after the take announced it was perfect. "We thought we were good the first time," said Peter. "We just didn't want to go back to school."

For his role in "The Little Princess," Arthur Treacher had to have curly hair. The hot lights melted out marcel's in no time, so there was nothing to do but undergo a permanent wave. You know, girls, how sometimes they'll go fuzzy—and that is just what happened to poor Mr. Treacher's permanent. With the result that every day he had to have it set with great care. "Don't look now," Treacher begged in anguish tones when he appeared on the set in the morning. "Wait 'til I get these bobby-pins out of my hair."

As you know, divorce proceedings have been started in the Harmon Nelson vs. Bette Davis case. Though the two have been caught holding hands at night-spots, there definitely will be no reconciliation. Bette's sold that swanky hillside place and moved into a Beverly Hills home with none of the former trimmings—swimming pool, tennis court or "Ham."

Ring out the old, swing in the New Year and
Attention, fans of Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman, Michael Whalen and Ilona Massey! Nifty quartet, eh?

Overheard after the preview of "The Great Waltz" in which Miliza Korjus makes her debut: "That's the first time I knew Mae West could sing like Jeannette MacDonald."

Though Metro took forty-five pounds off their Viennese import before she was allowed to appear before the camera, the neighbors report that the Gorgeous Korjus still bicycles around the block twenty times every morning.

Tip to girls who like all the comforts of home with none of its inconveniences: Margaret Lindsay has moved her mother, kid sister and furniture from Dubuque, Ia., into a Hollywood house. But Maggie's had one side of the house made over into an apartment of her own—with a quarantine sign painted on the adjoining door.

Out on the set of "Newsboy's Home," Jackie Cooper was having a tough time with his lines. "They tell me," he remarked after the third correction, "that Barrymore can read his lines off a blackboard. "Let's get going, Jackie," said Director Young, "this is no time for professional jealousy."

With Santa Anita again the Place To Go, Stu Ewan offers our readers his exclusive foolproof formula for beating the nags. When the urge comes upon you to smack a few somalans on a horse, says Stu, write down all the names of entrants in each race on slips of paper. Then put slips in a hat. Then throw the hat out the window. You can't lose.

Dead Ender Gabriel Dell is so smitten with the charms of Loretta Young's sister, Georgianna, that he's gone out and bought himself a garage. "This movie business is precarious," Gabriel says. "A guy outta have regular work to support a wife and family."

That gateeman out at Metro is still getting the razz for not letting Garbo on the lot. Returning to the studio her first day, Garbo found the old gate barred and wandered around to the new entrance. "Hold everything, lady," yelled the gateeman. "How's about your pass?" "I'm Miss Garbo," said the lady. "Oh yeah?" answered Metro's trusted custodian of the gates. "You extras can't pull that stuff on me. Now run along. I want to be alone."

Whether or not Greta will become Mrs. Stokowski is still shrouded in deepest mystery. Latest information is that the boy friend is still at Santa Barbara and Greta herself is seeking solitude at a Victorville ranch.

On the "Made For Each Other" set, Carole Lombard and Jimmie Stewart got along fine until the day they had to outfit Bonnie Belle, a month-old baby, for a scene. "You told them square," said Carole. "Triangular," insisted Jimmie, his mouth full of pins. "let me show you." A prop man, recently a father, settled the dispute by folding Bonnie Belle's underpinnings in a neat wedge shape and the show went on.

Bonnie Belle, with a total working day of four minutes, collected $73.50 for the week. Social Security got the extra $1.50—old age pension, you know.

Since Clark Gable bought himself that roadster just like Mickey Rooney's, Mickey's been seen flashing around in a chromium and pearl-grey multi-cylindered model. To meet the monthly payments, Mickey admits he has had to sacrifice the services of Sylvester, his valet.

If you happened to see a news syndicate picture of Clark Gable standing in front of a microphone rearranging his tie prior to going on the air, you may like to know the story behind that incident. Publicity men asked Gable to readjust his tie to show a touch of pretended nervousness. Gable protested that he would be sure to be labeled as one of those "vain Hollywood actors," but the photogs assured him he needn't worry. The reaction was exactly as Gable had predicted. Newsmen commented that Gable had at last been caught off guard and revealed as conceited as the rest of them. Truth is that immediately after the picture was shot, the tie came clear off, the collar was loosened and Gable pitched into his work.

Lucille Ball was approached at a party by a gentleman the other night. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he inquired. "Yep," said Lucille. "That's the tired wench you've probably seen in RKO's last six pictures."

come along with us for a glimpse behind the Hollywood social scene
Lucille gets a comparative snap in "Beauty For The Asking," her current opus. She doesn't get kicked in the—er—picture once. In fact, she gets pretty nice treatment and was given special privileges on the set the other day. As a beauty operator, the script called for her to apply a mud-pack. "With pleasure!" said Lucille, and whammed a fistful of mud into the victim's face with greater gusto than has been displayed by all the Academy winners put together.

The reconciliation of Edmund Lowe and his wife, it is rumored, was caused by Mrs. Lowe's crashing the Hollywood Athletic Club to talk things over. Lowe had moved in there because of the ban put on women visitors. Attired in one of her husband's suits, Rita Lowe had no trouble at all getting past the front desk.

There isn't a romance in sight for Ginger Rogers, according to her own statement. "I haven't time," she says. "I'm working constantly on pictures and in between times working for a vacation.

Over at Paramount, Martha Raye's fallen heir to Marlene Dietrich's dressing-room. But you'd never recognize it as the same place. Drapes have gone up over half the walls—which you'll remember, were entirely of mirrors so La Dietrich could view herself from every angle. "The less I see of myself from any angle, the better I like it." avers Martha.

Friends are accusing Bing Crosby of taking a press agent praisery job on the side while in Bermuda. Generally reserved about the charms of everything except golf and Dixie, he's been boosting Bermuda ever since his return. When Gary Evans was asked if he was glad to get home and see the twins again he said, "Nope. I like being the whole cheese.

Since the Dracula and Frankenstein pictures have swept the country in a fresh wave, theatre marquises have been blazoning "We Dare You To See This Double Horror! Can You Take It?" Robert Young and his wife were really taken the other night. Admiring the frankness of the theatre owner, they bought tickets expecting to see an ordinary double feature.

Universal's hard at work on another Frankenstein chiller, with the toughest assignments falling to the make-up men who get to the studio at six every morning. Boris Karloff's make-up alone takes four hours. But Bela Lugosi presents the worst problem. He has to have his neck broken every morning, since according to the script he was hung but saved in the nick of time. This, happily, all transpired before the picture went before the cameras.

At a local theatre the other Sunday, a man asked the manager for permission to return in an hour. He didn't want to miss the Jack Benny broadcast. Pocketing his ticket, stamped "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment," he left for the nearest radio.

Which brings to mind Adolphe Menjou's remark that women's hats are his best entertainment.

Oren Haslund, that assistant director, is sooooo much in love with Pat Lane that she could give up her press agent this minute and still have her charms publicized plenty. Other day on the set of "Yes, My Darling Daughter," conversation ran to the best pictures of the month. After one or two films had been discussed, Oren could contain himself no longer. "Haven't you folks seen 'Four Daughters'?" he asked. "Say, that's right," put in Pat, "those Ritz brothers shouldn't be overlooked."

On the same set, Genevieve Tobin is already taking orders from her husband of a few months, William Keighley, who's directing the picture. After a particularly tough correction, Keighley called...
his wife over and explained that he didn't want anyone to think he was getting sentiment mixed up in business. "Sentiment!" exclaimed Miss Tobin. "By now they've chalked up our acquaintance as just another Hollywood rumor."

At Selsnick's, sets are springing up all over the lot for "Gone With the Wind." Perhaps they're going to take Gable's suggestion and shoot around Scarlett all through the picture.

For her role in "Beauty For The Asking," Frieda Inescort has to be not only plain, but downright homely. Other morning she appeared for her nine o'clock call all done up in satin and silver fox. "I got up two hours early to look like this," she admitted, "I'm not going to run any chances of getting a script inferiority complex."

Anne Shirley and John Payne's marriage has consisted largely of seeing one another off on location trips and personal appearance tours. After Anne had waved goodbye at the airport to John and his bevy of beauties—Olivia de Havilland, Margaret Lindsay, Jane Bryan and Marie Wilson—on their recent convention trip, John settled back with a deep sigh. "It's a shame," he said, "just when Anne's really getting somewhere with my cooking lessons."

When Rosalind Russell, Jimmie Stewart and others in the cast of the "Silver Theatre" read through the script to the satisfaction of Producer Conrad Nagel, that courteous gentleman invariably says, "Fine, now shall we try it on the mike?" Other day at rehearsal, Rosalind Russell spotted Joan Fontaine, Conrad's girl friend, in the sponsor's booth, admiringly watching Producer Nagel. After a few words with Stewart and others in the cast, she went back to script reading. When Nagel asked his polite question again, he was almost knocked off his chair by a booming chorus of "No!"

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morris have applied for a building permit in Beverly Hills. The only remarkable point about the above is that Mr. and Mrs. A. Morris are Tony Martin and Alice Faye. It's good news to their friends, and will be Good News for our next issue if divorce proceedings don't upset this new deal.

Out at Metro, the gate situation has caused considerable trouble. But not to Hedy Lamarr. Driving her car up to the old gate, now barred, she was informed that the entrance was only for pedestrians under the new ruling. "Okay," said Hedy, promptly locking her car, blocking the driveway and walking into work.

For "Pacific Liner" a huge ship-deck was constructed on one set and mounted on rollers. To lend the authentic touch, bona-fide gobs were transported from San Pedro for local color. But there was more local color provided than bargained for. When the set started rocking, a greenish pallor spread over the sailor boys' faces. Several rushed to the larboard rails and clung there. Consensus was that a good typhoon on the briny was preferable any day to another minute on Stage 17.

Who is the brunette belle, recently reconciled with her husband, a well-known star, who told friends that since he'd blown her $30,000 settlement on a New York apartment, new clothes and a swanky car she might as well give Mr. Movie Star and his money another trial?

When Dick Powell chanced upon a bargain in Mongolian cat skins, he grabbed them with plans of a rug for his private den. But when he unwrapped them at home, Joan Blondell let out a squeal of delight, gave him a big hug for this thoughtfulness and rushed to the phone to consult her furrier. Dick still hasn't had the heart to tell her that the new sports coat she has in mind was formerly a rug in his mind.

In "Love Affairs" you'll see Beverly Devi making her film debut. Beverly is the five-year-old daughter of Joan Davis. "I'll bet you're going to grow up and be an actress just like your mother," Irene Jon Hall's off to England, alone, but he's taking along a trunkful of Frances Langford's records.

Nancy Kelly's the colleen behind those gardenias, and Franchot Tone's the lad with her this time.
Andy Devine commissary routine: "I'm not hungry," he tells the waitress, "but let's see the program. Now," he continues dreamily, "let's see. Think I'll start with a little marinated herring, some of this vegetable soup, a tuna salad and a bit of apple pie. Coffee, of course." On his way out of the commissary he taps several pals on the shoulder and cracks, "The food in this place is certainly lousy!"

Virginia Bruce is one girl in Hollywood who knows she hasn't a thing to wear—and means it. It's all happened since she went on that house-building spree—one for herself in Bel-Air and another for her mother in Brentwood. The houses are completed now, but landscaping is the current headache. "Every time I find myself in the mood for a Chanel," Virginia says, "I catch myself in time and go out and buy a tree."

When Wendy Barrie and Victor McLaglen met the day they were starting a picture together, McLaglen extended such a limp paw for a greeting that Wendy asked if he was ill. McLaglen looked apologetic. "The last time I shook hands with a lady," he explained, "she carried her arm in a sling for a week. I'm not taking any chances now I know my strength."

Photographers around town are going to chip in and get Eleanor Powell an orchid one of these days. After doing strenuous dance scenes for "Hula-Hula," Eleanor was asked to do some of the numbers over again for the magazine photos. She not only did them, but did them gladly, and afterwards was more concerned over whether the boys got their pictures than over the aches in her famous feet.

Latest hang-out of the stars is the "Tropical Ice Gardens Ice Rink"—a palm-bordered ice phenomena that could only happen in Hollywood. Richard Greene has been a constant customer, practicing some of those fancy steps Sonja Henie taught him before she left town. His partner's been a UCLA co-ed, and not Arleen Whelan. Richard hasn't had a date with Arleen since Tyrone Power decided that red-heads with cute freckled noses were more his type.

W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy are heading daily now that they're at work on "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man." W. C. claims that McCarthy's a dud but he admits Edgar Bergen is the cleverest guy in town. Says that whenever the phone rings at home Bergen picks up the receiver and says, "Hello, Charlie!"

Jack Oakie admits that he used to be so conceited no one could stand the sight of him. At last he had a heart-to-heart talk with himself and decided on a new way of life. "It wasn't long," he says, "before I woke up one morning realizing that now I was liked by everyone."

There is the case, too, of an English actor who was heading for Hollywood. Kind-hearted friends offered to give him letters of introduction. "Don't bother," said the actor. "Anybody who is anyone will make the effort to meet me."

Out on the set, the Dead End Kids were in the midst of a football game, when Billy Halop suddenly pulled himself out of the huddle, "Feck," he said, "I gotta go take my psychology test." "Don't kid your pals," said Bobby Jordan, "psychopathic test's what yuh mean."

Root out your mother's scrap-books, girls, and get one step ahead of the fashions. After Ginger Rogers appears in "The Castles," the chiffon dancing dresses, dutch bonnets and starched lace, Castle bob and that black velvet band holding down the eyebrows, Minnehaha effect, will probably be the new craze. And Fred Astaire is so enthused about Irene Castle's lessons in the bunny-hug that he's giving her free lessons in swing.

"Stanley and Livingstone" is Fox Studio's biggest problem at the moment. With two years of research and hundreds of thousands sunk into the African expeditions, the picture is now being held up due to casting difficulties. Spencer Tracy, in the role of Stanley, is the only one definitely set. And the hunt goes on for Livingstone. The other day the cullid boy who shaves the exec's shoe burst into a conference which was being held. "Ah," said Spencer Tracy, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Marie Wilson showed up at the studio the other day with a very black eye. "It was a door I ran into," she explained, "though maybe it looks more like Nick and I have at last come to an understanding."
That party put me on the front page!

"Hurry!"—the editor barked. "Grab a cab! Jump into your evening clothes! You're covering that Van Dyke blow-out tonight!" It was my big chance . . . but instead of being thrilled, I could have cried. Why—oh, why—I wailed inwardly, does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society tonight?

I stopped just long enough to phone my roommate. "Elsie"—I begged—"be a lamb and press my green evening dress. I've got to report a debutante party tonight! Wouldn't you know a break like this would come at a time like this? Honestly, I'm so chafed and irritable I could scream!"

"What would you do without me?"—Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed . . . velvet wrap brushed . . . and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, ducky—it's Modess—the greatest boon to womankind ever invented! I just discovered it myself this month . . . and it's a marvel."

I must have looked skeptical, for she flew to her sewing box—whipped out the scissors and cut a Modess pad in two! "Feel this," she commanded—thrusting a handful of soft, fluffy filler toward me. "That's what's in Modess! And that's why you'll not be bothered by chafing again!

"And what's more," continued Elsie, "with Modess you can have an easy mind all evening—because it's safer! Watch . . ." And she took the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and dropped some water on it. To my amazement, I saw that not a drop went through!

So—off I went, cheery as a cricket, to stalk debutantes and stags at play. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, fountains of champagne, and divine Paris dresses . . . with never a moment's worry . . . nor a single moment of chafing discomfort. And—wound up the evening with a story that even an old hand could be proud of!

"Whee! On the front page—with your name signed to it!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to Little Goody Two-Shoes who told you about Modess! And think," she added, "soft, 'fluff-type' Modess costs no more than those layer-type pads we used to buy!"

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DOES your winter program include mid-year exams at school or just mid-year inspection at home or in a business office? Whichever it is, you'll come off with high marks and flying colors in either of the fetching knits illustrated here. The new sweater above is a honey, with raglan sleeves and a yoke of ribbing for variety. Try matching your fabric skirt to your knitted sweater. It's smart this season. In the three-piece suit at right the short-sleeved undersweater and matching skirt are paneled both back and front in a combination seed and ribbing stitch. The long sleeved, zipper-fastened cardigan is knit in a second color. It has a low V-neck to show the contrasting undersweater. Can't you imagine how attractive it will be? Knitting directions for both sweater and suit are, of course, free. Fill in the coupon and let us send them to you without delay.

BM-3850. Raglan sleeves and ribbing yoke are becoming.

BM-3852. Contrasting colors in a new three-piece suit.
BARBARA STANWYCK says "Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"

To pass the Love Test, skin must be smooth and soft. The eyes of love look close—and linger—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap!

This gentle white soap has ACTIVE lather that removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly. It's so foolish to risk the choked pores that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft—smooth—appealing.

Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK's advice—has skin that passes the LOVE TEST

I DON'T WANT COSMETIC SKIN TO SPOIL MY LOOKS SO I TAKE THE SCREEN STARS' ADVICE. LUX TOILET SOAP LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
into her imagination without making her visions. Supposing she lives in a little town in the middle west where, day in and day out, the only bright thing she sees is the gaudily painted gas station. Well, she has only to go across the street or around the corner to see motion pictures showing people in Paris, London, New York, their dress and manners. This doesn't mean she is going to try to be like them the moment she gets out of that movie house. We might just as well say that a poor girl in a city sees a beautiful gown or coat in a shop window and immediately starts walking the streets intent upon getting money to buy it.

IT's far more likely that the picture-going girl in either a small or big town gains from movies a wider vision of people and their dress, just as she might from reading books. And rather than become dissatisfied with her own lot, she may well be bucked up by what she has seen and then there determine to better it. She may be stirred by a new and worthy ambition to work harder and make more money so she can improve her appearance. I can't for the life of me see that she has been led into a temptation which threatens to be morally disastrous. That's all rot. It has been mere expedientation that, usual reason for a girl's going either straight or otherwise is not the obvious, but the hidden, unsuspected thing.

"Love of finery," continued Miss Carroll, "may lead a silly girl to do silly things. But that has nothing to do with the screen. Pictures may, without any undue stretch of imagination, stimulate a girl to work honestly for what she wants. So far as goes, they are no more dangerous to her than copying patterns in fashion magazines would be. In going to pictures she is like the little girl who delights in reading about little princesses rather than girls like herself. Thank goodness, I'm still like that, too! The fact that she's a poor girl doesn't matter, doesn't mean temptation in the wrong direction. I've been as poor, probably poorer than any of them, so I know from experience.

"I tramped the London streets looking for a job when I had little to wear and less to eat. But when you are young you don't mind going hungry. All I bothered about was keeping as clean and neat as possible. I wasn't afraid of work, any kind to keep me going. Finally, when I was down to my last shilling, I got something to do, tutoring the six noisy, grumpy, listless little children of the worst kind of dealer. That job lasted till I got a small part in a play. I wanted nothing better."

"When it was assumed that even then Miss Carroll might have had her heart set upon one day becoming a picture star, she surprised me by saying:"

"I never wanted to go into pictures at all, except for a bit of crowd work to tide me over. The rest of it was wholly an accident, and is the only explanation I can give for being in Hollywood today. When I was playing on the stage with Robert Lorraine, he urged me to take a screen test with a hundred and fifty other girls at the idea, but upon Lorraine's insisting that the widespread publicity of the contest would be great for me."

"I balked for a bit in 'The Guns of Loos.' I balked for both the place of the American woman. I hope I can, for in the two years I have been here America has done everything for me. I get lyrical on the subject. For one thing, I love the American attitude. It accepts you as a success before you have proven a failure. That acceptance in itself makes you a success. They want you to be one — and you are. Something in you rises to meet that gesture half-way. I don't wonder that Hollywood exerts a great influence on American girls and women, giving them ideas to better themselves generally, for it has given me everything."

"Including a castle in Spain. It was only natural to wonder why Miss Carroll had bought it and what she was going to do with it."

"I bought it a month before the war broke out there because I like the Mediterranean," she explained, "and I'm going to live in it in my old age."

NONSENSE. Anyone could see with half an eye that Madeleine Carroll is as ageless as her wisdom. But this brought a merry peal and:

"Good heavens! That's an influence on women that even Hollywood can't claim. But it has made something blossom in my heart, something good which will always be there. I don't look for evil here, and I haven't found it. This is not a sales talk — I really mean it. If you like people they like you, and that makes you a normal human being. There you have Hollywood's influence on at least one woman, and I believe it extends to countless thousands of others."

There's not a drop of English blood in me. Though born in England, I'm a mixture of French and Irish. Because of this, I think I understand the American temperament which is a mixture of so many different strains. I can put myself in the place of the American woman. I hope I can, for in the two years I have been here America has done everything for me. I get lyrical on the subject. For one thing, I love the American attitude. It accepts you as a success before you have proven a failure. That acceptance in itself makes you a success. They want you to be one — and you are. Something in you rises to meet that gesture half-way. I don't wonder that Hollywood exerts a great influence on American girls and women, giving them ideas to better themselves generally, for it has given me everything."

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Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

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70
Like your heart, your skin must keep active 24 hours a day. Use this "skin-awakening" cream to help keep your skin appealing.

While you sleep, your skin must be ceaselessly wakeful and working. Only so can your complexion hold the healthy "aliveness" that makes for cream-smooth texture and flawless clarity.

That's why it's such good cosmetic sense to use Woodbury Cold Cream night and morning. Your skin soon feels an awakening of its flagging energies. For Woodbury Cold Cream contains a skin-stimulating Vitamin, which helps the skin work actively. Woodbury Cold Cream is a basic cream for beauty. It tones and stimulates the skin. It cleanses the pores thoroughly. It brings needful oils to soften your skin.

And in this cream you have germ-free purity to the very last dab in the jar.

To be alert, alive, busy for your beauty, your skin needs the cleansing, stimulating care of this skin-enlivening cream. Get a jar of Woodbury Cold Cream today! Only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, at beauty counters.

YOURS... SMART NEW MAKE-UP KIT
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6701 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Please send me new Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing tube of Woodbury Cold Cream; attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE (For golden skin) [ ]  WINDSOR ROSE (For pink skin) [ ]

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
Good robust beef—roast, broiled or simmered in rich pan gravy—never fails to intrigue our favorite, Spencer Tracy.

We’ll help you vary your menus to tempt those fickle male appetites

BY MARJORIE DEEN

REMARKABLE, isn’t it, how frequently meats come in for honorable mention when one asks a man to name his favorite dishes. True, he will generally speak of a special apple pie he once had at some friend’s house, or talk with deep feeling about mother’s famous chocolate cake! But, sooner or later, inevitably and enthusiastically, he will be off on the subject of meats.

I’ve certainly found this true in Hollywood. The replies I get from the menfolk serve to substantiate the evidence of my own eyes. Clark Gable, for example, will give his hearty Okay to a triple decker ham sandwich on rye for lunch any old day of the week, while at other times you will find him, between scenes, in the studio restaurant disposing of a mammoth broiled ham steak, as when this picture was taken. Spencer Tracy, on the other hand, admits to a marked preference for beef, whether broiled, roasted or simmered in a rich gravy. And so it goes up and down the line. They all must have their meat.

There is one point, however, that should be emphasized, and that is that every man—whether film star in California or factory worker in New England—every man likes variety in his meats as well as in his meals. The best liked menu calls with constant repetition. The most highly favored roast loses its appeal upon too frequent appearance. And the woman who relies upon roasting and broiling as her only two methods of meat cookery is overlooking at least four other good bets. Because, you know, there are actually six methods of cooking meats, besides innumerable variations.

Would you like to know more about these six methods? Would the men of your household enjoy something new in the meat line one of these brisk winter evenings? Are you racking your pretty little head for some knockout menus which assure you, in advance, of the right accompaniments for the main dish? All right then, give ear. All this information is contained in the special free meat booklet we are offering you this month. And shall I don’t tell the men, but you might like to know in advance that this helpful booklet also contains carving directions which will give you the right to look superior the very next time your lord and master can’t seem to find the joint or the grain of the roast! The coupon at the end of this article will bring you all this useful information—and more besides.

In the meantime, however interested you may be in getting the booklet itself, be sure also to try the recipes given here. The first, a meat pie in the Scotch style, is about the best Sunday supper suggestion I’ve found in ages. The second, a flavorful Ham Loaf with a peppery, tantalizing sauce, features Gable’s preferred meat as a main course treat worthy of appearing at a company dinner. While the Russian Steak is as delicious as it is different. All have the economy feature to recommend them, while their general excellence and originality make them a hit with men the country over.

SCOTCH MEAT PIE

2 tablespoons butter  3/4 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons finely minced onion  1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 pound ground beef
rich pastry for 2-crust pie
1 can (condensed) tomato soup 1 tablespoon melted butter

Cook the onions in the butter (or other fat) in a frying pan, until soft. Remove (and reserve) onions; add the meat to the butter and cook until barely browned. Blend in the soup, salt and pepper. Add the cooked onions, mix together thoroughly. Cool. Line a pie plate with rich pastry, rolled approximately 1/4 inch thick. Fill the pie shell with the cooked meat mixture. Moisten edges of the crust with cold water. Cover pie with top crust, press together firmly around rim of pie plate with floured fingers or tips of a fork. Brush top of pie with melted butter, cut slits to allow steam to escape. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 1 hour. Or bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderately slow (350° F.) and bake 15-20 minutes longer. Serve hot.
DEVILLED HAM LOAF WITH HOT MUSTARD SAUCE
1 1/2 pounds lean pork shoulder, ground
1 1/4 pounds smoked ham, ground
1/2 cup cracker crumbs
1 whole egg
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup canned bouillon
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 egg white, beaten stiff
Mix ground meats with the cracker crumbs. Beat whole egg slightly, add milk, bouillon, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Combine with meat mixture, blend together thoroughly. Lastly, mix in stiffly beaten egg white, reserving yolk for the sauce. Form mixture into a loaf, place in slightly greased baking pan and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 1 1/2 hours. Remove loaf to hot platter, carefully. Garnish with sliced, stuffed olives and beets, if desired. And by all means serve with the following sauce, passed in a separate serving dish.

HOT MUSTARD SAUCE
1/2 cup butter or vegetable shortening
2 tablespoons flour
2/3 cup canned bouillon
1/2 cup prepared mustard
1/4 cup sugar
1 egg yolk, beaten
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Melt the butter or vegetable shortening in top of a double boiler, over direct heat. Add the flour, bouillon, mustard and sugar. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add a little of hot mixture to beaten yolk. Add slowly to remaining mixture in double boiler, stirring vigorously. Place over boiling water and cook for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from heat, stir in lemon juice and Worcestershire. This sauce should be served immediately. However, any that may be left over can be reheated in the top of the double boiler with perfect results.

RUSSIAN STEAK
2 pounds round steak
1 cup sliced onions
4 tablespoons butter or other fat
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 cup water
1 cup sour cream
Have the butcher cut the meat into two steaks and ask him to pound these well with a meat hammer. (This can be done at home but it is easier to have it taken care of at the market.) Cut the meat into 3 inch squares. Melt the butter or other fat in large iron skillet or Dutch oven. Saute the onions in this until lightly browned. Remove onions and brown the meat in the fat. Sprinkle meat with the flour, salt and pepper, and add the cooked onions, then the water and sour cream. Cover tightly and simmer 2 hours, or until meat is tender. Serve in the gravy in which meat was cooked. Serve with noodles.

A year ago I marched down the aisle in my wedding veil. Bob promised to love me forever. But before very long, the quarrels began...

First it was his shirts. He said his mother used to wash them lots whiter. Gradually the nagging got worse—my curtains looked "dingy" my linens were a "disgrace." I thought he'd completely forgotten his promise, until...

My next-door neighbor caught me crying and promptly tossed my woes out the window. She told me my clothes had tattle-tale gray because they were only half-clean. She said I worked hard, but my lazy soap just didn't wash out all the dirt.

Quick as you please, I took her advice and changed to Fels-Naptha Soap. And glory, what a difference! That richer golden soap blended with gentle naptha hustles out every speck of dirt and my things simply shine like snow. Now Bob says he married a wonder. And I'm so glad that wonder is me!
large city, for some really grand evening affair, okay maybe the opera. Or you could put it on for the theatre, or for dining in a smart restaurant. But not for playing bridge, where you’ll have a strong light shining on you evenings. If you live in a small town, be guided by what the other nice girls do. Above all, don’t use eyeshadow at all unless you really need it. If you do look drab without it, perhaps at a country club dance or something like that you might indulge.

Do you, if you are under twenty and not a “big” girl, take advantage of the many charming variations in the dirdrel style. They’re made for you and you alone. Wear ’em while you can. But at all times keep your face as free of any harm as you can, because it is not only the eyes but the whole face that gives the secret away.

If you have a big mouth and are thick, and by that I mean were not paid for your face, you can’t do much with Ex-Lax. It is a mild and gentle laxative, ideal for youngsters!

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—people of all ages. It takes care of every constipated bell. It is a simple, pleasant way to get relief.

1. Watch your young woman’s face brighten when you give her a half-tablet of Ex-Lax. No struggle to get her to take a laxative. Children actually love the delicious chocolate taste of Ex-Lax!

2. His sleep is not disturbed after taking Ex-Lax. It doesn’t upset little tummies, or bring on cramps. Ex-Lax is a mild and gentle laxative...ideal for youngsters!

3. The next morning, Ex-Lax acts...thoroughly and effectively! No weakness after effects. Just an easy comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief.

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the young, the very young and the youngsters. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax, the original chocolate laxative

Coughs!

Get After That Cough

Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat drain into painful lumps in the throat area, making you feel uncomfortable. Your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 50 years. It’s safe and acts quickly. Sold at all drugstores.

PERTUSSIN

The “Most-Chain” Method of Cough Relief
of ten or fifteen years ago. You younger fans, think of the old photographs you've seen in this magazine occasionally. There was always much hair, concealing foreheads, covering ears, piled up on the head, not in the small, neat head-conforming manner of today, but messily, looking as if it hadn't been properly combed.

But nowadays, generally speaking, there isn't a better-groomed, better coiffed group of women than the stars anywhere in the world. Clean, simple lines prevail. In make-up a certain haywire-ness still prevails, but it is a mighty clever haywire-ness. The make-up begins with a cleansed face, and a skin as perfect as scientific diet, proper exercise and constant care can make it.

Then, although every aid to facial glamour may be used, all these aids are put on with very consummate care, so that the final effect may be soft, unobvious as possible. Powder is put on thickly and then brushed off until it gives that soft, 'mat' effect. Lips are outlined first with brush or pencil so that even though an artificial line may be created, it isn't a smudgy and amateurish artificial line. Then the lipstick is blotted.

The lines are drawn around the eyes, or the eyeshadow is quite frankly laid on pretty heavily, and smudged or blended with oil so that there is never a hard line of demarcation anywhere.

Of course I know as well as you that these stars spend hours on themselves. They have tons of money and all the finest experts in the world right in their immediate vicinity. You haven't. Most of you must work out your beauty destiny for yourselves. But what I'm getting at is don't copy from the appearance of these stars the most obvious point in their personal adornment. Their mouth make-up, their eye make-up, their more elaborate coiffures.

Don't copy these things, I say, unless you have the basic matters down first: the good skin, and the cleverness and skill with which their war paint is put on. And don't copy things anyway, if you're very young, or living in a simple, unsophisticated community, or holding down a rather sedate job. Copy, instead, the trimness and trimness of some star's figure, her cleverness about clothes, if she is your type, her neat and meticulous grooming.

Phew! Anybody who tries to write about good taste is a perfect simpleton. It just can't be defined. However, I hope these random thoughts and examples I've cited may help you a little.

I hope, too, you'll write for the sample lotion offered this month. This lotion is just bound to be a big help in taking the 'Brrr' out of winter because it helps keep the hands and skin from chapping and roughening under temperature changes. It's so easy to use lotion, very good ... and economical, too, because it's guaranteed not to thicken ... nor a drop wasted! A few drops on shoulders, arms and hands completes loneliness. And it can be used as a powder base, too, because it makes powder cling with just the right degree of persistency. It's a lotion you want to be acquainted with, so send for the generous trial bottle now.

Mary Marshall
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Please send me the generous trial sample of lotion.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY. . . . . . . STATE

"Hey, hey! What's all this ki-yi about? The neighbors will think I've got you both by the tail... Oh, sure, it's okay to yelp when something hurts—I always do myself. But what is it, anyway?"

"Chafed, oh? Well, to be sure... your tummy scrapes on every step! Your chassis is too underslung, that's all."

"Matter of fact, mine is too. See? Why don't we try the up-on-the-hind-legs stuff the grown-ups do?"

"Say! When you're slicked over with that lovely, soft, slippery powder, you'll simply glide down the stairs!"

"Leave it to Johnson's to keep a fellow's skin smooth and comfortable! It doesn't cost much, either—so why don't you get some for your baby?"

JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER

Copyright, 1939, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

75
Mrs. Temple unduly praise her child, or even indirectly solicit praise for her. Never once had I heard this remarkable mother make the slightest comment which would train the spotlight on Shirley. Now, Gertrude Temple was out of character.

There was a reason for it—an important reason! As we sat spasmodically talking, there was something new in this woman's face, something new in her tone and her attitude towards Shirley. Her eyes were following the child with an intense concentration.

"She's grown, hasn't she? She'll be grown up before we know it. And she's becoming more self-reliant. I am so glad!"

Little phrases, meaningless on the surface. But significant in the light of the things she was to tell me in the next half hour. There were fine lines etched around Gertrude Temple's mouth. A drawn, harried look was in her eyes.

WHEN the scene was done, we climbed to an upper level, where Shirley's trailer was parked. In this perambulating dressing room she rested, ate her lunch and studied her lessons.

A bright-faced, alert, twinkly-eyed woman came over to speak to us, "This is a friend of mine, Mrs. ——. We have known each other since long before Shirley was born." Mrs. Temple introduced us. Then turning to her, she asked, "Shirley is eating her lunch?"

"Yes, I'll straighten her hair for the next scene as soon as she's finished." Now, the care of Shirley's hair has been a legend in Hollywood. No other hands but her mother's had ever touched those famous curls. She washed them tenderly. She curled them on her fingers. Pinned them carefully. Laced ribbons through them herself when the role required it. No hairdresser, no wardrobe woman, no make-up artist for Shirley. Her mother did what was necessary. She attended to every slight detail of Shirley's needs.

And yet, now, to another woman was relegated a mother's cherished domain. It added to my perplexity and suspicion that something was wrong. Mrs. Temple's eyes followed the competent figure of her friend. "Shirley adores her. It makes it easier." And then Gertrude Temple began to speak, hesitantly, as if each word were only now giving complete pattern to her fear. "I'm going to the hospital for a serious operation as soon as this picture is over. And I am afraid—not for myself, but for Shirley. If something should happen—"

For a moment she was silent, as if weighing the dread possibility.

"Boys get along when a mother leaves them—and my boys are almost grown in any event. Shirley needs me—she's so very little. She'll be needing a lot of care as she grows older—not physical care, but emotional guidance. Someone who is young enough to understand her, to appreciate her problems, to keep step with her as she grows into adolescence.

"I am not worrying about Shirley's career. The studio will look after that phase. But I am worrying about Shirley as a delicately attuned human entity.

"I have never discussed Shirley's remarkable qualities. I have never wished her placed in the category of a prodigy. But she definitely has a comprehension, an instant grasp of detail and involved fact which is singular in a child of her age.

"She has a joyous spirit, loves to tease and play pranks. She has warmth, tenderness, sensitivity. I want to be certain that these qualities are guarded and developed.

I HAVE in my own family a woman near and dear to me who would happily devote her life to Shirley. But she is well past middle life. She is entitled to serenity, to complete lack of complication to the end of her days. And the care of a growing girl can become a burden.

"So when I realized that I might not get well, I tried to find someone to take my place in Shirley's life. This friend, whom you have just met, is the woman I hope can help. I haven't told her why I have asked her along on several recent occasions. She is under the impression that I am not well enough to do everything for Shirley, and have asked her here for my own sake.

"My real reason, of course, is that I want her to learn every detail about Shirley—her little traits, her small, endearing habits, her requirements. Shirley is an extraordinarily patient child, with a well-developed sense of justice. These things must be understood about her.

"In addition, I want Shirley to get very close to this fine, lovable woman. If I don't come out of my illness, I know that
When Claire Trevor’s in a picture you just know there’ll be good acting. Her next will be “Stagecoach.”

she will help Shirley to make adjustments, transitions.

“Shirley will have more problems than the average younger as she grows older. She will have to be advised and guided in her adult relationships to others. She will have to develop extraordinary resources within herself against greed and selfishness and flattery. She will need wisdom and farsightedness. I have made every effort to lay the foundations for these qualities. But the process must go on. A career child, unless surrounded by loyalty and love, is at an overwhelming disadvantage.”

“I want Shirley to grow normally, to have intelligent guidance and a sincere love on which to lean. I can depend on this friend to carry on. No one knows what I am doing, not even my family. I know you will guard this secret now—and use judgment in revealing it later.”

Almost two years later, on the set of “The Little Princess,” Mrs. Temple and I recalled the time when she faced a consuming fear. We went over the details of what she had then told me. She added, “I remember the night before I went to the hospital. My will had been made and signed. I had gone over the household matters carefully, checked over supplies and budgets and linen and silver, given careful instructions for the proper physical care of my family while I was to be in the hospital.

“Everything was done. My worldly affairs were in order. I went into the library to get a few favorite books to take with me to the hospital. And then I felt a small hand slip into mine. Shirley had come in so quietly I hadn’t heard her.

“She looked up at me confidently. ‘Don’t be afraid, Mummy. God will take care of you.’ I had to run quickly to hide my tears from her.

“God did take care of me. On many a night of pain, when I was so low that I seemed to be at the end of the road, I would remember Shirley’s words, ‘God will take care of you.’ And her faith gave me new strength to fight. She had faith in God’s goodness and care. Could I have less?”

Shirley came skipping over to have her hair-ribbon tied more securely. Again the thought came to me, that of the fortunes showered by Fate on Shirley the greatest is her remarkable mother.

As I watched the unity between mother and child, the almost tangible love, I thought to myself, “God is good to spare this woman for her child.”

This is not only the story of a time when Mrs. Temple chose a stand-in mother for Shirley. It is the story of a courageous woman who faced a crisis gallantly!
TUESDAY morning Shirley was back in Hollywood. Step One: To reach Ken on the phone, and get him to invite her to the preview that night. To do it without letting him know that she was engineering it. About noon his phone rang.

"Ken, this is Shirley. I'm calling on business. You know that contract for my radio appearance in Fort Worth Thursday night, that celebration thing. I've decided to go. I'll leave by plane in the morning. But I wanted your opinion on the contract first. May I read it to you? I mean, you've always nodded my radio spots and I thought we shouldn't let out personal feelings interfere with business."

"That's right, go ahead. It's funny though, I thought you said before that you had a cold and wouldn't be able to sing."

"Oh well, I'm all over it now. And I thought a change would do me good. Bob Hope's going, and Gene Autry, and George Fisher. It might be fun. Besides, we're going to be royally entertained. Elliot Roosevelt is to be our host, and Governer Alfred will be there. I'll meet lots of new people. Here's the contract. See how it sounds."

"No, don't read it now... I mean, those things are always hard to understand over the phone. Let's see... can't I stop by the house and take a look at it tonight?"

"Oh, if you want," said Shirley. And that's how it happened that shortly after eight they were on their way to a preview. But Step Number Two didn't come about until they drove into the parking lot near the theatre. The quarrel hadn't yet been entirely erased. There was still that kiss-and-make-up moment which hadn't yet arrived. But it happened there. He was helping her out of the car, offering her his hand, when the hand suddenly gave a firm tug and pulled her to him. A second later they were in each other's arms. They were still in a clinch, horns blowing all around them, there in the full glare of headlights, when the parking attendant ventured, "Far- don, sir, but you're kind of jamming up things around here. Can't you just move a little and let those cars by?"

They moved off—in a daze. They have no recollection of what the picture was. Afterwards, still in a daze, they drifted to Victor Hugo's. At six in the morning he was again asked if he wished to take her to the airport. Ken saw those jovial three, Bob Hope, Gene Autry and George Fisher, and frowned. Shirley saw his frown and ventured on Step Three: "Better keep in touch with me," she warned, "if you don't want these three to cast their spell on me."

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AUNTIE...IS BAD BREATH CATCHING?

OF COURSE NOT, SALLY! WHY DO YOU ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?

SALLY!

WELL, WHEN I GROW UP I WANNA BE A HUSBAND SO I DON'T WANNA CATCH YOUR BREATH, AUNTIE MAY!

MY BREATH!

UH-HUH.CAUSE DADDY SAYS BAD BREATH IS WHY YOU AREN'T MARRIED, ANY HE SAYS MAMA SHOULD TELL YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST!

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

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

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes your teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
Shirley, during the trip, sent only one wire, and that one not to Ken Dolan, but to Frances Langford and Jon Hall. It read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Jon Hall.
Hollywood, California.

Will you newsvendors do me a great favor? Call Ken and invite him and me to dinner Friday night and at dinner lay it on thick. Wedded bliss, two live cheaper than one, marriage is the only thing, etc. I'll tell you why later.

Shirley Ross.

The fruits of that telegram were the greatest step forward so far, Shirley arrived in Hollywood Friday afternoon and that evening she and Ken joined the Halls at dinner. The publicity that the Halls gave that great institution of Marriage was better than even Shirley had hoped for. Nor did their feelings have to be acted. When she left at the end of the evening Shirley was sure that the trick had worked, that any minute Ken was going to suggest the same for them. But no soap. "Goodnight, honey," he said at the door. "Shall we have lunch together tomorrow?"

By Saturday noon, Shirley was a little frantic. If the Halls hadn't worked, she didn't know what would. Perhaps she should have picked a couple with children. She happened to know that Morton Downey was taking a couple of his children to the Vendome that noon. On the way to lunch Ken asked her to pick her lunch spot. A few minutes later they were at the Vendome, sitting right next to Downey and his brood. Step Number Five:

"I love children, don't you, Ken?"

"Certainly do!" And that was that.

A sixth resort was to take him to a romantic movie. Shirley had seen "Four Daughters" and knew it to have just the right atmosphere. There were marriages popping all through that picture. "I hear there's a good movie, called "Four Daughters," she suggested.

But they saw all seven reels with the going through the marriages, and the idea hadn't clicked in Ken Dolan's mind. After the movie, here they were, sitting in the Seven Seas, Shirley practicing the one thing she hadn't yet tried. If she could only force the idea into his mind, she knew he would like it all right. He'd been a bachelor for so long he just wasn't used to thinking of marriage.

Time hurried on. It would soon be six. If he didn't ask her now, then the jeweler's store would be closed. They wouldn't be able to get a ring tonight—and the marriage must be tonight. She had set her heart on it.

Well, they say that if you work hard enough and long enough at anything, the goal is always won, and that goes too, it would appear, for mental telepathy.

At eight minutes of six Ken Dolan finally crashed through. "Darling!" he said, "I've just thought of something wonderful! A marvelous idea. Let's get married! Right now, tonight, I insist!"

Shirley bounded up. "Quick, honey, let's get going. Pay your bill. We'll have to hurry. We have only eight minutes. The shops close at six !"

He was hurrying. "Darling, you don't like my idea? I talk of marriage and you talk of shopping?!"

"Your idea?" she shrieked happily. "Ken Dolan, that's what we're going to shop for—a wedding ring?"

"Did it matter that in the rush the only ring they could get was too small? Did it matter that it was a stormy night and no pilot wanted to fly them to Las Vegas? Did it matter that they had to drive all night, without food, that they got lost,

What has SHE got that Some Girls lack?

Assurance of Charm comes when you make up to Romance. Avoid Nose Shine...Choose Powder that Dramatizes your Skin.

Face to face with your man, does fear of shiny nose spoil your charm?

The oiliness that causes that shine is often aggravated by germs. What a relief then to know about Woodbury Facial Powder! A special ingredient in Woodbury Powder hinders the growth of germs and so makes this fine powder especially good against shiny nose. Stays on 7 shades—chosen to dramatize a girl's natural coloring. The newest shade—Champagne—sponsored by Mme. Suzzy of Paris. Windsor Rose is the new shade for pink-tinted skin. Face close-ups with assurance! Wear Woodbury Powder. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ everywhere. Complete your make-up with Woodbury Rouge and Lipstick.
went a hundred and fifty miles out of their way, and didn't arrive in Las Vegas until seven in the morning.

It did not. But it had all been pretty hectic, pretty mad. At eight they stood before the judge, so tired they could scarcely see.

In the middle of the ceremony the judge said, "Just a minute—won't you please put that ring all the way on?"

"It's not that kind of a ring," Shirley said.

The judge looked doubtful. "Oh, all right. Now, Mr. Dolan, will you repeat after me, With this ring I do thee wed."

Ken got the first part right at first, but the last threw him, "I thee wed," he said, softly, foolishly. They were so tired, they didn't even notice. Only the witnesses laughed.

Afterwards Shirley suddenly remembered something. "Ken! I was married without any flowers—not even one violets. Oh Ken, isn't it terrible! Not one little eesey-weeney violets!" For a moment she looked as though she were going to cry.

"There, there," he said, "don't cry. I'll buy you God damn violets." And at the nearest florist, he did!

And so Mr. Ken Dolan gave up his bachelorhood, on which he thought was his own very wonderful idea. But it will appear that it was Shirley who had the idea first and that he took her to right the finish, with perfect Northwest Mounted get-your-man tactics. That's the way with most romances, actually, in Hollywood, in Podunk, anywhere.

Of course it takes a little time to thoroughly domesticate an ex-dyed-in-the-wool bachelor, but Shirley is working on that, too, at the moment. Shortly after she married her things in the Embassy began to have a new air about it. It had been plain, so tailored, so mannish before. Now there's no longer a slant of eke-a-verse on the mantel, and frills of the window curtains. That day she did the "fixing up," she also moved his favorite chair into another corner. Now when she goes to look in, she saw none of the lovely new touches, the flowers in the vases, nothing. Only that chair.

"Why, darling, that doesn't go there. That chair has to be here by this lamp, so I can read!"

In that moment Shirley was the personified bride, pouting and crying in disappointment over the first batch of burnt biscuits. "All right," she said, "I'll put it back, but you're not very observant. Look at all the other nice things I've done with the room."

He looked then, and agreed everything was just dandy.

But there is a point still to be made about that chair. "It went back to its original place," Shirley admits. "That is, already. As a matter of fact, it was moved to the left. You see, what I'm trying to do now is to move it over gradually, even, to show it wasn't my fault. I figure that about March I'll just be left where I was put."

And considering what has gone before, there is scarcely a gambler in the world who would take a bet that it won't be.

---

"Aids to Beauty"

"Is the title of a fascinating free booklet which many women say has shown them the simple, easy way to

SECURE and KEEP

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

This helpful booklet was written especially for women who want to know how to make the most of their appearance and personality—for women who miss the popularity, admiration and attention which are the natural reward of being lovely! The makers of SEW'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS will gladly send you a copy free and without obligation. Its valuable information may be just what is needed to help you achieve greater skin loveliness. Write for FREE SAMPLE of SEW'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS and a FREE copy of "AIDS to BEAUTY".

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"KNOWLEDGE MAKES YOU A BEAUTY" (Continued from page 27)
more simply she dresses, the better."

"But don't you think," I asked, "that a man likes a woman who is mysterious, whose mind and heart he can never fathom?"

Claudette looked amused. "Goodness knows," she laughed, "all men don't react alike—and thank heavens for that. But, on the whole, I don't think men prefer mystery in women. That sort of thing is all right on the screen, but at home it wouldn't go over so well. Think of having to put up with glamour twenty-four hours a day!"

I thought, instead, of a successful writer, who, after watching a famous siren emote on the screen, that evening greeted her husband with an exact copy of the siren's soulful look. Instead of being devastated, he was worried. "What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Are you sick?"

"Look at the most popular male actors on the screen," Claudette said. "Do most of them marry beautiful glamorous women? They don't. The happiest ones are generally married to plain, intelligent women who are sweet and natural at home."

"But don't you think," I asked, "that a business man who has seen beautiful, extremely well-dressed women around him all day is going to feel frightfully bored if he comes home to a wife who's very plainly dressed?"

"Of course," said Claudette, "I don't mean the woman ought to be a siren. But in the privacy of her home she needn't wear false eyelashes and heavy makeup either. You can let your hair down when you're alone with the man you love—and he'll love you all the more for it."

"Certainly, I think men like their wives or sweethearts to look super-glamorous when they're going out. When he introduces his wife or the girl he loves to a group of men friends, a man wants her to look entrancing. Then she's on parade, and he'll be very happy indeed if in the other man's eyes she sees a look of envy at his luck in winning this perfectly gorgeous creature. At other times, however, the more natural she is the better he likes it.

OFTEN I've read articles saying that if a man likes a certain type of girl and you aren't that type, you ought to transform yourself. Maybe I'm wrong, but I can't agree. Suppose a woman goes to all the trouble of transforming herself into a type he's interested in, likes fluffy women, she pretends to be fluffy, although she really is a very sane, practical person. Or perhaps she knows he likes the middle-class type, as she wants to be domestic women. Though she hates to boil an egg, she immediately pretends a great passion for everything domestic. Or suppose she's naturally a butterfly and finds she hates social butterflies, so she pretends to be a demure Alice-sit-by-the-fire.

"Sooner or later that act is going to catch up with her. Even though she may keep it up for six months, all the time she's under a strain acting a part she doesn't really feel. And some day she's going to forget all about the role she's playing, or she's going to say to herself, 'The devil with it and go back to being herself. If she has won the man through an assumed personality, what's going to happen then? Unless I'm very much mistaken, there's a lot of trouble ahead, and she may even lose him altogether."

"Of course I agree that a woman ought to analyze her faults and correct them if she can, but that's far different from trying to change her type. The only thing you can safely do is to be yourself and be content with attracting the type of man who likes what you naturally are. Study the man, yes, so you won't hurt his feelings or antagonize him, but don't try to change your type to please him."

"Do you think," I asked, "that women

"Why does my mother-in-law always take my husband's side?"

How Mary used modern methods for her baby—despite interference!

MARY: John, will you take your hands off that child and listen to me for a change?
JOHN: I'll handle this myself! I'll make her take it...

MOTHER-IN-LAW: My dear, you know John is always right...
MARY: Oh mother... please... please...

MOTHER-IN-LAW: But I'm only trying to help...
MARY: But I don't need help! It so happens I talked with the doctor this morning. He said it's old-fashioned to force Sally to take a nasty-tasting laxative. It's liable to shock her nerves and upset her digestive system.

MOTHER-IN-LAW: Fletcher's Castoria?
MARY: Yes! The doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is the modern laxative made especially, and only, for children. It's safe...has no harsh drugs. And children simply love its taste!

JOHN: Look, mother, look!... she's taking Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb!
MOTHER-IN-LAW: Humph! Looks like maybe the modern method is best, after all.
MARY: We'll have some peace around here now.

Chauncey Fletcher CASTORIA
The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and only for children
ought to get the things they want from men by guile."

"Sometimes women do get ahead or do win the men they want through guile," Clauedette admitted, "but the kind of success they win is the temporary happiness they get isn't usually worth having. Certainly I've known little pussy-cat women who did everything very guilelessly and, for a while, everything seemed to come their way. I've also known gentle, clinging vines who, underneath the surface, were more ruthless than the women who were direct and honest. By pretending to be helpless, they sometimes inveigled men into doing things they wouldn't have done for other women. But in the end these clinging vines generally ruined their own happiness. Other women see through guileful women, and men, too, catch up with them, eventually.

"Of course, I don't mean one should be tactless. Naturally, tact is a great asset. Today," Clauedette summed up, "it's an accepted thing that men and women walk side by side, but a girl doesn't have to flaunt her sex appeal in an office to get what she wants. Neither does she have to use all the traditional feminine weapons. She needn't dress like an early suffragette, but she must dress appropriately."

"Do you think," I asked Clauedette, "that women dress to please men?" Again she looked at me with amusement.

"No, I don't think they do. Women dress to please other women. Men love the new hats, but how many women pass up the latest most chic models because of their husbands? A great many women are wearing their hair up, because stylists have said that upswept coiffures are new and smart. But when a fashion magazine recently asked a group of men what they thought of it, though a few sophisticates said they were glad to see women's necks for a change, a great many other men said, more honestly, that the upswept coiffure made women look older."

Clauedette herself wears her hair off the ears, with soft bangs falling over her forehead, and likes upswept hair only with evening clothes, particularly with the period evening dresses now coming into vogue."

"To get back to the question, whether or not this is a man's world," Clauedette said, "women today are respected for the things they actually accomplish. When men speak with the greatest awe and respect of

the achievements of women flyers, when one of the best-loved and most highly respected persons in the United States is Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, when our Secretary of Labor is a woman, whom the country adores as a very competent person, how can anyone truly say, 'It's a man's world?'

"In almost every field of achievement women have equal opportunities equal to men's. To a large extent, women are trained to earn a living. Nearly every girl is now taught a trade or profession. No, indeed, I don't think it's a man's world. Or a woman's world. It's everybody's world."

Claudee repeated.

Then she smiled and said, "I'd rather you didn't write anything saccharine about me. I loathe interviews which describe an actress in terms of sheer flattery."

Claudee is one of the very few Hollywood actresses who feel that way. Most of them think the more sugary an article is, the better. But Clauedette would run screaming in horror from a vision of herself as a super-personality.

She continued, "I never talk about my private life, or my profession, because I've never known how it would be received."

That, I thought, was perfectly true, and an interesting example of Clauedette's honesty. Today she is softer, happier, more poised than she has ever been. Rarely do I meet an actress who has so few nervous mannerisms. Generally they brush their hair back with their fingers or smooth out an imaginary dress fold. I've even seen an otherwise glamorous actress rub a dime over her face and forehead, quite unconscious of what she was doing. But Clauedette is so perfectly poised that if she has a single nervous mannerism, I didn't detect it. To me that is conclusive proof of the happiness she has found, and explains why, where once she believed that "modern women are out on a limb" and that their independence had killed romance, where once she believed that "it is harder for two people in the professions or arts to be happy together over a period of years than if they had nothing to do but to come home to each other," today Clauedette Cobert knows that any woman who has found her perfect companion has found happiness that is almost beyond belief.
work. So I hope I won't fall in love. When that happens it's apt to be pretty serious with me.

"I want to work and improve myself in every way. I can't hand myself much on the looks item," laughed Pat, "so I've got to develop from within, as 'twere. I'm certainly thankful for make-up! The screen has given me sort of a shock, the way I look. You know how it is when you look in a mirror. You sort of pose and tilt your head at its most attractive angle. You're at your best and thinking, 'Not bad at all!' But when you see yourself on the screen, in action, you're seeing yourself as others see you. When I saw my first screen test I groaned out loud. I never knew I was that boring. That's the reaction I got. I was plain bored.

"When I saw myself crying on the screen... well, golly, I never knew that I looked like that when I cried. I'd always thought of myself as a sort of damsel-in-distress, crying tears like white stars and all that. A kind of a water lily, you know... I guess everyone has illusions but you get over them when you see yourself on the screen. Of course, you have a close-up now and then where you've been very careful with the lighting and then you look nice, even to yourself, but in action..."

I SAID, "But you must be pleased with some of your features. You know that you are very pretty..."

"Don't say it," laughed Pat. "And don't forget I'm wearing make-up now. I do like my eyebrows very much. I wouldn't pluck them or change them for anything. My eyes are reasonably expressive and that's important..."

"I like your mouth," interrupted, seemingly unable to keep mine shut. "It has character. It's sensuous, makes you look altogether different from any other blonde."

"Before I had my teeth straightened," said honest Pat, "my mouth was pretty bad. My lower lip sort of lapped around and went off every which way. I've had to put in quite a stint of time and thought, training my mouth to behave."

"But of course," sighed Pat, "I have a great many other things to overcome. My worst fault is stubbornness. I have a tendency to get hurt at something someone says or does, and go around not telling them about it, but feeling injured, which is, of course, revolting. I'm also inclined to be very impatient, want Rome built in a day. I'm working on these defects."

"I am pretty honest, though, I think," said Pat, weighing her faults and virtues on the shining scale of her young fearlessness. "I won't fawn on people, and then talk about them behind their backs. I never guzzle, not even when it might be to my advantage. I have a lot of childish tears and superstitions to overcome. I don't like aeroplanes, for instance. Now I must get over that."

"My other superstitions are even sillier. I picked up pins until I got into pictures and had fifteen fittings a day. Then I had to get over that—or make a lifework of it. I hang on wood and avoid stepping on cracks in sidewalks. If a bird flies in the window, I fly out. I believe that seven is my lucky number. No reason... I wasn't born on a Thursday. June twelfth is my birthday. I'm not the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. And I can't remember anything special ever happened to me on a seventh. I just like the number. I always count to seven before

"Winter Dryness" tends to Steal Softness from your HANDS

Y ou see them in the movies—adorable "Hollywood Hands". Satin-smooth and soft. Some girls lose this charm in winter. Your skin's moisture glands are less active; wind, cold, and use of water take beautifying natural moisture from the skin. Quick! Supply extra moisture for the skin with Jergens Lotion. So effective for hand beauty! Supplements the natural moisture. Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion serve many doctors in helping soften harsh skin. Never sticky! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00, at beauty counters.

TRY the new Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Daily use helps against dry skin. 30¢, 25¢, 10¢.
going into an important scene. People who see me think I'm talking to myself!

I've wondered. I'm not Priscilla went on unravelling herself thoughtfully. "But I think that's because I've never had time to be. It's another reason why I have to wait at least a couple of years before falling in love, matrimonylarily, anyway. I want to get time to bake another cake! I did take a cake, once. It was good, too. I love to scrub and scrou. I'm always cleaning my dressing drawers, even when they don't need it. And they almost never do account of how I do everything like that for us—I mean for me.

"We have a new house now. you know, sort of a farm-housy place. The very first home of our own we've ever had, and is it exciting! Rosema... I mean, I share a room. It's perfectly darling, too, all furnished in maple with blue wall paper (my favorite color) with pin stripes of red and white. The carpet is blue and the curtains are foam y white set, just yards and yards long. Very feminine, you know. I love my room to be dainty even if I do wear slacks and am mad about horses, hiking and biking. I was always the tomboy of the family. While my sis... while other girls were playing with dolls I was always balancing on the edge of the neighbors' roofs, or climbing the tallest tree in town, or acting like a jitterbug on stilts.

"I'm crazy about horses, you know. I read every book I can find about them. I go to all the races I can get to. And a rodeo to me is like a matinee, complete with idol, to other girls. I'd rather have hay in my hair than a hairpin any day. And I adore cats. We have seven more at home now. Sons and daughters of our old Dilly and Dally. That makes about twenty-seven now.

BUT as I was saying, I think I'd be a quite an efficient housekeeper, I'm very neat. I like towels hung up in the bathroom and the tops put on toothpaste tubes and all. That I wake up early in the morning, too. In the low, head, break-fast-in-bed spoiledly-cat. A sort of sing

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airplane, was interested in aeronautical engineering, too, but my aptitude for mathematics deserted that attempt. Though I've made models of planes and gliders, my approach has been instinctive rather than methodical, and you can't be emotional in your attitude toward an exact science.

"Everything Else has been actuated by a sort of wish complex. I studied music at prep school, just as my sister, Ida Schaeffer, trained for the 'Met.' Yes, it's the obvious conclusion that you go by voice, such as it is, from her, I sang in the radio, but was also an adagio dancer in a vaudeville on the Southern circuit. I tortured my father by wanting one of the musical comedy stage and finally had the real good fortune to be with Beatrice Lillie in 'At Home Abroad.' So, you see,

It crossed my vagrant mind that young Mr. Payne might have looked up to Rudy Vallee, or some other crooner and band leader, as an ideal.

"I've never even thought of jazz leaders," he stoutly protested. "I don't share the adulation with them, all this talk you hear. Perhaps it's because I've seen so much of them. I've been around musicians and band leaders a good deal. It's all just music. If you never experience anything seriously is concerned, is a waste of time, and after my kid experience I shed away from it.

"But I did get a big kick out of playing the band leader in 'Garden of the Moon' and a jolt out of watching the scenes build together. First of all, it gives you a real feeling of being entrusted with a good art. But now it's a case of my finding just what particular kind of guy I want to be. Hollywood is the Mecca of the scenic artistic, and therefore a bit confusing. What Hollywood has given me is interest and money—and that, of course, is a great deal.

But I still feel I want something more.

In a naive attempt to be helpful, I brightly suggested he might want to be a star. "No doubt being a star is pleasant," he patiently surmised, "but it is not a necessity, at least with me. I shall not break my heart trying to be one—it's not worth it. A star becomes something not quite human, and I don't want to be a freak.

His revolutionary point of view was nothing if not original. But what, then, could he possibly want to be?

LATER I should like to get into the production angle. I am interested in people, not stars, in naturalness, not artifice. A person learns how to act, I believe, in watching people, not by watching other actors. The fact is that the life-blood of pictures is based on types, not on performances. Yet there is no reason why pictures can't be just as experimental as the theatre is today. Everything now written for the theatre points to pictures, both plays and music.

"All I knew about acting before coming to Hollywood was playing Laertes in "Hamlet," Henry-Something-or-Other in another Shakespearean tragedy, and Captain Absolute in 'The Rivals' at the Lab Theatre in Morningside. But I did learn something about music in a Shubert musical repertory company on the road. They brought me out here to sing, but didn't let me do anything of that sort until this studio gave me a break—and I'm certainly thankful to them. Though I like what I'm doing, I shall not stay in pictures for the rest of my life. I should like to indulge a lot of whims, travel, for one. That's not in the least unusual, probably pretty trite. But I never mean to be an idler. There's such a thing as having too much fun. Eventually I want to do research in English literature. That interests me.

There spoke good common-sense. But was this jazz-boy of the screen, after all, going academic on me? That would never do. Maybe a cigarette would work a change. So, be had never smoked. No bad habits. This was wild Hollywood!

"Hollywood's no different from any other place where people work for a living," was his opinion.

But surely its girls didn't run to patterns?

"Girls here," he granted, "are intelligent, and all of them interesting in one way or another. In fact, one of them interested me so much that I proposed to her a week after we met. I've now been married nearly a year and a half to Anne Shirley."

Sounded romantic. But did the youthful Benedict whose good looks could easily cause widespread heart trouble in the feminine world ever feel that his married state might ruin screen romance?

"Never even thought of that," said the fast worker outside the cinematic vineyard. "And if my bosses ever said any such thing to me I'd tell 'em to jump in the lake."

With the water cure assured to possible anti-marital producers, Mr. Payne turned to the brighter side of Hollywoodian matrimony, saying, "Oddly enough, previews of my wife's picture, 'Mother Carey's Chickens,'—and the one I was in place in the same night, and both seemed to get by. Anne went to mine, instead of her own, and wired-me to Florida about it. What she said made me very happy but, naturally, she was a little prejudiced."

Wavering his undue modesty, I ventured to remark it must be pleasant to have two hits in one family.

"Yes," he grinned, "the Payne family is doing all right."

"Good boy! Never mind the man in the moon. It's that young fellow on the other side of it who will bear watching.
An evening at Glenda's boasts all the peace and quietness of Grand Central Station.

Glenda and Otto Kruger in a sympathetic scene from one of her latest pictures, "Exposed."

BY RUTH RANKIN

JUST A QUIET little family dinner on Tuesday," Glenda said over the telephone, "at six o'clock. I know that sounds perfectly uncivilized, but we like to have dinner over early so the evening is ahead to talk or play bridge."

"That's fine," we accepted, in an awed voice. The idea of Glenda's having a quiet little dinner is what inspired the awe. It seemed that the world's most gregarious gal, who loved to feed people in regiments instead of squads, had settled down at last. Without the two pianos and the caterer's men getting in your hair, it wouldn't seem like the same old place. Well, it happens toeveryone some time and a very good thing too, no doubt, this settling down business.

We arrived at six-thirty. All was dark around the Farrell estate. After five minutes, Teresa came to the door, yawning. Miss Farrell? Oh, Miss Farrell went to a cocktail party, but she would be home any time now. Well, were we there for dinner? Just make ourselves comfortable, advised Teresa as she departed muttering something about how it must be nearly time to get her roast in the oven.

Enter Tommy, the Farrell heir, wearing a pair of blue jeans which looked as if they had been dredged from the harbor and hung on a nail to dry. He was working on two apples, one in each hand.

"Did you know," he opened the conversation, "my mother is allergic to mushrooms? Allergic means you can't take it. I'm allergic to spinach, but it doesn't help."

The door flew open and enter Madame, fresh as a May morning, shedding hat, gloves, coat and bag on the way, embracing everybody, talking sixteen to the dozen. (Glenda has a beau who says he automatically bends over to pick up something, every time she stands.)

"Well, so you got here at last," exclaimed Glenda blandly ignoring the clock which says seven fifteen. And "What, no cocktails? Teresa, please shake up something."

"I would, Miss Farrell," mourns Teresa, "if there was anything to shake."

The tail of Glenda's eye catches cousin Dick, who has, it seems, just decided not to enter. "Hey, you! Tommy, go on out. I can't have my style cramped at a time like this." Tommy exits, grinning sympathetically at Dick.

"So, you had the boys in last night, and you were only going to give them two rounds? And now there's nothing in the house. Here we are with company and we can't even give them a cocktail. A fine business!"

Aunt Margaret strolls in with her permanent cup of tea—the gayest spirit of them all, but sentimental Irish enough to dote on a good sob on the slightest provocation. Dick then plays the piano. (Continued on page 100)
ARE YOU A

Fast Worker?

Energetic people are usually successful. They work harder, faster, longer, because they have the energy to fight fatigue.

Body energy comes chiefly from Dextrose, the sugar which enriches delicious Baby Ruth Candy. That's why Baby Ruth is so popular among active people everywhere. It's great candy and a source of real food-energy. Let Baby Ruth help you fight fatigue...today...and every day.

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I had the habit — till the Boss read that Albert Payson Terhune article in the new Sergeant’s DOG BOOK telling why I chase ‘em and how to stop me.

The Boss is a swell guy — but he can’t know everything, see? So — he gets the DOG BOOK and learns all about foods and medicines for me! All about training, and breaking bad habits.

Now I can take care or leave ‘em alone — and I haven’t been off my feed for months. That BOOK’S got something. It’s free to you at drug and pet stores — or with this coupon. Don’t miss it!

Modern Screen

Born to Be a Mug

(Continued from page 41)

That scooped up all the misdirected energy of the blind impulses into one word, on one job, into one aim. An actor! Sure!

I simply did not have an act if it had not been for Angelio Patri. There’s no such thing as a “born actor.” There’s no such thing as heredity influencing a man to be this or that. If there were any such thing, I would have done it anyway.

I had the courage to ask why he did not apply his “Be yourself” philosophy to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. On second thought, I knew he would not have done so, because if he had been Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., would automatically stop being a glamour boy. And I don’t think he wants that. At least . . . not yet.

In the elevator, I thought, if he would only let his character take over from him, he would only follow the course of that in independent lead, a swell person Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., might be.

Then I remembered how young he is still and how most impressionable people still growing up are apt to take on the coloration of their environment, and only gradually change as their own inner life and their own souls become strong enough not to have to imitate.

And I wished I had had the courage to ask why he did not apply his “Be yourself” philosophy to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. On second thought, I knew he would not have done so, because if he had been Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., would automatically stop being a glamour boy. And I don’t think he wants that. At least . . . not yet.

During summer vacations, too, young Garfield spent his time writing, producing, directing, and playing plays in the Bronx. Admission was a penny a person. The profits were used to defray the costs of sets built of old apples and discarded vegetable crates.

His gift used to be in the audience at the plays, too. Roberta Mann, His childhood sweetheart, Dark with sweet and homesick Belushi. Letting in the light, too, in her own way, was the old sun way of love. Roberta Mann became Mrs. John Garfield in 1936.

Young John graduated from Angelio Patri and immediately enrolled at the Hildreb Foundation there to continue his dramatic studies. He paid some of his ex-
enses out of the six dollars a week he still earned selling papers, the balance he paid out of the five dollars which Angelo Patri owned him each week.

He got a job with the Eva Le Gallienne Civic Repertory Company then. No salary, but what did that matter? Worth selling newspapers late nights in order to carry pears, speak a line now and then in a Real Theatre. Angelo Patri said, "You're on our way now." Roberta Mann said, "We can wait."

The summer he was nineteen, he humped his way clear across the continent to California. He worked in fruit orchards, saw the plenty of the earth. Why ad it been necessary to steal from push-pats? He 'rode the rods' back to New York.

A small producer offered him a role in play titled "Lost Boy," a story of life in retortory. That was pie to do. The lay only lasted three weeks but the impression young Garfield made in it still rs. As an immediate result he was lopped off to Chicago to play in "Counselor At Law" with Otto Kruger. He stayed here six months and then was sent back to New York to join the Broadway produc on with Paul Muni. Muni is one reason why Garfield is in Hollywood today--Juni and Tracy and Melvyn Douglas and Jimmy Cagney. Because they do real things, honest things, because they care, and so gave him the assurance that on can do real things in Hollywood.

This is the young man who didn't want to come to Hollywood. He didn't want movie money. He was broke and still he didn't want it. He didn't want movie fame. He proved that he wasn't just talking because, for four years, he turned down contracts. At last he signed with Warner brothers because they finally capitulated and gave him the kind of a contract he wanted. It contained a clause permitting him to go back to the stage once a year, and further provides that he may remain on Broadway for the run of the play. He was afraid that he would fail in Hollywood. He was so sure that he had failed that, after his terrific performance in "Four Daughters," he did actually beat it back to New York. He was even more afraid of success, especially quick "overnight" success.

He saw Robert Taylor on the train when he went back to New York. He saw how Bob couldn't get out at stations for a breath of air without being surrounded, mobbed, his clothes practically torn from his back. He said, "But that is tragic, that is awful, his life is not his own, he has no freedom!"

I said, "But the same thing will happen to you."

"No!" he said, raised violence in his voice, for he speaks quietly, "it won't. I'd quit pictures before I'd let it happen."

He feels that Hollywood is a funny place. Especially the way some of the stars live—the limousines, the private swimming pools, the pomp and parade. These are not actors as he knew them in the Little Theatre Group, poor, struggling, sacrificing money and opportunity in order to stick together. He says, "These people out here shunt themselves away from life. They become Royalists. Maybe it's all right for them. It's not all right for me."

"I don't want that sort of thing. I came, to make some money, but not for luxuries. I want it so that I can produce plays of my own some day, so that we can travel, Roberta, the baby and I. If ever I get to the place where I have servants picking up my handkerchief, I'll blow my brains out."

"We have one servant. I have a car. I'd like to buy a combination radio and phonograph. That will be good. That's all money can do for me. This industry has more to offer than money. It can raise the cultural level of the world. I'd like to be a part of that. I want to play real people. I don't care how small the parts are, so long as they are not phonies. I couldn't be a 'Glamor Boy' if I tried and I wouldn't be if I could. I'll work like the devil to do honest things. If I can't, I'll go back to the stage."

He was born to be a mug. He has grown up to be a scholar, a gentleman and an artist, and all America is giving this East Side boy a great, big hand.
that “On The Avenue,” “Alexander’s,” “Chicago” and now “Tail Spin” have given her a little more confidence in her own dramatic ability. But each time she makes a new picture she has to prove to herself all over again.

I asked Alice for some. She said, “I think everything we are dates back to our childhoods. I think that I could sort of knit my childhood into my life now, pour three, knit it, and you could see how it all blends into one pattern.”

“I wish that I had been born on Third Avenue,” laughed Alice, “because ‘Tanks Tenth Avenue’ would make a swell title for a song or story. I’ll have to say ‘Tanks Tenth Avenue’ and ‘Tanks 55th Street off Broadway,’ where I was born, and thanks to all the other streets and neighborhoods of New York where I lived when I was a kid. We lived on so many streets, you know. We were always moving. It must have been the gypsy in us.”

“Later, when I reached the ripe old age of fourteen and went on the stage, we had to move—somebody over there seemed to grow aged and infirm, trying to track Alice Leppert down. The fact that Bill Newcome, my first dancing teacher, and I changed my name to Tony I didn’t care in their eyes. They never did catch up with me. Result: I graduated from grade school but high school never got me. And that moving business, is part of my pattern now. It’s the reason why Tony and I have never bought or built a home of our own. I’m afraid I’m going to do it six months later and want to move on.”

“Even the name of Faye is tanks to Broadway,” said Alice. “I took the name because I thought of it six months later and want to move on.”

“It’s definitely thanks to the sidewalks of New York that I have anything now. It’s because, I saw so many things that I wanted—like the chance to sing, a minic coat—oh, what a yen I had for a minic coat!—per不用准, grand clothes, a tall, dark handsome boy. I went to them because I wanted them. You’ve got to want before you can get. That’s why millionaires’ sons so seldom amount to anything. They never wanted for anything. That’s the poorest kind of poverty, I think, not having anything to want.”

I CAN trace back to Tenth Avenue and similar neighborhoods every single thing I have. Like my perfume collection—I’m a rabid collector of perfumes. Why? Because when I was a kid my friends and I thought it was pretty swell to have a bottle of perfume on our bureau. If we had two bottles of perfume, that was riches, that was elegance that the boys and the ladies in the Sunday supplements.

“In those days we’d go to the five-and-ten and buy a little thumb-nail-sized bottle of perfume. Almost, after the perfume was gone, I’d fill my bottle with water and pretend it was perfume. Then I’d go to Mama and say, ‘I used up my perfume.’”

“We’d look in swanky shop windows and see big, expensive bottles of perfume and I’d say to myself, ‘Someday I’ll buy bottles of perfume and I’ll use them!’ We’d use them—dozens of them.”

“I’m convinced,” said Alice, “how I hate life. Her soft lips twisting in that characteristic smile of hers, half ironic, half compassionate. I’m convinced that childhood wishes are the ones we try hardest to gratify when we grow up. And so, the more we had to wish for, the harder we try. It’s when we fail to make our childhood wishes come true that we’re unhappy.”

“I know that I became an actress instead of the school-teacher I first thought I wanted to be because I was able to work on Broadway so often and I saw the names of Marilyn Miller and Irene Bordoni and others in electric lights, while they seemed to me so much more bright and beautiful than any other world that I determined to see my name in lights one of these days.”

WHEN Mama and I passed the back of a theatre I always walked up the alley to the stage door, turned around and miniced down the alley again, pretending that I was an actress just leaving after a matinee. Sometimes I’d stop at six or seven stage doors in the course of one afternoon and finally I used to have a glimpse of an actress leaving the theatre, stepping into her limousine, wrapped in rich furs, I’d say to Mama, “What kind of fur, Papa?” Mama said, “I’ll walk on in a trance dreaming of myself at a stage door, wrapped in mink.”

“Now and then I’d see an actor come out of the theatre and I’d always think of Tony Martin and the portrait of Tony Martin looked at me and laughed, too. Well, see how the pattern might come out of the theatre. I don’t think that to myself then, I wouldn’t have these things. I believe in wish-fulfillment—if you wish hard enough, I wished until I nearly burst. And when such hard wish-

“Why, when I bought my first minic coat I nearly ran a temperature, I was that excited. I got a kick out of owning nice cars, too. I have more clothes than you could count in a week. Just because of that Sunday dress’ of clothes. I’m not a rich man really. My brother Bill, who is my business manager, will tell you that I never cause him any work and I don’t spend money, and I never ask for more.”

“But when a picture is finished I usually go on a splurge, buy a lot of slacks and sweaters and go to Palm Springs for a couple of weeks. All of which can be traced back to Tenth Avenue, too—the days of that one ‘best dress,’ that one Sunday pair of shoes,” she recalled, “the memory of how folks there-always went on a little spree when a job was done or it was payday. They bought a new dress or went to Coney Island for the day.”

“Tony, and I have leased Oscar Hammerstein’s house here in Beverly Hills. It’s a gorgeous house, and I love it. But I’ll bet a psychologist, poking around in my subconscious mind, would find that I especially wanted that house because it belonged to Oscar Hammerstein, who was a kid, walking up Broadway, looking up at Hammerstein’s Theatre, I’d find I ever expect to be living in a house owned by Oscar Hammerstein? I did not! See what I mean?”

“It’s like this problem of having to work so hard, to do something—I don’t feel so thankful for. Because, on the sidewalks of
New York you have to play fast and furiously, dodging cars, rushing what time you can get away from school, or away from helping with the housework. So you must play with all your heart, making every move and minute count, and meaning it. There is nothing on earth more real than the playing of kids on city streets. It is terribly earnest.

"And it's 'thanks to Tenth Avenue' that I hate to do fight scenes like the one just now with Connee Bennett. I know it's only acting, but if you hit hard enough it hurts, doesn't it, call it by any name you like. I saw too many kids banged up, heard too many ambulances screaming in to take the hurt ones away, to be able to smack anyone—unless they deserve it and I mean it. If they do deserve it," said Alice, a glint in her soft blues eyes, "the Irish in me takes care of that..."

"I still 'help with the housework.' I have servants to do most of it, of course. But whenever we are having 'comp'ny for dinner' I fuss around the table, changing this and that. I arrange and rearrange flowers, shake up the cushions, try to make things 'look nice,' again throwing-back to my childhood.

"Crowds scare me to death. I seldom go where there are crowds if I can help it. Why? Because when a crowd gathers on the sidewalks of New York you can be pretty sure that's an accident, a kid has been hurt, there's a fire or some catastrophe. My fear of crowds is definitely a throw-back to the fear a city child feels when he sees crowds gathering.

"I'm a worrier, they tell me. Maybe that's because I grew up with people who doggone well had to worry—and not about what accessories they would wear with what sports outfit, either. They had to worry about rent and food and their hus-

All bundled up, Sonia Henle looks over her skating troupe rehearsing fancy figures.
IS STARDOM WORTH IT?
(Continued from page 47)

I would like to add that no star can rationalize a badly prepared story. I know; I've tried!qualities which hold a bad picture against a star longer than a good picture is remembered. Invitations from total strangers is another thing Miss Francis can find nothing to cheer about. "Hollywood stars are asked to parties in New York by people they've never met—publicity minded society folk, as a rule. The celebrity hunters are willing to hunt small game, shall we say modestly, or practise on us to keep in form. They ask you to teas and dinners in which you are totally disinterested." Back home in Beverly Hills, it's almost as bad, Kay added. She is invited to press buttons opening expositions, act as hostess at the premiere of a new meat market, award the prizes at a dance class commencement, serve in a dozen and one capacities in no way associated with acting. "Of course, I don't accept these wild invitations," she amplified, "but one is bound to give them decent consideration. You owe that courtesy to everyone. You must be tactful and diplomatic in turning down an invitation because to the person issuing them they're not as silly as they may seem to you." Miss Francis added that she sees every letter addressed to her, although her secretary sorts the mail and classifies it according to its importance. "My fan mail delights me," said Kay. "It comes from such unexpected places—Tasmania, Delhi, Russia! It thrills me to have people bother to write just to say they enjoyed a picture that I was in."

"Another black mark against stardom is the ungodly hours demanded of a star. Extra scenes on Sunday, retakes until two in the morning, trailers on holidays—all for art's sake. Between pictures it is difficult to plan a vacation for fear loose ends of the last one have to be gathered up, or a new ending tacked on. A star's time is subject at all times to the call of the studio." Kay saved her pet grievance against stardom for her final shot. "I abhor being a goldfish in a bowl, open to public inspection all hours of the day," she flashed. "I resent being asked whom I'm going to the theatre with, where I was for the weekend, and what my intentions are toward matrimony. All these things are nobody's business. Being a star shouldn't make one fair game for snooper's sniping. "Wearing smoked glasses doesn't hide you. You can't get away from it all when your face has appeared on so many screens everywhere so many times. A star is marked as long as she is a star. Of course they let you alone when you're through." She laughed a bit ruefully. "When I suppose I'll miss the pushing around. We can't be satisfied. But I would say definitely that the one thing about being a star that's hardest to take is the total lack of privacy!"

Thus Kay Francis upholds and attacks the joys and terrors of stardom, laying bare its rewards as well as deploring its sorrows. Is it worth while? Miss Francis seems to feel, womanlike, that the answer is yes and no. What do you think?

(Continued from page 92)

"We rehearse broadcasts together by making recordings of them at home and listening to the playback. We have an sixteen-room sound projector and make home movies and run them for our friends. Tony has his friends at the house or I have mine. Most of them are our mutual friends, like Ben Oakland, the song writer, and his wife. Ben and I recently collaborated on a song. It's titled 'I Promise You.'

"One day, Tony and I get in the car after dinner and drive off to the beach or somewhere, usually to get clams. We're clam crazy. We drive along at fifteen miles an hour. I won't go faster—and sing our heads off, to the radio. We come in late and go into the kitchen and I whip up a dish of scrambled eggs and bacon or make waffles and coffee and we sit at the kitchen table and eat and sing some more. It's cosy, like it used to be back in the kitchen on Tenth Avenue,

"Sundays I like to lounge around the house in a pair of slacks and a sweater, rearranging the furniture, fooling in the garden. Tony usually plays golf Sunday mornings. My mother comes over for the day, maybe with some of her friends. Or we have a few people in for supper and play records and backgammon. I do what I feel like doing."

"People tell me that I'm not temperamental," smiled Alice. "Well, if I'm not, that's 'anks to Tenth Avenoo,' too. I gather that being temperamental means, in Hollywood, being late on sets, tagging scenery that are not in the picture, making a general nuisance of yourself. But the folks I grew up with didn't care to be temperamental, didn't care to be late for work, took what they got and liked it, whether they cared for it or not. There was a pay-check due at the end of the week and the check meant bread and meat and beer. There was no foolin' with it."

"I do pretty much as my studio advises me to do. A sort of Father-Knows-Best complex. This trait, too, comes from my childhood, I suppose. When I was a very small girl, my dad and mom went to the New York Police Force, and a child knows that a cop is The Law and that you obey The Law, or else. The man in the beard of the studio, with whom Mr. Freud would call the 'father-image.' To me he wears brass buttons and is The Law."

"It's a 'no foolin'" with Alice. Love, Marriage. Work—all are earnest and real to Alice. She can't strike blows she doesn't mean without just about knocking herself out in the attempt. She doesn't give the wrong answers to questions. She won't answer questions about her marriage. She will neither deny nor confirm the various rumors which have been printed about her marriage. "I won't give plonky answers before I know what the answers are," says Alice.

She doesn't, she says, know what tomorrow will bring—and guesswork isn't in her line. But I venture to say that whatever tomorrow brings to Alice alone or to Alice and Tony together will be "anks to Tenth Avenoo. They will never do anything lightly, casually, unless it is to kill a man. If it is the way they lived happily ever after it will be warm, secure 'ever after. If they are to go separate ways, then he believes the very foundation of their marriage gave way, not because of a whim or a silly lovers' quarrel.

On the sidewalks of New York, where Alice grew up, marriage was, for the most part, "until death do us part." Life was like that, too, all of it. And so it is part of Alice's pattern to say that three, knit four, "anks to Tenth Avenoo."
he and Mrs. Boyer entertain a few close friends.

As when, shortly before "Marie Antoinette" went into production, Norma Shearer came to dine with Charles and Pat, and the three of them spent the evening discussing Charles for the role of Louis XVI, which Norma then wanted him to play. But he didn't think he was suited to the role, either by stature or temperament and so declined, with thanks. That is characteristic of Boyer. Neither graced hide, vast sums of money nor shiner laurels can tempt him to do something in which he does not believe. Whenever he has capitulated it has been because he had gotten himself involved in a contract which robbed him, temporarily, of the right of free choice.

Nor, there is no pride of pomp and circumstance, no personal vanity in Charles Boyer. If there had been personal vanity he would not have said, as he did to me, that playing Napoleon in "Conquest" has given him more personal satisfaction than any role he has ever played on the screen.

I thought of what Spencer Tracy said just the other day, "Boy's Napoleon should have won him the Academy Award last year. He deserved it far more than my "Manuel."" But in spite of Boyer's magnificent performance there were fans galore who lamented bitterly because the Boyer face was lost to Bonaparte. "We want Boyer, not Bonaparte!" they shouted.

Charles thinks less than nothing of his looks. He told me, "I dislike playing always the actor, the romantic hero who must inevitably 'get the girl.' I am sorry that it began this way for me because, in Hollywood it is hard to break away from precedent. To keep the string becomes monotonous. Ronald Colman, I think, chooses excellent roles. He preserves his romantic appeal but, at the same time, a character actor with a man-sized job to do."

"I am a gambler by nature," smiled Boyer. "If I should sign anywhere a seven year contract the excitement for me would be dried up by the end of the first year. Without excitement I cannot work—I do not want to live, I do not like to feel safe. I enjoy the game of chance, not on the gaming tables, but in my own life. I want only to have enough money so that, in case of illness or old age, my family will be suitably protected.

"I have always been a gambler. I gambled when I first broke my home ties to become an actor. I threw away for an ambition which was purely instinctive, generations of safe, conformist living, an established business, a life which I would always have known where my next full meal was coming from. For in my native Figeeac, in France, my father and my grandfather before him were manufacturers of agricultural implements and I could have followed snugly in their footsteps. I could have been another respected, substantial Citizen Boyer of Figeeac with nothing more erratic than the farmers' seasonal needs to plague my days.

I threw that all away for the chancy lot of the entertainment world."

Yes, Charles Boyer threw substance and safety away for the chancy lot of the entertainment world and be became, then the idol of Paris, the idol of all France, with every theatre in which he played a veritable hothouse of adoring women, and their escorts. So he threw that away to come to Hollywood, to follow the demon lure of the shadowy theatre.

AND now, again, safely under the Wander wing, he has come out from under, preferring to throw his own dice. Because he wants to do the parts he believes in—"Hamlets," he told me, smiling. "I am not pretentious. I want to do intelligent, simple, human pictures. No, not even "Algiers." 'Algiers' is colorful. It is entertaining—but not the kind of thing I want. I'd like to play the Man of Today, with all the worries and anguish which is the lot of the average man of today, who puts so much heart and sweat into so fragile a way of living. I wonder that people do not write more stories about him, this contemporary man who is more than half a martyr."

We left the sun-deck then to go indoors, into one of the large and splendidly proportioned rooms which make Mr. Boyer's new home overlooking Benedict Canyon. It was as he gave a backward glance down the steep declivity which leads to Hollywood that Charles said, "That is a very dan-ger-ous place ... but not the kind of danger you suppose." I was curious.

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Yes, things have changed for Hepburn. Once, Katie scorned to pose for photos—now, she's even signing autographs. Could it be because she hasn't worked since Holiday?

"The kind of dangers I might suppose," I said hopefully, "would be wine, women, song, the old naps, bauled with new bewitching flowers . . ."

"No, I do not mean things like that," Mr. Boyer said, promptly squashing my erotic imaginings. "Hollywood," he said flatly, and I must admit, disappointingly, "is the safest place in the world. This sounds contradictory, but let me explain. A man is safer here than ever he would be in Paris, New York, London or Buda-

pest. Marriage is safer here, too—because Hollywood offers a man fewer temptations than does any other place in the world." He laughed Boyer, enjoying my face which was twisted into the shape of a dizzy question mark, "I am safer here than I would be anywhere else. It is too obvious here. The temptations, they are all spread out in the brazen sunshine, the romance, the intrigue, the rendezvous. When they are not spread out in the sunlight day, emerging from some unexpected alley of your life, it is possible to meet some charming woman, to have the tête-à-tête with her, to keep your meetings shrouded in secrecy and mystery. Romance breathes best in the dark. Such chance encounters are provocative. They stir the imagina-

tion and that stir the heart. And so romance in such cities of—how shall I say it?—carnies, can easily become insidious, tempting, where the unsequested and unmy-

sterious romances of Hollywood cannot. Yes, it is the safest place in the world. Hollywood," said Mr. Boyer, and laughed his quiet laugh.

"No," I said Mr. Boyer. "No, they do not. Yes, we work with beautiful women. But you must remember that we see these beautiful women with thick make-up coat-

ing their faces, with heavy lipstick on their mouths, lipstick we must not disturb by a too-impassioned kiss. We are conscious of the woman's make-up more than of the woman herself. We are conscious, too, of the lines we must speak. These are more vital to us than the lines of the most divine figure. We are conscious of the director, the cameraman, the poster on the sets. I say again, it is when we least expect it, it is when the stage is not set, when the lights are not on, when the lines are not written for us, that we are in danger, that romance finds us out.

"And when you married?" I mentioned.

"Yes," said Mr. Boyer, "don't you see, that was the sudden, the unexpected. I had no such thought in my mind, no wish to fall in love. In fact, the contrary. I had determined not to marry at all. I had determined that marriage was not for me. Then Pat and I met and within two months we were married. And because a gambler does sometimes put his chips on the right color, so a lover sometimes stakes his heart on the right woman and the mar-

riage works out with unexpected substan-

tiability and happiness.

"No, when I said that Hollywood is a
very dangerous place I did not mean it as it sounded. It is dangerous because one is apt to become mentally lazy, restricted to knowing only people who are doing the same thing as one’s self, because one is apt to sink into the creature comforts and forget the discomforts of an earlier ambition and struggle—of the spirit; if you like, the discomforts which make for growth.

I said, “Are you sorry that you ever came to Hollywood?”

“I am sorry that there ever was such a thing as motion pictures,” Mr. Boyer answered, slight amusement in his sombre dark eyes, “for if there had never been invented the motion picture, I would have remained on the stage. Without many of the things I have now, that is true, but owning many of the things I have now, a sense of doing only the work I believe in. I would have been living contentedly in my little two-room apartment in Paris, still believing that such ‘commonplaces’ as frigiraires and built-in showers and heat that goes off and on with buttons belong only to the Croesus’s of finance. But since there are motion pictures and since I am only human I am glad that I am in Hollywood because if I were not here, I am sure that I would be envying the money of Hollywood and the chance to attempt something new in a great new medium. I would feel that I was missing something, that there was a chance I hadn’t taken.”

I said, glancing about the beautiful rooms, “But you could live more simply if you wanted to.”

“I built this house,” said Mr. Boyer, “not only as my home but also as the place where I create my own vacations and my own solitude. And it has fulfilled both purposes. I take my vacations here. I do not need to go to the desert, to the moun-
tains, to the sea. All are here. I do not leave my house to play because where is there to go in Hollywood, what is there to do? I do not care for the races. I do not care for the night club life. So I stay here on my mountain.”

“Also, in Hollywood people know how you live. They entertain you in their homes and you must entertain them in your home and there must be something equal about it. In Paris you can have one room and a little kitchen and it does not matter. Either people do not know where you live or else they live the same way themselves. But in Hollywood everyone sees how you live and knows what money you make and when in Rome, I think, one should live, at least on the surface, as the Romans do. The Chinese call it ‘not to lose face.’ Besides, there is the advantage in living like this of giving employment to many people, to several servants. In this time, that is good.”

I said, “Do you think you will ever leave Hollywood now? Not caring over-
much for the gifts it has to give, why do you choose to remain?”

“In my case,” said Mr. Boyer, “I am a little stubborn, I failed here once. I do not forget that. I want to prove to myself that I do not fail again. I have now, for the first time in all my comings and goings between Paris and Hollywood, finally given up my apartment in Paris. Most of the furniture in these rooms is from my Paris apartment. I have a sentiment for old things, old associations. I have had my library built here, an exact replica of my circular library in Paris.”

He explained that the books are arranged on the circular shelves precisely as they were arranged on the shelves in Paris, and I liked the way he handled the rare old first editions. His sensitive fondling of them showed how much he valued them because he loves them. “But I also live much as I lived in Paris,” Mr. Boyer was saying, “A little less gaily, perhaps, because there are fewer places to go and fewer things to do. But for Pat and me, we live as we would live anywhere in the world where we happened to be.”

“You mean, on a mountain top?” I asked.

And Charles Boyer answered, smiling, “Yes, that is a way to put it—on a mountain top.”

---

**The New Linit Complexion Mask**

**IN 4 EASY STEPS**

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*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.*

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**Linit Complexion Mask**

**Linit All-Purpose Powder for every member of the family. Delightfully different. TRY IT TODAY!**
Miss Bari did about the most thorough imitation of a box-office queen as I have ever seen done on the screen. Miss Bari has acquired the Colbert voice, mannerisms and even the Colbert bangs. There is only one Colbert and always will be.

I sincerely hope Miss Bari realizes that a star must have individuality, a definite personality, and not be a high-class imitation of Garbo, Crawford or what have you. As shown in the case of Bette Davis, a star is hindered more than helped, because fans resent having anyone muscling in on their favorites.

Though many believe Lynn Bari has what it takes to be a star, I remain non-committal. First, she must get rid of her imitations and stop capitalizing on the personality of another.—Paul L. Nemeck, Little Falls, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Lew Ayres

Who is leading the Hollywood comeback procession? None other than Lew Ayres. Nearly a decade ago, Lew Ayres achieved fame in that stirring production "All Quiet On The Western Front." Later, for reasons difficult to explain, his popularity seemed to wane. This despite the fact that he never failed to acquit himself creditably in any part he took.

In "Rich Man, Poor Girl," he demonstrated that he was not going to be shelved. Really, he almost stole the show. His delineation of the character of Cousin Henry with his definite social views, was distinctive to say the least.

He again scores heavily in "Young Dr. Kildare," where he is co-starred with that veteran artist Lionel Barrymore. In a difficult role he gives a magnificent interpretation of the young doctor whose unorthodox methods and indifference to hospital discipline irked his superiors.

By sheer histrionic ability and effort he is staging his comeback march. Success to him!—Lewison Anrud, Denver, Colo.

$1.00 Prize Letter

"Suez"

Seeing the stirring picture, "Suez" convinces one that movies are indeed a vital force in the life of our friend "Gen. Public." I doubt if there is any agency in American life which could so painlessly educate this esteemed gentleman and develop his faculty for thinking. Pictures possessing such elements of greatness combined with the human appeal which will hold the interest of "Gen. Public" will go far toward accomplishing this purpose.

"Suez," being founded on a stirring period in the world's history and one which possessed many of the same elements which make up current history gives a perspective for evaluating present events. Seeing an indomitable will conquering every obstacle of circumstance, disappointment, intrigue, finance and cruel nature jerks one out of the present weak-kneed attitude. More pictures like "Suez," please.—Mrs. H. B. Harper, Columbus, Ga.
This frock is an excellent choice for a number of different types, because it's young without being too girlish.

Another street classic designed to give you that comforting feeling of being well dressed for any occasion, except strictly formal, might be spotted on Miss Gurie by the alert Brown Derby luncheon crowd. It's the kind of an outfit you'd like to have on when you run into an old beau—or the girl who took him away from you. It's a severely tailored pin stripe suit, cunningly cut to give a feminine look at the top, further enhanced by a dainty white dainty blouse. Think twice before you adopt the hat that goes with it, though, for it is an aggerated version of the jockey cap, with that forward-jutting brim that is so apt to do-unflattering things to a face that isn't just the type.

If you crave pleats but deplore the effect they have on rear and profile view, take a look at Miss Gurie's light monotone wool street frock. You can have your youthful pleats, and your hipline, too. Notice how the skirt is cut widely circular so that the pleats blend right into smoothly fitted hips and waist, without the sign of a seam to mar your streamlines. The top is tailored, and a budget-wrecking sable scarf lends an air of opulence. Leaving out the sables, it's a grand dress for under youracey coat—right now, and it will be right at home with one of those clubby wool jackets, later in the spring.

Miss Gurie wears a becoming hat with this—one that even the untutored man can recognize as a hat. It has plenty of crown and brim, stitched all over for trimming, and the brim sweeping high off one side of the face in gay caballero fashion.

Two words most definitely of Miss Gurie’s millenary family are much less conservaive. They’re the kind of hats designed to lift your spirits and make you feel like a femme fatale—who were getting low because that salesgirl addressed you respectfully as “Madam,” instead of calling you “Girlie.”

One is a perky miniature sailor, with fat noiré ribbon bows sprawling all over the top. If you can see out of both eyes it isn’t on at the properly dashing angle. The other is a bit giddier—a tiny black felt “dish” full of black and blue uncured ostrich tips, and a circular, wide mesh veil floating all around over the shoulders. Veils will have a place over the smar ters. Once we gals get hold of something that does as much for us as a bit of veil, it’s hard to separate us from it.

And don’t let the giddiness alarm you. As for hats—we’ve got the men pretty well trained to expect most anything so, by all means let gaitety go your head.

The purpose of a hat (femine gender) is to be a builder-upper—not to keep the head warm. And after all, what would the poor men do for entertainment if they couldn’t make fun of our hats? Just remember—your current “head man” isn’t making any more cracks about your hearhead than grandfather made at the expense of grand mother’s Easter bonnet.

Femininity without fron-fron characterizes Miss Gurie’s evening hours, both for leisure and stepping out.

Of course you know that “house coat” is the word that has supplanted “hostess gown” for everything from your little gingham morning dresses to your favorite satin lounging pajamas. Anyway, Miss Gurie’s house coat is elegant in richly rustling taffeta, but it has grand lines that might easily be carried out in any other material when you feel like running up a little something” to lounge around in. Over a slim dress of solid color crepe, goes a floor length redingote of heavy taffeta, lavishly embroidered all over with tiny flowers. The coat is slightly fitted in princess lines, and tied at the waist in a small fat bow.

If your neck can stand exposure, you’ll probably fix a possessive eye on Miss Gurie’s black dinner gown. Remember, it has only an expanse of throat to decorate it, so that had better be good. The gown holds the figure to well below the knees, where it is released in soft folds. The neckline is a deep, wide “V,” and long tight sleeves join at the shoulder with the effect of being tied on. It’s hard to say whether the beehive is holding the sleeves up or vice versa. Either way, it has a flattering come-hither aura, if your collar bones can take it.

If you happen to have a finger length ermione cape hanging around (like the one Miss Gurie wears) it will be very good.

---

**NO SKINNY WOMAN HAS AN OUNCE OF SEX APPEAL**

But science has proved that thousands don’t have to be skinny.

**THOUSANDS OF THIN, TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE**

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— with Ironized Yeast Tablets

**THOUSANDS OF skinny, rundown people who never could gain before have quickly put on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh, with these remarkable scientifically tested little Ironized Yeast tablets. What’s more, they boost the nervous, jumpy nerves, they now have wonderful new strength and energy, feel well, sleep soundly and with improved looks and new pep have you new friends and popularity.

You see, scientists have discovered that many people are underweight and rundown, often tired and nervous, simply because they don’t get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the real body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing elements in those amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets. The improvement they bring in a short time to those who need Vitamin B and iron is often astonishing. Thousands report gains of 10 to 25 lbs. in a very short time.

**FINISHED Result with Ironized Yeast Tablets**

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**Admired Since He Gainied 12 lbs.**

"I was feeling weak and listless. Nothing helped until I got Ironized Yeast. In 6 weeks I gained 12 lbs. and am feeling marvellous. Everybody asks why I look so nice."

Ralph Leoffler, Los Angeles, Calif.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets, get a second package free. Write to us and tell us what you want us to send you. We offer you this at no extra cost. It is our desire to help you in every possible way.

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**TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, EVERY SUNDAY EVENING.**

See your local paper for time and station.
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Busy hands must be comfortable hands. Here is real relief for sore, sensitive hands. Use Barrington Hand Cream, made specially for keeping hands soft, smooth and white. Helps banish redness and roughness due to coffee or hot work. It gives your hands freedom to handle fabrics or papers in comfort, without annoying "catcher finger tips." Get Barrington today—just a few minutes daily use will surprise, delight and comfort you.

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... this rich Queen Quality JEWELLED WRIST WATCH, given without one cent extra charge!
To introduce our 1939 "Queen Quality Rings" we will give you this Queen Quality jeweled wrist watch without one cent extra charge! Send your order now! and we will pay postage. Order your ring and watch in one envelope and you save postage. Order now and we will pay postage. Order now and we will pay postage.

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international understanding than anything.

Franklin D. and George VI combined could

accomplish.

Continuing in his clipped British manner, "It's one of the little things the

English manage, no matter where they turn

up. We're great home folks, y'know, and

like to be able to relax in what apparently

is our own place. The 'spot' helps just

as the few personal things we keep around

I don't think there's anything more un-

inviting than the usual run of hotel rooms.

do you?"

Glancing around it was obvious to what

Marshall referred. For, surrounding him

were his books, a few pictures and last,

but not least, his own ash trays! Yep,

Herbert Marshall, like many of his con-

trymen have that knack of making even

a hotel room seem like a home. You

and I would need only unpack our toothbrush

and be set for a hard winter! But, not

our English cousins.

While other guests of this swank hos-

telry might be having themselves a cock-

tail or two, Herbert Marshall polished off

a pot of that famous brew so near, and

so dear, to the hearts of the English!

At that, there may be something to this

"swiggin' of tamin'!" It may be the

property which makes these grown-ups

juveniles!

Come on over, boys and girls, and meet America's own con-
tender for Song Henie's icy
crown, pretty Bess Ehrhardt,

who learned to skate away

up Superior, Wisconsin way.

Bess brightens the "Ice Foll-

es," Joan Crawford's latest,

with Jimmy Stewart and Lew

Ayres in the cast.

MODERN SCREEN

NEAREST NEWSSTAND OR DIME STORE to reserve your copy of

the February issue of QUIZ DIGEST. Join our quiz Treasure Hunt, and

make your favorite indoor sport a profitable as well as

pleasurable pastime.

All you have to do is find the answer to 25 questions scattered

through QUIZ DIGEST and convert the results into one of the 150

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ties as Kate Smith, H. V. Kaltenborn, Wayne Morris, Jack Benny, and

many others; questions and answers from your favorite radio

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Syrup. It worked like a

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soothed, she went to sleep

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You probably have not sent a valentine for a

long time but you still thrill when you think

of the ones all covered with lace and hearts

that you used to get. Write a line to finish

the verse of this valentine and send it to us

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$25.00 First Prize!

For the best line received we will give $25.00. For

the twenty lines judged next best we will give

$2.50 each. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in

case of ties. In addition to the cash prizes we

are also going to give free for promontory twenty-one

sets of silverware to the cash prize winners. Write

your line today for the valentine on a postal card

or sheet of paper and mail it to:

MY VALENTINE

102 Capper Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

Write a Line
FOR THIS VALENTINE
$75.00 CASH AWARDS

ran
MODERN SCREEN

THEY'RE SO BLUE!

(Continued from page 16)

A MODERN PRODUCT FOR

Feminine Hygiene

LYCENES...when your doctor advises feminine hygiene...a dainty, white, antiseptic suppository; ready for instant use...melts promptly at internal body temperature, to form a soothing antiseptic film...fresher-scented; no other odor...individually sealed, untouched by human hands until you open...sponsored by the makers of “Lysol” disinfectant...box of 12, with full directions, $1.00.

I NURSING they want only a box...I've heard times when fear a studio would buy it for someone else. If I can't stop being romantic on the screen, then all the pleasure and excitement that I thought to give from story to audience again and again. The studio will have made a great deal of money on me, but when I'm through I won't be worth a nickel to myself.

I have to work harder than the good-looking men. The minute they come on the screen, the tables are turned. They have a personality that puts them across at once. But I have to give every bit of acting ability I possess to put the most simple scenes across. So I must have a good, sound stories. Vital, alive, vivid roles. And there aren't as many good roles as they want me to do a year. Sound, you must admit. Intelligent, yes.

So there you have a general picture of the unladylike actor and his problems. There have been many men who see themselves in their proper proportions and have a sincere desire to give to the screen some of the ability that they know they possess. Each has a distinct role or type of role in mind. Each has more than average knowledge and power of observation.

No consideration. George Raft, he's unhappy, too. “The studio,” he said, “kicks me around. I get no consideration. When I kick they say, ‘George, why don't you be an actor? You used to be an okay guy when you were making two hundred bucks a week, but now you're making a big salary and you complain.’"

“I figure that making that big salary shows I'm sort of a success and I think I've got a right to complain when things go wrong. Lots of the stars have their own cameramen and I haven't got my own cameraman. Lots of the stars have their own writers to work with them on stories. I haven't got my own writer. That he had a platter festively and relation to myself, so I don't get the chance."

“And what role do you want to play?"

“Oh, I know what I want to do. I want all right.” His voice was plaintive. Somewhere in the general kicking around I had been terribly hurt.

I'm sad, I just want to wear a uniform.”

And that is the Hollywood revolution. They're all okay, they say, in their own way, but George Raft is the most unhappy.

The radio is playing something different. None of the Farrells seem bothered. The telephone rings and everybody scatters in various directions. Tommy enters the one in her bedroom. Dick makes it in the den. Tommy flies upstairs to the playroom, Aunt Margaret catches the one in the kitchen.

Jerry, who would have a little of everything just to be sociable, wound up with three beats and a type. He was always over and over again. The studio figures they could do something different, but I don't get the chance.

And what do you care? I'm in the business. She says."

“Have you been on the screen today?” O'Hara, in the playroom to Aunt Margaret in the kitchen, “Marsha’s coming. They carry((Continued on page 85))
to the table than it rings again and another departure. Everything is just as simple and quiet as the Grand Central Terminal.

There, over a conversation concerning Tommy’s future career. Everybody has a different idea. Tommy, pipes up how he had sorta been considering aeronautics, engineering, business, but Dick who favors the lawyer business. Teresa who thinks doctors are nice, and Glenda who wants him to be an actor. Then when you guys decide what I’m going to be, let me know, will you?” Tommy requests, giving up and going to bed.

About the best he can telephone. Bits of romantic conversation drifted in to the table, and the family drifted out to listen on the other telephones. The boy had left up to make a date with Glenda for the following afternoon—until Dick cut in, “Hey, what about that football game?” So Dick made the date, and with Glenda came back mumbling “Fine thing! My family even takes my dates away from me!”

THERE lights of the preceding conversation were served with the dessert—and the first thing we knew it was eleven o’clock, and dinner practically over, leaving the “evening” wide open for conversation or bridge exactly as Glenda suggested in the first place.

The doorbell rang. Mysterious expressions flitted over the faces of the boys, as they leaped to answer. It proved to be Madame’s current Spanish suitor, who has not yet run his family and smelt. Jean was the one who answered the phone when he called, and invited him in. Followed Joe and Harry—invited by Dick and Tommy, also without consulting Glenda. Of course, they all thought it was a huge joke—except Glenda and the suitors.

Madame’s romances are family property and the lad too cautious it doesn’t get another date. Probably one good reason Glenda refuses to take any man seriously enough to marry him is that she has so much fun in her own family just as it is. The man would be marrying Dick, Jean, Jerry, Tom, and Aunt Margaret—not to mention Teresa as well—which is enough to frighten any bloke. But with the family on good authority, several have been not only willing but anxious to take the chance.

The final doorbell ringing, and they went to see the numerous suitors that Glenda had made that date herself—and did she have the laugh on the family.

So we departed that cue. Glenda and Bill took off at the same time for the Treadero, which seemed a thoroughly superfluous gesture to me. Where, we ask you, could they have better entertainment than right at home among the Farrells, during a quiet peaceful evening?

---

**Artists and Models Abroad**

“Artists and Models Abroad” can be recommended on two counts—as a picture musical, and as a musical. The story is so go as a comic, and so ably handled by an excellent cast that it would be well entertained without a single song. The boys consider that the songs are written by Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin and presented by the Yacht Club Boys, that’s guaranteed good measure. The title of the series, a notable feature of this series, is brought into the story with such logic that the boy-friend won’t squirm through the proceedings. The girls all on the eyes, and the gags brand new and hilarious. Jack Benny gets the best role of his screen career—and gets Joan Bennett besides. She is an heiress who joins up with Benny’s troupe of starving chorus girls to escape the hordom of a life of luxury. To say there isn’t a dull moment from then on is understatement. Directed by Michael Leisen— Paramount
If you are troubled by constipation and its often resulting bad breath, headaches, mental dullness, lack of pep, duodenal ulcers, and aggravated pinkey skin—DON'T take harsh cathartics—especially when you can enjoy the gentle yet most effective action of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, (used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in his own private practice). Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are harmless. And what's important—they also stimulate liver bile flow to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness tonight! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢. All druggists.

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Any ambitious woman over 21 can get this dress without one penny of cost. All you do is to wear it, and how you wear it makes all the difference. The dressing suits are cotton and are made in 21 sizes to fit all figures. We engraved andamped and sent up to 500 as a wet that taking their orders. For the latest fashions, we guarantee the lowest prices in the world. We deliver in all cities. Road suits get all the attention and earn. We need your dress, for your own details of this amazing offer and the style. A complete list of our goods and a description of the different kinds of dresses we have in stock will be sent free with your order postpaid.

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Buy a large tube at 5c & 10c stores

**WRIST WATCH FREE of any extra charge**

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**Your choice of ladies' smart new Jeweled Wrist Watch or men's genuine Gold Plate Front wrist watch included FREE of any extra charge with every order now and paid for promptly on our easy new two monthly $2 payment plan (total only $4).** Remember—the cost of the watch is included in the price of the ring— **YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA FOR THE WATCH! We guarantee to make you. We will replace for 10 days Free Trial. Send coupon or postcard today. SEND NO MONEY with your order. You order shipped postage prepaid by RETURN MAIL.**

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**Your choice of ladies' smart new Jeweled Wrist Watch OR men's genuine Gold Plate Front watch included FREE of any extra charge with every order now and paid for promptly on our easy new two monthly $2 payment plan (total only $4).** Remember—the cost of the watch is included in the price of the ring— **YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA FOR THE WATCH! We guarantee to make you. We will replace for 10 days Free Trial. Send coupon or postcard today. SEND NO MONEY with your order. You order shipped postage prepaid by RETURN MAIL.**

**NEW YORK REVIEW commenter commented, ‘Miss Boland knows less about make-up than a Sunday School amateur.’ I wept for days.**

**“What finally brought you back to pictures?” I asked.**

““What brings everyone back?” she reported. “Money, of course. When I sat at...”

**MODERN SCREEN**

**DOING IT OVER AGAIN**

(Continued from page 6)

After four years in stock, Mary Boland came to New York determined to get a job in a Broadway production. Such was her courage that when she was offered the lead in "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," by Sam Harris, who planned to assemble a company to tour the sticks with this melodrama, she turned it down, though she had received a salary offer. Disdaingly she looked up at him. "I can't take that job," she said. "I came to New York to appear in a Broadway production. I've had my fill of small towns." Astonished, he glanced at her shabby attire. "Thousands of better actresses than you would be glad to grab this chance." Mary shook her head and stumped out, to hide her tears. At the time she was walking from theatre to theatre and hunking home to save carfare.

"The first job I landed in New York was opposite Robert Edeson, in the Broadway show, 'Strongheart.' For my try-out, I borrowed some clothes from a friend. "It was this same friend who allowed me to sleep on the couch in her flat for six months till I got this chance. That was after my credit was exhausted with board-house keepers. How I loath them! I always used to think that they were the only horrible type of person extant. They'd knock on your door at ten o'clock at night and yell, 'Turn out the light. How do you think I'm going to live if you keep the gas burning all night long?' They'd watch you as if you were a criminal, fearing that you'd leave without paying."

"Another thing that made me miserable in those days," Mary Boland confessed, "was receiving a bad notice. It would very nearly kill me. I remember the time New York reviewer commented, ‘Miss Boland knows less about make-up than a Sunday School amateur.’ I wept for days."

"'What brings everyone back?' I asked."

"'What finally brought you back to pictures?'" she laughed. "'When I first went on the stage an actor in the company suggested that he would come up to try hotel room and teach me how to act. At first, I thought it was a good idea, but when two other men made exactly the same offer, I realized that something was wrong and turned them all down. I never did get the benefit of their training,' she said, her blue eyes dancing. She got ahead without it. From 'Strongheart' she went on to fame on Broadway, becoming John Drew's leading lady when she was barely out of her teens. At first she was known only as a dramatic actress. Her gift for comedy was discovered accidentally.

Lynn Fontanne, playing the lead in the comedy, "Clarence," left the show suddenly. Frantic for fear he would have to close the play, George Tyler, its producer, asked Mary to substitute for Miss Fontanne."

"'I was horrified at the idea of playing a comedy role, for in those days I was terribly serious, and felt I had to play Lady Macbeth or nothing.'"

At first she refused, but when George Tyler explained that she would be helping him out, she agreed. So brilliantly did Mary Boland play her role that from that moment on she was stamped as a comedienne."

"About twelve years ago she accepted an offer to make silent films."

"'I hated silent pictures,' she told me. "'Anybody who has trained herself for the stage finds it very hard to restrict herself to pantomime.'"

Mary Boland, idol of the Broadway stage, proved a flop in pictures. Bitterly resenting her failure, she fled the studios, vowing that she'd never go back to Hollywood."

"'If I hadn't been such a fool, I wouldn't have blamed the Hollywood producers for my failure. I would have blamed myself. For I used the same technique for the screen as for the stage. One must learn an entirely new technique for films. Besides, I was too fat at the time...""

"'What finally brought you back to pictures?' I asked."

"'What brings everyone back?' she reported. "Money, of course. When I sat at...""

Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden, the gentleman of Broadway fame, romp with this adorable Dutch Schipperke pup in "The Great Man Votes."
ty power's sister tells on him in march modern screen

how to get rid of corns for the rest of your life
• two simple steps—don't suffer from ugly, painful corns. see in above unretouched photo of miss jerry harding's feet how they can be removed root and all—easily and painlessly. quit dangerous home parties that often make corns bigger, more painful.

here's how to get rid of corns for good: first—apply blue-jay. scientific blue-jay pads relieve pain quickly by removing pressure. special blue-jay formulas on pad gradually soften corns gently loosen them so they lift right out. second—simply by applying pressure and friction with cause corns, you can be free from them for life! for a generation of millions who have ended corns this easy, scientific way. get blue-jay today—25¢ for 6. same price in canada.

a photo of a life in form and position. if left may serve as final point for scientific development.

ty power's sister tells on him in march modern screen

kill the hair root

become super-humans have privately at home, following directions with ordinary soap and water. no matter what your hair type, discover secret to health of the hair root. the delightful report will bring pleasure. it will make more and more json hair disappear. keep your hair always soft and lustrous. send 50c in stamped envelope to manufacturer.

stop itching torture this quick way

for quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, sores, rash, more, other restless skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid d.d.d. prescription. original formula of dr. doctor daniels. greenest and stainless. stops the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. a 25c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—your money back. ask for d.d.d. prescription.

kidneys must remove excess acids

help 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste

if you have an excess of acid waste in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. these tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to flush out your system of poisonous waste.

when functional kidney disorder permits poisonous matter to remain in the blood, you won't feel well. this may cause swelling, backache, rheumatic pains, leg pain, loss of pep and energy, getting up night, sweats, paining eyes, and hair, headaches, and diarrhea. if you have trouble with frequent or smelly passages with smarting and burning, there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for dono's pills, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. they give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. get dono's pills.

modern screen

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ten million jars of arrid have been sold. try a jar today!

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as a hair color specialist with fifty years' european american experience, i am proud of my color impater for graysims. use it like a hair rinse.

good for the scalp and dandruff. it can't leave stains. as you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. i want to convince you by sending you free trial bottle and books telling all about gray hair. arthur rhodes, hair color expert, dept. 1, lowell, mass.

techns hard to bryten?

there's a famous den-
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sands have and use no other. get refreshing bryten toothpaste or powder today!

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Woe don't promise a miracle "cold cure," BUT—
Most folks agree that a good "clearing out" is a wise first step in fighting colds—and FEEN-A-MINT offers you just about the easiest and most pleasant way you can imagine. FEEN-A-MINT tastes as good everybody likes it, young and old. And you get all its famous benefits simply by enjoying it just as you would your favorite chewing gum! No wonder folks say: "FEEN-A-MINT seems just like magic!" Millions benefit with dependable FEEN-A-MINT—you will, too. Try it!

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NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyday. Covers broken, short, thin nails with YOGI Alpha, noted American Philosopher, now offers the 1939 Forecast and Reading for only $2. This reading created especially for the 1939 Forecast, and extensive caricature description based upon an interpretation of your ZODIAC Sign, etc. It indicates favorable and unfavorable days throughout 1939 and the balance of 1938; it discusses home life, busi-ness affairs, personal well-being, happiness, travel, love and romance, health, food, work, tempera-ment, money, and human nature in an easy, readable style.

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If a friend wishes a reading send 50c for 2 readings.
**MODERN SCREEN**

**LOOK YOUR BEST**

**Lucky Tiger WILL HELP YOU**

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Nothing to BUY! GIRLS! Laptraps, secret and address! Thumping Watch or Big Cash. Conversation. Send money for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE Big Color Pictures with our well known White Christmas cards, wallpaper, etc., also sold to friends at life a box (with picture PAPER) and remitting per catalog. SPACE 16 Choice of in gifts for returning only $5. Be first. 2nd year. Write today for more details.

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The real thing for meaning Snapshots, Cards, Stamps, etc., at prices named below. For white, light house. Sold at photo supply and other stores. Postage paid. Catalogue of 100 and free samples.

**Rheumatism**

Relieve Pain in Few Minutes

To relieve the tingling pain of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opium, no nausea, no addiction. Money back guarantee. You will be greatly relieved in few minutes. Actual use is fully guaranteed.

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**Free for Asthma During Winter**

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; or if raw, wintry winds cause real distress, this new nostrum may be just the thing you have been wanting. It has been found very effective in relieving pain and distressing symptoms. It is a new and excellent remedy for asthma. The result in thousands of cases is evident. Now available at your druggist.

**Memorial**

The late Mr. L. T. With oil, it is now being made for exceptionally dry hair. Local applications will relieve scalp irritations, and to groom and beautify the hair.

**MEMO**

A New Lucky Tiger WITH OIL

A new L. T. with OIL is now being made for exceptionally dry hair. Local applications will relieve scalp irritations, and to groom and beautify the hair.

**INFORMATION DESK**

(Continued from page 13)

**Dr. Hand's Teething Lotions**

Relieves Teething Pains

**WITHIN 1 MINUTE**

When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

**Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion** is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

**Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today**

**JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS**

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**BABY COMING?**


**SAFEST**

BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

**HYGEA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE**

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**WAKE UP**

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ranin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just drains into the bowels. Gas boils up your stomach. Your head is constipated. Your bile system is congested and you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 2c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.
**OUR PUZZLE PAGE**

**ACROSS**

1 & 6. King of the movies
11. Queen of the movies
16. Polly Moran's comic partner
17. Star of "Professor, Beware"
18. Charge with air
20. Our star was in "... - Francisco"
21. Gene Autry does this
23. Large pitchers
25. Beret
26. "Ebb ..."
28. Acrobatic comedian
29. Annoy
30. Wife of Ronald Colman
31. Mountain nymph
33. Holland commune
35. She's in "Room Service"
36. Star of "The Barefoot Boy"
37. One who leases property
39. Greek market place
41. To rely
42. Corn - - - Otis Skinner
43. Il - - - Massey
45. Grieved
46. Irish patriot played by our star
49. Palpitate
53. 1 across won academy award for "It Happened - - - Night"
54. He was in "China - - s"
55. "Women - - Like That"
56. Color of Janet Gaynor's hair
57. Worn in costume pictures

**Answer to Puzzle on Page 103**

58. Pouch
59. Greek letter
60. Our star has been cast for "Gone with - Wind"
61. Electrified particle
62. Mrs. Martin Johnson
63. Our star is one
64. Star of "Marie Antoinette"
66. Actor in "Listen, Darling"
71. Birth month of our star: abbr.
72. Ray - - - and
76. Lament
79. Lively dance
81. Heiress in "Four's a Crowd"
85. Prevaricators
86. Our star is one of the "Big - - -"
87. Former "It" girl
90. Seed of the oak
92. 1 across is in "... Hot to Handle"
92. Male lead in "Garden of the Moon"
94. English school
95. Trap
96. Joan - - -
98. Atmosphere of mystery films
100. Rita Cans - - -
101. Eats away
103. Merrily
105. Make light
106. Sniff violently
108. "Life of - - - Zola"
109. Concluded

**DOWN**

1. Heroine of "Valley of the Giants"
2. Cecilia Parker's reel sweetheart
3. "... You Like It"
4. New western hero
5. Door handle
6. Torchy Blane
7. Everything
8. Where our star is king: abbr.
9. Caustic soda
10. Feminine lead in "Trader Horn"
11. Director of "Carefree"
12. Affirmative vote
13. Wayne's pal in "Brother Rat": init.
14. "Back to - - - -"
15. Cossack chief
16. She was in "Woman Against Woman"
19. Correct
22. Leading lady in "If I Were King"
24. Sea eagle
27. Consumed
30. Trusts
32. Deletes
34. Self
35. Silent siren: Theda B - - -
36. Beauty of "The Cowboy and the Lady"
38. To vex: colloq.
40. Our star played in "Mutiny - - the Bounty"
41. Ned Spark's expression
43. Wing-like part
45. Mineral spring
46. Star of "Suez"
47. One of "The Sisters"
48. Jayne - - -
50. Shaded hook
51. To beg
52. Charlie McCarthy's better half
56. Opera by Massenet
51. Remember 1 across in "... Divers?"
62. Before
63. Doctrine
64. State where our star was born
65. Character actress
68. Frugal
70. Star of "The Girl from Brooklyn"
72. Ancient music enthusiast
73. Swedish comedian
74. Star of "The Arkansas Traveler"
76. Wife of Norman Foster
77. One of the "Condemned Women"
78. His first name is Douglas
79. Male lead in "Secrets of an Actress"
80. Spinach-eating cartoon hero
82. Consecrated by a vow
84. Shaded hook
85. Pressed
84. Peggy Sh - - -
86. Jutting rock
88. Theme of "Blockade"
91. Our star was a "... Pilot"
93. Marble slab
96. Through
97. The new Astaire-Rogers dance
98. Cloth measure
99. Even: poet
102. Perform
104. Roman numeral
106. Paid notice

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.
**The Gift of Eye Beauty Can Be Yours Instantly with Maybelline**

Are you getting your share of popularity these days? Don’t waste precious time just wishing and wishing. It’s much more fun to step up your charm—and you can do it quickly, easily, with Maybelline Mascara. New simple touch strokes of Maybelline Mascara give you a richer, full, solid or cream form—and you’ll discover a more fascinating you than you ever knew existed.

For that Mascara is different. It goes on delightfully—makes your lashes look dark and long...with a morning freshness so unusual! It just seems they grew that way! And it won’t betray your beauty by smudging on your lids. No garish, "up-made-up" appearance—no embarrassing taintment of smudging, streaming eyes. Both forms of Maybelline Mascara are harmless, tear-proof, non-smearing.

Bring your eyebrows into line smartly and easily with Maybelline’s smooth-marking Pencil. Trims eyebrows, brow Pencil in matching shade. Trim eyebrows, you know, add grace and character to your appearance. And for extra-special affairs, try a delicate shading of cream. Maybelline Eye Shadow over your upper eye lid. Size but it to give your eyes exciting depth and brilliance.

Why wait another day for this new glamour? You can now get gorgeous purest shades of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at the store.

Maybelline The World’s Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids

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**Maybelline Solid-form Mascara**
- A smart, non-breakable gold-plated vanity, 75c. Refills, 35c.

**Maybelline Cream-form Mascara**
- In convenient zipper case, 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, Blue.

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**Maybelline Creamy Eye Shadow** in Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

**Maybelline Special Eye Cream** to keep the skin around your eyes soft and youthful.
Tobacco crops in recent years have been outstanding in quality. New methods, sponsored by the United States Government and the States, have helped the farmer grow finer cigarette tobacco. Now, as independent tobacco experts like J. M. Ball point out, Lucky Strike has been buying the cream of these finer crops. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week. Then you'll know why...
Why is Cary Grant a cagey guy?

JOAN BENNETT
IRRESISTIBLE brings you the most exciting, new make-up of the year—created to blend perfectly with fuchsia-purple-hued clothes. Use all three—IRRESISTIBLE Orchid Lipstick, Orchid Powder, Orchid Rouge—then look in your mirror at a new and glamorous you. A thrillingly smart make-up for daytime... enchanting for after-dark triumphs. And if it's romance you're after—apply a touch of exotic IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME to your skin and hair. To make your new complexion doubly alluring use: IRRESISTIBLE Orchid Cleansing Cream... Orchid Astringent... Orchid Vanishing Cream... and Orchid Liquid Face Film. Certified pure. 10c at all 5 and 10c stores.
"'Pink Tooth Brush'—So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

That dull, druggy, dreary smile—it can't be yours! Why, yours was the smile that bad such magic—yours were the brightest of bright, sparkling teeth? What happened—who's at fault?

You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant trouble. You knew the step you ought to take—the step that was intelligent and sensible. You're going to take right now!

You're too wise and too lovely to go on taking chances with the beauty of your smile. So see your dentist—and see him today. And when he tells you how to help guard against "pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—follow his advice!

Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

"Pink Tooth Brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. You may or may not be in for serious trouble, but find out the truth. Usually, however, it simply means gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods. His advice will probably be, "more work for lazy gums" and very often, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation is increased within the gum walls, gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Don't gamble with your smile! Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your daily, common-sense dental health routine. Help keep your smile as attractive as it should be!
**To look your Loveliest you must have Lovely Skin!**

**BROOKLYN, N.Y.**

"Any girl looks her loveliest when her skin is fresh and appealing. Camay’s the beauty care I recommend because its gentle cleansing has helped my skin to look so radiant and fresh."

(Signed) PATRICIA RYAN
January 3, 1939 (Mrs. Joseph J. Ryan, Jr.)

There’s a special charm in a lovely complexion—a charm you ought to have! And Mrs. Ryan, like so many happy brides, says, "Use Camay!"

You’ll soon see why! So many girls who use it say they’ve never found another soap with quite the same rich, fragrant lather. Camay cleanses thoroughly, and yet it’s wonderfully mild!

Thousands of girls rely on Camay for complexion and bath. It’s so refreshing to the skin—helps bring out all-over loveliness—yet costs so little! Get three cakes today!
SPENCER TRACY
in the most romantic role that this grand actor has ever portrayed on the screen.

HEDY LAMARR
THE GLAMOROUS EXCITING BEAUTY...
YOUR SENSATIONAL NEW DISCOVERY
Welcome her to her first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring role—an exotic orchid of cafe society...

I TAKE THIS WOMAN
with
INA CLAIRE • WALTER PIDGEON
Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson
Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Story by CHARLES MacARTHUR
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adventures have pressed him close to our collective bosom, is about ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of "Huck", "Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust Miss Grace Allen.

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckleberry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
This game involves the use of your scissors—it is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box D, Culver City, Cal.
A DAY AT...

Connie Bennett bets with her best beau, Gilbert Roland.

J. Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce never miss a race. They usually come out on top, too.

Guy Kibbee studies the track literature very carefully. It helps!

Randy Scott and Fred Astaire must have picked a winner. But Mrs. A. looks pretty doubtful.

Here we have the highlight of the Hollywood social season pictured exclusively.
The screen's foremost actor, Spencer Tracy, and the Missus hopefully watch the morning board.

The Edward Robinsons look as if they have good tips.

The Bing Crosbys, who have a horse running, are thrilled spectators. Their stable's okay!

Mickey Rooney rated as much attention as the horses.

for you—the thrilling opening day at the famous Santa Anita race-track
MODERN SCREEN

OUR PUZZLE

Puzzle Solution on Page 76

ACROSS

1. Lovely star pictured
2. Distress signal
3. Last name of our star
4. With our star in "Nothing Sacred"
5. Prefix: before
6. "Rosalie"
7. Things in law
8. Everything
9. Even: poet
10. Small island
11. Suffixed: like
12. Epic poetry
13. Story
15. Stuttering comedian
16. Small depressions
17. Theatre admission cards
18. Turf
19. Gilbert R. ---
20. "Boy ----- Girl"
21. Olivier Hardy is this
22. Star of "If I Were King"
23. "Brother ----"
24. "He's in "Three Loves Has Nancy"
25. Beauty in "Suzy"
26. Excavates
27. "--- Tide"
28. Male offspring
29. Johnson's comedy partner
30. The real McCoy
31. "Broadway Musket---rs"

1. Concerning
3. Louis Hayward's heart interest
4. Harvest goddess
5. "Kid G--- had"
6. Starch acid
7. Actor in "Smashing the Rackets"
8. Girl in "Gateway"
10. Made nearer
11. State where 1 across was born: abbr.
12. City in Italy
13. Arabic letter
14. "Marie Antoinette"
15. Sisters in "Four Daughters"
16. 1 across' sis in "My Man Godfrey"
17. Caustic substances
18. Famed playwright
19. Our star's pal in "True Confessions"
20. Elecified atom
21. "--- Balta Goes To Town"
22. Fish eggs
23. "The Ch---r"
24. Threatened
25. Girl in "Girls' School"
26. She's in "Garden of the Moon"
27. Feminist prophet
28. Cutting remark
29. Chooses

Wear Dresses SIZES SMALLER

THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate ... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!
1. Crinkled silk fabric
2. Father of Jason, the Argonaut
4. Anglo-Saxon money
5. Tiny opera-screen star
6. Brilliant success
7. Star of "Boys Town"
8. "Love Bef --- Breakfast"
9. Comedies our star first played in
10. Inclines
11. Medley
12. "I - - - My Love Again"
13. He was in "Merrily We Live": init.
14. One of "The Sisters"
15. Screen parts
16. "We're Not ---- ing" starred 1 across
17. With 1 across in "Swing High, Swing Low"
18. Mickey Rooney's screen dad
19. Edge
20. Possessive pronoun
21. Labor union
22. Laths
23. New Zealand parrot
24. Our star's favorite escort
25. Lowest female singing voice
26. "--- s For Scandal"
27. An Astaire-Rogers film
28. Circle
29. Man's name
30. Greek letter
31. Spoil
32. Twisted
33. Girl in "Youth Takes a Fling"
34. Smudger
35. "--- geant Murphy"
36. Mother in "The Certain Age"
37. "--- rned"
38. Actress in "Room Service"
39. Birth Month of our star: abbr.
40. The "singing cop"
41. Closed car
42. In;--.num
43. Singer in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
44. Simon's surname
45. One of the "Men With Wings"
46. Sick
47. Fastening
48. 1602 (Roman numerals)
49. Negative
50. Fruit
51. Hindu princess
52. Solly
53. Slender rods
54. Co-star in "Lady and the Cowboy"
55. Bake
56. Flat tablelands
57. Princess Natalie P
58. "There ---- My Heart"
59. Stain
60. Sonia Henie performs on this
61. Mongolian tribe member
62. Compass point
63. Measure of area
64. Lady in "Breaking The Ice": init.

Girls who click, in jobs and on dates,
avoid underarm odor with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what they know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You could be popular—with MUM!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath removes only past perspiration—but MUM prevents odor to come. MUM is such a dependable aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? MUM takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with MUM, for MUM has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, MUM soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, MUM stops all underarm odor. Get MUM at your drugstore today. Let MUM keep you always sweet!

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE...USE MUM!

IT'S ONE THING MEN WON'T FORGIVE, EVEN IN WINTER. YOU'RE NEVER SAFE—UNDERARMS ALWAYS NEED MUM.

TO HERSELF: LOOKS LIKE MUM HAS SAVED MY ROMANCE. BILLS RUSHED ME ALL EVENING.

For Sanitary Napkins—MUM keeps all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use MUM this way, too.
DONALD CRISP has had one of the most fascinating careers of any body in pictures. Born in London, the son of a famous English surgeon, he began his public career as a choir boy at St. Paul's Cathedral there. He was educated at Oxford and in 1906 came to America to see what the earthquake had done to San Francisco. On the way over he sang aboard ship and was invited to become the stage manager of an American Opera Company headed for Cuba, Mexico and parts of the United States. He also sang tenor with this company. Returning to New York he directed pictures for the old Biograph Company, and played a few stage roles. He came to Hollywood in 1913 to play General Grant in D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation." He left Griffith to direct "Ramos," later "Secret Service," "The Mark of Zoro" and many others. He often had directed and acted in a picture. Donald Crisp, besides being highly respected in the profession, is also much sought after for his advice on financial matters. He is a director of the Bank of America and is in charge of passing on film loans. It is said that it was he who gave the okay for the large loan which made the production of "Snow White" possible. If he seems indifferent toward his screen future, Crisp can well afford to be for he is one of the wealthiest men in pictures. Next March when his present contract expires Crisp wants to take a pleasant voyage to Sumatra, Bali, Java and Borneo. He is happily married to Jane Murfin, an ace scenarist. His hobby is gardening. He also loves the sea. His yacht is one of the best known on the West Coast. He says that one of the secrets of his long active career is that he knows the value of vacations. Every year he sails away for about two months on the high seas, often heading for Copenhagen, Denmark. Crisp's most recent pictures were "The Sisters" and "Dawn Patrol." His next will be "Oklahoma Kid" and "Juno." Address him in care of Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

SONJA HENIE: On the night of April 8, 1913, in Oslo, the capital of Norway, a baby girl was born to Selma and Wilhelm Henie, a fur merchant. Her maternal grandmother was Irish and the rest of the family Norwegian. Sonja is her real name, and ever since she can remember, she wanted to go on the stage. At three she started to dance, and at eight to skate. Now she dances on skates. Sonja has a roomful of silver cups, gold medals and plaques she has won skating. Three times she won the Olympic figure-skating championship, seven times the European, and ten times the world's championship. She used to practice six and seven hours a day but not now. She studied Russian ballet in London, and has performed all over Europe and America. She speaks four languages fluently and has performed for most of Europe's royalty. Sonja Henie is an extremely active little person, alert and friendly, with simple tastes and a refreshing naturalness. She loves white things as "crazy" about America, especially California, and has taken out U. S. citizenship papers. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, has brown eyes and natural blonde hair. She calls what she does and never gains weight. Sonja must sleep at least ten hours a night to keep in condition and she doesn't eat for four hours before an exhibition. She plays championship tennis too and is an expert horsewoman. She buys new skates every year, though has one favorite pair now four years old. Sonja reads everything from newspapers to Shakespeare and has one of the most naive business heads in Hollywood. She has three stand-ins, one for long shots, one for close-ups, and one for dramatic work. She hopes to become a famous dramatic actress. Sonja's last two pictures were "Happy Landing" and "My Lucky Star." Her next is to be "Love Interest." Address her in care of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SEND A STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR NEW ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped self-addressed envelope today for a new, enlarged list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. Hundreds of names, including contract and even free lance players. This list has been completely revised and rearranged alphabetically for your greatest convenience. It is a convenient size to handle, or keep in a scrap-book. Do you want to write a fan letter, request a photograph, or just trace the studio connections of your favorite players? Then you'll find one of these lists indispensable. To receive a list for yourself all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
GEORGE MURPHY: In a mine near Portage, Penn., one day in 1926 they let down an aspiring young mining engineer fresh out of college and, when the cable broke, dumping a load of black diamonds on his head, they hauled up an actor, one George Lloyd Murphy, son of the famous Michael Charles Murphy, Olympic coach and one time coach at the University of Pennsylvania. Or, to begin at the beginning, George Murphy was born in New Haven, Conn. on July 4th, 1903, and was educated at Newton, Poolesville and Pawling Schools for boys. Then young George worked his way thru Yale by writing on tables and helping in a tailor's shop. You see his father had died when George was nine years old, and his mother a year later, so his married sister had seen him thru prep schools. But from there on George was to be on his own. He was graduated from Yale in 1926 in the same class that turned out Peter Arno, the artist, and Rudy Vallee, crooner. George had planned to be a mining engineer but the aforementioned accident, which laid him up for six months, changed his mind and he ended up in New York as a runner for the stock exchange in the day-time and a dancer in local night clubs during the evenings. At Yale George had won his letter in football, tennis and track, and participated in just about every other sport on the roster, dancing in his spare time, for the fun of it. In New York George came across a childhood friend, Miss Juliette Johnson, who was studying dancing with Noel Wayburn. They teamed up as ballroom dancers, using their own names, and took New York by storm. From here they went to London and then back to New York where George made his stage debut in 1927 in “Good News.” Between engagements of Broadway George and Juliette, who were now Mr. and Mrs., filled dancing engagements all over this country and Europe. George’s first movie was with Eddie Cantor in “Kid Millions.” George Murphy has brown hair, blue eyes and a ready smile. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds. He collects stamps, maps and hats. He once patronized a habit to relieve “charley horses” and still uses it himself. George is devoted to old shoes, likes to sleep late, enjoys being asked for his autograph, reads his own fan mail and adores fire crackers. He swims, golfs, plays tennis and is an excellent boxer. His last two pictures were “Little Miss Broadway” and “Hold That Coin.” Address here in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Leola Roberts, Pike Co., Kentucky. The ten biggest box office draws in 1936 were Shirley Temple, Ginger Gable, Mickey Rooney, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Sonja Hende, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy and Jane Withers. In the order named. So you see your little favorite is right up among them, which is pretty wonderful for a young lady of twelve years.

George Goodwin, Wilkes-Barre, Penn. Florence Rice is the only daughter of Greaterland Rice, famous newspaper man and sports authority. She was born February 4, 1914 in Cleveland, Ohio. She was educated at schools in and near New York City including the Sagamore Dramatic school. She made her first Broadway role in 1929 and did stock (Continued on page 101)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name
Street
City, State

If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coins with your coupon.

MODERN SCREEN

Honey says

"SNOWY WEATHER IS FINE — IF YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT CHAPPED HANDS"

HINDS

BEAUTY ADVISOR

HINDS BONUS BOTTLE

A 2-bottle bargain! Hinds medium size and Bonus Bottle — both for price of medium size. Nearly 20% extra lotion! Money back on medium size, where you bought it, if Hinds Honey and Almond Cream doesn’t make chapped hands feel smoother. At toilet goods counters.
Don't tell us Jane Withers actually sits still long enough to study! Oh, it's a candy recipe—that's different! She does her own measuring, what's more—and spoon-testing, too. (What, no pan-licking?) And will you cast your eyes on these yummy-looking results! Seems to us as though a good cook was lost to the world when little Withers turned actress. Draw up your chairs and read how to make Jane's favorite tid-bits, and Valentine treats.

Jane Withers shares her favorite sweets recipes with you

BY MARJORIE DEEN

THE CANDY KID

NO COMIC Valentines for Mrs. Withers' irrepressible child, Jane, this year! For that young lady has declared herself in favor of sweet ones.

"I mean really sweet ones, too," she informed me, "like candy! Of course, if you're a sentimental silly," she went on, "with that depth of scorn that young ladies going on thirteen feel towards such things, "well then, pink satin hearts and lace paper frills and ribbon bows and lovey-dovey verses for you. But my favorite Valentine is one that says, 'Sweets to the sweet'—and means it!"

Funny, isn't it, what a decided sweet tooth all children have. Not so funny at that, though, when you stop to consider that candy is an energizing food. And certainly kids use plenty of energy during a day's activities! That's one important reason why they are unconsciously seeking something that will quickly repair their energy loss—and find it in candy!

Why, just trying to follow Jane as she rushes from studio school to the set and then home would make me long to share a candy bar with her just to see if that would help me keep up with her pace.

In the course of our interview I discovered that not only is Jane an advocate of candy giving and getting, but she's also an enthusiastic over candy making. It may surprise you to know that this young star already is an invertebrate recipe collector and quite an experienced little cook. Of course, recipes for candy are at present most prominent in her large collection.

These include fudge, as you might well expect, and divinity and some of those easily made cereal sweets that children and older candy cooks alike, love to make because of their extreme simplicity as well as their good taste. In addition most of the candies suggested here include corn syrup among their ingredients, which is a professional confectioners' rule that will also simplify your home candy making and give added assurance of success. Following recipes carefully is further guarantee that you will turn the trick every time! And a candy thermometer is highly recommended if you make candy frequently.

One of the simplest of these recipes is for Puffed Petites, shown in our illustration. For St. Valentine's Day these can be made up into tiny golden balls, each of which is then placed atop a little red cardboard heart. No trouble at all to make and with a little added ingenuity they can be turned into place cards for your Valentine party! Another cinch of a recipe is the one for "Snax," as crunchy and delightful as you could well imagine.

Other candy favorites of Jane's which are here are Coconutted Fudge and Nutty Divinity. These are illustrated on our red heart "tray" with its lace doily frills and golden arrow, just to further tempt you to try your hand at making them. Also included on the tray, by the way, are little slices of those popular chocolate candy bars that have a nut fudge filling and a caramel center. They are most attractive sliced and you'll be surprised how home-made they look in this proud company. Though it certainly won't surprise you to find that these slices will receive a royal welcome, along with the rest, from both kids and grown-ups, for Valentine gifts, parties and right on through the year. So work up some of that Jane Withers enthusiasm, get together the necessary ingredients, then make homemade candies to your heart's content, for sentimental reasons, for gifts, for favors, for energy or just for fun and enjoyment for everyone from six to sixty.

SWEET SNAX

4 squares semi-sweet dipping chocolate
1/2 cups shredded ralston
Break the chocolate into small pieces, place in top of double boiler, over boiling water. Heat chocolate until partly melted. Remove from boiling water and stir rapidly until entirely melted. Drop three or four of the little shredded cereal bits at a time into the chocolate. Lift out with a fork and place on waxed paper. Cool until firm.

**PUFFED PETITES**
1 package puffed rice or puffed wheat
1 ¹/₂ cups white corn syrup
1 ¹/₄ cup sugar
1 ¹/₂ cup boiling water
2 tablespoons butter
¹/₄ teaspoon salt
¹/₄ teaspoon almond extract, if desired.

Crisp the puffed cereal in a pan in a hot oven. Place in large buttered bowl. Mix the corn syrup, sugar and water in heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil slowly, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cover and boil gently for 5 minutes. Then uncover and continue cooking first to "soft crack" stage (that is, when a little of the mixture dropped in cold water will "crack" when in the water but becomes soft when removed from water—260°F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat. Add butter and salt, also ¹/₄ teaspoon almond extract, if desired. Drop over puffed cereal. Stir until syrup is thoroughly distributed. While mixture is still hot, shape into balls 2 inches in diameter, with slightly buttered hands. Cool on waxed paper.

**COCONUTTED FUDGE**
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
2 cups sugar
1 ¹/₂ cups milk
1 ¹/₄ cups dark corn syrup
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup shredded coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cut the chocolate into small pieces. Place in heavy saucepan. Add sugar, milk and corn syrup. Cook very slowly over very low heat, stirring almost constantly, until mixture is smooth and blended and sugar is dissolved. Then bring to a boil, slowly without stirring. When mixture boils, cover and cook 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking until a few drops in cold water will form a soft ball (238°F. on candy thermometer). Stirring only occasionally, while cooking, to prevent burning. Remove from heat, add butter but do not stir until cool. Meanwhile, prepare a square pan by butting in large buttered sheet and sprinkling it with 1/4 cup each of the shredded coconut. When fudge is cooled to lukewarm (110°F.) add the remaining coconut and the vanilla. Beat until fudge is thick. At the moment that fudge loses its gloss pour it quickly into prepared pan. When almost cold, cut into squares.

**NUTTY DIVINITY**
1 cup white corn syrup
3 cups granulated sugar
1 ¹/₂ cup boiling water
2 egg whites
¹/₄ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 cups chopped mixed nuts

Combine corn syrup, sugar and boiling water in heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil slowly, over low heat, stirring almost constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture is smooth and blended. When mixture boils, cover and boil gently for 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking, without stirring, until a few drops of mixture will form a hard ball in cold water (250°F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat. Beat egg whites until stiff. Pour the candy syrup slowly on whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until mixture starts to thicken, add salt, vanilla and nuts. Beat until thick. Turn into slightly buttered square pan. Cut in squares when almost cold.

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**Dear Granny,**

ON ACCOUNT OF you're always grumbling behind Mom's back about the way you wash clothes have TATTLE-TALE GRAY! Cause her soap is a sissy and leaves dirt sticking in the clothes.

Then I told her how you said she ought to change to FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP on account of its honest-to-goodness Naptha Right in the Richer Golden Soap and it gets clothes whiter than snowballs.

So quick like a rabbit, Mom sent me to the grocer's for some FELS-NAPHTHA and now she says I'm an angel, for showing her how to chase away TATTLE-TALE GRAY.

Course I don't believe that angel stuff, but I sure do look swell in the cowboy suit she gave me for a present!

Johnny

---

P. S. If you want to see tattle-tale gray hurry out of your clothes—do what Johnny's mother did. Get Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's and try it! You'll find it easy on hands. Fine for your daintiest things. And it gives you the whitest, loveliest washes you ever pinned on a line!

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!**

TUNE IN. HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.
A school teacher “back in the sticks” thanks the movies for a helping hand.

**$5.00 Prize Letter**

Visual Education

As a high school teacher and director of very amateur Senior Class plays, I am doubly indebted to the movies, the only form of public entertainment in our mining community. Few of our four hundred students have even been more than twenty miles from home, but they are avid movie fans.

Visual education is considered the greatest medium of education. Description, no matter how good, can never supplant actually seeing an object, process or phenomenon. So in every class, I try to connect the new and unknown with what my pupils have seen in the movies—oceans, plains, mountains, factories, busy city streets and the customs of each. Without such correlation, students see only the action or story of the movie and the dullness of the lesson.

When I begin to coach each new play, I ask my cast to study the manners, entrances, make-up of movie actors. If they shy from some bit of acting, I usually overcome their reticence and awkwardness by asking if that was the way their favorite star acted. And I make it my business to know each student’s favorite stars.

Or, if any current movie is the same type as our production, I urge all of the cast to see and study it. I recently took four members of a cast to a neighboring town to see a movie on several cockney Englishmen so they could study the accent carefully for our play.

So don’t forget, Hollywood, that for us “back in the sticks,” your movies often serve a much more serious purpose than mere “light entertainment.”—Mary Resley, Ellsworth, Penna.

**$2.00 Prize Letter**

A Plea

Has it ever occurred to the picture executives who are asking the public why people are staying away from the movies that the answer might be very simple? Better actors and actresses!

In the early days of the talkies, Ruth Chatterton’s name filled any theatre. Her magnificent performance in “Madame X” will never be forgotten. Yet a series of bad pictures has reduced Chatterton to the rank of has-beens. And then to put her in a picture in which Simone Simon played the leading and Chatterton—the second greatest actress of them all—a minor role! Why not concentrate some of the effort expended on the glamorous girls and pretty boys on finding suitable vehicles for Ruth Chatterton and others of her calibre?

Give us less of our pretty, priming automatons, both masculine and feminine, and more of such actors and actresses as Chatterton, Helen Hayes, the late Marie Dressler, and Lionel and John Barrymore, and thousands of us who attend the movies, will go back again in such crowds that the shows won’t hold us!—Margaret Ramsey, Houston, Tex.

**$2.00 Prize Letter**

Crepe Suzettes

In a scene in “Three Loves Has Nancy,” Janet Gaynor showed her ignorance by not recognizing Crepe Suzettes. Of course, it wasn’t necessary to her life, just as it may never be to mine, to know Crepe Suzettes when she saw them. But knowing them, what they are, and being able to talk knowingly about them, should they be the subject of conversation, is something learned, isn’t it?

Which brings up the point I want to make: Thanks to the movies, a lot of us have gotten in good groundwork in knowledge that might stand us in good stead some day. One never knows quite the information that make life much more interesting are planted firmly in our consciousness by their painstaking accuracy in all details.

As one girl said to me—and believe me, she is considered a “smart number” in our set—“Honestly, until I learned about it in the movies, I thought Crepe Suzettes were a French way of saying drapes.” (As if I didn’t too.)

Which goes to show you, doesn’t it?—Alma Donavan, San Francisco, Cal.

**$1.00 Prize Letter**

“Angels With Dirty Faces”

I have just returned home from seeing the most vividly realistic motion picture that it has ever been my privilege to view. “Angels With Dirty Faces” is second to none for sheer drama and directorial genius.

The death-house scene is imprinted in my mind permanently. Father Jerry’s lips moving in silent prayers for the soul of Rocky Sullivan. The beautiful and touching love between this same Rocky Sullivan crying for mercy and fighting for life. And the tears, my own tears, rolling unashamedly down my face. I have never been so deeply touched.

So, double orchids to James Cagney whose “Rocky Sullivan was superb in characterization, and to Michael Curtiz, whose directing was a gem of perfection.”—Mary J. Ransom, Sandusky, Ohio.

**$1.00 Prize Letter**

Comes the Don

In too many pictures lately, two’s company and Don Ameche makes a crowd. ‘Tain’t don’t right by Don. There’s a girl and another boy, and then comes the Don to complicate things. But the Don comes and goes.
Every month fortunate ladies and gents win cash prizes for their letters! Have you tried?

$1.00 Prize Letter

Hedy Lamarr

Hurrah! Hedy is here. Finally, we hope, glamour is returning to the screen. We, the public, are tired of seeing our glamour girls, our heroines, being slapped and knocked down, black eyes, ice packs and all the trimmings. Hedy Lamarr has come, we sincerely hope, to stay and show the producers the type of stars we want.

Keep Hedy a glamour girl! We trust that after her first few pictures you will not cast her in slapstick comedy roles like Carole Lombard has been featured in. I like Carole when she plays a sophisticated role but not a knockdown, dragout kind. For goodness sakes, don't ruin a true glamour girl, when you finally find one who meets the public's requirements.—Yvonne Metheny, National City, Cal.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Alan Mowbray

It seems to me that producers have too long overlooked the excellent comedian represented in the person of Mr. Alan Mowbray. He is a man with a peculiar aptness for recognizing the frailties and comic weaknesses of us humans.

His forte is not direct comedy—his method is far too subtle for that. He goes about his business in a perfectly serious manner which plainly tells us that such nutty guys as he portrays really do exist. On the other hand, one can almost imagine his turning around to his audience with a big wink, grinning and inviting us to guffaw as loudly as we please at someone (Continued on page 99)
Of course, there are many varied interpretations for that overworked word, good! Candy's good, but, not if it's old. Actors aren't usually good if they're old! That is, aged in experience, technique and the many things that go into developing their histrionic ability. In short, we're about to foster the opinion that actors are not born, but made! In so doing, we offer as an excellent example that very good Eddie Albert, of the cinema, the stage, the air lanes!

"It's funny how you'll start out to do one thing and end up doing another," Eddie Albert philosophized. "I used to be a bond salesman out west. Later, I managed some theatres—movie houses. I wasn't bad either. But, do you know what I always wanted to do? Sing! I guess subconsciously I worked at it harder than anything else. Anyway, before long, I found myself pushed right into the thing I'd thought I wanted. And like a Frankenstein, it devoured me. First I sang on the radio, just for fun of course, then I went into some stock companies and finally New York. Now I'm completely living and breathing the theatre, every minute.

"I think you have to be pretty crazy about your work to succeed and I'm in love with acting! Of course I've been awfully lucky. Take Bing, for instance, in 'Brother Rat.' I got wonderful notices, but the average person doesn't figure it was the part that made them possible. Why, it was a natural! Most anyone who could look like him could have played Bing and been good."

"Oh, I see! Then how do you account for such excellent notices in 'Room Service?'" we cautiously inquired of New York's most popular young leading man.

"Well," Eddie said, "I did an awful lot of work on that part—months of it. I guess that's why it showed up. The same's true with Bing. I worked months to get down the right enunciation and the proper feeling for him. I read everything I could lay my hands on about ball players and athletes, till I even walked and looked like one. When I figured him out and knew he was the sort of fellow who'd wear his hair clipped, I made a bee line for the barber.

"But, you know," Albert continued, "the story and situations are the important things. If the character's believable, he's successful with the audience. However, with Bing, the majority people don't believe in him enough to feel sorry for him, the play's lost. When we first opened 'Brother Rat' (the play) on Broadway I had to feel that boy until I got hold of him enough to be able to sit back and watch the effect. Well, we've had a lot of times when I'm playing a character I cry. I did that one afternoon with Bing and some of the front row saw me with tears in my eyes and said, 'Gee, what an actor.' Boom, the scene was lost because their attention was focused on me and not the plot.

"Take pictures. It's the same. Not many people analyze things enough to tell whether it's the actor that gives a performance or if the part is responsible. For instance, take a young girl we both know and who's very good for light comedy. They have a scene where all the characters are wringing their hands and nearly dying with grief. Then there's a closeup of the girl looking out the window with tears streaming down her face. Wow, she's a great dramatic actress! That's what everyone thinks and she's done the simplest thing in the world. It's a cliché to look right into the camera and cry.

"On the other hand, take John Garfield. He's handed a few pages of script and figuratively stuck in front of the camera as they yell, 'Take it away, Garfield.' That's what happened in 'Four Daughters.' In one scene that's half a reel long, he has to build and spout a few pretty hoaky lines without becoming monotonous or losing the audience's attention for a second. That's a real job, for if he loses the fans one second, the whole scene is lost. Now there's what I call real dramatic ability!"

Having seen both John Garfield and Eddie Albert on the stage as well as in films, it was enlightening to realize the wisdom in what our host pointed out. For, in reality, nine times out of ten it's the play and not the player responsible for a great success.

"The studio is pretty set in its ideas out there," continued Eddie. "Why, they didn't even want me to cut my hair for the part of Bing. I argued like the dickens, finally agreeing to cut it and do a test. If they didn't like it, we'd do it the other way. Of course, once they saw the test they were crazy about it. And, I'll bet you anything when I get back for my next picture they have my hair clipped just as before!"

"We hear you're in line to do 'The Poor Nut!'

"Oh, I'd like to do it if they don't hoak it up. That can be a grand picture, but it's got to be done right. If they're not careful I'll turn out to be just (Continued on page 108)"

Nothing Eddie Albert does is hit or miss—it's always hit, although, modestly, he believes in luck.
"He was an outlaw...a killer...his life was the epic story of a lawless era!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation’s most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

"Jesse, you’re a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You’ll turn into a killer and a wolf!"

"I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"

Darryl F. Zanuck's production of

Jesse James

starring

Tyrone Power
Henry Fonda
Nancy Kelly
Randolph Scott

and Henry Hull
Slim Summerville
J. Edward Bromberg
Brian Donlevy
John Carradine
Donald Meek
John Russell
Jane Darwell

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer and Original Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR
Will your baby grow as fast as Johnny?

A fine start ... on Clapp's Strained Foods

Johnny at 3 months ... "This picture was taken at the time Johnny had his first food from a spoon," relates Johnny Davies' mother. "We had agreed to let him be one of the test babies in our town (Westfield, N. J.) and the doctor started him off on Clapp's Baby Cereal first. After that came Clapp's Strained Spinach ... and he loved it, right from the first ..."

Johnny at 12 months ... "Everybody said he was the happiest baby they ever saw—and he certainly was a healthy one! He had every food on the Clapp list from five months on—I'd give him a new one every few days—and he gained better than a pound a month right along. That speaks well for the vitamins and minerals in Clapp's Foods!"

The good work is continued ... with Clapp's Chopped Foods

Johnny at 22 months ... "A regular husky! He could already play ball with his Daddy. Of course, he'd outgrown Strained Foods, but, luckily, just at that time the Clapp people started to make Chopped Foods. They're more coarsely divided, the way doctors advice for older babies and toddlers. And such a blessing! No special marketing or cooking, yet the baby has his own menu and the family have anything they like!"

Johnny at 3 years ... "Here's Johnny now. Isn't he a big boy! And solid as a little rock. We think he's a great credit to Clapp's Foods—but then the other babies who had them are all fine, sturdy children, too. He still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods and he's specially fond of those new Junior Dinners. They're Beef or Lamb with vegetables and cereals. Very substantial, and flavorful, too—you ought to try them."

17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth
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Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus
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Greens • Mixed Greens
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More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup
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Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach
Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens
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Never a story of love so exquisite!...She smiled at the cost, and bravely paid the reckoning when her heart's happy dancing was ended.
STAGECOACH

A WALTER WANGER PRODUCTION
(Producer of "Trade Winds," "Algiers," "Blockade," etc.)
DIRECTED BY
JOHN FORD
(Academy award winner, director of "Submarine Patrol,"
"The Hurricane," "The Informer," etc.)
with CLAIRE TREVOR • JOHN WAYNE

Andy Devine, John Carradine, Thomas Mitchell, Louise Platt, George Bancroft,
Donald Meek, Berton Churchill, Tim Holt.

Convict: He gave himself up in order to be taken to Lordsburg, where three men waited to kill him.

"Buck": His driver: He wanted to go home.

"The Man of Mystery": A strange whim... something from the past... forced him to go.

Doctor: It took 12 cups of coffee to sober him in time.

Wife: "We must go on... I've got to find my husband."

"Carly": the Marshal: Why did he release his prisoner?

Traveling Salesman: "I'm a married man... father of five... I know we go broke."
Grief—and she knows it well—has left Merle's gayety unimpaired.

Merle Oberon and Robert Douglas in "Over the Moon," a Korda film.

ON THE SET she is called O-Bee. Her chair, her dressing-room, the electric fan rigged up as a surprise by one of the boys, are all marked O-Bee. A member of the press-shy crew was prevailed upon to tell why. "It wouldn't sound right to call her Miss Oberon, no more than you'd call the fella workin' alongside of you Mr. Smith. She don't go for that razzle-dazzle stuff. She's plain. Likewise the other way round. If we didn't like her, we wouldn't be taggin' her with no nicknames. It's mutual."

She is also known as Merle, the giggler. Her giggle has a lower, more agreeable sound than the word usually connotes, something like the sound of water gurgling in a spring. It does nice things to her face, which is nice enough under any conditions, but lights up in laughter like the face of a child who still trusts the whole world. People who've seen that happen say silly things to see it happen again. She's spotted by her giggle, as a firefly is by its spark. Hearing it from the other end of the set, someone is likely to murmur, "There's O-Bee now." Her comic sense is well developed. You needn't be particularly witty to get a response.
BEE
Joyful!

Her own good will is such that the will to entertain her is almost enough.

Goldwyn started by trying to make an exotic of her, a slant-eyed star of the East. He didn't get very far, because what she was came through. In appearance exquisite as a figurine, he felt that she ought to be exploited as something a little too rare and precious for this world, set apart on a pedestal, veiled in mystery. Before long he discovered that she'd jumped down off the pedestal and broken through the veils, not in any spirit of conscious revolt but because she doesn't breathe well in a hothouse. He discovered a sunny-hearted girl who liked people and wanted them to like her, who preferred to giggle with them than be kowtowed to by them, whose natural friendliness broke down artificial barriers and established instead a bond of human warmth. He was astute enough to realize that this same girl, transferred to the screen, would win more friends than a hundred synthetic mystery women. Thus the movies lost a sphinx and gained Merle Oberon.

Her gayety does not proceed from any lighthearted acceptance of life as a joke. She has had ample cause to be aware of the contrary. Her mother's courageous but losing struggle to make a living after her father's death stirred in Merle a fierce sense of protectiveness. Her mother belonged to an untrained generation. She, Merle, would train herself, remove the burden from the older woman's shoulders and make up to her for all the privations she had suffered.

Merle had taken part in amateur theatricals in Calcutta, but the idea of being an actress wasn't planted till one day she went to a movie theatre that was showing the silent version of "The Dark Angel." For some reason she can't define she saw herself in the Vilma Banky role, and from then on, her mind was made up.

When she was seventeen, an uncle took her to England for a visit. She refused to go back with him, and the next few years saw her bucking the hardest game in the world, going cold and hungry, rain seeping through the shoes she couldn't afford to have mended, being turned away from door after door and plodding hopefully on, though nobody gave her anything to hope for. It's the story of thousands of stagestruck girls, too familiar to bear recounting. Merle was the one in a thousand stubborn enough to take it on the chin and come back for more—not giggling, certainly, but not whimpering either.

When success came, she took a deep satisfaction in doing for her mother all the things she had dreamed of. Ferrying, as it were, between England and America, they had always lived in hotels. Merle was sick of it. On her return to England two years ago to make a picture with Laughton, she decided to rent a house and found one in Regents Park that utterly charmed her. "How can the owner bear to rent it?" A kind friend told her that the owner had taken a superstitious dislike to it, that she was bound to get rid of it—by sale, if possible, by rental in any case, for ill luck had dogged her footsteps from the time she'd bought it. "Pooh!" said Merle, and moved in.

A few weeks later she was almost killed in a motor accident. Her injuries put her to bed for five months. Her pictures had to be abandoned. Hardly had she recovered, when the flu laid her low again. Her mother's visits to the nursing home suddenly ceased. They told Merle she wasn't feeling well, nothing serious, she'd be up in a few days. Merle tried to struggle out of bed. "I've got to go to her." She hadn't a chance, however, against doctor and nurse and her own weakness. A day or two later her mother died.

It wasn't long before she was faced with the necessity of making a decision about the house she had rented. The owner had a buyer, but would give Miss Oberon first choice. Some of her friends regarded the prospect uneasily. "Of course, we don't believe in the silly stuff, but see what's happened to you."

"What's happened to me," said Merle steadily, "has nothing to do with the house. I love it and I'm going to buy it."

As bogies couldn't affect her fundamental sanity, so grief has left her fundamental gayety unimpaired. The hurt of her mother's death was aggravated, and probably always will be, by (Continued on page 93)

They tried to make her exotic, but
Merle persisted in being her sunny self

BY IDA ZEITLIN
"If I say good evening to a girl," laments Cary, "a 'new romance' is reported."

CAGEY

BY MARTHA KERR

For one who's known
to count his words
—Grant gives in!
Cory Grant, one of the screen's most popular players, with Victor McLaglen in their latest, "Gunga Din."

Here is Cary with pretty Phyllis Brooks, the gal that everyone says will soon be Mrs. G. Lucky Cary.

Now look, I said, "I've no wish to be nosy or disagreeable, but what with the time it takes to go to press and all, this story won't appear till the first of February. And if you are married to Phyllis Brooks by that time and the magazine says nothing about it, why, the magazine looks pretty silly."

"Phyllis and I won't be married by that time," said Cary Grant. "We won't be married anywhere near that soon."

The world is probably full of men who'd dote upon screaming it from the housetops if they'd even the remotest chance of marrying a girl as lovely as Phyllis Brooks. But these other men are not Cary Grant, who has been on the receiving end of considerable journalistic bad taste where his private life is concerned. His dander is way up over the poking and probing which has gone on about matters which—he feels—are nobody's business but Cary's.

"Listen," he said, "there was an item in one column about Phyl entertaining her bridesmaids at a luncheon at Twenty-One. There was an item in that column about Phyl buying her trousseau at Madame Whoop-de-do's. The girl couldn't take a couple of pals to lunch, nor buy herself a new hunk of chiffon without starting something. Mi-god—I guess we'll have to get married now. We'll have to get married to make an Honest Woman of the Press.

"The other day, a writer came in here. An especially intelligent girl. Swell writer. But I shall have to dispense with any masterpiece she might have turned out about me. She asked me how my second wife—my second wife, get it—stacked up with my first wife, Virginia Cherrill. Dammit, that's abominable taste, and I told her so. Her answer was that I'm a movie actor, am I not, and therefore I should not feel entitled to keep any part of my life to myself. The hell I shouldn't. I should and, what's more, I will."

I pointed out that, though her manner of putting it had been unfortunate, this girl had been essentially right and he knew it.

"I mean," I said, "you do, in a way, belong to the public and you'd be quite unhappy if the public suddenly ceased to care."

"Yes, I know I would," he said honestly. "But what makes me mad is that everybody's always looking for some dirt to dish. They're always looking for something to leer about. Any man in Hollywood who isn't precisely repulsive to look upon, who owns a dress suit and who doesn't eat with his knife and is a bachelor is going to be fussed over considerably. I've been through it. We've all been through it.

"If I say good evening to a girl and ask her if her cold is better, a 'new romance' is reported in the papers the next day. It's irritating, but unimportant. I personally can't see why anybody should care for these romantic, if inaccurate, details, about me or Gable or Power or Stewart or whoever. Well, it seems that they do. So okay. Somebody makes a living out of purveying this material and everybody's happy. Except Grant, Gable, Power, Stewart and the rest, and they're only mildly unhappy and the recompense they receive makes up for that. At least, that's the way I've always looked upon it. Same when the publicity department arranges interviews for me. Somebody has gone to considerable trouble. Somebody's job depends upon putting such things through. So I'll cooperate.

"Oh—and sure. I'm not the self-effacing little flower that last sentence makes me sound like, either. I'm getting something out of it, too. Or, at least, I used to think it helped my career, my work, my spot in the sun. But I have, long since, told all the facts about Cary Grant for them as cared to read. And now, it seems, nobody wants to ask me anything except, 'What do you think of women?' and all that mush. It makes me squirm to talk such (Continued on page 102)
The three most-talked-of players in Hollywood today, not forgetting the Garbos, Sheares and Gables, are young Hedy Lamarr, young John Garfield and very young Nancy Kelly.

Wherever you go these three names rise above the surface of conversation. They are Today's Children in Hollywood—the latest claimants to the title, "A Star Is Born."

At her studio, from props to producers, you hear that seventeen-year-old Nancy Kelly is the "find" of the year. You are told that Nancy is to be given every rich dramatic plum in every big dramatic picture to be produced by Darryl Zanuck. And it isn't merely ballyhoo, because she has already appeared in "Submarine Patrol," "Tail Spin" and "Jesse James." Now Mr. Z. is not putting a newcomer into "Jesse James." in Technicolor and opposite Tyrone Power unless that newcomer has been tried out over a hot flame and found not wanting.

Hollywood is inclined to be skeptical when any studio begins to ballyhoo a new "sensational discovery." Producers have done this once or twice too often.

However, in the case of Nancy Kelly, you're in for a refreshing surprise. Nancy reminds you of a young Katharine Cornell. She has the same broad planes to her face, the same mobile, generous mouth, much the same warm, dusky coloring as the great Katharine. There is, implicit in her personality, that rich feel of theatre which is Miss Cornell's.

Nancy looks at routine blondes lunching on the studio lot and sighs, "Now, that girl over there . . . she's beautiful. If I looked like that!" Failing to consider, of course, that if she did look "like that" she might be doing what the so-beautiful blonde is doing—extra work.

Nancy is fiercely critical of herself, perennially dissatisfied with her work. She comes naturally by this self-criticism. Her mother has praised her only once in Nancy's already thirteen-year-old career. Only once has her mother said, "That scene couldn't have been done better." That was the scene Nancy made in "Jesse James" when she is lying in bed with her new-born baby, her tears falling on its fledgling head. She will break you all up in that scene.

There are other signs which point, not only to the rising of Nancy's star, but to her established stardom. One is that she didn't want to come to Hollywood. She preferred the stage. She felt that the stage was "better training." And better training is more important to Nancy Kelly than better billing, glamour or bigger money. That's how she is.

When, a year ago, for instance, David Selznick offered to fly her out to Hollywood to make one picture for him, offered to fly her back again at the picture's end, told her that she could "take her vacation" that way and, at the same time, pick up some sizeable money, Nancy said, "Thank you very much, but I'd rather take my vacation at the seashore." And she did.

Moreover, Nancy has an ambition, an ideal, indeed, an idol. She says, "My favorite actress is Bette Davis. And my ambition is to become just one tenth as good as she is on the screen. Just one tenth."

Now, how is a Nancy Kelly born and raised? Here is how:

*What does it take to make the* A STAR IS BORN—AND MADE

*Movie acting, radio, stage and back to the movies. Is young Nancy Kelly's record.*

**By Gladys Hall**
She was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on March 25, 1921, on an extraordinary, windy tumultuous day. Back of every successful man, they say, there is an exceptional mother. Back of almost every successful movie star, certainly, there has been an exceptional mother. Remember the mothers of Mary Pickford, of the Talmadge girls, of Bette Davis? And young Nancy has a very exceptional mother who has been, and still is, with her every step of the way. Nancy also has an exceptional father, which is a rare asset in the biographies of most screen stars. What is more, Nancy has a brother Jack, aged eleven, who has already appeared in five Broadway plays, and a small sister, Carol E., aged six, also on the stage, besides a baby brother, Clement, aged three, who, in no time at all, I daresay, will be making his contribution to the American stage and screen. There are those who say of the Kellys that "a new First Family of Broadway (and Hollywood) is now growing up."

All right, a star is born. So then what? What ingredients go into said star's making?

Well, a mother with theatrical ambitions of her own seems indicated. And Nan Kelly, mother of Nancy, wanted most awfully to "be an actress." She did do quite a few things in silent pictures back east. She organized a dramatic society in Astoria, Long Island, too, where, after the birth of Nancy, the young family took up residence. That's where they lived until Nancy came to Hollywood.

Nancy's father, Jack Kelly, was in the theatre ticket brokerage business back east. So it can really be said of Nancy that the theatre is "in her blood."

Both Nan and Jack Kelly are still in their thirties, vital and gay and wise. Jack is Nancy's best and only "beau." She would, she told me, rather go out with Nan and Jack than anyone she knows, "because they are so much in love with each other." Which seems to suggest that a happy family life contributes to the making of a star.

When Nancy was two years old her mother told her bedtime stories every night. Well, don't we all? But Nan Kelly did more than read bedtime stories. She and Nancy acted them out. She took little old Red Ridinghood and Hansel and Gretel and other juve-

movie grade? Nancy Kelly knows, for, at seventeen, she has "arrived"

"They" say that Nancy Kelly, with Tyrone Power in "Jesse James," is sensational good.

Nancy's mother always wanted to be an actress, so when she discovered talent in her child, she went to work and developed it.

"Is the theatre in her blood?"

...nile favorites and dramatized them for Nancy. One night Nan would be the Wolf and Nancy, Red Ridinghood. The next night they would exchange roles.

When Nancy was three, Nan and Jack took her, one night, to a meeting of their dramatic society in Astoria. The group put on "Daddy Long Legs." When the play was finished, and while the members of the cast were having refreshments, small Nancy wandered onto the stage. And suddenly, from across the footlights, came a manly voice declaiming, "No, I will not! No, no, I will not!" More of the same and then the transfixed amateurs realized that it was the infant Kelly being "Daddy Long Legs." The toddler was not only letter perfect in lines—no one had taught her—but she was also at home and at ease on the stage, taking the applause of her audience, unembarrassed and gracious. And Nan Kelly realized, with a pang of pure, wish-fulfilled pleasure, that unto her an actress had been born. (Continued on page 72)
Ty and his sister are great pals.

Sister Ann Jels on
Annabella's is the latest name to be linked with Ty's. This time, will he marry?

"Ty actually has an inferiority complex," says Ann, "but he can take it on the chin."

TYRONE POWER can't fool me," said the slender girl with the shining brown eyes. She smiled. "I know him through and through."

She wasn't boasting. She was merely stating a simple fact. If any girl knew Tyrone, she was the girl—for she was his sister.

Hollywood hasn't been particularly conscious until recently that Tyrone had a sister. An attractive one, at that—brunette, with long bobbed hair, young, animated, alert. She hasn't been an actress. And, despite her photogenic face, her warm voice and her theatrical heritage, she says that she has no acting ambitions now.

Honolulu used to be her home. Marriage to a young Honolulu business man took her there before Tyrone was a movie name. Something went wrong with the marriage. Otherwise, she wouldn't be in Hollywood now, taking up life again with her mother and brother, in a big white Colonial house in Bel-Air.

Ann Power is only seventeen months younger than Tyrone. The small difference in their ages made them closer to each other than the average brother and sister when they were growing up. Ann had the opportunity to know Tyrone as no one else did. Then, being in the Islands, far away from him, all the time when fame and wealth were happening to him, she faced the inevitable question when life brought them together again: "Has he changed?"

And that other question: "Has Hollywood done something to him—something that I won't like?"

She was answering those questions now, out loud. And, in doing so, she was talking about Tyrone for publication for the first time.

"Separation hasn't made us strangers," she said. "I feel as close to Tyrone as I ever did. Yet, at the same time, because of our long separation, I can look at him without the near-sightedness of constant association. I can see him in perspective."

What traits did she see in Tyrone before Hollywood happened to him? What traits did she see in him now?

"Well, for one thing," Ann said, "—an amazing lack of conceit. As long as I can remember, girls have been casting sheep’s eyes at Tyrone. And I've heard girls—who didn't know I was anywhere near, or didn't know I was his sister—say, 'He's good-looking, all right. Too good-looking, probably, not to be awfully conceited.' I used to smile inwardly at that, because I knew something that they didn't.

"Tyrone hid it pretty well, but he was burdened with an inferiority complex that kept wriggling constantly. One reason for it was the fact that he was Tyrone Power, Jr. His name reminded people of Father, and he always had to wonder if that was why they noticed him. On top of that, he had just one ambition: acting. Having a great actor for a father, he knew he had a head start on a theatrical career. But he knew, too, how much (Continued on page 92)

BY JAMES REID

Fame, fortune and good looks don't fool her, so Ann reveals a new, intimate side of the "perfect" Power
THE MOUTH of a blondine extra fell wide open.

"Well I'll be darned!" she spluttered. "Get a load of that busman on a holiday!"

"That busman" proved to be Myrna Loy. Clad in a simple frock of wool and wearing only a trace of street make-up, Myrna was strolling arm in arm with Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., through an elaborate set of "Midnight," the new Colbert picture being filmed under his supervision. With obvious interest she was inspecting the details of the set, chatting with the director and exclaiming over the beauty of Claudette's cloth of gold evening gown.

"Jeepers," the extra went on, "you'd think she'd get her fill of movie sets and stars without spending her spare time poking around like a movie-mad tourist. She must be nuts! You wouldn't catch me doing a dumb stunt like that on my day off. Not if I was the big-shot she is!"

You probably wouldn't. She'd be out getting her eyelashes dyed, or shopping for dresses beyond her means. But that's one difference between the two women, and one darned good reason why Myrna's home and marriage to Producer Hornblow is one of Hollywood's happiest, while the extra is having trouble with her mate who sells used cars.

For Myrna's interest that day was not the professional interest of one great star in what was being done for another in a rival motion picture. It simply was the genuine and wholehearted concern of a wife in the work of her husband.

Myrna is Hollywood's perfect screen wife, Maxie Baer and Clark Gable agree.

"Nothing remarkable in that, is there?" she observed. "It's just part of the trade of being a working wife."

"And there were tricks to that trade as any other?"

"Well," she parried, "I wouldn't call them 'tricks' exactly. Let's say, rather, unwritten rules for happiness and harmony. But whatever you call them, to me they are the safeguards women who work do well to cultivate if they want to keep their husbands as much in love with them as the day they said 'I do.'"

Furthermore, she pointed out, those rules were applicable equally to stenographers, filing clerks, maids and writers as they were for the glamor girls of the movies. Basically, all wives are sisters under the skin.

I struck a snag, however, when I suggested she tell other wives what those rules were, and how to make them work as successfully as she has done. It was giving advice, she said, and she hates to give advice. Thinks it is presumptuous on her part.

"Besides," she said earnestly, "it isn't always fair because I have so much more to do with than many women, and a financial advantage is a powerful one. For example, I could say it is a worthwhile idea to keep a man's home running smoothly at all times, even if the woman does some kind of work outside her home, because a man's home is his castle and he has the right to expect that much. That is easy for me to say, and practise, too. All it involves is keeping the proper servants and giving them the proper orders. But what about the wife who is employed all day in an office and still must prepare the meals, keep his clothes in order (Continued on page 105)
Myrna Loy, who is one of them, tells how to make everything work out.

Working wives can contribute plenty that has nothing to do with finances, says Miss Loy.
HE WANTED A Boy

But Papa Withers drew the infectious June and has been completely satisfied ever since
JANE'S MOTHER wanted a girl. Her father wanted a boy. Nature satisfied them both by giving them a girl who could meet any boy on his own ground and give an excellent accounting of herself.

The story of Jane and her mother has been told often. This is the story of Jane and her father. He's a big man with the softspoken drawl and courteous manners of the South, with a quiet, deliberate air that inspires confidence and masks a store of humor as infectious, if less boisterous, than Jane's own.

One night before the baby was born, Mr. and Mrs. Withers were walking home from a picture show that had featured Mitzi Green. "Won't the name Jane Withers look nice in lights?" said her mother-to-be dreamily.

This was nothing new to Walter Withers. When he'd asked Ruth to marry him, she first said yes and then, with her face hidden against his chest, "If we ever have a little girl, Walter, I want her to be an actress. Promise me you'll say nothing against it, because I just couldn't bear it."

He had laughed. "That's okay with me, honey. Let's wait, though, and see if she can act."

He hadn't promised to wish for a girl. "I want a boy," he insisted. "I want a boy to go hunting and fishing with me. I want him to be a boy scout. I want him to lick that sissy down the street. I want a boy," he continued, his imagination soaring, "and I want him to be so mean that when he comes out on the front porch all the other kids'll go chasing into the house."

"Yes, you do!" scoffed his wife.

"I give you fair warning, if she does turn out to be a girl, I'm going to make her the finest tomboy in Atlanta."

The family doctor grinned over the controversy. As he slipped from Mrs. Withers' room the night the baby was born, he came on the palsied father in the hall. "Ruth's fine," he said. "The baby's a tomboy, weighs eight and a half pounds."

Mr. Withers went in to his wife. "You don't really mind it's being a boy and not a girl, do you, honey?"

She gave him a weak smile. "It's a girl, you crazy."

Jane was kind to her father. She saved him the effort of making a tomboy of her. Strange as it may seem, she grew into a miraculous combination of what both parents wanted. She took naturally to dancing, singing and general cain-raising. She uprooted the neighbor's prize tulips, imported from Holland, and stuck them into tin cans as table decorations for a tea party in the backyard. The neighbor didn't talk to the Withers for weeks. In need of a spade, she appropriated the handsome sword that went with her father's lodge uniform, and buried it underground for safekeeping. She used his new razor and every blade he owned to sharpen her pencils. "One blade would have sharpened all the pencils in Atlanta," he objected.

"Well, then what would I of done with the rest of the blades, daddy?"

Whatever he may have told her, his private feeling was one of pure content. Just as she was, she suited him better than any boy he could conjure up. His cup of satisfaction brimmed over when, hearing a commotion on the walk one day, he sallied out to investigate. Jane stood, arms akimbo. The sissy, a buxom lad, four years her senior, was blubering his head off. "Jane licked me," he wailed. And Walter Withers knew that dreams do come true.

Mrs. Withers had another dream. At five, Jane was already active in radio work. She had conquered Atlanta, but her mother felt that the field was too narrow. "Why don't you take her to Hollywood, Ruth?" Mr. Withers would hear their friends suggest.

She'd eye her husband wistfully. "I would in a minute, if Walter were willing."

He hadn't forgotten the promise he'd made before Jane's birth, and he's not a man to take his promises lightly. "But we've got our own home here, honey, and our family and friends, and (Continued on page 74)
BY RAMON ROMERO

IF HOLLYWOOD could add up the millions of dollars it has spent in blind attempts to make great stars of imported European actors, the sum would make some of the foreign war debts look like a Scotchman's tips. Between Pola Negri's landing in New York fifteen years ago and Danielle Darrieux's recent embarking to fulfill a Universal contract, a whole army of thespian recruits have come and gone, leaving in their wake shattered careers, broken dreams, bitter denunciations and, in some cases, very much depleted treasuries.

The cinema executive, ever in search of profitable and exciting merchandise, recognizes no boundary lines in his determined and eternal search for screen talent. On the premise that art is international, he invades wherever there is promise of reward, and does not hesitate to plunder foreign studios for future Hollywood stars, just as, for years, he has robbed our own Broadway.

When the bait of a glamorous career via American billboards fails to entice the wavering foreign actor or actress across the Atlantic to a California swimming pool and mansion, American dollars turn the trick. Simone Simon's thirty-five-hundred-dollar-a-week sal-

If producers and their “imports” would only realize that we don't want
ary was a minor example. In her own native Paris her weekly stipend was probably less than one-third of this amount. The same is generally true of the rest of the gilded importations. While capable artists warm benches around Hollywood casting offices, waiting for a chance to be discovered, Hollywood producers, like thirsty men chasing a mirage, scurry off in mad pursuit to lasso every available actor on the continent.

The past year has seen a deluge of foreign talent. Each major studio has contributed to this melting pot. At Paramount there is Isa Miranda, the Italian actress, noted for being Mussolini’s favorite screen star, Francisca Gaal, from Budapest, and Georges Rigaud, a new sheik type, featured in “Spawn of the North.” Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the largest list of imported players, boasts Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus, Ilona Massey, Della Lind, Hedy Lamarr, Robert Morley, and others.

Columbia brought over Lulu Desti and Dolly Haas. Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox has on his roster Anna bella, Richard Greene of London, and Mickey Hood, his latest contractee, not yet arrived. Of course, departed are Simone Simon and Germaine Aussey. Universal brought over Danielle Darrieux at one of the highest salaries ever paid a performer in Hollywood, while Walter Wanger (Continued on page 86)

another Garbo or Lamarr, but a brand new and individual personality!
THOUGH MARRIED

BY DORA ALBERT

"Everyone dislikes me on sight," claims Humphrey Bogart. "There's something about my face that annoys most people."

Humphrey Bogart has a

I HATE WOMEN who are spineless, brainless clinging vines, who open their eyes wide and their mouths still wider and sigh, 'Oh, you great big wonderful man,' all the time fluttering their eyelashes at some helpless, captivated male. I hate women who have never in all their lives had a thought of their own, whose lives are dominated and ruled by the type of vicious mothers we sometimes see in Hollywood who cling and cling and cling, who are so possessive and so overbearing that they will not let their daughters make any decisions of their own. I feel sorry for women who are always suffering from imaginary ailments, fainting females who rush to the hospital for two weeks because the strain of modern life is too, too much for them, and who retreat there to rest and read—although they've probably never read a book before in their lives.

"I adore women who do things, who have guts, who can stand up to a man and say, 'You're wrong' when he is wrong, who like to stand on their own two feet, who pack a good wallop and in case of an emergency know when and how to apply it. Which in a nutshell is why I adore Mayo Methot."

Humphrey Bogart paused and rubbed his own chin reflectively. We were sitting at the Lakeside Country Club, a gay, informal lunchroom, the sky outside a panorama of blue, and the sunshine pouring in through the open windows, making little patterns of gold on the tables. Humphrey, in a blue sport shirt and black and white checked trousers, looked much handsomer and younger.
than you’ve any idea from just seeing him in movies. “It’s pleasant here, isn’t it?” Humphrey asked, with a sweep of his hand, taking in the lunchroom and the rolling countryside surrounding it and the golf course nearby. Then he swung right into his favorite subject—Mayo Methot.”

“Mayo is a frail-looking person,” he said, “as feminine and attractive as any woman could possibly be, yet she has more strength and honesty and directness than most men. Do you remember reading about the women in the American Revolution—they were pretty strong women, weren’t they? I imagine that if Mayo had lived back in those days she would have fitted in perfectly.

“Recently Mayo was taken seriously ill, and needed a major operation. One day after the operation, she was sitting up, and one week later she was home. The day after her operation she didn’t take one single solitary thing to ease the pain. Foolish? Reckless? Perhaps, if she had been another type of woman. But she has a very strong constitution—she is strong in every way—her courage is simply superb.”

Again Humphrey’s hand stroked his chin. Then he laughed out loud.

“It still hurts, where Mayo hit me a good strong wallop,” he said. “It happened to be the only possible way of handling a certain situation, and Mayo had the courage to do what she knew was right. Which is another reason I admire her so intensely.”

It happened one evening when his studio sent Humphrey a script which he disliked very much. For months Humphrey, who takes his work very seriously, had been complaining about his roles, and the studio had promised to find a grand part for him. With eager, hopeful expectancy he had started to read the script, but as he read on and on, his frown deepened—this story was utterly wrong for him, he thought, and the role the studio wanted him to play was such a colorless part he was sure it would do him a great deal of harm. Now, as it happened, Humphrey was very tired when he read the script and not his usual good-natured self. As he read on and on, the resentment he had been fighting back for a year suddenly rose in him. He was seething with anger. All logic and reason were wiped out in the tide of his fury.

“I went off my nut a little bit,” he told me apologetically. “I got so mad I didn’t know what I was saying or doing, for, you see, a man feels kind of ineffectual bucking a great studio.”

“At the time Mayo and a couple of friends were with me at my home, and Mayo said, ‘Come on, Bogey, have a drink.’ Often drinks make me sleepy and she evidently hoped that, after having a drink, I would get over my hysteria and just drop off to sleep. But it didn’t work. I had one drink, then a second drink, but I was as hysterical as before. Suddenly Mayo walked over to me, and gave me a good resounding wallop on the jaw that snapped me out of it. Then she got the doctor and gave me some sleeping pills. That night I slept like a baby, and when I awoke in the morning I felt fine and was grateful to Mayo for what she had done. It was not the accepted thing to do—but she has courage enough to do the unconventional thing if she knows it will help someone.”

The romance of Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot (whom he calls Sluggy) is one of the gayest, maddest and most delightful in all of Hollywood. It isn’t the kind of romance that comes all wrapped up in lavender and old lace, that is compounded of moonlight, dreams, and the witchery of magic illusions. Instead it’s the sophisticated, mature love of two utterly charming people who might have stepped right out of (Continued on page 109)
She knows WHAT SHE WANTS

And when it comes along, Jane Bryan will gladly forfeit fame and fortune.
IT WOULD BE a grand thing if American girls—yes, and American boys, too—could take a leaf from the book of Jane Bryan. That leaf, I mean, on which are written down in a strong, clear hand the well defined ambitions from which Jane hasn't wavered a wiggle since she was a little girl; on which are written down the ideals which go hand in hand with those ambitions, the resolutions, many of which begin, 'I will not.' "I will not be satisfied with a cheap, easy success, no matter how well paid. I will not waste my substance on cheap, easy romance, no matter how much pleasure seems to go with it. Though I shall, of course, make a thousand mistakes as I go along. I will not make mistakes about important things like my work, love, my family, husband, children and home."

Ah, yes. If the millions of young people who come out of schools and colleges every year—some of them pathetically starry-eyed, others pathetically cynical, so few of them knowing what in heaven's name they want to do—if they could acquire some of the blessed certainty about important things which little Jane Bryan possesses, they'd be in a happier position to tackle this none too happy old world that we live in.

I talked with Jane over a late breakfast in a hotel dining-room. She hasn't changed, outwardly, in the something over a year that she has been in pictures. The combined wiles of the studio make-up department haven't been able to make her change her glossy, natural brown hair to a shade more golden. Her eyebrows have remained where nature put them on her intelligent young brow. She wears lipstick and nail polish and simple, straight, unbedecked clothes. There was nothing about her to cause the other late breakfast-ers to look up and wonder where the Klieg lights were. Otherwise—yes, most decidedly—she is different from other girls.

She brought along a girl friend. Not a member, as I feared at first, of her studio's publicity staff or of the Mutual Protective Association. Because both girls indulged in a little mild studio bantering, much in the manner of a couple of New York wage slaves exchanging details of office hardships over Schrafft sandwiches. Jane said she isn't very good at interviews yet and she thought Peg might be helpful.

I found that though the little Bryan's intelligence goes way ahead of her twenty years, her little girl appetite hasn't quite caught up yet. She tucked into a hearty amount of cereal with cream and drank considerable cocoa. Lucky girl—it doesn't have to count up the calories and drink black coffee. While I drank black coffee, I launched into Interviewer's Stock Question II A—but I did not receive a stock answer.

"You've come quite a way in a short time," I said. "What do you feel you owe to yourself, and what do you owe to others."

"Well, of course, I owe a tremendous amount to Bette," said Jane. She ponders a moment before speaking, which is another good idea. "Bette Davis has helped me immeasurably in the tricks of the trade, for one thing. I mean, make-up, and technical points about acting before the camera and all that. But mostly, I think, I'm thankful to her for giving me a picture of what a really important star is like. The whole thing . . . her problems and difficulties, and all the sadness that comes with the glory, and everything. She's shown me what I might be like if I ever achieve what she has achieved. And," Jane's big gray eyes looked straight into mine, "I don't want to be like that. It's too tragically lonely."

This made me ponder for a moment before speaking, and Jane went on. "I adore Bette. I worship her. She's a deep-feeling, warm-hearted woman. She's tempestuous and vivid. She's the kind that starts a gale of excitement the minute she enters a room. She's the stuff of which great women are made. But she's a woman before she's an actress, and she has struggled so hard to keep the things which are precious to a woman . . . and she has failed."

"Yes, lately she has been going through a bad time," I said. "But perhaps it will work itself out. Perhaps she and Ham Nelson may even yet get back together again and be wiser and happier for it all."

"No, I don't think so," Jane answered slowly. "I don't see how any Hollywood marriage can survive such a set-up. I really don't. As a matter of fact, I don't see how any important woman star can have a happy marriage. I think those who stick just muddle through, at best. If any two people ever struggled to keep things on a sane basis, those two people are Bette and Ham. "Bette doesn't have a thing that money can buy that I couldn't buy with my modest salary. Clothes, jewels, cars, house—nothing. She" (Continued on page 78)
She has something the rest of us seem to lack, but we’re willing to learn

RIGHT SMACK off at the beginning, let Auntie Marshall put it on the record that, in this attempt to analyze the undeniable charm of the southern girl—and southern woman, too—she is talking about the very nicest kind of Dixie belle. Not the empty-headed little flutter-budget whom I guess we’ve all metten up with at one time or another, who honey-chiles and you-alls folks to death and who has little to offer beyond a cute accent and a pretty face. She is rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, anyway, praise the Lord. The attractive southern miss or matron is just like any other attractive person except—except—that she is a darn sight smarter about men.

What started me thinking along this tack was a cocktail party I went to recently. Practically everybody there was from Charleston. Our host and hostess and their twenty-year-old daughter were leaving next day for their native city and it was just an informal affair to say goodbye. Two of the daughter’s girl friends dropped in after school. One was a tiny thing—about five feet tall, very cute. Her pal, I give you my word, was at least six feet tall. They were a comical pair together. The tall one had a very pretty face, but my land, the height! But do you think she was the least bit self-conscious about it? Think you that she slouched or slumped? Not she. She carried herself beautifully. She walked like a—like a—well, like a queen, which isn’t very original, but that’s the way she walked.

An older woman, mother of the cute little half-pint, arrived, attired in nondescript blouse and skirt. “I apologize for my cooking clothes,” she said laughing, “but So-and-so called me up and asked me to a matinée, and I flew out just as I was and haven’t been home to change.” She stayed a little while and then she had to leave, and after she had gone, everybody said what a charming person she was and our hostess added, “You should see her in an evening gown; she is really beautiful.”

A group of us, mamas all, congregated in a corner and began talking, as mamas will, about our children. One parent’s child was going thru the teeth-straightening stage. “We were in England and we were able to get it done by an excellent dentist for under two hundred guineas.” That’s a thousand hucks. American. Mind you, these people, while comfortably off, aren’t wealthy and never have been. But Ann’s teeth had to be straightened, and Ann’s teeth would have been straightened, if the family had been poor as Job, for they realized the importance of it.

Gail Patrick, left, an Alabama campus belle with what it takes!

It was down Texas way that Margaret Tallie-chet charmed them.
—here’s the way

You see what I’m driving at? The whole southern idea about women is that women are meant to be beautiful. If they’re not born so, they must be made so. The tall girl has had it instilled into her that she’s lovely. She has not been allowed to be self-conscious about her height. She has been schooled to stand and walk beautifully. She has been made to feel, by a hundred small, considerate, daily teachings, that it’s simply swell to be so tall—why, she will be a queen among women. Let the tiny girls be cute and all that. She (Continued on page 113)
The Erwins love the races—sometimes they win, too, and then again, ouch!

What do you mean, you can't stay happily married in Hollywood! The Erwins have.

**HOMESPUN HERO**

THEY SAY—and you know that never-ending line of hypothetical theys—that it's impossible to remain married in Hollywood. Further, they say they won't even let a couple stay happy out there where the beauties come a dime a dozen. But, don't make the fatal mistake of trying to find "they." Because as soon as you do, they'll vanish into thin air.

Nevertheless, the Stuart Erwins may be the exception to the rule—for, it's nigh on to nine years since they said "I do," during which time, we hasten to add, they have been unable to mar the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. E. On the camera coast this in itself is a record. However, to get on with the Erwins, their family life is little different from yours or mine. In fact, it's just about like the Joneses or the Smiths.

Each morning, Stuart doesn't catch the eight-fifteen, because he catches his station wagon and drives himself to work. Each evening dusk finds Mr. Erwin turning into the driveway with but one purpose in mind—to see his wife and kids.

It's no simple matter when Stu gets an assignment in New York for picture work. There's an extra room on the train for the kids and their maid, to say nothing of an additional suite in the hotel. Many a man would bring on his family for a few days; then, when work began, send them home. Not Stu Erwin. It's all together or not at all. That's the way he likes it, and, that's the way it is—just as the Jones family or Smiths. When they go a-visiting it is en masse or not at all.

Having completed a picture made in New York and tentatively titled "Frankie," Mr. E. was ready and willing to return to the quiet life in Beverly Hills.

"Why, do you know," he explained, "at home we don't go out when I work, but here in New York, you do nothing else! Your friends call and if you're working they get very considerate, making it 'just for dinner.' The thing we forget is that dinner isn't over 'til midnight and by the time you ease out, it's after one, and two by the time you're in bed. Boy, does five a.m. roll around fast! But, I never feel low! I just wonder if I can get up! The bad part is by six o'clock that afternoon you're all pepped up and raring to go. I guess this New York stimulates you. An average evening out back home is over by twelve; one, if it's a celebration and that's not often. But here! Wow, I don't see how you stand it the year around."

Our host lost sight of the fact that New Yorkers don't have to crowd into four weeks what they have the entire year to accomplish. Fifty-two weeks are consumed in the pursuit of those same things the average guest crowds into a couple of days.

However, there're no regrets in the Erwin menace, since this New York trip is responsible for our hero broadening his histrionic concepts. Stuart, as you no doubt know, has for years played the home town hick who invariably makes good, one way or another. In "Frankie," he evolves a com-

(Continued on page 80)

Stuart Erwin is the movie actor who's as real as the man next door.
That accent! That glamor! That colossal faker—Margaret Lindsay

WHAT HAPPENS
when you adopt a ter-rific line and it goes
over—but big? Margaret Lindsay knows. That's
why she doesn't use it any more! On the other
hand, if she hadn't posed outrageously, she wouldn't
be where she is, and she knows it. If she hadn't
deliberately assumed her phony front, hadn't lied
brazenly, hadn't hoodwinked all the influential men
she met as soon as she began her pretense on a
major scale, she'd certainly not have won the big
stakes for which she gambled.

She wanted that special excitement which a lot of
money and fame and far-above-ordinary escorts can
bring. Margaret socked. And then—?

I have run into no one else in Hollywood who
has mapped out and put over such an amazing cam-
paign of personality faking. But, though her great
idea for herself worked marvels, now she's swung
causled her rise from obscurity to promising fame.

Why? What did she come up against that she
didn't expect? I think every girl who's ever imag-
ined creating a glamorous reputation, who's longed
for an escape from the humdrum, will be intrigued
with the Lindsay frankness about her own reasons
for calling a halt to her adventurous glamor system.
You've read too many of those long-winded schemes
on how to get your man, how to be a beauty, and
how to get far away from existing-alone-and-hating-
it. But here is an actual case history:

"All the 'You, too, can be a charmer' stuff riled
me," Margaret declared candidly. "If I really could
transform myself, I most definitely wanted to! But
was it possible?

"I wasn't born a fatal (Continued on page 89)
Opulent fabrics, huge jewelled trimming are used when Hedy Lamarr adopts simple, straight lines as in this shell pink lame wrap with plush velvet sleeves.
Madeleine Carroll's costume has good lines for a campus outfit.

Rosella Towne's tweed suit would be a fine mainstay in a wardrobe.

Hedy Lamarr wears the perfect siren dress for that important date!

THE NEXT time a saleswoman says to you, "But everybody is wearing full skirts," just keep on looking until you find something sleek and slim. If she says, "Stripes are all the rage" hold out for polka dots, or checks, or a flowered print, or a plain fabric—or anything a little bit different. Encourage her to tell you what her other customers are buying. That will tip you off to what you don't want. But don't be swayed when she says with an air of authority that this is a fluffy-ruffles year, or that short jackets are out and long ones in. What she says may be all very true for the mob. But you are going to stand out from the crowd as Madeleine Carroll always stands out in a scene full of good-looking extra girls.

Even if a saleswoman treats you as if you didn't know Hedy Lamarr from Sonja Henie, don't let her bully you. You're the one who is going to wear the clothes you are buying. And you know best whether you are buying a standby that you can wear for months, always looking neat and well-groomed though you ride in your beau's open roadster, or a languorous siren formal to put all those coquettish full-skirted belles in their places at the next big dance.

It is not entirely by accident, or by more vivid personality, that the star of a picture stands out in every scene. If you had been around the Hollywood studio lots as much as I have, you would know that the star watches (Continued on page 97)

The star stands out in a crowd—and so can you if you try her tricks
There's nothing new
about Clark? It's all been
told? Well, just listen!

Why is Gable in the movies—for fame, art or money? He frankly
and gladly tells you. him, a picture not of himself but
of Robert Taylor. The Gable guffaws 'cause!

No, I won't write again about how
Gable is a "man's man," pal of Spen-
cer Tracy and Wally Beery, loving
hunting and fishing and flying, nostal-

gic for freedom and the wide
open spaces.

Gable is generous. Not only with
money. He is generous of spirit, free
from spite and rancor, resentments
and rivalries.

I know, too, what he thinks of
time. How honestly he debunks this
business of being a star. He has said
time after time, "I just happened to
get the breaks, that's all. It could
have happened to anyone."

Which is all very Gable-illuminat-
ing. But—what else?

Plenty else. For Gable turned the
table on me. Gable passed by or
passed up all the Gable highlights,
the "man's manliness," the love of
hunting, the zest for practical joking.

He opened the back door and took
me in with him into the "house"
where he lives. It is more important
to know that Gable whistles "The
Daring Young Man On The Flying
Trapeze" when he takes his cold
shower than it is to know what he
does when he attends an exhibitors'
dinner.

The kind of things that are not for
publicity are the kind of things Clark
told about himself the other after-
noon. It all began at mention of
Robert Taylor's name. We were
laughing about the birthday-cake gag.
Immediately Clark's face lighted. He
said, "He's a man, Bob Taylor, a real
honest-to-God he-man, make no mis-
take about that."

I didn't think I ever had made any
mistake about the he-mannishness of
Bob Taylor. But leaving Bob out of
it for a moment, I thought I had
made a (Continued on page 100)

I WENT to interview Clark
Gable with a distinct feeling of
discouragement. For, what would
I find to say about the man, that
hasn't been said before?

I knew about his days in the
lumber camps and oil fields. I
knew of his early stage struggles,
his first frustrations and later
blazing triumph here in Holly-
wood. I knew about his marriages.
I knew his penchant for practical
joking.

I knew that Gable can take a
joke, too. There was the occasion
of the birthday cake, ablaze with
candles and gay with lace paper
frills, which was presented to him
on the set on his last birthday.
When he removed the top frill,
there was a picture staring up at

THAT GUY

Gable

BY

FAITH SERVICE

50
Tea for two, at which Constance Moore and Boris Karloff toast the latter's brand new baby. Yep, B. K. became a pappy on his fifty-first birthday and he's that proud! You'll see him and his eighty-five pounds of make-up—but really—in "Son of Frankenstein."
Everyone but Loretta Young knows of the dearth of men on the camera coast. She, invariably, has her own beau and somebody else’s—David Niven and Richard Greene.

Gene Raymond is justly proud of the little woman—Jeanette MacDonald, of course—who is a sensation in "Sweethearts." They gaily leave the preview.

The lady dripping in silver fox and orchids and diamond bracelets is the popular conception of a movie star. She is one, Norma Shearer dines with Mervyn LeRoy.

Kay Francis sporting a new fur coat and a title—the Baron Barnekow. The story goes they're headed for the altar early this spring.

Dietrich parks the languorous look for an honest grin. She's Henry Fonda's dinner partner here.
Don Ameche, wearing his wedding ring, and Marjorie Weaver, an upswept hairdo, talk about their operations. Each sports a fine contract, but no appendix. Well, say we, you can’t have everything!

Snapped when the cameraman was lookin’—and the players were not! Result? Some intimate “off-guard” pictures of your favorites
When Greek meets Greek, they open a —make-up kit. June Lang shows Jean Parker how to wield a mean lipstick.

The screen's favorite actor takes his favorite girl stepping—the Spencer Tracys.
Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett are deciding whether to get married or stay friends.

Even Buddy Ebsen’s wife, Walter Winchell’s ex-Girl Friday, laughs at his “windblown” haircut.

When a star’s without a date—that’s news which makes Jimmy Stewart a headliner.

You know Leo Carrillo, so he wants you to meet the missus.
Shirley Temple scoots around Palm Springs on her favorite birthday gift.

What do you mean Joe E. Brown has no sex appeal? Just look!
Believe it or not, Mrs. Crosby can get Bing into a dress suit. So there!

Evidently Marian Nixon and Randy Scott just heard a good one.

If you like male pulchritude—and who doesn’t—cast your eyes on Jon Hall.

The gent whose face you can’t see is Claudette Colbert’s husband.
They met first in 1932 working in "No Man of Her Own." It was distinctly not a case of love at first sight, for Carole was Mrs. William Powell and Clark, the husband of Rhea Langham.

Meet Josephine Dillon. Clark did in 1924 when she gave him diction lessons and he presented her with a wedding ring.

With his second and present wife, Rhea Gable. She is that surprised that he wants a divorce! Can you imagine?
In 1931, when Carole and Bill Powell were one, they kept a great many night spots flourishing. Their marriage lasted but two years. The clubs are still going strong.

The most glamorous friendship on the Coast. She's free to become Mrs. Gable and they say he'd like to be free.

There's a woman in their cards who, they say, is blocking out the altar.
Again Modern Screen is the first to show you what makes Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire tick in their tango—from “The Castles.” Let’s follow them as they whirl around the floor and see if we can’t catch onto this thing. Left, in an open ballroom position they go into a slow glide. Above, after four steps, they break and face each other.

THE TANTALIZING TANGO

as performed by the gay-est of Senors and Senoritas

—Rogers and Astaire to you
With hands behind their backs, the dancers do a slow tango step forward and backward.

The lady steps forward and goes into a back bend, supported by the gent's right arm.

Then, facing forward, they take long dipping steps toward each other in a semi-crossover.

And snapping suddenly into an upright position, they stamp three beats of the bolero step.
GOOD NEWS
Come on along and see the guy goings-on behind Hollywood scenes

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable had themselves a time the other evening—a round of all the night clubs which is something in which they indulge only on very special occasions. It was the day after they announced their intentions to wed, but the celebration had nothing to do with that. It was strictly in honor of Carole. She's been taking a correspondence course in agriculture from U.S.C. and that day she had received her monthly report card. Carole Lombard had been given her first "A" in the course.

If you think Clark's been twiddling his thumbs while the girl friend does her homework on crop rotation, you don't know Mr. Gable. He, too, has been taking a course in which he's learning the art of leather work. So far he's made a saddle, intricately carved, and several other less ambitious pieces. A. H. Hardy of Beverly Hills is his teacher and another pupil in the group is Gary Cooper. But according to Mr. Hardy, Clark Gable is his prize pupil. "I've yet to see a fancier quick-draw holster than the one Mr. Gable made," says his teacher. "He's a real artist."

Cupid Dept.: Mayor Glenda Farrell takes time off from duties to date Tom Lewis, radio executive. Eddie Norris has been dating Mary Brian while Ann Sheridan is dividing her time between Dick Purcell and Don Barry. Hoot Gibson's sparkin' Louise Shelton, oil heiress from Texas. Olivia De Havilland says the talk about her interest in George Brent is "highly embarrassing"—but they still see a lot of each other. Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin hold hands at previews. Lana Turner and Greg Bautzer are all made up and talking wedding plans. Rosalind Russell and William Powell have more than their love of reading in common. Wayne Morris has confirmed those remarks of Bubbles Schimasi, the cigarette heiress, that he's really going to marry her and forsake all other debas and screen cuties.

Though Ann Rutherford's reel's swell, Mickey Rooney would prefer to confine his hugging and kissing routines to Barbara Salisbury. No, you haven't heard of Bobbie, but Mickey's been taking every date she'll spare him since their high-school days together in Long Beach. First girl he called up his week in Oklahoma City was brunette Bobbie, who after he report he also collected a date not only on Mickey Rooney but on a Cherokee Indian Chief, a police captain, a Texas ranger, honorary mayor of Oklahoma City and leader of the Oklahoma Girl's Kittle Band." Mickey actually collected all those honors in his one week's visit and we're happy to report he also collected a date that evening with his dream girl.

Martha Raye put on a party at La Conga and Franchot Tone was a very popular guest.

Richard Greene and Anita Louise do a little rug-cutting—but where is Arleen Whelan?
Billie Burke and Alice Brady are two of our very favorite scatter-brains.

Judy Garland’s getting to be a habit with Mickey (fashion plate) Rooney.
Freddie Bartholomew should really be out of the red if things keep on as they're going. He has had to pay only $63,000 in lawyer's fees this year and has had his weekly allowance raised to a dollar and a half for personal extravagances. Item number one under Luxuries on the Bartholomew budget is Judy Garland. Though Freddie could only afford an occasional cardboard for her last year, he hopes to say it now with bigger and better posies. Not only because of the increase in his exchequer, but because Judy's opened a new flower shop in Hollywood and has promised him the wholesale price on an orchid on her next birthday.

Ginger Rogers is still trying to get that promise of a vacation from the studio, while Fred Astaire blissfully reads catalogues and hands out tantalizing bits of news about the countries he's going to visit on his world jaunt as soon as "The Castles" is completed. But it looks like Ginger will go into another picture right away—a schedule she's been following for many months now. "I shouldn't be such a crab, though," Ginger said the other day on the set, "I guess I'm taking my vacation right now. They're letting me sit down between takes."

Norma Shearer brought a visitor to the set of "Idiot's Delight" the other day. It was her small daughter, Katharine. "I just had to bring her," explained Norma. "It's the first time she's ever shown any interest in seeing me act."

Cast and crew of "I Take This Woman" watched with amazement the other day when Spencer Tracy was supposed to fervently embrace Hedy Lamarr. Tracy not only didn't take advantage of the opportunity offered by the script, but he made the scene look like hokum by very gingerly putting his arm around Hedy. The sequence was taken several times, but it was still obvious that Tracy's heart was not in it. Finally, he had to break down and confess—he'd sprained his wrist playing polo the day before. And polo you see, is on the list of banned activities for an important star while he's making a picture.

On the set of the "Son of Frankenstein," the director asked Boris Karloff to please regain his composure so the scene could be shot. "I can't," giggled the monster. "Lugosi's making faces at me."

The Martha Raye-Dave Rose marriage wavers and wavers but they were spotted at a popular restaurant the other night in a very married mood. Martha commented that she had never been happier and "there's nothing to it"—meaning both the divorce and stock rumors. "One thing that is true, however," she added, "is that I'm feeding with Bob Hope." Seems that on the set of "Never Say Die" that afternoon he called for Martha to save Bob's life when he fell into the swimming-pool. In an organdy dress, Martha...
We're glad to see George Raft back with Virginia Pine.

Wherever there's a gay gathering you'll find the Eddie Robinsons.

had to jump in after him. She grabbed for Bob, who floundered helplessly around and finally dragged Martha under water. "Swim!" she yelled, coming up for a desperate breath. "Can't," gurgled Bob. "Never learned how." Whereupon two electricians jumped in and pulled them both to safety.

There'll be no more Tarzan pictures until Johnny Weissmuller and eighteen pounds part company. After two weeks in Palm Springs Johnny wired the studio that he'd been swimming four hours a day and banking in the desert sun but hadn't lost an ounce. To which he received a wire, "Cut out the banking. We can't use stylish stouts in leopard skins."

Seen along the Sunset Strip: Joe E. Brown spinning along in his red touring car with a cop following a half block behind, sirens going full blast. No ticket for Joe Evans Brown, however. The cop blushed and merely chided him for being in such a hurry... Clark Gable parking his old Ford runabout in front of a drugstore and fans collecting like flies. He bought sodas for eleven kids, autographed paper napkins, swapped yarns at the counter and didn't rush off either... Myrna Loy in cotton gabardine slacks and mink coat ordering two hamburgers at a drive-in stand—one for herself and one for her wire-hair pooch.

Jackie Cooper was the Polomar dance-hall's most consistent customer after Gene Krupa moved in there. He spent every evening as close to his idol, bandleader Krupa, as possible and was frequently given a chance to substitute on the drums. The result was that one evening Jackie offered his services to the band, and movie career go hang. Movies, said Jackie, weren't a real guy's work anyway. "I can't take you on," Krupa told him regretfully. "I'm quitting tomorrow for movie commitments."

To celebrate her birthday, Dorothy Lamour gave a gala party at the Coconut Grove where Rudy Vallee had just opened. Rudy's "Happy Birthday To You" selection was drowned out by the lusty voices of Randolph Scott and Wesley Ruggles, both rendering the selection with undeniable emotion though somewhat off key. Since Dorothy's name has been linked often with that of all three gentlemen, and since all were prominently present at her party, there's no telling about the situation. All we know for sure is that husband Herbie Kay was conspicuous by his absence.

Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak unburdened themselves of a few opinions re each other one evening recently. It all took place in a popular night-spot and in very loud tones. Only a few days before, Miriam Hopkins had told an interviewer, "My personal affairs I regard as strictly a private matter."

Sonja Henie has a neat trick for avoiding stage-door johnnies. "Certainly I'd love to come to supper with you," she says, smiling charmingly, "and so will the other girls." The "other girls" in the troupe number a mere sixty. So for the duration of her tour she had no trouble whatsoever getting her nine hours beauty sleep per night.
Dick Powell and Joan Blondell agree to disagree with their studio, and so they're reading offers. There's been no scarcity of them, either.

A deluge of rain soaked many an emprise wrap and top hat the night of the "Kentucky" premiere but it didn't dampen the gaiety spirit of the affair. Hundreds of fans huddled under umbrellas to gaze at the stars as they swept up the Carthay Circle theater promenade. But the biggest cheers went up for the guests of honor of the occasion—Governor and Mrs. A. B. (Happy) Chandler and their two pretty daughters. You couldn't have found two more excited and thrilled girls in the country that evening than Marcella and Mildred Chandler, the sixteen and fourteen-year-old daughters of the governor and his wife. At the Trocadero party which followed the picture's showing, the girls were introduced to all the stars and Marcella had the first dance with her favorite actor, David Niven. She was given a screen test by one of the studios, too, before her parents got her safely back to the old Kentucky home.

Kay Francis was given a very warm reception at the plane when she returned to Hollywood. Burnt a gorgeous golden tan from the Haiti sun, Kay did a deeper burn when a reporter asked what her plans for the future might be, and Kay replied, "To be a good wife," "Nothing more interesting than that," asked the news-sleuth, "You mean you haven't any picture plans and are just going to marry the Baron?"

Garbo's on a sit-down strike. She refuses point blank to discuss any picture plans unless she can have George Cukor again as director. And Mr. Cukor has been borrowed by David Selznick to direct "Gone With the Wind." The solution to the whole problem may yet be a Scarlett who tanks she go home to Tara.

Now that the dove of peace has settled on the Chester Morris household, plans are being made for a second honeymoon. The Morrices will check the children with friends and be off for Honolulu for a month. After their reunion, Chester told his wife to pick out the largest star sapphire in town as a second engagement ring. Tiffany's or Marlene Dietrich may have a larger stone than the one Mrs. Morris selected, but it's doubtful.

Which brings to mind the fact that U.C.L.A. students will tell you George Burns pulled a Gracie when supplying his wife with her late lamented jewelry. You've no doubt read of the incident. In college vernacular these days, a dumb dora is a "Gracie."

Two top stars talk shop. Bette Davis tells Jimmy Cagney how to win an Academy Award and you know he can. See "Angels with Dirty Faces."
“CAMELS ARE SO SOOTHING…”

SAYS MISS DOROTHY LEWIS,
petite performer who thrills society throngs at the Hotel St. Regis in New York

“FIGURE-SKATING IS A NERVE-STRAINING JOB”

Above, Miss Lewis caught by the photographer as she does the “Camel Spin.” Following this she may swing into the “Butterfly” — a difficult feat which she performs on a block of ice no larger than the floor space of a room! “Whirlwind spins, turns, and twists,” she says, “put constant pressure upon my nerves. So…”

“LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!”

she adds, “…whenever I can, I break nerve tension. I let up — and light up a Camel. Such an enjoyable way to rest the nerves!” So enjoyable to Miss Lewis, and to millions of other smokers, because Camels are mild, rich-tasting. They are a matchless blend of finer, more EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic.

(above) A close-up of young Dorothy Lewis wearing her skating costume of white silk, turban of silver fox. Her skill on the ice makes her a favorite with those who dine and sup in the stately Irudium Room of the St. Regis. She excels in intricate figure work, dances the Lambeth Walk on skates. “If my nerves were jittery,” she says, “I couldn’t keep my performance up to par. So what do I smoke? Camels, of course! They certainly are soothing to the nerves.”

The Dog instinctively gives his nerves a rest…

Do we?

LOOK at the Gordon setter above — a fine-spirited sporting breed. When his instincts warn him: nerves need rest — he obeys his instincts and rests. His nervous system is like our own — highly strung. When our instincts warn us to rest our nerves, they are often overridden by our will-power…we keep on the go till nerves are tense. Yet think how much more pleasant life can be when nerves are smooth, unruffled! So pause frequently…Let up — light up a Camel. Smokers often say, “Camels are really soothing to the nerves!”

LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!
Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children. 

Allen Roy Pafoz, M.D.

Remember...KARO IS RICH IN DEXTROSE...The food-energy sugar
****** Sweethearts

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy singing the Victor Herbert melodies from "Sweethearts" remain for their best picture since the caper comedy "Naughty Marietta." The music is superb, the dialogue provocative, the story plausible and absorbing, and sheer magic is achieved with the color photography. Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, writing a play within the original stage version, concocted an amusing plot. The "Sweethearts" are not only hero and heroine of the Broadway success, but man and wife in real life and much in love. They're allowed to stay that way until Reginald Gardiner, a Hollywood talent scout, breaks up the six-year run of the play with promises of an utopian life for the team in the film capital. Mischa Auer, playwright of Sweethearts, conspires with producer Frank Morgan and the heroine is made to believe that her husband is really in love with their secretary, Florence Rice. The team splits, the play closes, and into the story comes Young Douglas McPhail and Betty Jaynes to co-star with the separated lovers on different road tours. All ends happily, of course, but not without a thoroughly satisfactory sequence of comedy, song, and dancing from MacDonald and Eddy, the talented Ray Bolger, and an excellent cast. The gentle satire on Hollywood and the fun poked at typical Broadway theatrical families are very amusing. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—M-G-M.

****** A Christmas Carol

The familiar and well loved story of Tiny Tim is here brought to the screen with all the charm and warmth found in the pages of the Charles Dickens story. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has assembled an excellent cast and spared no effort to keep the photographic and musical background in accord with the simplicity and beauty of the tale. Young and old will find this picture deeply enjoyable.

Gene Lockhart gives a fine and memorable performance as Bob Cratchit, Kathleen Lockhart, in the role of Mrs. Cratchit, is entirely satisfactory, while all the little Cratchits are admirably portrayed by a well selected group of youngsters. It would be hard to imagine a more perfect Tiny Tim than Terry Kilburn, whose understanding portrayal of the role is enough to melt a heart tougher than Scrooge's. The character of the bitter Scrooge, to meet Christmas is just another day, only worse, is well done by Reginald Owen. His characterization of the dour old gentleman who is finally saved by the spirits of Christmas past, present and future, is convincing throughout. Others in the cast who deserve special credit are Lynne Carver and Barry Mackay, who provide the romantic interest, also Ang Rutherford, Ronald Sinclair, and Lionel Barrymore. Directed by Edwin L. Marin.—M-G-M.

****** Kentucky

"Kentucky" easily heads the list as the best picture entertainment of the month. Beautiful photography in Technicolor, excellent production and direction, an engrossing original story and capable performances distinguish it. Its impressive scenes are laid in the blue grass country and the story revolves about the horse breeding and racing for which Kentucky is justly famed. The picture is climaxd with a thrilling sequence of the Kentucky Derby. Hollywood will be a long time topping this offering in the minds of horse racing fans.

Though the racing sequences steal every scene in which they appear, the acting honors go without dispute to Walter Brennan. As the crotchety Uncle Peter, the best judge of horse flesh in Kentucky, Brennan gives a performance that should put him in the running for an Academy Award. Loretta Young looks beautiful and her performance as Sally Goodwin, a Southern belle and horse breaker, is notable for its sincerity and charm. Richard Greene, in the romantic lead, suffers somewhat by comparison. High points of the picture are the scenes in which the darkness appears. Among several excellent performances that of George Reed is outstanding. "Kentucky" is a picture you'll enjoy and remember. Directed by David Butler.—20th Century-Fox.

BY LOIS SVENSRUD
Dawn Patrol

A powerful screen drama, "Dawn Patrol" is a stirring plea for peace as well as excellent entertainment. Without such notably fine performances by the principals in the cast the picture might have floundered on the melodramatic, but as it is, even the most harrowing scenes have credibility and plenty of punch.

The story deals with a group of enthusiastic young men in the Royal Flying Corps, stationed close to the German enemy lines. Each evening several of the flyers in their rickety planes are sent out to battle and almost certain death. Each evening sees the boys sent out to the slaughter, giving a memorable performance. Errol Flynn, in what is undoubtedly his best role to date, portrays one of the intrepid flyers with remarkable, sympathetic insight. But it is David Niven who steals the honors with his characterization of "Scotty." Whether his role calls for tipsy gayety or Starkie tragedy, David delivers unerringly. This performance alone should put the English actor right up in the front line of big screen names. Donald Crisp is splendid as the adjutant, whose job it is to save the squadron from blowing up from nervous hysteria as well as enemy bombs. A fine picture.

Directed by Edmund Goulding.—Warner Bros.

Dramatic School

This is Luise Rainer's best picture in a long time. There is good entertainment here, particularly for those with dramatic leanings, inhibited or otherwise. The routine of a dramatic school, the trials and errors of its students, the disappointments and triumphs of those who devote their lives to the art of drama are all rolled into the script and put into the hands of a competent cast.

Luise Rainer brings to her role of the little factory worker who longs to be a great actress, a warmth and charm that is irresistible. Paulette Goddard, a student who is more practical than idealistic, again comes to the fore as an actress of promise. And there is an attractive assemblage of other students, among them Lana Turner, Virginia Grey, and Ann Rutherford. Anthony Allen, a new juvenile, distinguishes himself in a minor role and Henry Stephenson and Gale Sondergaard are stand-outs in their respective roles.

Though there is a romance, the most interesting sequences revolve around the school. Embittered Gale Sondergaard, formerly an actress of note but now unable to face the fact that she's twenty years too old to play Juliet, delights in taking her role out on Luise Rainer, whose youth and talents are unmistakable. The other pupils indulge in the same sport. The tables, however, are turned before long. Directed by Robert Sinclair.—M-G-M.

Thanks for Everything

A guaranteed gloom-buster, "Thanks For Everything" can be recommended for the entire family. It's a honey and hilarious story of the average American's reactions to current problems. The small-town background provides the honey touches and Jack Haley, Jack Oakie, Adolphe Menjou, and Binnie Barnes supply the hilarity. Menjou, a crooked but brilliant advertising executive, picks Henry Smith (Jack Haley) as his guinea pig for testing Mr. Average American's tastes. Menjou is aided and abetted by his assistant, Jack Oakie, a gent not quite as brilliant but equally crooked and Binnie Barnes, secretary to the big boss, and a fine little helper on shady deals. Between them they almost succeed in breaking Henry Smith spiritually, mentally and financially. But they forget that the Average American always muddles through. So in the end Henry wins up with a bride and a bank-roll while the Messrs. Menjou and Oakie end up in straw-jackets.

The story in itself might have proved pretty dull, but a well chosen cast brings it through with flying colors. Laughs throughout are timed to just enable you to catch your breath between Arleen Whelan, as the home-town sweetheart, is a dainty dish, if no Duse, and Tony Martin isn't half bad at his singing.—Directed by Wm. A. Seiter.—20th Century-Fox. (Continued on page 84)

Here's an unbiased guide to this month's outstanding screen entertainment
Wise Girls Depend on This Extra Skin Care—They Cream Extra ‘Skin-Vitamin’ into Their Skin!*

Boy Teaches Girl—Nancy Hoguet gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull’s-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. “I cream my skin every day with Pond’s Cold Cream. That puts extra ‘skin-vitamin’ into it, besides cleaning and softening it.”

Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—Anne Clark Roosevelt faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks’ privacy before her wedding! She says: “‘Skin-vitamin’ helps skin health. I’m glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond’s.”

Big Moment—Camilla Morgan (now Mrs. Remsen Donald) finds it takes two to cut a cake. “I’ll always use Pond’s,” she says. “When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond’s Cold Cream helps make up for this.”

245 Presents—Marjorie Fairchild sails for Bermuda honeymoon day after her wedding at St. Thomas’s—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: “Pond’s was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin beautifully for make-up.”

* Statements concerning the effects of the “skin-vitamin” applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.
"From that night," says Nancy, "mother went to work on me in earnest. I've never been to a dramatic school in my life, you know. I never had a drill lesson. Nan was afraid I would lose my naturalness. So she taught me everything. She taught me expression, she taught me to cry at will. I was emotional anyway, still am, and deeply devoted to Nan. When she used to tell me to do a certain thing and happened to her, I would burst into tears that were not at all make-believe. I use the same method now. When I have a crying scene to do I think of Nan and of pitiful things that happened to her or that might happen to her and I am dissolved in my own tears. And it isn't make-believe, either."

When Nan Kelly felt that she had got the child to the point where she could register any emotion from maudlin mirth to cold hard laughter, she called the casting director at a Long Island studio, Gloria Swanson, said Mr. Cohill, was looking for a child to play in "The Untamed" with Myrtle Stedman. "Do you see Gloria?" Nancy was brought to be interviewed and remained to play the part.

THUS, at the age of four, Nancy's career was launched—and stayed launched. Picture followed picture almost faster than her small legs could carry her from studio to studio. "Say It Again," with Richard Dix, "Mismates" with Warner Baxter. At which time Warner said, "I never want any other little girl in any place of mine except between little Miss Kelly and Warner Baxter a friendship which was to end. Warner took her to the circus and the circus taught her. She dated her at the Ritz for luncheon where he introduced her as "my future leading lady."

All through the years that have followed, Nancy and Warner have corresponded. And when Nancy stepped off the train in Los Angeles a few months ago, the first person she called was Warner Baxter. "I adore that man," says Nancy. And so strangely pat are the workings of the Kelly destiny that now are Nancy and Warner on a film some time along. Nancy appeared in fifty-two pictures before she was old enough to want that fancy before she was five she was known as "America's most photographed child." You couldn't pick up any magazine of that time without Nancy's cherubic face greeting you, winsly, laughingly, from some elaborate advertisement of ships or cheese, or sealing wax.

Another item worthy of any star-maker's attention is a star-in-the-making and should be made of, not ethereal stardust with a permanent wave, but a healthy little body in which to house the gifted spirit. Nancy looked so healthy and handsome that a committee of physicians once pronounced her "100 per cent perfect." Nor was she kept in a glass show case lest her gold curls or scratch mar her sturdiness, as is the sad case of many youngsters whose parents have professional ambitions for them. Nancy enough to handle the rough cop and copy tough cops 'n robbers, got as dirty as and as black and blue as she pleased along with the other kids.

I'm not sure where she found time, but somewhere during this period she appeared in a number of Red Seal Comedies in which she was sometimes a feminine Tom Mix Junior, riding horses, doing daredevil stunts, making Wild West whoopee. "The Girl On The Barge" was her last picture until "Submarine Patrol." For then Nancy was ten. "And," she confides, "I began to get a little, well, stocky. I just couldn't continue to climb whimsically onto people's laps. Nan and I put heads together and held a 'What now?' conference. I had an idea, I said, Nan, why don't I hide behind a microphone until I get over being tubby?" Nan set to work on the airwaves. Result: Nancy "hid behind" a great many microphones. She was the first and only ingenue on the "March of Time" program. She was the first dramatic star of her time on the air at all. Dialects were like mother tongues to her. She says, "I did everything from playing Freddie Bartholow to the Princess Juliana. She played Dorothy in "Wizard of Oz" broadcasts for six months with such success that when she was compelled to be off the air for two days she had 50,000 letters from children all over the country pleading, "Dorothy, where are you? Nancy, don't stop being Dorothy! Dorothy, come back to Oz!" She played the role of Nancy Miller on the Myrt and Marge broadcasts. Somewhere during this period, too, she appeared in the Broadway production, "Bus Stop." Nancy was just about the busiest young lady on the air when she got the call to try out for the part of Gertrude Lawrence's daughter, Blossom, in the stage play, "Susan and God." The part was coveted by every ingenue on Broadway.

On a certain afternoon the producer, John Golden, was feeling very weary and discouraged. He had listened to a legion of pretty ingenues with their dramatic school voices, patent trains, and trained walks. Suddenly the author, Rachel Crothers, whispered, "Wait a minute, Mr. Golden. I think . . . here she comes!"

Just then a slender little girl walked effortlessly across the bright empty stage, with the light grace of Spring. Her voice was not the voice of a tutored ingenue. It was what they hadn't been able to find—a girl's voice. Mr. Golden sat erect in his chair, all weariness gone, and cried, "That's the girl!"

And "That's the girl!" is Darryl Zanuck, star-maker, cried when he saw Nancy's screen test. He had won the prize coveted by all producers in Hollywood. For practically every studio in town had made offers to Nancy, but Nan and Nancy and Nan also astutely concluded on Fox because that studio has fewer young actresses than any of the others.

"It was that纳 which led Nancy to Hollywood, to being the talk of the town, to the after-noon when I sat with her and her mother in Nancy's portable dressing room on the ' Tail Spin' sound stage.

Of course," said Nancy, "there wasn't only professional work in my life. There was also school, plenty of it. Whenever I left school for the theatre, I had a tutor. When I came to Hollywood the Board of Education advised me that if I could pass a certain examination I could get out of having school on the set. I took the exam and, if I do say so, I was surprised at myself! "They rated me as in my second year of college. And so my tutor on the set turns out to be a child welfare worker, whose mission sometimes swore that I am not hit over the head and that no one uses "indelicate language" before a 'mirror.' Isn't that delicious! However, I am going on with my studies with a tutor."

"My greatest ambition is to live up to what Mr. Crothers expects of me. In order to make that exacting grade I must work very hard. That's about all I really enjoy doing anyway. I read a lot. I'm studying music. I have fan collecting "little things," all kinds of tiny things. My most precious possession is a charm bracelet given me by Gertrude Lawrence when I left the stage in "Susan and God," to come to Hollywood."

"I love to play with the children. Carol E. is my special charge. I act out bedtime stories with her the way Nan used to with me. When we were in Astoria I used to get mad at Carol E. because she was forever going into my room and messing around with my theatre make-up. Then when Nan and I came to Hollywood before the rest of the family joined us, I'd been "Little Lady Love" on the radio and I'd cry my head off. It fits Carol E. perfectly. So, when she got here, I threw open the door of my room and said, "Little Lady Love, I'm going to make just as much mess as you like." She does."

"No, I've never been in love," Nancy said honestly. "I've never even been interested in any boy. Oh, I get crushes on Nelson Eddy, Robert Taylor and others, just like all the girls. But my crushes are all shadows."

"What do I do with my time when I'm not working? I work! I go home, eat my dinner, study my lines and go to bed. Every night of every week except Saturday. Saturday night is my night to howl. Then Nan and Jack and I go out and have ourselves a time. Occasionally some boy case hits me. But we have never gone out without a chaperone. I don't think much about going out, dates and things like that. I don't think about love. I just want to be an actress. My whole heart's in that."

And about fame? Glamor? About all the things people say about me? "You know what people say," said Nancy, maturely. "Then, with a laugh and a 'seventeen' shrug, "I just think, so what? So I've given up caring what people say. That's one. What I am, is what I can do anything to entertain anyone, in any medium, I'm happy."
Daisy got orchids for telling—

I could hardly keep a straight face at the bridge club yesterday. In strolled Daisy—with her whole shoulder aquiver with orchids. Naturally, the girls were dying to find out who'd sent them. But Daisy just smiled mysteriously and said, "Wouldn't you like to know?" Ha-ha, I thought, wouldn't Daisy like to know!

Here's what happened. I ran into Daisy downtown on Monday. I'd been shopping all afternoon, and I wasn't up to par anyway. "Daisy," I moaned, "I'm so chafed and uncomfortable I can't go another step. Let's stop in here and have a soda."

"So that's what ails you," said Daisy, when I'd explained more fully. And with that she marched over to a counter and came back in a flash with a package. "I just got you a box of Modess," she said, "and I'll deliver it and you right to your door. Come on—my car's outside..."

"Now for some scissors," were her first words when we got home. I handed them to her—and she cut a Modess pad in two and showed me the soft, fluffy filler. I was amazed at the difference between the "fluff-type" filler in Modess and the layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!

"You bet Modess is softer," Daisy continued. "And what's more, it's safer! There's a moisture-resistant backing inside every Modess pad!" Whereupon she took out the backing...and dropped some water on it. Safer is right!—Not a drop went through!

So—the truth is that Daisy's orchids came from me! Modess gave me such wonderful relief—both from chafing and worry—that I thought a corsage of orchids was none too great a reward. And to make the thrill greater, I left out my card—so Daisy would think they came from an admiring beau.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)
The three months stretched into six. There was great chance that Jane might get into an "Our Gang" comedy next month, Mrs. Withers wrote. She'd sung at a benefit attended by lots of movie people, and some one was sure to spot her soon. In all those Walter Withers found scant comfort. But to his friends and neighbors he sang the same tune. Loyalty forlade anything else. "When's Ruth coming back?" they'd ask. "Is Jane in the movies yet?"

"Well, not exactly, but she landed a little radio job."

"She could do that here too." A few of the blunter-spoken gave him unsought advice. "If I were you, I'd go down the law, or else quit sending money out there for rent. That way she'd have to come back."

He'd smile, his slow smile, "Kind of hard on them, wouldn't it be? After all, they do have to eat."

One night he was feeling pretty low. He sat down and wrote Ruth a letter, asking her what she intended to do. It didn't seem fair to expect him to go on much longer without his wife's child. He'd just finished answering a letter he'd bargained with hope and joy. "It won't be long before we're together again. Jane's just been signed to a part in "Handle With Care.""

"When do we start work Monday? Please tell all the folks to be sure to see the picture and to watch for Jane."

"I told every one of 'em," says Mr. Withers. "But I'd never mentioned it. First day the picture came to town, I went down during lunch hour and carried three or four people from the store with me. There was a flash somewhere round the middle of the picture that might have been Jane, or again it mightn't, depending on your eyesight. That afternoon, I spent two or three hours at the theatre looking for Jane," he said. "Where is she? Next day I went back but I went alone. I could concentrate better. After that I just took the ribbing that was coming to me."

But Mrs. Withers had tasted blood. Left on the cutting-room floor or not, Jane had worked in a picture. More months rolled by. Mr. Withers waited, because he wanted Ruth to get out of his system, and get it over with. Fortunately the word Hollywood never would be mentioned again. With a second Christmas in the oilfield, however, they had common sense. He would go to Hollywood. He figured it would be a nice vacation for him, and he also figured that he'd get out of Jane's head once and for all that Jane could ever be in pictures."

"Well, I figured wrong. Once I got outside, I wasn't so keen about getting Ruth to go back. Not that I was sold on Jane in pictures—nothing like it—but I was sold on California. It's so pretty out here I wanted to stay myself."

Mr. Withers is known as one of the best salesmen ever employed by the Goodrich Tire Company. He sold them the idea of transferring him to the west coast. The following February saw him in charge of the Goodrich office in Whittier, some forty miles from Los Angeles. He spent the week-ends with his family. No ideal arrangement, it was an ideal, a considerable improvement, but had been.

One day his wife phoned him. One of the big studios had asked her to bring Jane out and something about a part in a singer Temple picture called "Bright Eyes."

"Well, don't get steam up," he cautioned her. "It's just another one of those interviews. And look, if I quit my job, and toss the glad news around. Remember 'Handle With Care.'"

Still remembering "Handle With Care," he refused to turn handsprings when Jane was cast in the part. The day after the picture was previewed, came another phone call. Half-laughing, half-crying, Ruth managed between a built-up sob to convey the information that this same studio wanted to sign Jane to a contract. "This is where pushing begins to be thrilled," chuckled papa. "Go ahead and sign it."

As his daughter's career progressed by leaps and bounds, Walter Withers kept his junior and his level head. "What a kid in the movies, and you still working!" If heard it once, he heard it a dozen times a day.

"Well, it's this way," he'd tell them. "I eat an awful lot. I may not look it, but I sometimes eat as much as four eggs for breakfast. And I like 'em fresh. In fact, I'm so cranksy that way I've got to go out and buy those eggs myself. Where do I get the money?"

"Well, we're going to quit the tire business and let Jane's manager handle it," he was asked frequently.

"I'm a salesman. I don't know anything about the picture business. And Jane's got a perfectly good manager already."

About two years ago he left Goodrich to become distributing agent for a group of eastern manufacturers. The new work gives him more time to spend with his family. Withers has a house on a hill, overlooking the campus of UCLA, a site chosen by Jane so she can watch the team, whose mascot she is, while they are at football practice.

Last year they put in a swimming pool. A friend of Jane's gave her swimming lessons as a birthday gift, because her father refused to teach her. "It's like teaching your wife to drive a car. You both get fussled. Now Jane swims and dives like a water-rat, and we're still good friends."

"As if that wouldn't make any difference," scotched Jane with a laugh. "She's so bad-tempered, minding her own business for the most part, but moved to toss in a comment now and then."

This year they bought a house. At least, they call it a guest-house, because that's what it started to be, though it turned into something quite different. Jane's a fast and ever-growing doll. Her father would open his shirt-drawer, to find a doll tucked cozily in among his intimate belongings. He'd reach into his closet for a hat, and find himself Grabbing a black bisque leg instead. "When we build the
In a season mad-over-purple, Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Lelong and Alix sponsor three new Cutex nail shades—ORCHID, CEDARWOOD, CAMEO—to wear with their latest creations!

The new Cutex ORCHID is a rich, glowing fuchsia-rose ... the new Cutex CEDARWOOD, a fresh mauvy-rose ... the new Cutex CAMEO, a fragile pink, with a touch of lavender. They tone in perfectly with every purplish shade from bonbon pink to raisin, with the new mauvish blues, the even newer yellows.

Give your nails an advance Spring lift! Wear the new Cutex shades sponsored by the great Paris dressmakers! See the whole smart Cutex color line-up—15 stunning shades in all! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.

New Cutex Salon Type Polish
WEARS! WEARS! WEARS!

The new Cutex Salon Type Polish is the result of a quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing nail polish that modern science can devise. Based on a new principle, the new Cutex Salon Type Polish is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days of added wear!
24 KARAT Gold Finish Charm Bracelet GIVE! To Introduce TAYTON'S Silk-Sifted Face Powder

CYNTHIA WESTLAKE Hollywood Beauty Says It's TAYTON'S for me — They're fine cosmetics.

SECRET OF GLAMOUR MAKE-UP

Found in Silk-Sifted Powder

GIVES YOUR SKIN THAT "GLAMOUR ILLUSION" — like the down on a flower petal, the new fashion demand — and to introduce TAYTON'S silk-sifted face powder this beautiful 24 karat gold finish charm bracelet, with four good luck charms attached — a 24 karat gold finish horseshoe, four leaf clover, wishbone, and bluebird, designed exactly like the exquisite 22 karat bracelet let presented to Margaret Lindsay for her great picture work, will be sent to the first 10,000 customers who send only 10c and the pink hand from around a 10c box of TAYTON'S silk-sifted face powder. Sifted through silk to a flattering fineness to give "glamour illusion". Stays on longer — does nothing.

ESTHER MUIR MURIEL EVANS EVELYN DAW Ann and Recomended TAYTON'S Cosmetics

HOW TO GET YOUR 24 KARAT GOLD FINISH BRACELET

Buy a box of TAYTON'S face powder in your 10c store. Tear off pink band around box. Mail the pink band and 10c to TAYTON Co., Dept. A, 939 West 7th St., Los Angeles, California and you will receive charm bracelet. Send pink band and 10c today.

Note: If you mail this offer without the pink band and 10c, we cannot fill your order.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 8

Solution to puzzle on page 8

DAVID WILD ORNATE WERONICA LOUISE JULIA AMELIA

TED JONES RALPH ROBERT ORIEL LENARDO

CHESL TAYLOR OTTO JACOB

THE BOOK OF

MADAM JANE'S FAVORITE CHARMS

TAYTON'S CREAM-POWDER LIPSTICK ROUGE

MODERN SCREEN

guest bathhouse," he said, "for the love of Pete, let's build a room big enough to hold ten million dolls, so I can have a place for my shirts and hats."

"We might as well make it a playroom for Jane," her mother replied.

He regarded her thoughtfully but said nothing. She noticed that he and Jane did a lot of whispering together these days, and he had been acting unusually quiet. It must be explained to Mr. Withers's idea of a well-spent afternoon is to round up a dozen steaks and roast them in the fire. Jane adored wienie roasts. In the end, they approached Mrs. Withers hand in hand.

"We'd like to sell you a two-story idea, mom," said downstairs. "Playroom on top of it." Eventually, mom was sold. The huge gameroom, with its fireplace and barbecue, is a real reason for the family to spend their evenings in it, playing Monopoly or a version of three-handed bridge that appeals to Jane.

On Sundays she and her father start off at nine to collect Sunday School scholars. The Buick has a motor as large as twenty. They pull onto the floor and on each others' laps. So long as he can close the door on them and snap the safety belt, he is within limits. He attends the Bible Class while the children are at school. At eleven they tumbled back into the car, and their heat driver's right eye is the derriere for ice cream cones. Three o'clock finds them gathering at the pool. Then follows an hour or so of what might be described as unorganized water sports supervised by Jane's father or Uncle Jack Trent, her bodyguard. The day's crowning event is an elegant wienie roast and, as Jane waves goodnight to her friends, tromping homeward in the dusk, she hugs her father's arm and sighs blissfully, "That was a swell two-story idea we had, Dad." Satisfactorily, as he finds her in most respects, he has failed to make a fishing and hunting companion of her. Thirty minutes of sitting still with a rod is about all Jane's energetic young body can stand.

On the subject of hunting she and her father will never see eye to eye, for there she puts up with pheasants, to take his activities in that direction for granted, but since she was presented with two baby ducks, rescued from a coyote by a friend of hers, she has become a fierce anti-hunting crusader.

The dear known as Dot and Dash live in a large enclosure from which they are rarely to be watched the boys at football practice. They have a little log cabin in which they retire when the weather is inclement. The day they arrived, Jane was so happy she cried, and they were so small that they had to be raised on a bottle. Their favorite dessert is rose petals. "And they kiss me right on the cheek, the little darlings," mured Jane, her eyes shining. "Yah!" gushed her father. "After you brile these things, I do not," cried the indignant Jane. "They kiss me first, they don't even know they're going to get paid for it."

Not long after their arrival, Jane came on her parent, polishing his gun. "Dad, come with me, will you please?" There's something I want to show you. She led him out to the enclosure, where Dot and Dash were enjoying their innocent lives. "Look at them, dad. Just look at them, then I dare you to ever go hunting again."

"It's not only deer, though," Mr. Withers complains. "It's anything that breathes." With a raised finger, Jane croaked so they shook the house. I had to coax 'em away when she wasn't look- ing. About three months ago I bought fifty-five perfectly good fowlers. I haven't had a single one on the table. When I want to eat chicken, I've got to go out side and buy it. I figure the eggs we get from those fowl cost us a dozen cents an egg. Jane goes out there and pours the food on the ground. She won't have any of her chickens on a diet."

"Why, Withers!" exclaimed the little four-ducks. We raised twelve of them to the quack-quack stage. Well, rather than have the neighbors running us out, I'd rather see her half the ducks and Jane took one look at that bird and started crying. She cried for half an hour and she wouldn't touch one more on it. What's more, she can't get over it. If an argument came up, she'd say, 'Another thing. You killed one of my favorite ducks and barbecued it.' Well, they're set on yonder to the point so I finally got her permission to give them away, provided I found good homes for them. Now we're down to two quan-tine, due to disease.

Problems of discipline are handled just as they were before Jane became a movie star. Her great joy is to see a picture on Saturday night. If she can be deprived of it, as she is for any major interruption of good conduct. There was the historic occasion when she was insisted on entering the pool, because she thought they'd like some nice clean water to swim in. "Yah!" chuckled Jane. "I missed the show, but I entered, but it was worth it to see pop's face."

She had acquired the habit of saying, "Aw, darlings!" which her family slurred over. "If you say it again," her father warned her. "I'm going to take some Octagon soap and wash your mouth out. She said it again, but she washed her mouth out while she yelled.

"That's pop for you, she commented. "If he says it, he does it. I can talk mommy out of things once in a while, but I haven't been able to change my dad's mind yet." She sent him a sweet smile. "If I were a boy, could I say it, daddy?"

She delights in the story of the boy he wanted and didn't get, and rubs it in whenever she can. Last Christmas she was given a handsome motor bike. Going out to exercise it, she found that her father had had the idea before her. He turned to discover his daughter in her favorite attitude of exasperation, arms akimbo.

"Say, Dad, what did you ever think you wanted a little boy for?"

"I didn't," he said. "Why bring that up?"

"Because you don't need a little boy, she crowed with the wisdom of the eternal feminine. "Because you're a little boy yourself."

"WILLIE! Where's the wheelie bike?"

FRANCES AND RUTH MURIEL EVANS EVELYN DAW

THE BOOK OF MADAM JANE'S FAVORITE CHARMS

TAYTON'S CREAM-POWDER LIPSTICK ROUGE
Today's Beauty Shops Help MISS "AVERAGE" TURN Glamour Girl

IN THIS modern day, there's no need for the "plain" woman to resign herself to a lonesome life! Almost any woman who would be classed as "just average" now, can develop the glamour in her and bring out the beauty that wins admiration and romance, if she is only willing to try!

For today's beauty operators are specialists in the art of making the most of your appearance! And glorifying your good points in a way that may change your whole life! Their suggestions are based on years of study of those little things that accentuate a woman's beauty. They can recommend the proper facial to help sallow complexions bloom. Your beauty operator can help you select the powder, cream or rouge best suited to your particular type of skin and coloring. And tell you how to style your hair to your personality.

Many beauty experts agree, that the hair, more than any other single thing, offers the greatest possibilities in a woman's glorification. Famous art models and movie stars, whose careers demand that they be beautiful, consider well-groomed hair especially important.

If your hair is properly styled to the contours of your face, if it "fits" your personality—if it's lustrous, shining with intriguing highlights—it may work as startling and glorifying a change in you as it has in the girl whose picture appears above.

Seeming miracles have been achieved in beautifying the hair by many of the nation's leading beauty experts, through the use of a new-type shampoo called Special Drene for Dry Hair. This unusual shampoo is different from old-style shampoos because it's not a soap, nor an oil. Therefore, it does not leave a dulling film on hair. Equally important, its mild, new-type lather safely removes the beauty-clouding film many types of shampoos leave on hair—and reveals all the brightness, natural sparkle and lustre that had been hidden in the hair! Another reason why beauty operators like Special Drene for Dry Hair is because it leaves the hair soft and manageable, ready to set in flattering new styles right after washing!

Important though the glorification of your hair is, it is only one of the ways modern beauty operators can serve you. Expert guidance in making the most of your appearance is yours for the asking at your beauty shop. The charges are moderate. And you are more than repaid by the feeling of pride and satisfaction over the transformation in your appearance. So resolve to go to your beauty shop more often. Make a date for this week... And make it your weekly habit!
I'm living that missing month again

"Just imagine, Helen — me, going this pace ever since morning, and at a time when I used to curl up like a sick kitten. How much I owe you for telling me about Midol!"

"Before I tried it, I was really giving up living a month a year — weakly surrendering to several days of miserable inactivity each time my regular pains came on."

"Now, thanks to you and Midol, I'm living that missing month again. Not only keeping on my feet, but keeping comfortable. Too bad all women don't know how much Midol helps!"

IF functional menstrual pain makes you miserable at least one day each month, and keeps you uncomfortable and inactive several days more, give Midol a chance to redeem that precious time for living. It probably can. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding medical or surgical treatment, Midol helps most women who try it.

Midol is made for this special purpose. It acts quickly, not only to relieve functional periodic pain, but to lessen discomfort. Keep Midol on hand. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Thin, inexpensive aluminum cases at all drug stores.

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Oh, for the bliss of the dietless teens! Bonita Granville and Frankie Thomas are together again in "Nancy Drew, Reporter."
Even as you Sleep
your skin must stay Awake

Sleep your way to Beauty! Leave on a thin film of this skin-arousing Cream when you go to bed.

Like your heart, your skin is on 24-hour duty. Daylong and nightlong, it must stay wide awake and busily at work. For only skin which functions actively can hold its clear “alive” look.

Luckily, you can help your skin to bolster itswaning energies. Every night before you go to bed, first cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Then leave on a little extra cream to stir your skin to wakeful activity while you sleep. This fragrant cream contains a skin-stimulating Vitamin to help enliven laggard skin. This Vitamin, together with Woodbury’s snowy gentleness as a cleanser, its rich oils and germ-free purity, makes Woodbury Cold Cream a basic cream for beauty.

Let Woodbury Cold Cream promote the vitality and loveliness of your complexion. Get a jar tomorrow at any beauty counter. Only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

YOURS... SMART NEW MAKE-UP KIT
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6702 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Please send me new Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing tube of Woodbury Cold Cream; attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE □ WINDSOR ROSE □
(For golden skin) (For pink skin)

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

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whispered the name, "Helen Hayes! Oh, there's nothing small about Bryan! But seriously—that's a big order and don't I know it! I want nothing halfway. I must be first-rate or nothing. Maybe I'll get an awful blow between the eyes one of these days and find out that I haven't got the stuff. If so, I hope I can take it. I think I can."

"And when romance comes along?" I asked.

"Career is tossed out of window," she answered promptly.

"You think you mean that, but you don't. You wouldn't quit when it came to a show down."

"I do! I would!" she cried emphatically.

"To think any other way would be a grossly greedy way of looking at things. I just can't hear too much to hope that I'll fall in love with a man—and he with me—who will be as important in his way as I hope to be in mine. Even if a marriage break should come my way, I don't see how it would work out.

"I don't want to marry an actor. And a man in any of the professions—lawyer, doctor, engineer, whatever—why, such men want a home to live in, not a hotel. They want a wife and lots of children. And then—children. I don't want anybody to bring up my babies but me! No nurse and no governess partnership for my kids. Oh, I'd like to feel that there was some way of having everything—career, love, marriage, husband, home, children—but I'm convinced that there just isn't. And I know what I want most. After I've had my little chance to prove myself, I want love, marriage, home, husband, children—and the deuce with a career. Any female who says she doesn't want these things and prefers her 'independence,' is lying in her teeth."

There, I said she wasn't like other girls. Remember the little Bryan is twenty. "But Jane," queried the girl friend, who up to that point had had no chance to take a part in the conversation, "what in the world would you do if you weren't acting? You wouldn't have to worry if you tried to take part in the usual sort of social life. And I can just see you being the leading lady of some amateur Little Theatre Group. You'd be a hit!"

"Would you get any kick out of running a house—beautifully, efficiently, being a charming hostess and all that?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't know the first thing about it," she said in a small voice.

"Well, then?" demanded the girl friend and I together.

O H, those details would work themselves out, "Jane maintained stoutly. "In the first place, I'd be free chit-chatting as fast as the statute of limitations would permit. I hear tell that can keep a gal pretty busy. And I'd want to be responsible for seeing to it that somebody provided tasty meals and dusted and sent out laundry and all that. I'd want to be a good manager—a good household executive. If you don't think that the haphazard manner in which these mundane details are looked after in some of our best Hollywood homes has been a divorce rate—you're crazy. Many a big, strapping man is dining off lettuce to such an extent that his nose begins to wiggle the minute he gets up to speak.

"Hmmm. I can't quite see you in the role," I said. "I wish you luck. I hope you don't run smack up against some situation that won't fit into your scheme of things."

"I guess I've sounded pretty smug and know-it-all," said Jane. "But I'm honestly not. I'm like the trite folks who say, 'I don't know much about art, but I know what I like.' Me, I certainly don't know much about life yet, but I know what I want."

plenty new type home town boy—that of a jail bird. This is really a charac-
ter role for Ervin and therein lies a story, but let's hear it from him.

"The story begins when we're all kids," Stu began in his folk song manner. "Some five years later—movie time—Wally Ford comes in and after getting in plenty Dutch is shipped to the reformatory. Another five years later, the son is Leavensworth, and we're just getting out of a stretch. Things happen and we're no sooner out of cold storage than back we go again. I'm always around to get into messes even though I don't commit the deed. I guess I'm just too dumb to clear out once the cops head our way.

"You know, it's a real life story. A true one, too. Bill Howard, the director, Jim Tully and a fellow called Makeley, who ended up with the Dillinger mask, actually lived it. Bill heard about it when Makeley was killed and decided to one day do the story and this is it. I believe it's going to be good. At any rate it'll be entertaining and that's what seems to count nowadays.

"What Monkey thinks I should do," Stu generalized, "is to stay here now and do a Broadway play. She's probably right, too. But, a play is a gamble, with the chances of success immemorial, I might be the one to rehearse four weeks only to open and close the same evening! Stranger things have happened, y'know. So, Momma'll stick to a sure thing for the present, and go home."

With an amused glint in his eye, Ervin told one of his experiences during the filming of "Frankie."

"Did you ever visit the prison on Rikers Island?" he began. "Nope? Just as well! We had some outside stuff to do there the other day and I'm still not sure whether it was I or the red tape that got us in a jam. Anyway, the scene was supposed to be at in the main yard. We did the one in the ball park and moved into the courtyard for the final takes. When the sequence was over and we asked to get out, the guard took one look at me, shouldered his gun and marched off in the opposite direction! Try as we might we couldn't get an inch nearer to freedom than the big gate."

"Well, to get on, I've got a very sen-
titive skin, so by five I looked like a brolloled lobster, or Jack the Gyp! About five-thirty, when the rest of the inmates were taken in, they herded us into the main hall and, luckily, found no place for us. After much ado the authorities let us go home, and not a minute too soon."

"I think Stuart would still be there," June broke in, "if I hadn't gotten worried and telephoned when he didn't get in. Even then it took an hour to locate him! He won't have any trouble making people believe he's a graduate of any local jail."

"Not at all, "I queried, "and quite the contrary, I'm pretty darn sure I'll be con-
vincing. But the funny part is, I still don't know whether it was on the level or whether it was a gag. I wonder if they think I'm dumb enough to fall for a thing like that?" We don't.
MEN FALL FOR SKIN THAT'S SMOOTH AND SWEET

GIRLS WHO DON'T PROTECT DAINTINESS LOSE OUT

EVERY WOMAN REALLY WANTS ROMANCE

PROTECT DAINTINESS THE HOLLYWOOD WAY. SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS A BATH SOAP, TOO. ITS ACTIVE LATHER REMOVES STALE PERSPIRATION, EVERY TRACE OF DUST AND DIRT. LEAVES A DELICATE FRAGRANCE ON THE SKIN.

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

WHY ARE SO MANY SO CARELESS ABOUT DAINTINESS?

WITH FRAGRANT LUX SOAP IT IS SO EASY TO BE SURE OF THIS CHARM

I ALWAYS USE IT. IT LEAVES SKIN REALLY FRESH AND SWEET

SMOOTH AND DELICATELY FRAGRANT, TOO!

IT'S A WONDERFUL WAY TO PROTECT DAINTINESS. TRY IT!

LORETTA YOUNG
**WHY NOT USE TAMPAX THIS VERY MONTH?**

*No. 1360—A drop stitch stripe makes this flattering, fluffy bolero bed jacket.*

**EARLY SPRING TONICS**

**DOES your wardrobe look a bit winter-weary along about this time of year? Then get out those knitting needles and make yourself this good-looking basic frock with its graceful, cleverly designed skirt and radiating detail at the waist front. Hand-knit of cobbled crepe, it's the kind of adaptable dress that looks well on either miss or matron. The fascinating bit of fluff at the top of this page is a bolero style bed jacket made of such delectably soft pink or blue angora that breakfast in bed will become a serious temptation to its lucky owner. It is easy to make; too. Fill in the coupon and we'll send you directions for either or both of these attractive garments.*

No. 1360—It would be hard to find a more becoming dress than this cobbled crepe knit.
"This Lipstick never dries my Lips"

It's Max Factor's new Tru-Color Lipstick... Hollywood's latest sensation. Just imagine a lipstick with these four amazing features...

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
4. eliminates lipstick line

For your most thrilling lipstick experience, try this wonderful new Tru-Color Lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood, for the screen stars and you... it's perfect! There's a color harmony shade for you whether you are blonde, brownette, brunette or redhead. Remember to ask for Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick...

FACE POWDER... Your skin will look lovelier, more youthful, if your powder is the color harmony shade for your type. This is the secret of Max Factor's Face Powder...each shade is a perfect color harmony tone. Satin-smooth, clinging, it really stays on...

ROUGE... Are you blonde, brownette, brunette or redhead? There's a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge that will be amazingly flattering to you. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily and evenly...

Do you know your type in make-up?

DISCOVER Hollywood's beauty secret! It's color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor. You can actually look lovelier, more alluring, more attractive with powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type. Note the coupon for special make-up test.

Max Factor * Hollywood

"Cosmetics of the Stars"
THE KISS YOU DREAM ABOUT... Perhaps your lipstick stands between you and the man you love...a harsh, greasy red...that makes him think your lips themselves are hard and cold. Why not experiment...tonight...with something different...color as lovely and as “natural” as a flower!

FOR WARM, SOFT LIPS—TANGEE! Just stroke that orange magic on. Watch it change to your very own shade of blush-rose...see how it makes your lips alluring, tempting...ready to kiss in return. And as they look tonight...velvety and petal-smooth...so Tangee keeps them, with its famous cream base.

MATCHED MAKE-UP, TOO. For lovely, glowing, “natural” color in your cheeks, use matching Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme...for “cameo” skin, use clinging Tangee Powder, Blondes, brunettes, “in-betweens” and redheads all find Tangee the secret of that “young”, appealing look men love.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

TODAY’S TALKIES
(Continued from page 70)

★★ Out West with the Hardys

"Love Finds Andy Hardy" has been equalled, if not topped, by this latest Hardy epic. The congenial Hardys go west this time for a visit. Ranch life provides an excellent background for the various problems that beset the family, and also provides the excuse for Andy Hardy to get into some more grievous and hilarious escapades. He has just acquired his letter in basketball and the combination of that boredom and the need to prove himself pretty insufferable. Father Hardy (Lewis Stone) hopes the wide open spaces will prove a cure-all, but it’s small Virginia Weidler who’s responsible for whipping out every last vestige of the Hardy heir’s superiority complex. And it’s Virginia, too, who’s responsible in large measure for the picture’s success. Her characterization of the rough and tough youngster, brought up to shoot straight and think straight, is enough to make an Academy Winner sit up and take notice.

Daughter Cecilia Parker provides the romantic element. Because the boy friend back home has cooled a bit, Cecilia falls pronto into the arms of the first good-looking cowboy she sees and again Father Hardy’s wit and logic are called upon to extricate her from the entanglement. And, of course, Mother Fay Holden and Andy’s real love, Ann Rutherford, contribute their familiar and competent characterizations. Directed by George B. Seitz—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★ Ride a Crooked Mile

If the wild Cossacks have intrigued your imagination, here’s your picture. Akim Tamiroff is the Cossack and a wilder one you’ll never meet. Nor, in all probability, an actor who can make such a lusty and swashbuckling character more believable. His characterization is excellent.

As for the rest of the picture, the plot has novel twists but the net results are too complicated for credence. Akim Tamiroff, a cattle racketeer, is suddenly confronted by his son, Leif Erikson, whom he has not seen for twenty years. It soon develops that the son is a true Cossack at heart and perfectly adaptable to the free and easy life of Cossack crooks. But the U. S. government upsets every plan for the future by slipping his old man in jail. From there on the story is concerned with the son’s efforts to arrange an escape for his father, his joining the army to further the plans and his consequent struggle between a sense of family loyalty and keeping faith with the Army.

Leif Erikson’s characterization is spotty, but his healthy good looks and sincerity ought to put him in line for other opportunities. Frances Farmer takes on a Garbo accent and blonde braids but still manages to do well enough with her role of a Cossack maiden, Lynn Overman, a prison pal of Tamiroff’s, does a grand bit of acting. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—Paramount.

★★ There’s That Woman Again

Those happy-go-lucky Reardons are back in a picture that tops their previous effort. Melvyn Douglas again plays Detective Reardon but “That Woman” is now Virginia Bruce instead of Joan Blondell. And Virginia Bruce is the surprise hit of the picture. She is not only photographed to better advantage than ever before but
handles her role in as adept a manner as one could ask. Sleuth Reardon and his brawny body blonde wife sail through impossible situations with the greatest of ease and plenty of hilarity, making good entertainment of an otherwise trite "whodunit.

The plot again has the Reardons in danger of their lives for every minute of the picture's sixty. People are being popped off right and left by a mystery woman, later identified as Margaret Lindsay. She's a heartless beauty who loves not wisely but too well and when it looks like Mrs. Reardon is going to gum up her amour, the villanous plots to do away with her, too. It is only through the adroit actions of Melvyn Douglas and his faithful stooge, Stanley Ridges, that the heroine is saved for further Columbia serials. Besides the good work of the stars, the supporting cast is excellent. Margaret Lindsay does a swell job and Mr. No. 5, a chief amongst the Nations and a collection of jewels that will make feminine mouths water. Directed by Alexander Hall.—Columbia.

★★ Smiling Along

The popular English star, Gracie Fields, is here presented in a sparkling musical comedy. "Smiling Along" is crammed with diverting songs and comic situations. As the leader of a struggling theatrical troupe, Miss Fields displays all the talents which rank her as the world's highest salaried actress.

The story deals with the adventures of the show folk who have been cut adrift from a chiseling manager and the troubles they have producing their plays in both countryside houses and swank houseboats on the Thames. Roger Livesey, working opposite Miss Fields, gives a likable account of himself and the pretty and talented Mary Maguire romances convincingly, with Peter Coke, a pianist who befriends the stranded troupe. Last but not least, English, gathering together an endless share of credits for intelligent work throughout the picture. But the show belongs to Gracie Fields. Here is your chance to become acquainted with an actress who promises to make an enviable collection of American fans as well as English. Jack Donohue, Joe Mott and Philip Leaver as villains turn in commendable performances too. Directed by Monty Banks. Produced by Pinewood Studios, England.—Twentieth Century-Fox.

★★ Charlie Chan in Honolulu

Best news in regard to this picture is that Charlie Chan, as played by Sidney Toler, is as convincing a sleuth as was Warner Oland, with many ingrating qualities which should endear him to Charlie Chan fans.

The renowned Chinese detective goes out to a ship in the Honolulu harbor, where a murder has been committed, only to find that his No. 2 son has beat him to it and managed to mess everything up, to say nothing of his No. 3 son (Layne Tom, Jr.) who has snuck aboard to see what he can do to help his honored father. Sen Yung, who takes Keeye Luke's place as the aspiring young detective of the family, is likable and capable, but it's Layne Tom, Jr., who walks off with every scene. Aboard the ship is a beautiful blonde (Claire Dodd) who obviously is up to no good, a pretty young thing (Phyllis Brooks) who has been robbed of $300,000, an untasty gentleman (George Zucco) who dotes on collecting live brains, a couple of escaped convicts, a sinister captain and a handsome young officer for romantic purposes. Before the second corpse shows up you'll be suspecting even No. 3 son and having a good time. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.—20th Century-Fox.

"I call that a shame, Mrs. Panda! Here you are, a stranger in a strange land—your baby comes down with a common ailment like prickly heat—and what has anyone done to help you? Absolutely nothing!...Well, I'll say this...

"You've come to the right place at last. I've got a mother who can hop to the Johnson's Baby Powder can quicker than any woman you ever saw. Watch her come running when I whistle!"

"Is that powder good stuff? Say, I've been dusted with it every day since I was so long. Of course, my skin looks kind of monotonous compared to your baby's, but it's mighty comfortable. And Johnson's helps keep it that way!"

"Now—never mind the thanks, Mrs. Panda—it's a pleasure to tell people about my powder. The tale in it's so fine, and no orris-root, either. I wonder what else can make a baby so happy for so little money!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
Whatever Your Life May Be...

...BUSY all day with the hustle and bustle of housework...

...DIZZY and delirious as a tabloid newspaper office...

...OR EASY and languid as a Park Avenue socialite...

Remember...IT'S GLAZO FOR LONGER WEAR!

Here is a Fairy Godmother polish—that flows on smoothly, hardens with gem-like lustre, and wears like part of the nail itself. This miraculous 1939 Glazo...a new secret formula...defies all fingernail hazards. It simply tears and wears and WEARS!

Colors? Glazo leads the style show. Stop at your toilet goods counter and thrill to the new Glazo shades—TARA, EMBER and RUMBA. See the luxurious CONGO, TROPIC, CABAÑA, and other Glazo favorites.

Glazo gives you all the perfections of a 60-cent polish—for only a modest 25 cents.

★ Guaranteed! ★

Buy Glazo, not on our say-so, but on your own! Glazo is GUARANTEED to give you longer wear than you have ever known before—or else you can simply return the bottle to The Glazo Co., Inc., East Rutherford, N. J., and back will come your money!

GLAZO Polish Wears Longer.

Ask your dealer, too, for Glazo's NAIL-COTE, a marvelous new polish foundation that contains wax. Nail-Cote gives super wear and brilliance to your manicure. Guards your nails against splitting, cracking and breaking. Helps relieve nail brittleness.

TCH, TCH—THOSE FURRINERS!

(Continued from page 36)

induced Madeleine Carroll to sign a contract well up in four figures. RKO was content to pay the passage of only one actor from abroad, Anton Walbrook, the Prince Albert of "Victoria The Great." Having used him in one picture they allowed him to return quietly to the seat of the British empire.

Many of these most recent "brought-over" have already proven themselves box-office fascos, completely unadaptable to the Hollywood scene, and must be listed as bad stocks. Yet the producers, recognized by renowned bankers as astute business men, continue to play this will o’ the wisp game, for instinctively they are gamblers who find their fortunes in a smile, a voice, or the way a man kisses a woman.

Always there is the hope that another Valentino will be discovered or a second Garbo brought to light. But only once in a blue moon does a Hedy Lamarr flare on the film horizon.

Hedy’s sensational debut in "Algiers" is the talk of the industry. Not since Marlene Dietrich captured the American imagination in "Morocco" has an imported movie queen rated the raves that are being showered upon this Viennese charmer, who first aroused interest as the scantily clad heroine of the much censored foreign film, "Ecstasy." Miss Lamarr already commands star billing on the same lot with Greta Garbo and is being hailed as the Swedish star’s most logical successor. Her career apparently is to be tailored to the peculiar standards by which Hollywood measures glamour. It is more than a coincidence that she will be made to follow in almost the exact footsteps of her predecessors, Garbo and Dietrich.

It is too soon yet to prophesy anything definite for Miss Lamarr’s future. On the face of things it looks as though her success will be more than a mere flash. In her first Hollywood film, she is introduced to the public in as glamorous and mysterious a setting as any actress with exotic inclinations could wish. She wears the atmosphere of the sexy, tropical Algiers with real grace and sets it frame her strange beauty without seeming to so much as move an eyebrow. The question is, how long can she last?

Critics of the movies have practically agreed that Miss Lamarr’s bizantions are nothing to write home about. Furthermore she makes no attempt at acting. In "Ecstasy," she was a dramatic, lovely and innocent exhibitionist. In "Algiers," fully clad, she is still an exhibitionist. The girl can’t help it.

With time and experience Lamarr may develop into a competent actress, depending on a great deal on the way she is handled. The stories assigned her and the direction she receives.

If Hedy is to become a fixed star in the film firmament she should be humanized, for sooner or later the Great Public, who make and break careers, will begin to ask just as they did of Dietrich, "Can she act?"

If the answer is "no!" the box office will tell the sad story as it Hedy has in the case of the marvelous Marlene.

COLD statistics prove that the foreign stars who have survived the longest as public favorites are the personalities discovered by the public itself. Remember that Garbo came to this country a lanky, unattractive Swedish girl with but little actual experience. Contracted by Metro at Mauritz Stiller’s insistence, they took Garbo into their fold as an intruder, paying her a very small salary.

After months of weary waiting, during which she posed in shorts for the publicity department, she was at last assigned a role opposite Ricardo Cortez in "The Torrent." Over night the movie fans discovered her, demanded that she be made a star—and in turn made her a legend. To each fan she was a personal discovery, and they began immediately to take an interest in her career. Therein to a large extent lies the secret of her lasting success over a period of years.

Hedy Lamarr’s discovery by the movie going public paralleled by Garbo’s first Hollywood triumphs in many ways. Contracted by Mr. Mayer, Hedy came to this country with a flock of other imported actresses, lians and screen acrobats. Her salary...
would hardly pay for the rental of quarters such as foreign celebrities are supposed to occupy during their sojourn in the cinema capital. Forbidden to give personal interviews, it was whispered about this was because the studio was saving her for something important. But she was permitted to languish for months, until gradually curiosity and interest in her American debut waned.

Nothing more was heard of her career until it was announced, quite without any fanfare, that she was being loaned to Walter Wanger for a secondary role with Charles Boyer and Sigrid Gurie. What happened is, now history. The public discovered a new star of their own free will, without ballyhoo, and minus the blowing of press trumpets. And at what a saving in cash dollars to her studio!

Within a scant few months thousands of dollars introducing Marlene Dietrich and Simone Simon to the American public in impressive introductory campaigns that displayed their names on billboards all through the country. Hedy Lamarr, like Garbo, got a word-of-mouth introduction that no amount of money could buy. Marlene Dietrich's career is now at a standstill, her tricks for keeping it alive having given out. Simone Simon is back in Paris to start all over again. But Hedy stands at the threshold of success, where Garbo stood a dozen years ago. Time will tell whether or not she is a coming lady.

It cost Samuel Goldwyn a million to learn that a star cannot be thrust upon the public. Anna Sten, Soviet Bernhardt, was hailed by the press agents as Europe's gift to the American screen. She was glamour plus, twice a Duse. Nature's composite of Garbo and Dietrich. There were hardly enough adjectives with which to describe her. By the time Mr. Goldwyn had presented Miss Sten in a half dozen million dollar epics ranging from "Nana" to "Resurrection" even he had to raise the white flag and give Anna back to the Soviets.

At present Mr. Goldwyn is concentrating his amazing showmanship on the home-grown brand of foreigner, like Sigrid Gurie, Scandinavian actress from Brooklyn, and Zorina, Russian ballerina and present star of the New York musical hit, "I Married an Angel," whose background is strictly Broadway, even if her agent isn't. In passing, let it be said for Mr. Goldwyn that he has had his hits as well as his misses. Lilli Damita, who is Miss Victor Mature, was one of his early cinema miscarriages. But on the other side of the ledger there is Merle Oberon, whom he brought to Hollywood after her triumph as Anna Boleyn in "Henry the Eighth," and even before that, Vilma Banky is another shining example of a great foreign star he created.

Paramount and Metro have imported more stars from abroad than all the other major companies combined. Out of literally dozens, only a scant half dozen clicked like Dietrich and Maurice Chevalier. But on the deficit side there were Emil Jannings, Dorthea Wieck, Charles Laughton, Jan Kapuara, Ida Lupin, Carl Brisson and a great many others whose names already are blurred from memory.

At the Culver City studio Garbo was of course the first imported actress to achieve unusual distinction. Her reign has been long and glorious, with the end not yet in sight. Then came dozens of others, men and women who sat around Hollywood, drawing four figure salaries sometimes for a year, and then departed without ever having appeared in a picture.

Then Louise Rainer emerged from the pack of dark-horses with accents, the lone thoroughbred since Garbo to rate a star dressing-room. Miss Rainer has since...
been the winner of Academy awards. So has Garbo. Perhaps Mr. Mayer feels well repaid with the dark Rainer’s success in spite of the arithmetic that says his investment on the duds would hardly be covered by the profits realized on Miss Rainer.

Nevertheless, on his last jaunt to Europe he took another suite of contracts along, and before one could say “Ouah!” the Normandie and the Queen Mary had reservations for Ilona Massey, Della Lind, Miliza Korjus, Robert Morley, Vivien Leigh, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the Earl of Warwick, known on the screen as Michael Brooke, Hedy Lamarr and so many others that it was said someone with a sense of humor and an ironic appreciation of the truth, had signs posted about the lot reading, “English is also spoken here.”

This is not intended as an indictment against foreign actors in American pictures. After all, motion pictures are as international in their appeal as music. It is rather a denry against the futile practice of signing up so many continental actors who are unsuited to the demands of American audiences, when Hollywood is full of foreign-born players more adapted to our standards, and who are allowed to go jobless while producers import less competent performers at salaries far beyond their worth.

Rudolph Valentino is a good example of a foreigner who was given his first chance to screen fame in Hollywood, and became one of the immortal stars of the business. Sonja Henie is another foreigner who has been made a great star by Hollywood brains. Errol Flynn, brought from England, is Hollywood-made. In truth, one rarely even thinks of him as foreign. Cary Grant, another Englishman, came to Hollywood on speculation and through persistence and hard work has developed into one of the most sought after leading men.

Perhaps the gravest mistake made by producers in importing stars from abroad is the way they attempt to change their personalities once they have set foot in Hollywood. When the make-up experts, the cameramen, the publicity department and the studio hairdressers get through with their job of Americanizing the alien celebrities, their own mothers wouldn’t recognize them. They look as like as two Frigodaires given away on Bank Night!

Another reason for the failure of most foreign stars who come to Hollywood is that the American public is fed up with glamour. We know the greatest stars of the American screen have been homegrown personalities like Mary Pickford, Will Rogers, Marie Dressler, Janet Gaynor, Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin. Only occasionally a Valentino and a Garbo.

Check the box office records of these homespun stars over a long period of years and you will find that their popularity has been consistent. It is doubtful that you will be seeing Fernand Gravier, Franciska Gaal, Isa Miranda, Miliza Korjus or Amabella on American screens in three years from now. What happened to Chevalier, Tala Birell, Lillian Harvey, Elissa Landi, Lil Dagover, Conrad Veidt and Marta Eggerth can happen to them too.

Not so long ago a bill was brought up in Congress asking that foreign actors be barred from this country except in cases when their services were required for a specific production. Long term contracts were out. This was a slap back at England and other countries where laws have been enacted allowing outside performers to stay only long enough for one or two pictures. The bill was defeated. So Hollywood will continue to have foreign invasions from time to time.

Right now accents are ten cents a dozen on the Boulevard. But it won’t be long before every studio will be looking for another Hedy Lamarr. From Paris, London, Budapest and Berlin will come a new band of foreign importations, most of them with round trip tickets. And, as others have learned before them, they will find out for themselves that America is looking for individuality, will applaud it. But they are not looking for another Garbo, a duplicate Rainer or a carbon-copy of Lamarr.
unmasking Maggie  
(continued from page 47)

beauty, you see, wasn't brought up in a Park Avenue penthouse, nor in a romantic old Budapest, but in Dubuque. My father had been a respected druggist, and not an aloof continental banker with little time to devote to me. There was no picturesque tragedy lurking behind me either. I had a sensible mother to guide me, and I'd not only never seen a villa nor ridden in a Rolls-Royce, but my boy friends could keep me off their minds when that was necessary. I just didn't have Paris in my eyes, it seems!

Newly installed in the fashionable house she has taken in the swank Los Feliz district, Margaret looked her vivid best. A cerise velvet cocktail suit cleverly complemented her abruptly smooth long bob. She had just given instructions for the kind of liqueur she wished served after eight o'clock dinner.

"I persuaded my mother to send me to the best dramatic school I could spot in New York. But soon after I discovered I'd be sunk before I ever began in the theatre or in pictures. I never could compete with women of the world."

A less spirited nineteen-year-old would have folded up and resumed her apparently destined routine back home. Margaret, typically middle-class until then, got a wild notion.

"I wrote a fifty-page, burning letter to my mother. Both Broadway and Hollywood were then hopelessly impressed by self-realization served with a British accent. A young, docile amateur from Iowa, like myself, would be treated like a ridiculous aspirant. My only chance was to pretend to be British. So, instead of going on at the dramatic school I should go to England for a surface polishing. Then—success, a wonderful husband, everything!"

Few mothers have the understanding and sympathy Margaret's mother evidenced. "She trusted me," Margaret remembers gratefully. "So off I sailed on the Aquitania. It wasn't as hair-brained as it sounds. I really planned. First of all, I went directly to the very north of England, to Harrogate. I picked it because it was the most out-of-the-way place I could have had stock company training. Of course, I didn't do any acting in the tiny theatre there. I'd never done any professional acting at all. But it was to be my elementary reference, so I mastered all the local legends and names. And how!

"Then," she smiled, "I went to Leeds and visited friends I'd made crossing the Atlantic. No, I never confided my objective. I always explained that my mother felt I was too shy and so I'd come over to see a modest bit of the world.

"After five months in these two towns, I had six or seven weeks left to spend in London. I registered at a family hotel and attempted to put my finishing touches on. I've an amusing memory of that coaching school that rejected me firmly. I went over to the Regent School of Languages, 153 Bond Street, to be coached. But they turned me down flatly, said a convincing British diction couldn't be learned in less than three months. I keep the receipt for what I paid to be rebuffed—seven shillings, six pence—in my desk.

"I couldn't accept the ultimatum of defeat, however. I had to pass as British, and in short order, too. So I crammed on my own. I memorized the names of streets, golf clubs, restaurants. I read all the newspapers and magazines, observed the customs, watched the popular actresses

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When, before dates, you bathe with this lovely CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

All the most popular girls I know bathe with this lovely perfumed soap! For Cashmere Bouquet's deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor...and then its lingering perfume clings—long after your bath, it keeps you eternally dainty!

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and imitated their manner. I spent my week-ends at the country estates of interesting people I met.

"When my experiment-study time was up I wrote letters to the foremost producers and managers in New York. I said I was coming to America, mentioned the plays I'd done in England, and hoped I'd have the pleasure of knowing them. I explained that, while I'd lived all my life in London, I was an American citizen because I'd been born in New York. My father was in the American embassy in London. On the boat I believe I switched "fathoms" to the law, made him a barrister. When I reached Hollywood the pater was a broker and I'd been born in Piccadilly, an outcaste suburb of London! In those letters I signed my newly-concocted name, Margaret Lindsay. It's rightfully Margaret Kies, you know!"

In New York, which she'd left seven months before as a mere nobody, she was immediately accepted at face value. She still had never been in a play, but there were a dozen notes from important producers awaiting her. Casually, she called the men who would have rudely ignored her had they known who she truly was. When she met them they hailed her as a young find of the season.

She consented to enact the lead in a play and was ready for rehearsals when she was swept west and onto the screen. Because of her delicate transformation, she was much too good for the stage! "I didn't admit I had a line until after I'd been in Hollywood more than a year, until I'd clicked and had signed my long-term contract." Sinking further in an easy chair in her formal-but-friendly drawing room, Margaret tossed one slipper off and there was a glow of amusement in her black eyes. "My line slipped me from outside to inside here, but it was no fun! You may have read that it's so stimulating, so developing to your poise to assume a glamorous personality. That's not so! I know, I forced myself into a strange mold and it was an awful strain. I couldn't afford to slip up once, for more than a year, and so my deception was anything but gay for me."

"I had to be on guard continuously. I even suffered for months with an aching wisdom tooth because I was literally afraid that if I took gas it'd talk and give myself away. I came to know fear as my everyday companion. I no longer had good friends. I had to be cagey with everyone, and so all of a sudden I had only acquaintances who weren't confidants."

"I was forever praying no one would pop at me and expose me. Oh yes, I had my terrible moments. There was that night, for instance, in the Coconut Grove. A girl friend from my school days rushed over to my table and I had to blandly deny I'd ever seen her before. She had recognized me. Now imagine trying to so change yourself that everyone who'd known you couldn't see on you, couldn't expose you!"

"Luckily, I did get away with my fancy line. But even if I was fortunate, believe me, I learned how to be an actress the hard way. I acted steadily, with no time off at all. It was playing an unending scene. At first it was like a dare to have to be astonished at your Americanisms over here. It flattened my ego to be accepted as a cool exotic when lord knows I wasn't. But when the pose stretched through a year it was all on the nightmare side."

"I threw the whole idea of a line overboard because a line is an outdated approach to success—and to love!"

"Today a girl can't get half as far with as without a pose—and what she can get she'll not want. I got in on the dying days of magnificent hooey. I've gone on putting up if I'd felt I'd help me. But times and people have changed unmistakably and I decided I'd be smart to be streamlined, too."

A line used to work because a whole generation was raised on superficialities. There was little honesty between men and women, between boss and employee. But today men can spot subterfuge in a woman, and fast! They can detect fakery, and all the quaint pangs. They recognize a pose, no matter how hard she works at it, and then they leave her strictly to her silly self. They're bored by nonsense. No, you can't fool the men of this realistic era. They want us to be wholly sincere, to make our lives worth living by trying to be what's best for us, whatever that is."

"When you adopt a line you severely limit the men in your life. I found that out. You attract only those few who are drawn to the very definite type you've made yourself. When I was attempting to be so veddy, veddy, only much older men asked me out. In turn, they supposed I was undoubtedly a woman of the world. Any girl who isn't known what maneuver I became involved with!"

"Now," Margaret sighed contentedly, "I can relax when I want to. And I am beginning to meet the sort of man who truly fascinates me. I can go out on the spur of the moment. I don't have to be self-conscious every second I'm out on a date."

"I'm still postponing marriage until I've accomplished more. But now I'm invited...

**S.O.S.**

"Sorry, Jack...I'm cutting in, but listen, fellow, wait for me after this dance, will you? I want to tell you something."

"I know! Judy gave you the high sign, Walt."

"But you don't know why, Jack! On the level, pal...you've just gotta see your dentist about your breath!"

"Tests show that much bad breath comes from decaying food particles and stagnant saliva around teeth that aren't cleaned properly. I recommend Colgate dental cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits."

"Colgate's combats bad breath...makes teeth sparkle!"

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"Later...thanks to Colgate's...well as live and breathe—if it isn't that dainty Jack and Judy again!"

"No bad breath behind his sparkling smile!"

"Make sure that your breath is okay. Play safe. Play safe. Colgate twice a day!"
to drive to the beach for roller coasters and hot dogs. I can get gardenias instead of orchids and complications.

"I was missing the friendship of the kind of people who are important to every woman, no matter where she is. I'd always had girl friends before I began that act. In high school I was president of our dramatic club, captain of our basketball team. But in Hollywood, doing my stuff, I had no women friends anymore. Because, I learned, one woman can tell if another woman's a phony!"

"My artificial personality could even have ruined my career. Darryl Zanuck told me to get rid of that English elegance. It's your performance that counts now. You can even come straight from Iowa and be proud of it! So, from my own experience, I'd advise any girl to shun the obsolete line as if it were poison. I myself wouldn't be caught dead with one!"

"But," sighed Margaret, "do you know, it's a job to turn a pose off, too? Honestly! I've had more trouble getting rid of my broad a's than I had getting them. And I was so into the mood of being cautiously cool that I've had to work like a fiend to warm into a natural American again. I doubt if I'm yet satisfactorily melted!"

Well, she's melting, if I'm any judge of femininity! And I think I am. So her big experiment helped, and hasn't handicapped her—because she was smart enough to know when to quit.

Because Joan makes up for Romance, avoids Shiny Nose—wears Powder that Dramatizes her Skin

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he had to learn about acting himself. "He was never able to take attention for granted. He was still wondering that when I came back to the States for a visit, just after he had made 'Lloyds of London.' If you remember, he was billed in that as 'Tyrone Power, Jr.' He didn't realize just how famous he had become in his own right. He didn't believe me when I tried to tell him.

"I went back to Hawaii and didn't see him again for nearly two years. I knew what Hollywood, and sensational success, sometimes do to people. And there didn't seem any doubt about it: Tyrone was sensationally successful. I asked to see how he was taking it. When I came back to the States this time, I half expected to find many changes in him. I found just one. He had grown more mature. He had more poise, more sureness. He had himself more under control."

"But the thing that I noticed most, after living in the Islands, where everyone is very relaxed and easy-going, was his energy. I realized, more than I ever had before, what a human dynamo he is. I could sense immediately this tremendous surge and force. This restless urge to accomplish something more than he has accomplished. This driving lack of satisfaction with himself.

"He's still wary of anyone, either male or female, who tries to flatter him. It's almost a fetish with him. It's the reason why he's slow to make friends, despite the fact that he's a good mixer. He doesn't trust flatterers. Tyrone can't fool me by being polite to them. I know what he's really thinking. And he can't fool me, either, by pretending to be easy-going."

Behind that warm smile of Tyrone's, according to Ann, is grim determination.

He will never trust flatterers, never be easy-going. He's too determined not to let anything sidetrack him from his acting ambitions. That determination goes 'way, way back. When we were little, Mother played six summers in The Mission Play at San Gabriel. Her dressing-room was our play-room. And, even then, acting was on Tyrone's mind. Not only was he always getting me to play-act, he was always hounding the producer of The Mission Play to give him a little part. The producer kept telling him he'd have to wait until he was grown up. 'Well, when will I be grown up?' Tyrone would want to know. When he was seven, he wore the producer down. He got a small role in the play. I can still remember sitting in my nurse's lap, watching him.

"Until we were well along in school, we had home instruction in dramatics from Mother—elocution, deep breathing, and all the rest. Both of us were conscious very young of our dramatic heritage. But Tyrone was more conscious of it than I was. My inclinations ran to music and books. I was a bookworm, a dreamer. Tyrone was more restless, more of a doer. "When he was fourteen or fifteen, he started cataloguing all the movies he saw. He had his own system of rating them. He liked them or he didn't, and why. He was very observant of little tricks. When an actor got a certain effect, Tyrone would analyze how he had got it. He read all the fan magazines and made notes, too, on what he thought were good interviews. So that when he was a screen actor, himself, he'd know what to talk about. It was 'when'—not 'if'—with Tyrone.

"All the time he was growing up, he went in for all the dramatic work in sight. He prepared for college, but he never intended to go. And, when the time came, he talked Father out of making him go, and into letting him study acting with a stock company, instead."

"He was in Hollywood, playing a small part in a picture with Father, when Father died. That was a great blow to him. But it was only the first of a series of blows. First, he lost the small part. Then he couldn't get anything but 'extra' work. In spite of all the slaps, he stuck it out for a year and a half. And when he finally left, to try Broadway, it was only to learn enough to go on acting to come back to the movies in leads."

"Don't let anyone tell you he isn't determined."

Even to the point of being stubborn—Ann smiled. "I used to think so. I remember one time, when I was in the third or fourth grade, going to school with him one morning. We were back east


“She made me BOIL... with her know-it-all air!”

How Helen raised her baby by up-to-date methods while living with an old-fashioned aunt!

AUNT: Now Helen, if I were you—

HELEN: But Aunty, we’ve been over that a million times already. I know exactly how to handle the baby... even if he is my first.

HELEN: Times have changed, Aunty. Our doctor says that today children should get special care... special food, special clothes. Yes, even a special laxative!

AUNT: What! A special laxative for babies?

AUNT: Tish! You’re mossycodeckling the child, and you know it. Why in our time children grew up without all this fiddle-faddle.

HELEN: Of course! Doesn’t it stand to reason? After all, Bobby’s only 7 months. His tiny system is still delicate. Won’t it be risky to give him anything but a mild, gentle laxative, one made especially for a baby’s needs?

HELEN: That’s why the doctor said to give him Fletcher’s Castoria. He said it’s the modern laxative made only for children. It’s on the safe side... has no harsh “adult” drugs. It works mostly in the lower bowel and won’t disturb his tummy.

AUNT: Well, he certainly takes it willingly enough. I’ll say that much.

HELEN: He ought to. The doctor says Fletcher’s Castoria has a grand taste... isn’t it wonderful to know we’re giving Bobby a laxative that’s so dependable?

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Do you know why Dole pineapple fields in Hawaii are so big? Well, it's because so many people like big glasses of Dole Pineapple Juice so much that it takes fields and fields of Dole-grown Pineapples to make enough.

cate himself from it. He still does that. He'll walk out on you before he'll quarrel. Tyrone was used to having some lovely charming women, but I can't remember one single bitter quarrel. Tyrone had an uncanny gift for changing the subject at the crucial moment. Or suddenly to realize we were arguing about. He has always had this sense of humor, this ability to laugh with everyone. It's one of his greatest assets. It has helped him over many a rough spot. It has kept him from taking unimportant things too seriously.

One thing the right girl will have to be prepared to accept is the fact that, for an actor, Tyrone has one strange trait. He keeps his emotions, his inner thoughts, to himself. He doesn't talk about them. He lets his actions do the talking. "I've known him to hide his thoughts to the point of faking about them. But I could always look into his eyes. There was always an odd little quirk to his mouth."

One reason why Ann thinks Tyrone is a good actor is that, as an actor, he can express emotions so vividly.

If one thing was true of Tyrone when we were growing up, it was this: His loves and affections had roots that went very deep, but he never was one to make a great demonstrative show of them. I remember one time he broke my favorite doll. He said, at the time, that he was sorry. But I had no idea just how sorry—in fact, I wondered if he was sorry at all—until Christmas came along. His gift to me that year, bought with his own money, was a doll to replace the one he had broken.

That was very typical of him. He is such an enthusiastic person, he has such vitality and force, that all his emotions seem to be in plain sight, where anyone can see them. But that's only on the surface. Actually, Tyrone's deepest feelings are far below the surface, hidden. The practical side of him demanded a time test of his emotions. Because the idealist in him makes him very impressionable, and the world takes advantage of impressionable people.

"I suppose I'm partly responsible for that—putting things over on him as a youngster. It got so that he wasn't impressed by much of anything as an impression. And I couldn't go 'grand' and impress him, either, after a while. Neither can anyone else, today."

"He gives the impression of being impulsive. That's an optical illusion, too. When Tyrone does something, he usually has thought it out long in advance. He must believe in something before he'll do it. He must see it clearly, in all its ramifications. He analyses a lot, and very quickly, too."

"I've always envied Tyrone his mind. It isn't a vacillating mind at all. It's quick and clear, and photographic. He could always look you in the eye, and know it. I'd have to study it a while. That used to annoy me no end. It used to annoy him, too. He'd accuse me of being 'lazy.'"

"He's very impatient with laziness, either mental or physical. He never will. He'd never marry a girl who is beautiful but mentally lazy. Or a girl who is clever but languid."

"He's thoughtful, and he doesn't talk much about what he's thinking, but that doesn't mean that he's not doing it. He never has been. He's too energetic to make a good brooder. He'd rather do something about a thing than brood about it."

"I had people and why Tyrone took that trip to South America. 'He's the type, you'd think, who would rush off to Europe and hit all the high spots,' they say. 'What impressed him about Brazil?' It wasn't an impulse. He'd thought about it for years."

"Color is very important to Tyrone. He likes it around him. There must be fresh flowers in the house all the time. Tyrone gestured about the large living-room, calling attention to the bowls of varicolored flowers. 'He likes warm colors particularly. The French decorator always appealed to him, and that's why. Fother painted a great deal, and talked a great deal about the tropics, the cloud effects, the blue skies, the rich colors, the "uncontacted display of Nature." Those are things that Tyrone wants to see. This seems to be news to most people."

So it may be. But, if you can believe the gossip columns, Tyrone's interest in girls isn't news. When did that start?

"Well, one of my earliest memories of it goes back to when Tyrone was about five and I was about four. Our nurse took us to visit some friends in Bristol, Pennsylvania. The first thing Tyrone did, after we arrived, was to discover a cute little girl next door. He forgot, temporarily, that I existed. I was only a sister. Here was a different kind of attraction. He was so smitten that the nurse took a picture of the two of them that night—Tyrone smiling at the little girl. Mother still has it around somewhere. Mute evidence of Tyrone's first interest in the opposite sex and the first serious and lasting crush."

"He was popular in school, and was always going to dances and movies and having dates with a variety of girls, most of them lovely and full of life. It's an ideal situation, going off the deep end about any particular one. Or, maybe, that was something else he kept to himself. Anyway, he never gave any outward signs of puppy-love."

"He wasn't fickle in his attentions. He wouldn't drop one girl cold for a new one. He seemed to have a knack for rotating his attentions between old and new. He just didn't seem to lose his heart, I think he broke hearts, though. But that didn't go to his head. He kept a very even balance. He didn't seem to have any playboy urges. His only urges, so far as girls were concerned, seemed to be a search for companionship."

"I think that's still the way it is with Tyrone. People are asking him to give more and more interviews about marriage, as if he should be thinking about marrying pretty soon. When Tyrone finds the right girl, he'll marry; not before. I don't have any idea of what she will be like. But I do know that I'll be very happy to have her as a sister-in-law."

"I told him that once. He smiled, as much as to say, 'Maybe I'll tell you one day.' But he won't fool me. I know him too well."
the fact that Merle couldn’t go to her, by the fact that she didn’t live long enough to enjoy all the things Merle loved to lavish on her. For the most part, her daughter keeps her sorrow to herself. On those rare occasions when she speaks of it, her eyes take on the bewildered look of a lost child. But hers is a nature that rejects morbidity. As her healthy body craves sunlight and open air, so her healthy mind turns instinctively to the warmth of kindly human relationships and the release of laughter.

She loathes Hollywood chi-chi. She has none of that false graciousness that smacks of Lady Vere de Vere condescending to the peasantries. She is unimpressed by her dignity as a movie star. She was rehearsing a scene with Walter Brennan for “The Cowboy and The Lady,” a picture so long in the making, incidentally, that Merle amended the title to “The Tired Cowboy and The Very Old Lady.”

“I don’t smell, do I?” she inquired anxiously. “We had sausages and garlic at Claudette Colbert’s last night, and she said the flavor lingers.” Next moment her voice, polite English accent and all, rang out indignantly: “What do you think you’re doing, Walter?” He had turned his head slightly, so as to give her full advantage of the camera. “Will you put your face back or shall I sock you one?” the lady demanded.

Gary Cooper’s stand-in is shyer, if possible, than Gary himself. Girls terrify him. He wrote visibly when he has to go into a clinch with the feminine stand-in. One day he electrified the set by marching over to Merle, and thrusting a picture of herself under her nose. “Write something hot,” he muttered. “No good wishes stuff.”

Merle giggled and wrote, “Something Hot from Merle to Slim.”

When lunchbox was called, someone yelled, “Obee’s private car.” The assistant director pedalled up on his bike, Merle settled herself on the handlebars and was wheeled off, the sun in her eyes.

She takes her fun as kids do, on the giant roller-coaster at Venice, Hollywood’s Coney Island, swooping and shrieking in terrified glee. She eats, by her own admission, like a horse and loves to dance, but not at the Trocadero. Her idea of a well-spent evening is to dine at a chop suey place, then go to the Palomar, where the jitterbugs hang out, where they pay a dollar for the privilege of dancing themselves into a state of exhaustion, where a movie star is just another Big Apple-er, ignored unless she steps on their feet.

Her studio held its annual picnic recently. The stars were asked to attend. Some of them dropped by for half an hour. Merle arrived at eleven and stayed till three, not as her good deed for the day, but because she couldn’t bear herself away. She ate hot dogs and hamburgers and spilled soda pop down the front of her dress. She howled when they put Sam Goldwyn into the jail house for coming late—the jail house being an ancient contraption on wheels that you have to buy your way out of.

A baseball game was in progress. “What the dickens is baseball?” They tried to explain it, she tried to understand it, and finally wailed, “I’m just an English ignoramus,” and gave it up. Strong hands seized her, dumped her into the jail house, and wheeled her, squealing, round the park. “Fifty cents to get out.”

“Ride me round again,” she offered, “and I’ll give you a buck.”

She had sent her two maids to the picnic, and left them there when she went home to prepare for a dinner party at Norma Shearer’s that evening. She couldn’t find the shampoo, she couldn’t find the towels, she couldn’t find the makings for a cup of tea. She soothed her feelings by carrying on a dialogue with herself. “Blasf it, why did I let them stay?” “Blasf it, why shouldn’t you let them stay and whip up enough gumption to find out where things are kept in your own house?”

She left a pathetic little note propped up on her dressing table, asking them please to tidy up her room. She found a note from them on her return, thanking her for the lovely day they’d had.

Hilda is the cook; Frances, the maid. She brought them with her from England, “because I like them and they like me and it’s nice to have friendly people around.” Since they’re strangers in a strange land, she feels a special responsibility for them. She sends them out with the chauffeur to see the sights. She is often at Norma Shearer’s for dinner, and when Norma plans to show a picture in the evening, she asks for permission to have Hilda and

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Can you dance 1 HOUR and 34 MINUTES without tiring?

ENERGY TESTS with BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, an active adult weighing 120 lbs can dance continuously for 1 hour and 34 minutes on the food energy contained in one delicious 3c bar of Baby Ruth candy.

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Frances come over. They seek her expert advice as to dancing places, and come home to tell her, “Oh, miss, when we get back to England, lucky think we're mad if we dance like that."

As between California and London, her heart is torn. Her friends in both places are legion. A sun-worshipper and fresh-air fiend, she revels in the outdoor beauties of the south. She lives at the beach in a house rented from Norma Talmadge, and the beach is her happy hunting ground. On working days she gets up at six to swim. On non-working days, she swims and lies in the sun and goes up and down the beach to visit her neighbors, the Goetztes, the Zanucks, Norma Shearer. She walks in the sand by preference. When her shoes get full of it, she takes them off. When it sifts through her stockings, she takes them off. When it gets between her toes, she wriggles them and feels simply elegant.

But London is her home. It's the place her people came from, it's the place where her beloved house is. She was frantic because she had to leave while the house was in process of renovation. She sends long cables describing to the last fraction of a detail how she wants her curtains hung. She signs, “Those lucky contractors. They can walk up my beautiful staircase, and I can’t.” To no picture has she looked forward with greater eagerness than to “Wuthering Heights” the next on her schedule. Yet, even “Wuthering Heights” has taken on something of the guise of a dragon, looming inexorably between herself and her house.

LONDON is also the home of Alexander Korda. What Korda means to Merle can only be guessed at. Their friendship blossomed during the period of her long stay in London, during the period when so many things happened to her, when after her illness she made “The Divorce of Lady X” and “Over the Moon” for him. That, at least, is the supposition.

Hollywood, the world’s best smeller-out of romance existent and non-existent, suspected nothing till the slender Hungarian, with his sensitive face and great personal charm, arrived a couple of years ago, ostentatiously on business only. He and Merle were constantly together, taking candid joy in each other’s company. The air bristled with questions, which remain unanswered. The principals smiled and kept their mouths shut, the curious continue to burst with curiosity, but the only conclusion safely to be drawn is that Korda and Miss Oberon are excellent friends, and that she’s looking forward to making “Lady Hamilton” with him when she goes back to England.

Her extravagances are jewels and fur coats. She loathes imitations and will wear only genuine stones, contending, reasonably enough, that they’re not really an extravagance at all, but a canny investment. She offers no such alibi in vindication of her passion for fur coats. “I love them,” she admits, “for themselves. Otherwise, her interest in clothes is that of any woman. She doesn’t go in for frilleries and, in Hollywood, at any rate, follows the fashion of informality. “Dress up and be glamorous, Merle,” begged a publicity woman who was bringing an important newspaper representative to call on her. Merle appeared in a dirdl, looking like all of twelve. The newspaper man, needless to say, was enchanted. When she does dress up at night in something slinky, she is not immediately recognizable to her friends. “Is it you or your aunt?” they’ll inquire sarcastically.

She’s a clinch for puppies and babies. She disposes to adopt every stray she meets up with, and compromises by feeding them crackers and milk, and sending them off by private car to Tailwaggers. She owns a couple of Dalmatians. Unable to take them to England because of the quarantine laws, she was forced to leave them behind in kennels. En route to Hollywood, she drove her traveling companion crazy, “Do you think they’ll know me? If they don’t know me, I’m going to turn around and go right back home.”

Not only did they know her. By some sixth sense they’d got wind of her coming, broken loose from the kennels, torn madly down the Santa Monica beach and leaped her own gate in time to welcome her home.

One of her favorite babies is Katharine Thalberg. “Likewise the other way round,” as the grip put it. They call on each other, they tell each other stories, they admire each other’s clothes.

Katharine’s mother came in one day to find them both cross-legged on the floor, identical blue ribbons, supplied by Merle, holding their curls in place. Katharine was handing Merle colored beads from a bowl in her lap. Merle was stringing them and listening to a complicated tale of how Dopey had caught cold and couldn’t find his handkerchief.

“Which of you two is the baby?” Norma asked.

Merle looked at Katharine, Katharine looked at Merle, and they both giggled.
very carefully the wardrobe selected for her supporting players. Many a time a star has gone into a temperamental fury and ordered all the rest of the cast to be dressed in light colors, because she has decided to look slim and snaky in black.

A very interesting and instructive situation develops whenever a picture is being made in which the star plays a poor working girl who triumphs over a lot of idle rich vultures. She must look more attractive, more ingratiating than they do, even though she is wearing cheap clothes.

That is fairly easy. Our heroine is put in a simple black dress or suit, beautifully fitted, with a little white schoolgirl collar or a crisp lingerie blouse, and the idle rich are fairly smothered in lavish fabrics, drapery, intricate shirring. Their clothes may be very beautiful and within the realm of good taste, but, by contrast, she will be as refreshing as a hamburger after a round of parties that offer nothing more substantial than caviar and champagne. There is a lot to be said for girlish innocence in clothes, but I don't need to tell you. Just imagine how ridiculous even the hauntingly lovely Heddy Lamarr would look if she broke into a broad grin and tried to hop into a rumble seat.

If your clothes are going to help you be the star of your crowd, you are going to have to do some home work, as well as some careful shopping. Your clothes must first be suitable, then becoming, then smart, then different from what the girls around you are wearing. If that all sounds very difficult, just keep it in the back of your mind while you go to see some pictures. And suddenly you will discover that the clothes girls wear in pictures illustrate those very points.

When the scenario of a picture is finished it is sent to the wardrobe department, and, before the chief designer discusses her costumes with a star, he figures out what sort of girl she is playing, in what locale, what action is called for, and then what styles are best for her. That is what you must do for yourself. But I am going to ask you to skip lightly right past the question, "What sort of girl am I?" and tackle, "What do I want to be?" Maybe, struggle as you will against it, you are a blunt sort of person with a strong will, and you want to be willowy and poised and softly-appealing. Clothes can help you. First, choose fabrics that are soft and smooth, then choose lines that are curved rather than straight—a rounded neck rather than a V; a shirred bodice in preference to the shirtermaker type; a gathered or pleated skirt with graceful fullness rather than a plain gored one. Maybe you are a quiet, droll, inconspicuous sort, and you long to be more definite. Simple tailored lines, sharp color contrasts will give you a big lift.

Now—what is your setting? Do you fall out of bed, hurl your clothes on and dash off to early classes—other than as pupil or teacher? Do you work in an office, travelling in buses or street cars? Do you go to market, have lunch with the youngster home from school and then go to bridge clubs? Whatever activities fill the major part of your day should dictate the choice of an outfit that will be the mainstay of your wardrobe.

If you are off to school, a casual sports outfit is a good choice. The lines of the costume Madeleine Carroll is wearing in the picture on page 49 will do wonders for the tall girl. The pleated skirt, the
almost wrist-length jacket, require height to carry them gracefully. The extreme simplicity of this outfit matches the serenity and directness of her temperament. Madeleine is an anti-gadget girl. And, because she is essentially a soft and sensitive sort of person, the fabric is a soft flannel. Madeleine Carroll wears this costume in "Caste Society." Her deodorant is Arrid. As it is, you will find that it helps her to stand out in the scenes where she wears it.

For the girl who is brisk and active and energetic, we recommend someone between three-piece suit that Rosella Towne wears in "Adventures of Jane Arden." Closely-fitted, slim as a reed, here is a suit that is as perfect for the girl as well as a smart. A girl could travel in it by air, by train, by subway—and arrive at her destination immaculately groomed. Vived-colored suits should be worn with such a suit, if you are inclined to be neutral in coloring, but Rosella is such a vivid personality, her choice of black accessories without looking in the least dull or grim.

You will notice that the jacket is quite short and snug, while Madeleine Carroll's is boxy and longer. Which is the fashion? Both.

The time is long since past when Paris dictated that jackets should be a certain style or length, and skirts pleated or plain, and women took it to heart. Hollywood has made it perfectly possible for women to wear whatever is most becoming to them and yet feel in the height of fashion. The two fashion centers borrow from each other, and it takes time. Paris couturières have their showings four times a year, as ever before, at which they introduce radical changes in fashion. Hollywood designers dress stars, not in the mode that was launched in Paris last week, but in whatever is most becoming, so that when the picture based on months or even a year later, players will look beautiful and chic, but not dated.

Sometimes months after a picture is made, a Paris designer will see it and copy a sleeve or a hat or the drapery of an evening gown. Sometimes a Hollywood designer will read in a cable from Paris that huge jeweled trimming is being used, and decide it is a refreshing change for glamour girls to have jewels on their dresses instead of their wrists.

This fashion is all to the good for you and me. We don't feel out of date every time some new Paris whimsy comes along.

We can observe what the fashion creators in both places are up to, and select what will pep us up most. In both places designers are clinging to exaggerated shoulders. They are not only built out, but up—the better to make hips look wonderfully slim. Hats perch forward and have something to give them an uplift. The upturned brim or trimming that points to the sky. Clothes are more colorful, and instead of having all your accessories match, it is a matter of choosing colors, and not black dresses, beige or gray suits. For instance, hat, handbag, and shoes may be blue, gloves and belt or scarf a purplish tone. Browns and yellows can be mixed equally well.

At Palm Springs and in the Southern states that are already sunny and warm, a fashion has been adopted that is probably good for the country. You may want to be the first of your crowd to take it up—and the first to drop it as soon as it no longer is the thing. You set the pace for new ways in fashion, don't you? If you are very fashion-conscious, you will want to match some of your accessories to your lipstick, some to your eye shadow, and some to your face powder. With us in California, it is most effective. Match your stockings and your handkerchiefs to the shade of your face powder; get hat, gloves, and maybe shoes to match your eye shadow; then carry a handbag that matches your lipstick. One girl in Hollywood whose cleverness and smartness far exceeds her clothes budget could buy all new accessories, but she achieved the same colorful effect by using ribbons in the three colors as a belt on a white sports dress. And if you have a chiffon laundress who can do you as a girdle on a chiffon evening dress.

But before I put you up to any such tricks as that, let me ask if you have one of the fabulously colored chiffons. Every girl ought to have one for the sake of her morale, and for the sake of that big moment that may be just ahead when you will find yourself in need of a part, if you can repeat it, never—add a gadget to a dress like that. A siren dress may have one, and a smart, local, stovepipe, too. A jeweled bib on the dress Hedy Lamarr is wearing on page 49, but with such a dress there must be no hair ornaments, no bracelets have just been introduced.

And now that that fatal word svetle has crept in, let me ask if you plan your clothes from the skin out, or just put them on over everything to gear to wearing. If your clothes do not fit smoothly, without ever a budge or a ripple, you are not taking advantage of all the wardrobes have to offer. Available in shops all over the country at very moderate prices are the sort of underwear and girdles that clothe the body, yet have the svetle. Maybe you love satin and lace, ruffles and monograms, embroidery and frills. You can have them in your nightgowns and negligees. When it comes to underwear, the simpler the better.

"The simpler, the better" is a good slogan for you to adopt every time you go shopping. For shopping is very limited. Classic pumps or sandals with medium heels are appropriate to wear with all outfits except evening. And that is about it.

Get your wardrobe around certain basic colors, so that one set of accessories can do multiple duty. And don't observe too much conformity up to the way of dress innovations, so that you can do something quite different.

If you just notice the general effect of what women are wearing, and don't remember details—as many women don't—here is a very pleasant way to train your fashion eye. Take a copy of Screens and turn to the candid camera shots of Hollywood parties. Who stands out in each picture, and why?
or something that might have been happening in our very own home.

Alan Mowbray, I am sure that all your fans salute you for the superbly comic performance you gave in "There Goes My Heart." We want more pictures with you in them.—Blanche Grossman, New York City.

$1.00 Prize Poem

Ann Sheridan

Ann—so gay and blithesome,
Bright and debonair,
Willowy and lissome,
Radiantly fair.

Though your role be tragic,
Though your role be gay,
There is always magic,
In whatever part you play.

In the days of flapper girls,
I thought my visioned dream
Was just a glimpse of Clara Bow.
As brought upon the screen.

A scene with Lombard held some zest,
Grand was a part with Dunne;
But tops for me o'er all the rest,
Is Annie—ten to one.

Crawford, Colbert, Garbo too,
All held me in their day.
And certainly I can't omit
That buxom gal called Mae.

But now those lovely creatures,
Have lost for me their thrill
For you combine the features,
And glamor—of them all.

—Mrs. Marylin Boiski, Milwaukee, Wis.

$1.00 Prize Letter

"Men with Wings"

Give us more pictures like "Men With Wings." It will remain in my memory as one of the finest pictures ever made. This mighty air drama was a perfect blend of comedy, romance and action. When one's throat tensed, one's eyes went out of focus, then a bit of comedy intervened and eased the pain of sadness.

I believe people like to be touched by a good film. When the actors move one to the point where the eyes blur and the throat tightens, they are good. The story was true and plausible—the kind we need more of. All in all it may be off to the director and the entire cast of "Men With Wings" for their sparkling contribution to America's list of truly great pictures.—Jack Rohrer, Cedar Rapids, la.

DEANNA DURBIN TALKS—

FOR GIRLS ONLY!

in

April MODERN SCREEN

Hand Skin, ill-supplied with Moisture, suffers from "Winter Dryness"

"HOLLYWOOD HANDS", girls call them—the soft hands whose touch is delightful! Even busy girls can have them! Skin moisture-glands are less active in winter; water, wind and cold tend to dry out your hands. Then's when roughness and chapping threaten. But Jergens Lotion supple-
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DEANNA DURBIN TALKS...

NEW FACE CREAM—Jergens All-
Purpose Face Cream—gives special help against dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE
and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1651 Alfred St.
Cincinnati, 0. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)
I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous free sample of Jergens!

Name ____________________________________________
Street ____________________________________________
City _____________________________________________
State ____________________________________________
Warrior Queen wins with smile!

(Continued from page 50)

Clark, then, by all the tenets of troup- ing should fear Bob, resent him, en- deavor to continue to top him and out-rival him. Yet Gable used his own interview time to talk about Taylor. He talked of the sportsmanship and regular-fellowness of Taylor.

He even worries about the boy's career. He doesn't know that he is getting the right kind of parts. Bob is, Clark declared, more than good looking. He's got a head on his shoulders and brains than that head. "And he deserves a lot more credit," Clark said, "for not losing his head than I ever did. I had to work long and hard before I got the breaks. He didn't. He just got a break and there he was, up tops. He's kept his head level like the sound sport he is.

"I'd like to see Bob play the kind of parts I've had. What he needs is to get all muddled up, get grease on his face and in his hair. He should be allowed to scrape off the make-up and go to town as he is. I'd like to play in a picture with him. I've been to the front office and suggested that they give some kind of a story where we could play brothers. It's a question, however, of finding a story." "But they'll kill him," Clark was saying, "if they keep on stressing his looks, his romantic stuff to the exclusion of all else. Taylor isn't like that. He's got what it takes. Even without that pan, he'd be good. He can go on forever if they give him the stuff that endures."

"No professional jealousy at all," I remarked, as a statement of fact.

"Not a molecul," grinned Clark. "The more men there are on the lot, the better I like it. When I first came here, there were only Bob Montgomery and me to carry most of the male roles. Keep us hopping like overworked mosquitoes. It was awful. Now there are five men to distribute parts among—Montgomery, Spencer Tracy, Bill Powell, Taylor and me. The more the work is divided up the more time I have to myself."

I made another statement of fact. "Not interested in fame," I said. "Not even now. No desire to hog the limelight."

Clark answered as I knew he would. Less interest, I thought, in making money's the thing. He never goes to previews or openings. He never reads his own reviews unless they pan him. He said, "I'm in too good time earning to night clubs and so. Why go in for it? I prefer dinner in my room, a good book, unless I can be with a few people I know and like, can have some fun playing backgammon, chatting, or singing off key—I'm quite a master of the latter. Money's the thing. I sent out under my "V-48" Clark continued, "are what are called the 'little things.' But they're the big things to me. They're the things I'll remember to tell my grandchildren when they talk to me, 'Tell us, Grand-pop, what was it like to be a moon pitcher star in the olden days.'"

"I'll tell 'em about the fan mail. And about the letters I value now. And they are the letters from kids asking how I keep in physical condition. There is sense to those letters."

"There was the mother who named her son after me and wrote and told me why. I got a wallop right in the solar plexus out of that. That wasn't one of those transient things. That was for keeps. She named her son Clark Gable and she had to stay with it. She couldn't change his name to something else. It was the tribute of the time element to that."

"There was the scene in one of my pictures which brought a divorced couple to- gether. That was really something. I was actually killed something that was broken."

"There was the dear old lady, half blind, who knitted me a cap to wear while making a picture. She took her time and money to do that for me. She didn't want anything in return, not even an autograph. There was the chap who sent me the gold latch key so that I could distinguish it from other keys in the dark. There was thoughtfulness in that."

They don't ask anything in return, the folks who do this sort of thing. They put it on the premise that I happen to give them entertainment, lighten the load. And these are the things I appreciate. These are the kind of things," Clark said, "that make up the business of living. You can't eat fan mail. You can't sleep in the box office or on an electric light sign. You live with comfortable things like latch keys and fellows who give you a hand when you need a jam."

"I'm a putterer at heart, I guess. I like to monkey around with things. I spend more time fussing over my horse's feed than feeding myself. That horse gets a lot more care than I do. The other day my groom told me he ought to have a mixture of alfalfa and mollases. I spent two hours going to an even feed store and stable for miles around trying to find sacks of the stuff. I kept at it until I got 'em, too."

"I get a kick out of figuring out the proper size for a duck blind for two men. Every time I get a chance that's where I go—down hunting this side of Olmstead."

"I like to tinker with my car. I spend more time taking it apart and putting it together again than I do riding in it. I'm a practical mechanic, too, if I do say so. Monkeying about with cars entertains and amuses me as no Troc'ding can. Joe Moretti, the mechanic, and I figure that we can build a car of new style entirely. Car manufacturers better look out. There may be a new Gable V-48 on the market in a jum.

"The part of picture making I like best is the location trips. I like to mix with the boys on the crew and meet all kinds of people. When you're in the mountains there's always a chance to fool around with machinery, cars on the bun or something."

The director called Clark to the set. And I was left more to the "little things" which make so big a man.
after that. She has been in and out of movies since 1924. Florence has traveled all over Europe and America and numbers many distinguished personalities among her friends. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair. Her last picture was "Sweethearts." Next will be "Stand Up And Fight" with Robert Taylor. Address M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mrs. M. Ruffell, St. Louis, Mo. We were glad to again explain the way our barometer works. The figures that appear under each star's name represent the total number of votes that star has received during the last six months. Each month when the new figures are added, the figures for seven months ago must be subtracted to leave the correct six months' total. That is why the results appear to fluctuate crazily at times. Is that clear now? Thanks for your inquiry.

Gilbert Inafuku, Hilo, Hawaii. Wendy Barrie was born in Hong Kong, China of British parents on April 15, 1915. Her real name is Wendy Jenkins, and she has red gold hair and green eyes. Wendy is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred ten pounds, is half-Japanese, one-third American and one-sixth German. You may reach her in care of Columbia Pictures, Hollywood, Cal. Her last picture was "I Am The Law."

Alexander Jaffe, San Francisco, Cal. Lionel Stander is a New Yorker and proud of it. He was born in that city. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred sixty pounds, has brown eyes and hair. His last picture was "The Crowd Roars." His next will be "Ice Follies." Address him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Phyllis Larson, Onida, So. Dak. Florence George was born in Dayton, Ohio, the daughter of Florence and George Guthrie. Her mother was a singer, her father is a building contractor. Florence studied music at Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio and at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago. She sang with the Chicago Civic Opera, and appeared on many radio programs before entering the movies. She has blue eyes, blonde hair, stands five feet four and a half inches tall, and weighs 115 pounds.

Marjorie Mewan, Coventry, England. Henry Fonda was born at Grand Island, Nebraska, May 16, 1905. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds. He has black hair and blue eyes. Fonda is a graduate of the University of Minnesota and is married to Frances Brokaw, a society girl. His last two pictures were "The Man Who Played God" and "Jesse James." Address him at United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Morris, Scranton, Penn. Frankie Thomas played the first mayor of "Boys Town." Address him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. Always enclose twenty-five cents when requesting any player's picture. Photographs must be obtained from the player or his studio. MODERN SCREEN has no facilities for distributing pictures. This is in answer to hundreds of similar inquiries.

Helen Biemart, Cheektowasop, N. Y. Robert Wilcox was born in Rochester, N. Y. May 10, 1910. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred sixty pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He is a graduate of the University of Southern California. Started his stage career in Buffalo, N. Y. and went from there to Hollywood. His next picture will be "Gambling Ship." He is with Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Beverly Peterson, Pennington, N. J. Billy Lee was born September 12, 1930 in Nelson, Ind. He has dark brown hair and eyes, weighs about forty pounds and is three feet five inches tall. His father is Pete Schlansker, a baseball player. Write Billy Lee in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. His last picture was "Say It In French."

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101
rot, but I've done that, too. So long as the discussion remains general and some scribe and I just drizzle around on a hypothetical question, I'll play ball.

"But when important is going on in my own life—a private, personal thing—I see no reason why I shouldn't get a little tough about it and fight to keep something to myself. Whatever I say will be held against me, that I know. The press will have no consideration for me, that's all. Maybe a little of that's the way it should be, and maybe it isn't. If I get myself into a spot where the columnists can enjoy a juicy Roman holiday at my expense, many's the man I'm better off than if no columnist cared whether I lived or died. But I happen to have a disinclination for getting into such a spot.

"Look at what happened, now. If ever a man was a prince to reporters, he's it. Crazy, mad, if you like, but always colorful, always interesting. Why, he has created out of bed with stupendous hangovers to talk with reporters, has given as much time as they wanted, never pulled his punches. And always swell copy out of Jack. But when he got in a spot, did any of them show him the slightest consideration? No."

He bunched his six-foot-odd over to a low table and poured himself another cup of tea. Yes, a cup of tea. A vestigial reminder of his British raising, no doubt. "It has almost as much bucking-up effect as Scotch and soda," he said, "and doesn't rise up and bite you afterwards. How in the dickens did you ever get wound up in this depressing topic, anyway? I didn't mean to sit here and cram for the duration of the interview. Let's talk about something pleasant."

"All right, but you're not going to put me off my track completely," I said. "However, to change the subject temporarily, I don't want to ask you if you remember C. J.?" I mentioned the name of a gent I knew, who had known Cary Grant some years ago, when he was Archie Leech, and not Bartus, Tew. This man had told me how Archie and several other fellows lived in Bohemian bachelors' glory in a window on skew Street in Greenwich Village. Bert Lytell had furnished the apartment. He was the only halfway prosperous one of the group.

There was Archie and an impoverished newspaper man and Don Dickerman, who later ran a Village night club. When one got a cheque, he bought a supply of canned goods, some alcohol to make bathtub gin, and paid the collective laundry bill so that everybody could have a clean shirt. They all lived hand to mouth until the cash was gone. Then out of every cheque went a cheque, or an honest tradesman was fast-talked into extending credit. The Lord, it seemed, always provided.

"Old C. J." whipped Cary in answer to my query, and so spontaneously that I knew he really did remember and wasn't just being polite, should I say I do. Where is he? What's he doing now?

"Oh, he's all married and settled down and has two kids," I said.

"You don't say. It. He was hardly the marrying kind."

"Yeah, I've heard some tatty tales about those Barrow Street days, Mr. Grant. I've been told that the parade of belles who drifted in and out of those untidy rooms would have made the great Ziegfield look like a poor picker."
Cary grinned and for the first time looked witty and friendly and lost that on-the-defensive, formal look.

"You know," he said, "that apartment got to be taken for a sort of night club. I think. A bunch of kids would get in a taxi uptown and tell the driver, 'Oh, it's down on Barrow Street somewhere. We'll tell you when we get there. What's the name?' That's what one would ask the other. We really thought of putting up a sign and having a small cover charge. Gosh, did we have fun! Nobody ever got any sleep. The phone rang all day and all night. I guess only extreme youth could have stood the pace we went. And too, it interested my wife and settled down? Well, maybe he's to be envied."

EDGING cautiously back to my theme, I answered that this famous acquaintance of Grant's dizzier days was, in a sense, to be envied, for I knew that he had caught the knack of playing a truth game with his wife and it had worked beautifully. They were known the country round as a gay and congenial pair. Did Mr. Grant think that any young and could, with success, be absolutely truthful with a gal? "Oh, here we go again, boys!" he said, but with a smile. "Well, I'll tell you..." I think people may too much fuss about being on the level and straight-from-the-shoulder and all that. I mean, as soon as love enters the picture, so many are apt to take themselves sternly by the ear and say, 'Now, this here is serious! This is love!' And they lean over backwards about confessing all past romantic experiences and expect the other party to do the same, instead of acting as one would with a good friend—being kind of casual and easy and not mentioning the friend with heavy confidences to weigh down his loyalty and liking and not seeking too deeply into the friend's confidence.

"I think that sincerity and loyalty—and love, too—prove themselves in time. And—since you ask me—I don't think that a man can be brutally frank with a woman. Not to most women, anyway. I don't hold with spinning up a tissue of lies to whisper into a shell-like ear. I feel that a little sugar-coating is not only nice, but necessary. Heck, I wouldn't want a girl to be too grimly frank with me. Why shouldn't I respect her feelings—her vanity, if you like—to an equal degree? I shouldn't want a girl to be too loving with me. As I say, I like the right touch. To be swaddled in attention would make me feel like a mummy. To have the outward manifestations of love served up to me three times a day at meals would drive me nuts. I'd want to know that the basic business was there, all right, but I'd run a smile if it crowded me. And I shouldn't want to be expected to put on the balcony scene from 'Romeo' constantly myself, either."

Perhaps, for these reasons, Cary hides his time. For these reasons, plus the usual Hollywood hazards: (a) a first marriage, which began with a publicity-bedecked honeymoon and ended in a publicity-spattered divorce; (b) the battle any Hollywood marriage must put up with the gossip mongers which must make it difficult for even the most happy couples to keep their perspective; (c) the women, who, in spite of the most exemplary behavior on Cary's part, would throw themselves at his head unless Phyllis kept him under lock and key; and (d) the men who, in spite of the most exemplary behavior on Phyllis' part, would be drawn by her golden beauty up to Cary put her in a safe and kept her there.

"I would want to be sure, the next time," he said. "And right now—well, we can't be sure for numerous personal considerations. We've each got a great deal of family business to settle. We've had grand times together, are still having grand times, and will probably continue to do so. She's a marvelous companion. When, as, and if we do take that step, it will be without any of the fuss or the fixings. This is okay with Phyl. I'm not of a nature to say—now, on April the Umph, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I will get myself married."

AND all the blither and bother and your friends getting drunk and crawling into the church on their hands and knees—ugh! No wonder so many marriages get off on the wrong foot. And now, madam, that's the last word I'm going to say about love, marriage, women, and divorce. It's not a bit of good, your trying any interrogator's tricks on me. I'm an old hand at this game."

Just to show that my heart is in the right place, I switched the subject abruptly and asked him if he'd had a nice time on the journey to England and during his stay in New York. He was stopping in London Taylor's apartment—the same Bert Taylor who is brother to Countess di Frasso, party-thower extraordinary. Under the Taylor wing, Miss Brooks' dates with Mr. Grant had been chaperoned and the San Francisco society had been graced by the handsome pair. This, he said, he had found quite boring. The shows, now—he had enjoyed some of them immensely. But he was really homesick for Hollywood.

"You have no sneaking urges to do a play on the stage, before real people?" I asked.

"No. I wasn't on the stage long enough, you know, for the virus to enter my blood."

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My brief experience taught me how to walk around without bumping into things and how to smoke a cigarette in a play without looking as if it were the first puff I ever taken and also, mechanical things like that. But give me pictures, any day, in preference to the legitimate theatre.

"If I've sounded like an old sourpuss up to now, talking about the terrible time us actors have, you're about to see me do a lightning change to the role of Cary, the Pollyanna Boy in England. I am crazy about working for pictures. I think pictures are getting better all the time. I think there are more good pictures than there are good plays, of the produce of each produced. When I'm working in a good, meaty role, I get up in the morning simply bustling out at the seams with energy. I can't get enough of pictures. They do shoot pictures picture-mad, and start at the end and then go to the beginning and then have a whack at the middle. This is what stage folks complain about. It doesn't bother me at all.

Of course, I'm sitting in a very pretty spot right now, as far as work is concerned. It's no wonder I'm all ful of sweetness and light about the picture business. I'm not bound down with any iron contract. And I am allowed to have some say-so about the pictures I play in. Not all the stars—don't want that. for I don't think any actor is capable of being the sole judge of what he can and cannot do. But I think a star has the right to show up as a cut-rate op, just because I happen to be handy and he has to fill out his production quota. And I can say, 'No, I don't want to do another bloody comedy right now, and would you show me something else, please.' Yep—it's swell. I had to put up a fight. But I had waited for a long time, and finally had a key and told the other what assignments were handed me and I began to wonder whether is Grant drifting.

"It isn't, mind you, that I entertained any delusions of grandeur about my artistic ability. I want to do a good job in each picture and all that—sure. But I do think of it as my job rather than my art. And the way things were going, I had a nice mental picture of Grant sitting out on the ash heap. I hope not. I can get all that stuff from the publicity department. 'Oh, yes, he used to be in pictures.'

"I'm daffy about working in pictures and, having sense enough to know on which side my bread is buttered, I really think that if my most recent picture was poor, Mr. and Mrs. America would soon be saying, 'Oh, let's get you a picture too.'" And Charlie says, "Don't do it at the Bijou. Let's go there. So I got sort of cagy and sort of tough and put over a good deal for Grant. I'll have to keep me playing around in pictures until I'm an old, old man and have to be brought onto the set in a wheel chair."

"Do you suppose that, by that time, nobby people like me will have ceased to ask you if there's any truth to this rumor about a romance between you and Susie What'shername?" I asked.

"What say?" asked Mr. Grant, cupping a hand to his ear, "I'm a little mane hard of hearing. Oh, no. the title of my next picture, if you say? Well, of course, the title will undoubtedly be changed, but it's a romantic comedy about."

"Oh, I can get all that stuff from the publicity department," said I, gathering up bag and gloves and starting to wriggle out of one of the Taylor antiques.

"There, no," said Cary, "I try to hand you a real scoop, and you won't listen.

"That's all right about the scoop," I said. "I can't go and make a liar out of me before the March issue," I said. "I'll do my level best," said Cary.

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and the house tidy? I wouldn’t blame her for saying, ‘Yeh, you try pounding a typewriter all day and then standing over an ironing board half the night and see how you like your own advice!’

NEVERTHELESS, she conceded, there were many things a working wife could do or avoid doing that have nothing to do with material possessions or the state of the family pocketbook. Things that involved only an expenditure of time, tact, and effort and didn’t cost a red cent. Things that, in turn, proved as effective for a $20 a week stenographer as for a $3,000 a week movie star. The secrets she had discovered for that sort of thing she was more than willing to share.

“Divorce court judges, sociologists and research scientists in human relations tell us the employed wife is proving an alarming threat to the stability of American marriage even if she has helped to put it on its financial feet and raise the general standard of living,” Myrna said. “They are right to a certain extent. The whole idea of the woman carrying part of the financial load of a marriage is so new comparatively, that we’ve had no time to adjust ourselves. We’ve had no time to work out the fine points in the new relationship between man and wife.

“But I cannot help feeling it is the little things she does or forgets to do that are responsible for a large part of the trouble and misunderstanding that oftentimes arises between a man and his working wife. Things that rob him of that feeling of inherent authority and command that has been his by right since the days of the caveman. Things that tend to make it obvious that be no longer is the lord and master of his household.”

That feeling is important to a man. Let him keep it, Myrna counselled. And if the wife happens to be holding the more important job of the two, or by a lucky break, earning more money than he, work to make him keep it! That is her real job if she wants a happy home.

“The pity is, so many of these important little things really are too easy to do or to avoid, so we go stumbling blindly along, wrapped up in our own little world, giving hurt and offense where none is intended. Men are so much more sensitive than women credit—and so very unselfish about hiding their wounded feelings,” Myrna explained.

“When you come right down to it, it really is no trick at all to preserve a man’s independence and sense of superiority, she went on. The cardinal rule to learn is: never belittle the importance of anything he says or does. Show him by word and action that you depend a great deal upon his sage guidance and help. Do him the courtesy of consulting him on all but the most trivial matters that affect you, your work, and your home and abide by his decisions when possible in all major matters. After all, smart women long ago learned the parlor feat of making their wishes appear to be men’s. Sincerely interest yourself in the workings of his business and share his enthusiasms for it and his new ideas. Encourage him to talk about it when you are together, and listen attentively when he does talk.

“And I mean listen!” Myrna said. “Don’t give him one of those ‘uh-huh’ routines with half your mind while the other half is racing ahead with some little problem of your own, like the letters you must get out tomorrow or what was the matter with the day’s sales, or how to play a certain scene that’s coming up. That is worse than saying, ‘I am too busy right now, tell me about it some other time.’ In other words, use the Golden Rule.”

AND above all, do not interrupt something he may be telling you with, “Darling, the funniest thing happened at the office (or the studio or the store) today. Just when I was getting ready to...” That makes a man want to say, “the heck with it,” or take to the tall timber.

Money is a touchy subject when a wife is working and it takes a level head, hand, and tongue on her part to handle the situation with necessary tact and keep the sea of marriage calm. Unless you have a specifically different agreement, expect part of your earnings to be used for common expenses. That is only fair since perforce you are neglecting some of your natural duties as a housewife. Never discuss or compare your mutual earning capacities in front of friends.

Men may vow they have no objection to their wives working but deep down in their hearts, Myrna said, they are averse...

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Gloria Dickson's not only easy to look at—the gal can act. What a treat that is! Her next will be "They Made Me a Criminal."

On the face of it, it may seem unfair but a working wife cannot afford to let down in the evening at home, tired as she may be from a hard day's work, Myra contended. A man expects the same bright company from her as from the little woman who does nothing but run his home and that's all there is to it. Let her hesitate to join him willingly in normal social activities, or seek relaxation in solitude, and she is apt to find her husband starting the "I'm going to the club" habit and, from there, possibly to the company of other women. In that event she has no one but herself to blame. And so her tip on this is: Be good company for him if it all but kills you. The happiness dividends are worth it. In one way, the penalty is not so unfair as it may appear, Myra admitted.

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"I think statistics will prove that most wives are working today because they want to, not have to," she said. "Usually, it is because they are not satisfied to live within the earning capacity of their husbands. They want a finer house, more clothes, or a new car. That being so, they must be prepared to pay the price of that ambition. They cannot expect a husband to be satisfied with a glorified housekeeper."

The wife who must work is entitled to extra marital consideration, of course, Myrna amended, and in fairness to the husbands of such women, they usually receive it in full measure. That is another story.

Whenever possible, it is a smart move for the working wife to breakfast with her husband. It starts the day off right, makes the home life seem more normal. It is smarter still, Myrna said, if the wife can squeeze the time and make the effort to preside at the breakfast table clad in a fussy something eminently feminine and alluring.

"That little effort gives the husband the right kind of a mental picture to carry with him during the day," she said. "Incidentally, that thought holds good for clothes in general. It is so easy for a busy business wife to let her workaday wardrobe become her personal one. And so disastrous! The severely tailored outfit is fine for the office but it is a flop at home, particularly when the husband is seeing tailored women all around him all day at his own office. Soft silk and curves can and do work wonders around a hearth and a wise woman doesn't forget it."

If you are lucky enough to have a jewel of a husband who offers to help with the housework now and then, don't ever criticize his methods when he pitches in to give you a hand! Emulate the three wise monkeys, Myrna advised, by hearing nothing, seeing nothing, and saying nothing when he tucks a little excess dust under that throw-rug in the far corner of the room, or washes the dishes, glassware, and ironing pans higgledy-piggledy under the tap instead of in proper order in a pan of steaming suds. Carry or ring, and you're apt to lose the help—and the man! Then where are you?

Take the time and make the effort to do little things for his especial pleasure, Myrna advocated.

"For instance, I know a busy wife whose husband likes to stop on his way to the garage in the morning and pick a cornflower for his buttonhole," she said. "The wife has no time to do the gardening herself but she sees to it the gardener keeps a small bed of the flowers blooming by the garage door as long as they are in season. That bed is more important to him than the blossoming of the garden's rare roses which are her hobby. And when the flowers are out of season for outdoor gardens, she strives to keep a bowl of the hot-house variety on the breakfast table."

Or, for instance, I might add the way Myrna devotes many of her free afternoons to replenishing Arturo's supply of fine handkerchiefs or prowling through a certain little Italian store in the commercial district of the city, far from her home, in search of special foreign delicacies he enjoys like creamy goats' milk cheese and spicy salamis. Or the way she carefully plans all the menus for the household, whether she is working at the studio or not, to insure the kind of a meal her husband likes. Or the way she will stop on the way home to choose personally the boutonniere for his lapel when they are dressing formally.

"The smart working wife, no matter how busy, always can (1) find time to pamper her man, and (2) is willing to make the effort," Myrna stated. "To me, it is one of the basic essentials for a happy marriage."

From time immemorial, the right of dictating the way his leisure time on holidays, Sundays and vacations shall be spent has belonged to the husband. Myrna continued. Therefore, it is not smart to presume to encroach on that right just because you suddenly find they constitute your only leisure hours, too. If he wants to play golf with his buddies instead of you, let him do it. And cheerfully. Not with one of those grudging, "Oh well, all right if you want to, but I thought..." assents. That is worse than a downright scene about it and spoils what little fun he might have had.

And finally, Myrna said, watch out that you, the working wife, do not permit your circle of business friends to dominate your joint social life. It is an easy habit to slip into but it does not work out so well. For some reason, probably something to do with an infringement on their personal rights, men resent that keenly and it becomes an annoying source of friction.

Oh yes, and one thing more. Don't bring the boss home to dinner! Myrna was quite definite about that.

"Since bars and barbershops have fallen to feminine invasion, bringing the boss home to dinner is the only masculine prerogative a man has left. Let him keep it!" she chuckled.

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Another of those things you see on a double feature bill. As a matter of fact, if they insist, I'll have to play it no matter what they do. But this play I'm in now, 'The Boys From Syracuse,' might run for two years, so—!

Concerning Eddie Albert's current success, for it seems this play is selling even though that's not the hit of the town—New York, we mean, it reminds us of a slight lamentation we overheard recently, while in California. Just after favorable word began pouring into the studio concerning their new star, Mr. Albert, one of the Big Boys from the front which was purported to shake up the whole Heating Department.

"He's certainly good, but he'll be an awful problem to cast. Not much in the way of dramatic parts that he'll fit." Well, just to make a block of the bigger and better variety out of said gent, Eddie no sooner opens in New York than first nighters found a new romantic interest in front of them. Not short of being the matinee idol this season, Eddie emerges the toast of the town. And, with the cream of the crop watching behind him and surrounding him, too. Imagine playing practically every scene with a Jimmy Savo! Well, that's just what Albert does, and shares all the honors to boot.

"You know," he began, with a smile spreading over his face, "I was never so thrilled as when I opened with 'The Boys From Syracuse.' Why, for days afterwards I went around grinning to myself like a kid at Christmas. I'd say, 'What the heck are they chattering all about? Ed? You've opened on Broadway before!' Then I'd answer, 'But, I'm happy, old boy. I feel good, so why can't I grin my head off?'" You've no idea how gratifying it is to be in a show with good, seasoned actors. It's darn stiff competition, but it's stimulating. It's hard work, but that's why I like it. Why, when we close at night, I sit around with other actors and talk theatre and argue for hours. You know, that's how you learn. Hearing one person's ideas, and the show would be done over gives you a new slant.

Unsatisfied after many months of plugging on his part in the Broadway production of the play, Mr. Albert is still slaves away even though his notices were raves. A rough idea is his daily schedule. First of all he reads aloud for one hour. This he explains helps his diction. Then each time the clock goes around, singing and dancing lessons have their allotted time. All this in addition to giving six evening performances and two matinees a week.

Now you're probably thinking, as we, that he's a busy man, but you haven't heard all yet! Each week he reads two plays, one poor one and a classic. At the end of one year he'll have dusted off 104 scripts, thereby improving his judgment and acquiring a better feeling for interpreting the author's ideas.

Having seen Eddie successfully fill a romantic role, we wondered if this wouldn't be his future in film.

"Let them have their romantic parts," Albert emphatically stated. "There'll always be players of good-looking guys trying to do that sort of thing. Give me a good script and a part with meat in it, and I'll be completely satisfied. I'm not of the ham persuasion. I'd rather be down in the stage center, and, I'm not an admirer of those passe players who try to steal every scene, either. I'm interested in the story development, and that's good, then Eddie's good!"

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HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED
(Continued from page 41)

There must have been times, too, when even Humphrey's mother must have won-
dered what it all was about her son, who was always in hot water. She understands him
so well that she was never amazed at any woman's wish to kill him or, on the other
hand, at the great adoration he arouses in women.

Many years ago, before Humphrey
married the auburn-haired darling of
Broadway, Helen Menken, he met Mayo—
and instantly they hated one another. It
was a strange party—which they met—
at that sophisticated club for New York-
ers—the Mayfair.

"The queerest party I ever went to in
my life," Humphrey assured me. "The
strange thing about the party was that
nearly all the men and women present at
it, no matter with whom they came, were
carrying the torch for someone else.

"If everyone had turned around and faced
someone else instead of the person with
whom he came," Humphrey said, "every-
thing would have been perfect. Then the
people who loved one another would have
been facing each other. And Mayo might
dare what a round-and-faced me, and turn
the long years in between, and all the mis-
takes we made might have been avoided."

But Mayo didn't turn around. Just catch-
ing a glimpse of Humphrey at that party
was enough for her. Immediately, she was
convinced that he was the most conceited,
insufferable, arrogant person she had ever
in her life met.

"Everyone dislikes me on sight," Hum-
phrey explained. "There's something about
my face, which annoys most people—some-
thing about the cast of my head or the
look in my eye which makes people think
I'm conceited. At that, I guess I was a
pretty arrogant person in those days. When
people mentioned me, Mayo probably said,
'Why, that conceited, arrogant, stuck-up
person.'"

"That's exactly what I said," said Mayo
smiling, "but with a faintly sad tinge to
her smile, as though a lump were rising
in her throat. Humphrey also thought Mayo conceited. Certainly it was obvious
that she would never want for masculine attention, that
one. The men swarmed round her. No
wonder she was so spoiled, he thought.

"We were like a couple of cats on a
back fence," Humphrey explained. "I
recognized in Mayo an equal opponent,
one who gives no quarter and who asks
none, and the hitches on the back of my
neck went up in resentment."

Not long afterwards Humphrey married
Helen Menken. It was the marriage of
dynamite to dynamite. Both were very
young. Humphrey at the time still retained
his little boy quality of getting into diffi-
culties, and many were the hot arguments
between the two. The real cause of
trouble between the two of them, however,
was that both still had their careers to
build and, caught up in the maelstrom of
their careers, their marriage suffered.

"I don't like to talk about my previous

EVERYBODY THOUGHT
SHE'D BE AN OLD MAID

BUT SHE DISCOVERED
IN TIME WHY MEN
DIDN'T LIKE HER...

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dear. I don't give a damn.' When a man can no longer be angry or jealous, then a marriage has truly gone on the rocks. It is only the corpse of the marriage whose bones you hear rattling."

"When did you and Mayo decide that you really loved one another?" I asked.

Mayo and Humphrey looked at each other, and suddenly there was something in that room which sounded like the passing of enchanted wings. They were swing back in time and space, back to the time when they really began to know and love one another.

"I don't believe in fate exactly," Humphrey said, "and yet there is some system that must work to make a pattern of our lives. If a member of Mayo's party hadn't become ill at the Screen Actor's Ball, we might never have fallen in love."

Dressed in flaring red, Mayo had come to the party with a group of friends. Humphrey was with his own group. Then this certain person became ill, and her friends went home with her, thus giving Humphrey a chance to say to Mayo, "Why don't you stay anywhere? I'll take you home later on."

And suddenly they were talking together, and Mayo told Humphrey how much she had hated him the first time she saw him, and he was telling her what a conceited, spoiled girl he had thought her. Neither of them meant to fall in love, but two people as vital and alive as Humphrey and Mayo cannot build a wall around their hearts to shut love out, no matter how much they may try, for life inevitably will break down such walls. Against all reason Humphrey and Mayo were attracted to each other.

"I remember the very moment we really fell in love," Mayo told me. "I know it happened to me at that moment, and Bogey has told me since that it did to 'him, too."

Mayo was working in the garden back of her home, wearing a pair of yellow shorts, with a yellow bow, like a great big butterfly in her hair, and as she stood there, Humphrey came to call, and saw her standing on the fence. Do you remember the scene in "Four Daughters" where Jeffrey Lynn swings on one side of a fence and Priscilla Lane on the other, and while they swing, they fall in love? It was the same way with Humphrey and Mayo. Suddenly they looked at each other—and each knew that this was love.

But after all, they weren't children in their teens falling in love for the first time. They were sophisticated adults, and no matter what their hearts told them, they knew how often love had deceived them in the past—and they were determined not to make any mistakes now. What if they were wrong after all, and this wasn't real love, but mere infatuation? Oh, they knew very well that this was real love, but just suppose. Didn't they owe it to themselves and to each other to be sure with the utmost certainty that two humans beings can happily attain? And so they decided to do the hardest thing in the world for two people in love—to separate and let time tell them later if it was real, they knew no separation could hurt or harm it. And if it wasn't real, better by far to let it die than to risk marriage once again, if it wasn't going to last.

At the end of four months they knew even more surely than they had known in the beginning, even more surely than they had known when Humphrey stood on one side of the fence and the fair-haired Mayo on the other, looking at each other as though they would never be able to stop.

They were married at the home of Melville Baker, the writer, a very close friend of Humphrey's, and Mayo looked so radiant in a gold cloth dress with a Juliet cap on her hair that once again Humphrey couldn't stop looking.

When Judge Lindsey—that very fine, humanitarian judge who cares little about the letter of the law but worships its spirit—married them, he went rapidly through the marriage ceremony, as though the actual words of the ceremony were not the main thing. When he had completed it, he paused and said, "And now, Mayo and Humphrey, what I've said means nothing. Whether or not your marriage is a success is up to you. No law of God or man can make a marriage successful, unless the two people who are married work at it."

"I thought that was a splendid thing to say," Humphrey told me. "So many people think that because a priest has said certain words over you, you don't have to work to make your marriage a success. I know that I'm the last man in the world who should be asked for or give an opinion on how to be happy though married or how to stay married, but I hope I've learned from the mistakes I've made in the past, and Mayo and I will both work to make this marriage a success."

Humphrey believes that ex-husbands some times make the best husbands, because the rough edges have been taken off. They have been trained not to do the things which annoy women. Humphrey himself has several excellent ideas as to the things which men should and should not do in their married life.

"I don't want to lay down rules for other people, as though I were some kind of..."
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Dole
WHAT HAS THE SOUTHERN GAL GOT?

(Continued from page 45)

will be different. And, by gosh, give that
girl a few more years and let her grow
up to sophisticated clothes, and she will
be a stunning person. Don't you know
that in many other parts of our fair land,
that girl's height would be regarded by
herself and her family as an unremov-
able handicap? Certainly, six feet is too
tall for a girl. I shouldn't want to be
that tall myself, nor would I want my
daughter to grow to such a height. But
since this kid's problem did happen to
be too great height, wasn't it smart to
make a virtue of it, rather than a blight?

And then, the hostess' manner in speak-
ing of the mama of the halfpint: "Beautiful
in an evening gown," as she were a
young girl and not a woman in middle
forties. And the teeth-straightening ex-
ample. If Ann's possibilities were going
to be realized to the fullest, that expen-
sive bit of orthodontia simply had to be
attended to. Of course, I don't mean to
imply that you never see bands on young
teeth except in the Sunny South, but I
do think there is elsewhere a tendency
to regard this costly job, which undoubtedly
does so much for a girl's looks, as some-
thing that would be "nice if we could
afford it."

Well then, aside from this training in
the belief that women are meant to be
lovely, what else has the southern gal
which others haven't? I've already said
it—she's a darn sight smarter about men.
She seems to be born with the secret of
attracting men. How can others swipe

a leaf from her book and learn a couple
things which will bring greater happiness,
romance, or just plain good fun, into their
lives? That's a hard question and I shall
have to answer it in a roundabout way.

I would suggest, for the first point, that
you plan your attack where men are con-
cerned. Say you meet a new man and
like him looks a lot, and he seems to be
to you and asks for a date. On
your first meeting with him, look, listen
and observe, and say little. Don't keep
your trap shut all evening, naturally, but
let him do most of the talking. That's
a very simple piece of advice and an old
one and you probably don't need me to
tell you about it:

H O W E V E R, while you're doing this, do
not, as so many girls do, keep won-
dering, "Oh, I wonder if this chap takes
me. I wonder how I look. I wonder if my
nose is shiny." Instead, glean every possible
lead you can about his likes and dislikes,
the things he's interested in. Is he the
type that will like you clinging and sweet,
or pal-ly and companionable, or does he
strike you as a volatile sort of chap whose
like you one way one date, another way
the next. Then, for the next meeting,
plan to be the sort of gal you think he'll
like. Once you have discovered the part
and made up your face—and your mind—for
the role you're going to play, try to for-
get yourself completely and spend the
evening finding out more about the guy.

Another rule: learn to size up a man.
So many young girls are so eager for
approval and fun and romance and dates—
which is perfectly natural—that they're not
particularly enough about the men they
go out with. You wouldn't become friends with
another girl, would you, who wasn't hon-
est and considerate, or who was conceited
and untrustworthy? Yet, many young
boys are so involved, and often fall in
love, with a man who isn't good enough
for them to step on.

Here's another point in planning your at-
tack. In the south, more than elsewhere
I think, the home is still a place to enter-
tain. This is nice, and a great help in
furthering pleasant and perhaps more ex-
citing relationships between young people.
In big northern cities, everybody goes out
to have fun and this is okay part of the
time, but, in the first place, it costs more
And there, any many a likely young man is scared
away because he simply cannot afford to
take a gal out. And in the second place,
there can be such warmth and jollity about,
say, asking a guy to dinner at home which
will engender in him an honest liking for
you as a person, which liking is just as
important in establishing a per-
manent relationship as the good old bi-
ological urge.

Yeah—I know the handicaps you're
probably up against when it comes to en-
tertaining at home. Cramped quarters,
disapproving family, a kid brother or kid
sister who will embarrass you to tears.
Nevertheless, see if you can't do something
about it. Work on your family. Make

HOW ATTRACTIVE ARE
YOU ON THE BEACH?

SKINNY? HERE'S HOW
THOUSANDS GAIN NATURALLY
ALLURING CURVES

THIN, TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE OFTEN GAIN
10 TO 25 LBS., NEW HEALTH, PEP—QUICK

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lost all friends.

Now they can easily gain naturally attra-
tive pounds, new health, pep and popularity
often in just a few weeks—by simply taking
these delicious, time-proven Yeast tablets

And it's easy to understand. Scientists have
discovered that lots of people are thin,
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get enough Yeast in their daily
food. Without these vital elements you
may lack appetite and not get the health-
building good out of what you eat.

But now you can give them these exact missing
elements in these easy-to-take little Yeast tablets.
And the improvement they make
is permanent. Thousands of people who
have gained 10 to 25 pounds of
real, permanently healthy flesh in just a few weeks.
Their tired feelings and nervousness seem to have
dissolved away. They're full of pep, look
like new persons, and are more popular and
happy in every way.

Try without risking a cent

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist
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The new Griffin A. B. C. Liquid Wax, in black, tan, brown and blue... No doubter, no brush, no polishing cloth—just spread it on with swab in bottle. It dries to a shine—recovers faded leathers.

—or Griffin A. B. C. Wax Polish in the luminum tin, all popular colors, for the nearest thing to a professional shine at home.

Better friends of your folks. Maybe you have antagonized them by consistently disregarding their advice. Maybe you regard your home as only a place to sleep and grab a bite of breakfast. As I have implied, in the South, the family does a heck of a lot to further a girl's chances for popularity and romance. And in return, the southern girl is apt to be a pretty devoted daughter. Her mama and papa are her friends as well as her parents. She takes them into her confidence, respects their advice, and goes on an occasional little spree with her mother.

Gavsh, this is supposed to be a beauty article, isn't it? And time is short. So—here's for a few new (I hope) specific beauty suggestions.

We hear a great deal about trying to look younger, but we seldom hear anything about trying to look older. Yet, for young girls of too-kiddish an appearance, this is not a little less sinister. It is a handicap to look twelve when you're seventeen, though later on, looking five years from the calendar may be a desirable goal. How to add maturity and a delicate sophistication to yourself without infuriating mama by crying for shiny grown girls' grown eyeshadow and exotic perfume? Your hair, dears, will probably solve the problem.

If your face is small and childlike, do not let your hair hang flowing and careless-like. It pinches your face and does nothing for you. Have it shorter, or lift it up, or both. Soften your features with high side curls, which will also add width to your face if it is thin. An upward feeling in front and longer back hair, softly curled in the neck, is youthfully sophisticated and not too set and elaborate for your age. See if I'm not right. Change your hairdo to a slightly more formal style and go right on wearing young, simple clothes and young, simple makeup.

I am just before shutting up like a clump on this up-and-down hair business and going back to my old preachments about suitting your type and being individual and all that. An operator in a large beauty salon told me recently that up hair was a flop because Hollywood would have no truck with it. Generally speaking, she was right about the Hollywood part.

The four girls on pages 44 and 45 have remained constant to their individual coiffures—which they have, so why try to improve on things? Dorothy Lamour has kept her hair long because it is beautiful. She dresses it in an ultra-slick, almost old-fashioned style, because it suits her. Swell. Gail Patrick's striking brunette beauty—particularly her lustrous, laughing eyes—would be rendered too theatrical and a little cheap if her coiffure weren't simple and sleek around the face.

Margaret Tallichet, the pretty Texas newcomer, has a magnificent head, and allows no tonsorial affront to detract from it. Margaret Sullivan, the only one of our southern quartet who is not a bona fide beauty, has a charming irregular face. Offscreen, she is none too fussy about how her hair looks, but the constant play of expression across her features focusses everyone's attention to her face, not on her hair.

In general, I'd lay down three simple rules: if your hair is beautiful in itself, stick to the way that shows it off to the best advantage, like Dorothy Lamour. If your face is lovely in itself, or interestingly marked, with breadth of forehead, fleshy head and cheekbone and a firm jaw line, wear your hair simply, even carelessly, as most of Hollywood does, just so's you brush it a lot and keep it healthy. If neither your hair nor your face is out-

Screen Romances' Parade of Hits!

Huckleberry Finn

Trundling along the beloved paths of your childhood memories, whistling merrily, fibbing outrageously, comes Huck Finn, the immortal barefoot boy of the Mississippi. He'll go 'round your heart and stay there when you read the story of his hilarious adventures, complete in a delightful adaptation from Mickey Rooney's first solo-starring picture.

Yes, My Darling Daughter

Meet the Murphys—the most charming family in comedy! They're coming to you straight from the forums of an adoring Broadway public and taking with them on a gloriously funny week-end. This story of four frenzied adults and a pair of youthful lasses who seek solitude, is uproariously wicked and will have you thunking with glee for a good while to come. Adapted from the newest picture with Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Oklahoma Kid—James Cagney and Rosamond Lane
Honolulu—Eleanor Powell and Robert Young
Pygmalion—Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller

And many other complete stories of the latest movie hits.
You'll be seeing fifteen-year-old Roger Daniel in "King of the Turf" with Adolphe Menjou.

standing, shop around until you find the right one that don't have too much for you and let it be up, down, or half-and-half, as you need. I have here some specific suggestions about the home manicure. Are you troubled with hard skin at the sides of your nails? Put some warm oil on your finger tips and let it stay on a few minutes. Then take a pumice stone, soap it liberally, and very gently rub the rough spots. Go easy, don't keep it at too long, but do it every day for a few days, and those nasty calloused spots will disappear. If your nails are thin and brittle or inclined to bend backwards like paper, do not (1) use a file on them—use an emery board instead; (2) never buff them. If your nails are thick and hard, buffing will refine them. Always buff in one direction.

Do you have trouble getting polish on? Maybe your nails are a little damp, or perhaps there is some hand lotion on them. Polish won't go on, if so. Dry them thoroughly. Put polish on with a quick, firm stroke. If you make a mistake, clean it up with an orange stick wound in cotton dipped in polish remover.

Do you have trouble with the cream rouge question even though you've decided that cream rouge is undoubtedly better for your skin? The main kick about it has always been that it is harder to get on. It is. That is, it always has been. But I have recently run across a cream rouge that is a blender-inner per excellence. Inexpensive, too. There's a generous trial size—which is Auntie Marshall's remembrance of the month—and a larger size, which will last practically forever. This rouge goes on beautifully even without a foundation cream, if you're in too much of a hurry to bother with foundations. There's a coupon below, and if you would like to try this new cream rouge, I shall be only too happy to rush to the post office with a sample for you. Just fill in the coupon, neatly and sweetly, as directed.

Mary Marshall, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the sample of cream rouge. I am enclosing a 3c stamp.

Name ___________________________
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PICTURE YOURSELF IN LOVE

Thrilling moments that every girl longs for, dreams about. Why not make them real? Invite adventure and romance with the magic fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume, the haunting, bewitching scent that no man can resist. Its subtle, intoxicating odor whispers your charm, gives you new confidence in your own loveliness. Just try it and see! Ask for Blue Waltz Perfume. Only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores.

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PARIS SHOES • SMOOTH LEATHER

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BE SURE YOUR MAKE-UP STAYS LOVELY ALWAYS.
USE THE NEW POWD'R-BASE STICK!

POWD'R-BASE holds
powder and make-up till
removed. No nose shine:
non-greasy; waterproof.
Velvety, flattering.

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Fifth Avenue & 60th Street
New York

PINCH ME

I'LL FINANCE
YOUR TRAINING!

How do you think you'd like to
be a pianist, radio actor, or
actor—whatever you want? That
is, how would you like to be
a pianist, radio actor, or actor—
whatever you want? That is,
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pianist, radio actor, or actor—
whatever you want? That is,
Nothing else will do—

Chesterfields give me more pleasure than any cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

Copyright 1939, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
HAS CARY GRANT GONE HIGH HAT?

MODERN SCREEN

AUGUST

10 CENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

PRISCILLA LANE
Be seductive, yet refined, and he will hold you in his heart forever.

Oh! moment of delight... you and he in the moonlight with the tempting perfume of flowers to make you glamorous. Then he will sweep you up... up... on the wings of love to find your heaven in his arms.

To be divinely desirable, use Lander's Blended Flower Talc. The lure of its true flower fragrance is eternal as love itself.

Try the Gardenia and Sweet Pea Blend... it's a glorious combination! The voluptuous perfume of gardenias dares... teases... thrills—while the romantic perfume of sweet peas awakens an enticing ecstasy.

Every morning, shower your body with this lovely talc. All day you're inspired— for you know that, under your clothes, you are flower-sweet, satiny curves from head to toe. This puts a new come-hither look in your eye and a mystery in your smile. You just can't help winning love!

And Lander's Talc guards your refinement, too... for there's an utter innocence about the perfume of flowers. A man's yearning, burning love for you becomes a pure and sacred flame. He dreams of you as his wife to adore forever. Get Lander's Talc today. Large can at your 10¢ store.

Easy Way to Avoid Undies Odor
No more fear of undies odor! Just shower your body every morning with Lander's Talc. It helps keep your undies dry, fresh, sweet. And it actually reduces the amount you perspire because it cools and comforts the skin.

Lander's Talcs
Five Famous Flower Blends Each
Lilacs & Roses
Lavender & Pine
Gardenia & Sweet Pea
Orchid & Orange Blossom
Carnation & Lily of the Valley
Sold Only at All 10¢ Stores
MODERN SCREEN

Romance is always
"Just around the corner" for Jane!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be her evening, her night to win romance! But when it came, it was the other girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance can't come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only past perspiration, that Mum prevents odor... then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need special care—not occasionally, but every day! You'll like this pleasant cream!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it after you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, any girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Make sure of your charm! Play safe—guard your popularity with Mum!

AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe... frees you from worry of offending.

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
UNSIGHTLY HAIR WASHES OFF QUICKLY with New Cream

Up go skirts this season, up near the knee...fashion says "17 inches from the ground." That means the spotlight is on your legs...so keep them glamorous. Do as millions of women do...remove ugly hair with quick and easy NEET.

You just spread NEET (like a cold cream) on unwanted hair. Then you rinse it off with water...and the hair disappears "like magic." Gentle NEET removes hair from the forearms, too—leaves your skin soft and baby-smooth.

Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

When you use NEET, there are no pointed, wire-like stubs of hair that feel unpleasant and may cause stocking runs...and no risk of cuts or razor-roughened skin. Play suits, beach wear and summer dresses demand smooth, hair-free arms and legs. Get NEET! At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

NOW SHOWING

A RUSSIAN RAZZBERRY 6 HUGH ROBERTS
HAS CARY GRANT GONE HIGH HAT? 24 DALE EDWARDS
SHE COULDN'T AFFORD A DATE 26 NANETTE KUTNER
ROMANTIC ROMERO 28 ELISABETH BADGER
"IF I HAD SIX MONTHS TO LIVE" 30 GLADYS HALL
THE GAY DECEIVER 32 KIRTLIE BASKETTE
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Lady Esther asks
"Where's the girl who wants to be LUCKY in LOVE?"

If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is Lucky For You!

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely thinks the powder she is using is really right—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to know. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them right on your own skin you may never find the one shade that makes you lovelier and a luckier you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse...made them look older...that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked close.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you most.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you free. Try all ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really right shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger...and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.

"I'm glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love."

(You can paste this on a (45) penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID
your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name__________________________

Address__________________________State__________________________

City__________________________State__________________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
Not temperamental himself, Mischa Auer would give those who are

A RUSSIAN RAZZBERRY

BY HUGH ROBERTS

LET'S GET morbid and send for the Russians. This little quip is bandied about among a lot of us, who would be low in spirit. For, it's a popular belief that Russians are truly melancholy babies. However, not in the case of Mischa Auer! This slap-happy Russian is just about the antithesis of all you've heard about these foreign folk being blue.

To begin with, Mischa has everything in the world to be morbid about, yet there's not a single thing that can dispel his natural gaiety. No, not even the prospect of again facing mealless days nor sleepless nights! And that, my friends, is an order so big that few could stand up under it.

However, the one thing that puzzles Mischa is just why it took literally making a monkey of himself to become recognized by the movie Powers That Be. In fact, he even explained, "Why I began imitating monkeys years ago! Twelve or maybe more. Anyway, it began when I was on tour with Bertha Kalisch. I used to swing from the upper berths on trains; that is, when we were fortunate enough to have a berth. Ah, those were the not-so-good old days! Would you believe it, seven of us used to crowd into a taxi (if we rode) to save money? And nobody minded. It was all a lot of fun!"

And, just to prove the point, a friend of Mischa's who was present on said tour remarked, "Oh, there were many who grumbled at our plight, Mischa. It was you who made a joke of it. As a matter of fact, the manner in which you met life, and the challenge you hurled at misfortune never ceased to amaze me. You alone could do that and be honest in your actions. It was different for us."

Oh, it was gay," Mischa modestly chided his friend. And, turning to us, he explained, "You know, at nineteen, nothing phases you. Youth knows no fear. Like the old adage, 'Eels rush in where angels fear to tread.' Well, anyway, that's where I began my monkey imitation act and for years I did it at the slightest provocation."

But, what Mischa hadn't planned on was the subordination of ability to making monkey faces. However, you don't want to what happened in his case. For, if you remember, "My Man Godfrey" opened a new career for this ace comedian.

"And in the manner of all lucky breaks, this one was accidental. It seems they were having difficulties with the picture, since the censors didn't relish any idea of a gigolo character. However, it was finally decided if they kidded the portrayal, it might be all right.

Then Fate stepped in, for after a chance meeting, Mrs. Gregory La Cava (the director's wife) suggested Mischa Auer be given the part.

AS LUCK would have it, Mrs. La C. was part of the audience when Mischa was called upon to make a monkey of himself! Our hero went into his role so wholeheartedly that before he had more than leapt from piano to portiere she decided to tell her husband about him. And that is the wherefore of how Mischa Auer happened to get into "My Man Godfrey," the picture that opened a new future for him.

"But, if you want to hear a really interesting story," said Mischa, "just listen to this! Not so long ago, I was a preferred extra, in Walter Hampden's Broadway company of 'Cyrano de Bergerac.'"

"Now what would the difference be between an ordinary and a preferred extra be?" we interrupted.

"Oh, a preferred is one who manages to get right down front," our host tossed off quickly. "Or, the fellow who stands next to someone with lines. Anyway, to get on, there was a scene where the hero rode on the stage on horseback and tossed food to the soldiers. Now, this gentry were grouped on either side of the stage. The general idea was that the troops were starving. So each night they threw large roasted chicken and cake to each side. Well, one of those chickens and one of those cakes was real. The others were props!"

"According to the script, we extras were supposed to fight for possession of the food," Mischa continued, chuckling, as he recounted. "And, mind you, I don't think that fighting was on the level? Say, I had been center on the high school basketball team and if you know that game, you know why I always got the real bird. One night Auer was on the left and the next on the right! Wherever the real McCoy was tossed, there you found an ex-basketball player. Why, it got to be so bad the other fellows used to beg me for just a wing or the neck! You see how I cut down the overhead on my meals?"

With an eye on his appreciative audience, Mischa launched forth on more of his colorful experiences in the theatre. Numbered among them was an amusing tale of the time he was Eva Le Gallienne's stage manager. It seems the star was putting on one of her more arty performances in a production called "The Master Builder." This play deals with the problem of a man who has a great fear of high places. In the course of events the heroine gets him to complete a particularly high building and then to climb the edifice, the idea being to cure him of his fear of height.

But, as Mischa was saying, "After a three-act build-up, the guy finally goes out and climbs the building. Miss Le Gallienne is standing on stage watching him and, when he reaches the top, she exclaims, 'My Master Builder!' Suddenly, he is taken ill with dizziness and falls. There's a long pause and she exclaims again, 'My Master Builder' putting her all into it—and the curtain is rung down.

"One certain night I was standing with my hand on the curtain rope when someone spoke and I turned to answer. Just then I heard her cue, 'My Master Builder.' Is it the first, or the second reading, I wondered, then waited a few seconds and got panicked. Thinking it must be the second and that I was spoiling the ending, I rang down the curtain. Well, it was the first! Miss Le Gallienne came toward me with an expression that made me apprehensive. So I quickly sent the curtain up and she (Continued on page 11)"
FREE HIM!

"Is he my wooer, my loved one? Or is he the tyrant who bleeds my people? Is he ardent lover—or cold-blooded killer? Let me look upon his face! Let me touch him!"

EDWARD SMALL
presents
The Alexandre Dumas Classic

THE MAN in the IRON MASK

A James Whale Production starring
LOUIS HAYWARD and JOAN BENNETT

with Warren William, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale
Directed by James Whale • Screenplay by George Bruce
Released thru United Artists
**MOVIE REVIEWS**

**A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES**

**BY LOIS SVENSRUD**

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### Invitation to Happiness

"Invitation to Happiness" packs enough human interest to appeal to any audience. It is a story of a prize-fighter (Fred MacMurray) and a lady (Irene Dunne) who fall in love marry on the spur of the moment and then face the obstacles to realizing their dreams. They try to iron out their differences and finally begin a happy union in spite of the obstacles. The situations are extremely plausible, well written, and highly diverting.

Fred MacMurray surprises with a extraordinarily capable performance. Irene Dunne is satisfactory throughout, and in the later sequences does complete justice to some of the most sympathetic and heart-warming moments of the story. Billy Con, a younger heart-scarred by war, is responsible for no small part of the picture's success. He brings his parents together again, after divorcing previously. William Collier, Sr., and Charlie Ruggles contribute excellent characterizations. You'll find this picture strong on story, situations and directing. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—Paramount.

### Only Angels Have Wings

With the colorful background of a South American port, this picture packs adventure, action and romance. The dialogue and story are good, the acting is in capable hands, and the directing job so commendable that the picture is a winner all the way. Cary Grant is in charge of the aviation station, a job he does well and earns the respect and admiration of the men who fly for him. The cast is well rounded, with each member doing his part to make the picture a success. Richard Barthelmess, who has a part in this, is outstanding in the role of a young man who drops into port long enough to melt the cynical heart of Cary Grant. There's something about the Arthur personality that makes him likeable and satisfying in a small role. Directed by Howard Hawks.—Columbia.

### Rose of Washington Square

Shining light of this picture is Al Jolson, who makes a comeback with a fine performance in this film. He plays the part of a street singer and is quite convincing. Alice Faye and Tyrone Power give good accounts of themselves, while there are commendable performances by William Frawley, John Compton, Hobart Cavanaugh and E. E. Clive. Though much of the music of "Rose of Washington Square" is effective, it isn't enough to make the picture a success. The story is weak, the script is weak, and the acting is weak. The picture is a letdown, with its long, unnecessary scenes and weak points. Alice Faye has a number of numbers to sing, and "My Man," the star song, is good, but it's the best part of the picture. Tyrone Power makes a good job of his role. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.—20th Century Fox.

More Reviews on page 15
Twice in a lifetime
A motion picture like this...

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became your world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became your feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters." . . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"Daughters Courageous"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD
CLAUDE RAINS · JEFFREY LYNN
FAY BAINTER · DONALD CRISP
MAY ROBSON · FRANK McHUGH · DICK FORAN
and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

Original Screen Play by
Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture
Presented by
WARNER BROS.

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ
MOVIE REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES
BY LOIS SVENSRUD

★★★ Invitation to Happiness

"Invitation to Happiness" packs enough human interest to appeal to any audience. It is a story of a prize-fighter (Fred MacMurray) and a lady (Irene Dunne) who fall in love, marry on the spur of the moment and then face the obstacles to happiness which are inevitable part of their different back grounds. How the two manage to iron out their differences and finally reach a happy understanding makes a story which is engrossing from beginning to end. The situations are extremely as well as highly capable performance. Fred MacMurray surprises with a extraordinarily capable performance. Irene Dunne is satisfying throughout and in the later scenes does complete justice to some of the sympathetic and heart-warming moments in the picture. What with the undeniable talent, the strong plot and the acting is in capable hands, and the directing job so commendable that the picture is convincing throughout. Cary Grant is in charge and the women adore. A neat role for this tough guy whom men respect and women adore. A neat role for this tough guy whom men respect and women adore. Thomas Mitchell, as Cotter, the younger brother, makes a good thing of it. Thomas Mitchell, as Cotter, the younger brother, makes a good thing of it. Sig Rumanis, as the lazy, Vic Kirkland, as the hard, Richard Barthelmess, who gets off to a bad start with the unsympathetic role and yet makes it the highlight of the picture. Jean Arthur has a good role as the girl who drops in to save the picture. Jean Arthur has a good role as the girl who drops in to save the picture. It is hard to melt the cynical heart of Cary Grant. There's something about the Arthur personality that manages to get her man and her audience every time. Rita Hayworth is attractive and springy in a small role. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. - Paramount.

★★★ Only Angels Have Wings

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★★★ Rose of Washington Square

Shining light of this picture is Al Jolson, who makes a comeback with a sly, impish, quizzical performance. Alice Faye and Tyrone Power give good accounts of themselves, while there are commendable performances by William Frawley, Joyce Compton, Hobart Cavanaugh and E. E. Clive. Though the muck of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," this film is much to recommend it. Songs and choruses are effective to every instance, while a strong and enough of the usual formula to hold interest, does not have much opportunity to display his thes. Especially when he gets the chance to sing "Mammy" had a previous audience to the­

Alice Faye has several numbers to sing, with "My Man" the outstanding one. Her role is strongly reminiscent of the real life story of Fay Bainter. Tyrone Power manages creditably in an unsympathetic role. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. - 20th Century-Fox.

More Reviews on page 15
Twice IN A LIFETIME
A Motion Picture Like This...

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became your world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became your feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters." . . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"Daughters Courageous"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD
CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN
FAY Bainter • DONALD CRISP
MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHugh • DICK FORAN
and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

PREVIEWED BY WALTER WINCHELL:
"'Daughters Courageous' is superior to 'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.
WEATHER TO
Picnic

Jackie Cooper is an inveterate picnicker.

PICNIC DAYS are here! Woods and fields, mountain streams and breeze-swept beaches—or just the old maple tree in the back yard—beckon to one and all. No denying, that early, warm afternoons, foods eaten somewhere other than in the usual, familiar surroundings of the home, take on added attraction. Picnics are popular with every member of the family, but there is always one certain person who must take care of the actual planning. It's up to her, then, to keep on hand at all times, during the picnic season, the foods and fixings which make an outing possible on short notice. She should also have a collection of recipes and suggestions which will make picnic preparations painless and picnic refreshments delicious.

A person well able to give some pertinent advice on this subject is Mabel Cooper Bigelow, Jackie Cooper's proud and understanding mother. For Jackie is an inveterate picnicker. Originally of the "knapsack over the shoulder and off we go" variety, he has recently graduated to slightly more elaborate forms of al fresco fare now that he has a flivver of his own into which he crowds his young friends for a day afield. "Which changes the outward appearance of our picnics but not the fundamentals," declared Mrs. Bigelow.

And what are these fundamentals? First, how you carry the food; second, how you pack, serve and eat it; third and certainly most important of all in the eyes of young and old alike, what you have to eat!

For the last we have given you, on page 64, carefully tested recipes for the sort of foods that Jackie—and all other kids from six to sixty—like to take on picnics. Of course this includes that favorite of all cakes, Chocolate Layer, which is pictured above. The nice part about this recipe is that it tells you how to turn out this cake in practically no time at all! For it's made with such time-saving staples as sweetened condensed milk, self-rising flour and marshmallows, together with chocolate and eggs.

A chocolate layer cake like this will make any lunch a success. And it's so easy to make.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

—ingredients which you always have on hand. The result is as light a cake as anyone could wish to have.

Also included among our recipes is a meat loaf, because meat in this form, besides being inexpensive, is fine for made-at-home sandwiches or to take along, as is, to be sliced on the spot. Deviled eggs add piquancy to the salad without which no picnic would be complete in Jackie's estimation. The lettuce for the salad should first be soaked in ice water, then wrapped in a towel, then in parchment paper and finally placed in one of those vegetable bags with a zipper top. Salad greens treated in this way will stay cold and crisp for hours! Finally, for an unusual, cooling yet filling beverage try the recipe for Iced Coffolate, a combination of chocolate and decaffeinated coffee which retains the flavor and best features of both!

THE MEANS for carrying this food depends largely upon your own method of transportation. If you are going on a hike, for example, it is especially important for you to be able to travel light. So tote your supplies in something that can be slung over the shoulder and that doesn't weigh much in itself. Ever think of using a straw fishing basket for this purpose? They are light, commodious and attractive in appearance. When you are footing it to your chosen picnic spot, be sure not to carry along anything that cannot be thrown away before you start for home. You'll be weary enough on the return trip as it is. So, if you take along canned or bottled goods, be sure to get the smaller sizes so that you do not have to face the inconvenience of packing, and bringing back left-overs.

For trips by car, a real picnic hamper is considered tops—you know the kind, with a special place for everything! But, according to Mrs. Bigelow, a marketing basket with a handle will do just as well for your run-of-the-mill picnicker who will gladly forego any trimmings in favor of good food and plenty of it!

A grand new scheme they've tried out recently in Hollywood, with complete success, is to carry along boxes of frozen foods on a day's automobile excursion! Of course these quick-frozen boxed specialties thaw out during the trip but that's the idea, for they are just ready to be eaten at the time when you would like nothing better in the world than something really cold and fresh tasting. Imagine having chilled ripe peaches out in the woods, miles away from home, together with that Chocolate Cake of Jackie's! These peaches are packed already sliced and sweetened. Other frozen fruits are equally refreshing.

Frozen chopped meat, too, is a good idea for those who like freshly cooked hamburgers that are both safe and tasty. Take along a slice or two of bacon, an onion and some hamburger rolls, which have been split and buttered at home, and you'll have a real treat! Of course you'll also need a sturdy frying pan—and don't forget the salt!

Here is Jackie's mother's final and, I think, prize suggestion! Always have in your picnic basket a complete collection of picnic necessities, such as paper plates, napkins, table cloth, cups for both hot and cold beverages, both wax and parchment paper, waterproof food bags, beverage sippers, serving spoons and paper or inexpensive metal tableware. Also include a bottle opener, corkscrew, salt and pepper shakers and a sharp knife or two. And be sure to replenish this supply the day after a picnic! For then you will always be so well prepared that when someone says "Let's picnic!" you'll be ready and willing with "Let's go!"

Picnic recipes on page 64

Hints to make that short-notice picnic a pleasure instead of a chore
A RUSSIAN RAZZBERRY
(Continued from page 6)

had to smile and take a bow. Each time she'd start toward me, I gave a healthy yank to the curtain and she'd take another bow. Fourteen in all I think, with the last solely for a lone, sleepy gent who was the last to leave. Then luck was with me, for by this time Miss Le Gallienne's friends had come backstage to collect her, so I was spared a scolding. That night I sent her a wire and then made it my business to talk with some cash customers and find out how badly it looked from across the footlights. Why, can you believe it, they didn't even know the difference out front. She was eventually gracious about it and the only thing she ever said was, "Mischa, you forced me to leave my characterization indefinitely and, in the theatre, that is a sin."

However, today about the only thing that Mischa is sure of being a sin are the jitterbugs who dance in the aisles and try to break up the entertainers on-stage. Making a personal appearance at one of the local movie houses in New York, he confessed that their actions were just about too much for him to comprehend—which places him right in the class with most intelligent New Yorkers.

"You know, I've experienced a thing or two with audiences in my time," Mischa exclaimed, his eyes the size of saucers at the thought of the previous show, "but never have I seen such things as go on at the Paramount Theatre during the morning show. Two hours later, when I returned for the second show they were still there and yelling, 'You're using the same stuff. Get something new for a change!' They're really tough. Of course I threw away my script and now I wise-crack back at them. When they find they can't break you up, they'll let you alone. Honestly you wouldn't believe it! These birds actually dance and down the aisles and once they light, they're the toughest audience to please I've ever encountered in all my experience. Keeps you on your toes, though, and I get a great kick out of that any day!"

Yea, Mischa gets a big kick out of everything in life and has ever since he was taken to see "Hansel and Gretel," as a mere babe. For, it was then that one whiff, (thanks to the family box being so near the stage) of the dust, grease-paint and powder made him decide it was one day to be the stage for him. His two brothers are army officers, but Mischa admits the only attraction their uniforms ever held for him was to play soldier—with dialogue by Mischa.

Today, however, I'm sure if it were suggested that he embark on any career other than his beloved histrionics, this Gay Russian in all probability would make a monkey of you! In fact, I can well imagine his putting his fingers to his mouth, rotting them quickly and giving forth his version of an old-fashioned razzberry!

STAR ADDRESS LIST
Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

MODERN SCREEN

TOM or TESS—who's to blame?

HIS PEEVE: "My appearance can make me or break me in my job—and I'm sick and tired of going around in shirts that are full of tattle-tale gray."

HER PEEVE: "I work like blazes. Why blame me if my washes simply won't look white?" . . . And the truth of it is, she does try hard. It's her weak-kneed soap that dawdles in the tub and leaves dirt sticking in the clothes. What she needs is a livelier, peppier soap. Fels-Naptha—the soap that gets out all the dirt.

HAPPY SOLUTION: If tattle-tale gray is your husband's peeve, too—take this wise little tip. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's and give its richer golden soap and lots of gentle naptha a chance at your wash. You'll get the snowiest clothes you ever pinned on a line. Every shirt, every towel, every romper just sparkling clean and sweet! You'll get compliments from him, and never another complaint!

COPY, 1939, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap
TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.
One gal wonders why a star's real life has to be as public an affair as his screen romances.

$5.00 Prize Letter
Star Marriages

All of this discussion about marriage ruining the careers of leading men seems a little foolish to me. Yes, and some folks even say marriage damages a leading lady's success. What right have we, the movie-going public, to dictate concerning the private life of our favorites? Does the small price we pay to enter a theatre to see these people give us that privilege? When we buy a ticket to go into a theatre, we have only the right to expect entertainment—that is all we pay for. Must a person successful on the screen, or in any other walk of life, pay such a high price for that success, as to sacrifice his private life?

Regardless of what may be said, I still maintain that a wholesome marriage, founded on the basis of true love and devotion, results in nothing more serious than a greater popularity than ever for the star involved. Take, for example, Jeanette MacDonald, who is more popular and beloved and is enjoying a greater success than ever, since her marriage to Gene Raymond. In fact, she was chosen Film-land's Queen for 1939.

What the greater number of film fans is really interested in is fine entertainment.
—Ruth May Knell, Bellrose, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Fixin' to Complain

I notice there's been a heap o' talk lately about these here double feature programs. Some's fer 'em, some's agin' it, but the way I figure it, when a feller's dead set on gittin' more'n his money's worth, he's apt to buy himself some purty shoddy material. Movies is a lot like women, too, meanin' no disrespect. They're a blame sight more entertaining if you sort o' take 'em in broken doses.

Besides, I never did set much store on these here endurance contests. If I last through a session o' them double features, I sort o' stagger out, an' it takes me a purty good spell to git my head in the right direction. An' more'n likely I come out madder'n a hornet because I've had to set through a whole bushel o' stuff I didn't want to see or to git to the picture I come to see. It's jest plumb wearin' on a feller's patience.

I do most o' my travelin' at the movies, so I'm kind o' partial to a variety program—one good feature, news reel, travelogue and one o' them cartoons. Fact is, I like to leave the theatre wishin' fer more of the same, 'stid o' feelin' a sigh of relief an' staggerin' home fer a rest cure.
—W. M. Jackson, Columbia, Tenn.

$2.00 Prize Letter
It Kills Him

For six months I haven't seen a single movie, so I decide to catch up. Tuesday I go to see Billy Halop and a half-dozen guys die in "You Can't Get Away With Murder." Wednesday I see Bette Davis (such a nice girl, too) die in "Dark Victory." Thursday I see Sam Jaffe die in "Gunga Din." Friday I see Annabella die in "Suez." Saturday I see John Carradine and Donald Meek die in "Stagecoach." Sunday I see lovely Merle Oberon die in "Wuthering Heights."


$1.00 Prize Letter
Foreign Lure

"Hail to our new discovery!" they shout. "She is wonderful, magnificent, provocative, different!"

How many times have we seen these

WRITE A LETTER—WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; two second prizes of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.
different darlings, crossing their delectable legs for the rotogravures, posing with millionaires, dogs and bubbles.

And the wonder of it is that, at the first glance, they are different. These knowing French infants, these disillusioned Viennese, these gaunt Scandinavians, all of them have that continental quality that adds spice to our film fare.

We can believe in the American "good sport," the American "poster girl," the American "sweetheart," but the American "femme fatale"—no! So the moguls import our sirens.

I said "at first glance they are different." What happens to them? First, they are turned over to the Hollywood make-up man who takes out the pattern titled "Exotic" and goes to work. The result is a smoothly attractive, but standardized face and hair-do. Through this mask she emotes. The studio diettian thins her down to standard, thinning also the blood that adds to her vitality. She appears in her first picture—a hit! She appears in her second picture—a dud! The council confers. She must have a different type of role. Lo and behold, she is cast as an American college girl.

Exit our sirens. Exit all the way back to France or Austria or Sweden. The foreign dolls should insist on a clause in their contracts stipulating that they may retain their faces, their figures and their original type of roles. Maybe, then, we'd have a Bernhardt some day.—Violet Moore, Montezuma, Ga.

$1.00 Prize Letter
We Want Shorts!

What has become of the movie shorts we used to enjoy in the sweet long ago? Sprightly little anecdotes of animal life, a bit of laboratory lore, a Walt Disney, a bird's-eye view of our country, a musical potpourri, a terpsichorean discovery, or any one of hundreds of tasty little offerings. Has Hollywood forgotten how to make them, or does it refuse to give us mind-hungry fans what we want?

Together with dozens of friends I mourn the loss of these dearly-remembered tid-bits which used to intersperse the heavier fare of full-length features. These were the cocktails, the soups, the salads and desserts of our cinema menu. Nowadays we are fed two or three meat courses only, in the double or triple features. No wonder we are restless and dissatisfied without our well-balanced diet.

To prove that we do like shorts, the one theatre in our neighborhood which shows them is packed all the time, in spite of the fact that it does not show first-run pic-

Foreign lure is fine in its place, says a Georgia fan, but not cast as an American college girl.

(Continued on page 83)

FOR TODAY'S CHARMING SENTIMENTAL VOGUE...

Pond's 4 flattering SUMMER SHADES

Fashion's command this summer—"Look fragile . . . pretty-pretty . . . feminine!" You'll be wearing quaint, tiny-waisted frocks, sentimental bonnets. Your make-up, too, follows this romantic trend.

So Pond's brings you these four exquisite summer powder shades:

For thrilling EVENINGS:
Rose Dawn and Rose Brunette in soft blush tones. To bring out your pink-and-white appeal. Wear with soft pastels, and for unforgettable evenings.

ROSE DAWN—brings a delicate glow to fair skin.

ROSE BRUNETTE—a richer tone (for blondes and brunettes).

Under SUMMER SUN
A brazenly brown skin won't help you make the most of the "pretty" mode—so keep your tan light and feminine, too! And flatter it with Pond's Sunlight Shades. Not dark old-fashioned "sun-tan" shades—they're soft, becoming with the new "subtle-tan."

SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)—for the creamy tan of a blonde skin.

SUNLIGHT (DARK)—for deeper tan.

SUMMER SHADES

Rose Dawn Sunlight (Light)
Rose Brunette Sunlight (Dark)

Try them today. 10¢, 20¢, 55¢. Or send for free samples of all four Summer Shades. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PH, Clinton, Conn.
**How ONE star was made**

"Central casting office calling, Miss La Due to report to Mr. Duane tomorrow at seven."

"I just can't go — at this time of the month! I'd be humiliated to death!"

"Straighten up, Joan — haven't you heard of Holly-Pax? Holly-Pax gives protection internally, invisibly. Many of the stars use it."

**FROM Hollywood, world center of fashion and feminine smartness, comes the truly modern mode of sanitary protection — the invisible, internal protection of Holly-Pax.**

Developed for screen stars who must be always active, Holly-Pax enables normal women to go through every day of the month with her secret hidden. Used internally, Holly-Pax banishes pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't betray itself — even in a swim suit! No chafing, no binding, no secret fear. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind this advantage alone will bring you!

Available at drug, department and ten cent stores — package of four, 30 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

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**ACROSS**

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<td>1 &amp; 5</td>
<td>First and last name of our star</td>
<td>Maria’s name (2)</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>He first starred in “Tumbling Dambles”</td>
<td>Dick Barstow</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>Dashing star of “Dodge City”</td>
<td>Danny Kaye</td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Reprise</td>
<td>Sis Terwilliger</td>
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<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Fans did this over 1</td>
<td>Sing</td>
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<td>17</td>
<td>Star of “Torchy Runs for Mayor”</td>
<td>Alice Lon active</td>
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<td>19</td>
<td>Wallace Beery’s daughter</td>
<td>Virginia Beery</td>
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<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>A screen Jewel</td>
<td>Joan Bennett</td>
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<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Beverage</td>
<td>System Cola</td>
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<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>I crossed wrote, “You’re the Only — — —”</td>
<td>Written on a bottle</td>
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<td>25</td>
<td>Girl in “Yes, My Darling Daughter”</td>
<td>Thelma Todd</td>
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<td>27</td>
<td>Chinese pagoda</td>
<td>Peking Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Part of a camera</td>
<td>Film strip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Silk worm</td>
<td>Silkworm</td>
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<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Singer in “East Side of Heaven”</td>
<td>Ethel Waters</td>
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<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Male lead in “Winner Take All”</td>
<td>Cary Grant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Flee secretly</td>
<td>Flee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Wife of “King of the Turf”</td>
<td>Ms. Coca Cola</td>
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<td>39</td>
<td>Part of the lead</td>
<td>Lead</td>
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<td>41</td>
<td>Pinching out</td>
<td>Pinch</td>
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<td>42</td>
<td>He plays a “Man of Conquest”</td>
<td>John Wayne</td>
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<td>43</td>
<td>Deanna sings this with ease</td>
<td>Deanna Durbin</td>
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<td>45</td>
<td>Warehouse</td>
<td>Storage</td>
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<td>48</td>
<td>Mechanic in “Tail Spin”</td>
<td>Aviator</td>
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<td>50</td>
<td>Confident</td>
<td>Confident</td>
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<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Miner</td>
<td>Miner</td>
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<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>The D—n Quints</td>
<td>Quintet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>“— — — for the Lamps of China”</td>
<td>“— — —”</td>
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<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Chic Johnson’s partner in comedy</td>
<td>Chic Johnson</td>
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<td>56</td>
<td>Dynamic Irish actor</td>
<td>Irish actor</td>
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<td>57</td>
<td>Actor in “Beau Geste”</td>
<td>Fredric March</td>
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<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Our hero was in “Get Along Little Doggies”</td>
<td>Andy Devine</td>
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<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>Our star is tops of the “Big — — of Western stars”</td>
<td>King of the West</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>One of the “Three Smart Girls (who) Grow Up”</td>
<td>Joan Blondoni</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>62</strong></td>
<td>“Love, — — —, and Oh, Baby”</td>
<td>&quot;Love, &quot;</td>
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**DOWN**

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<td>1</td>
<td>Male lead in “The Hound of the Baskervilles”</td>
<td>John Barrymore</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Sea eagle</td>
<td>Sea eagle</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Bow</td>
<td>Bow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Fill with happiness</td>
<td>Fill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Set down</td>
<td>Set down</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Southern comedienne</td>
<td>Virginia Vale</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Sailor</td>
<td>Sailor</td>
</tr>
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<td>8</td>
<td>What studio produced “The Story of Irene and Vernon Castle”</td>
<td>20th Century Fox</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Shouting</td>
<td>Shouting</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Twist</td>
<td>Twist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Comfort</td>
<td>Comfort</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Madge — — — ns</td>
<td>Madge Evans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>One who is under obligation to another</td>
<td>Debtor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Fem. lead in “The Lady’s From Kentucky”</td>
<td>Joan Fontaine</td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Opposite 1 across in “Frisbee Moon”</td>
<td>Opposite 1</td>
</tr>
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Puzzle Solution on Page 73

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**Holly-Pax**

**2c for package of ten**

HOLLY-PAX

Palm Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City __________________ State ______
**★ ★ ★ It's a Wonderful World**

Claudette Colbert and Jimmy Stewart cavort through this picture in strictly slap-happy style, and the result is first-class fun. Both players "let go" and have a fine time of it.

The story isn't anything unusual, but sufficiently interesting to keep the audience wondering what in the world might happen next. Stewart is a private detective engaged in keeping a play-boy millionaire out of too much trouble. When his ward gets involved in a murder, things look bad enough for the detective. Then he meets up with Claudette Colbert, who is a spouting pox on the loose, and troubles really begin. She appoints herself—much to Stewart's disgust—his assistant in tracking down the actual murderers and naturally, turns out to be of such wonderful assistance that he can't help falling in love with her.

Dialogue is a trifle on the wacky side and people go around socking each other, but what else could you expect with a supporting cast which includes Nat Pendleton, Guy Kibbee, Edgar Kennedy and Ernest Truesdail, Sidney Blackmer, Frances Drake and Andy Clyde contribute interesting portrayals also. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II.—M-G-M.

**★ ★ ★ The Gracie Allen Murder Case**

The Gracie Allen fans will cheer loud and lustily for this one. For Gracie's at her goofiest, and that's enough to keep the old faithfuls happy and gather new fans into the clan. If you can imagine the hysteria resulting from Gracie's getting mixed up in solving murders, you have the key to the picture and a slight idea of the gaggy goings-on. Whenever the plot gets so complicated that you're sure no solution can ever be reached, then is when the irrefutably dumb Gracie comes into the picture and manages somehow to make an even worse mess of things.

The story is merely an excuse for the leading lady's inimitable antics. Warren William comes in for a thankless role as "Fido" Vance, who wracks his brain to sleet out solutions of the crimes only to be outwitted at every turn by the brainless butterfly played by la Allen. There's a nice romance included in the script, between Ellen Drew and Kent Taylor—both of whom handle their roles with assurance and add some mighty good looks to the scenery. The role of the dim-wit detective for the formula laughs is in the capable hands of William Demarest, while H. B. Warner and Ted Frosty come in for minor roles and give creditable accounts of themselves. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—Paramount.

**★ ★ ★ Boy Friend**

If any of you Jane Withers fans had hopes that your peppy little tomboy would grow up without glamour girl romances, you're in for a surprise when you see her first "teen-age" picture which is appropriately titled "Boy Friend."

She plots all sorts of puppy love entanglements. The object of her intentions is seventeen-year-old George Ernest who succumbs to her charms to the extent of giving her a kiss on the cheek and a snap shot. Arriving home from military school, he has an easy time of winning her heart as Jane, like all women, can't resist a handsome uniform. There's an interesting story revolving around the activities of a school for rookie cops, and Jane and her boy friend help the rookies solve a murder mystery. She does one song and dance specialty in a grown-up costume that should win even more fans for this box office girlie.

Arleen Whelan and Richard Bond carry the grown-up romantic interest, and both players are better than usual. Minor Watson, who can always be counted on to deliver a good performance, is excellent as the captain in charge of training-rookies Warren Hymer, Robert Kellard, William H. Conselman, Jr., and Bond. Directed by James Tinling.—20th Century-Fox.

**★★★★ Goodbye Mr. Chips**

"Goodbye Mr. Chips" is undoubtedly one of the finest pictures ever screened. All the charm of James Hilton's popular story has been retained, even enhanced, in this film.

In the role of Mr. Chips, Robert Donat gives a performance that surpasses all his previous efforts and sets a new record for screen artistry. Though clever make-up (Continued on page 80)

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"I had only myself to blame..."

"There, making love to another woman, was the man I had been seeing steadily for two years... the man I had hoped to marry. It was the heart-breaking climax to weeks of growing indifference, which I could not understand and which put us farther apart each day. This was the end. At thirty, I had lost the one man for whom I cared. Looking back now, I know that I had only myself to blame. I attributed his indifference to every cause but the right one... a condition that every woman should ever be on guard against."

**Suspect Yourself**

There is nothing that kills a romance or nips a friendship so quickly as a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom suspect its presence. Others do, however, but never mention it. The subject is too delicate.

**So Easy—So Pleasant**

Why risk offending, when there is such an effective, pleasant, and easy precaution against halitosis?

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of breath odors and then overcomes the odors themselves. Immediately after its use as a mouth rinse or gargle, the breath, indeed the entire mouth, becomes fresher, sweeter.

**Be Agreeable to Others**

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social engagements. It is your best safeguard against offending others needlessly. Keep a bottle handy at home and office; tuck one in your handbag when you travel. It's the one thing you can't afford to be without.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.
Send today for your chart of leading movie stars

ROBERT DONAT: The story of Robert's rise to fame is one of the most amazing in the history of the theatre. Donat, the son of a shipper, was born in Withington, Manchester, England, on March 14th, 1895. He was born with the theatre instinct and began to show his ability at a very tender age. When he was a boy, he would go all about London and the suburbs giving recitations at various meetings, and at the age of sixteen gave recitations before church societies, clubs and other such organizations in Manchester and all through the north of England. It was his insistent presence at a Birmingham theatre in the summer of 1921 that won his first engagement as Lucius in "Julius Caesar." His next eight years proved to be quite a hardship for him. They were spent in stock and repertory theatres and with companies touring the English provinces. "Knave and Queen" was his first London success which was followed by many more. In addition to his innumerable stage appearances, he also played in three British motion pictures. He had just completed a seven months' engagement in the principle role of the London hit, "The Sleeping Clergyman," when he received a cable from Edward Small, who was in search of the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo." Small had remembered his excellent performance as Thomas Colpeper in "The Life of Henry VIII" and knew he was the ideal actor to play Edmond Dantes. Needless to say, his performance in "Monte Cristo" was an immediate success. Donat's subsequent screen appearances included "The Ghost Goes West," "The Thirty-Nine Steps," "Knight Without Armor" and "The Citadel." He is currently appearing in "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and, it is said, his performance in this one of the greatest in motion picture history. Robert is six feet in height, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, has brown eyes and brown hair. His favorite recreations are fencing and horseback riding. You can write him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif., or at M-G-M's British Studios, Deaunam, England.

GREER GARSON: If you have seen "Goodbye Mr. Chips," you, like the rest of us, have wondered about this delightful new personality. Born in County Down in the north of Ireland, she displayed her dramatic talent at an early age. It was when she was four, to be exact, that she brought down the town hall with a little recitation which she insisted upon repeating a second time. As she grew older she continued giving recitations and taking part in amateur plays. Before long she knew that she could never be happy except in the theatre. Unfortunately her family—parents, doctors, and church elders—from way back—and even to a lesser extent with her ambition. They decided that she should teach school. Unwillingly she attended Londen University and the French University at Grenoble, but felt very strongly that she was wasting her time. Her unhappiness became so intense that when she almost succumbed to a severe siege of influenza because, as the doctor put it, "she seemed to have lost her will to live," her mother, realizing what the theatre really meant to Greer, gave her consent for an acting career. Greer talked herself into a role in "Street Scene" and then toured England in G. B. Shaw's "Too True to be Good." She decided to go to London. She had one disappointment after another—and not a single role. Finally a part dropped right into her lap. Sitting in a club one day, she was seen by a producer and signed for the leading role in "Gone Away." Though the play was a flop, Greer was mistaken for an American girl and toasted all over town as a new American actress. She became the most sought after player in London. Many hits followed until, during a performance of "Old Music," Louis B. Mayer saw her and signed her to a long term contract with M-G-M. Her first assignment was opposite Robert Donat in "Goodbye Mr. Chips" which was filmed in England. Having proved herself not only lovely to look at but a bona fide actress as well, Titan-haired Greer is now at the M-G-M Studios in California awaiting her new assignment. You'll be hearing a lot of Miss Garson.

A MAGNIFICENT CHART IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

Our latest revised chart, listing Hollywood's top-notch movie stars with a thumbnail description of each, is off the presses. Would you like to know all about your favorite stars, as to birthplaces, birthdays, physical attributes, marriages, etc? Well, it's all yours for the asking in a most concise, informative and, what's more, attractive, compact, booklet form. If you would like to receive your copy, fill in and send us the coupon on page 17, along with five cents in stamps or coins for same.
MODERN SCREEN

RONALD REAGAN: Twenty-seven years old, six feet tall and Irish. Ronald Reagan has always seemed to have a three-way yen—for sports, for writing about them, and for the drama. He was born in Tampico, Ill., and still calls that state his home. All through high school and at Eureka College, he was a football, track, basketball and football, and thought for a time that he would like to turn his attention during these years by being a lifeguard at Rock River Beach in Dixon, Illinois. He also played, which he kept by notching a log, that he saved seventy-five lives. It was thinking about the ethics of an incident in college game when by telling the truth he lost the game for Eureka that started him writing about sports. It was while doing this work that he acquired the handle "Dutch." Perhaps you wonder when he had the time to satisfy his yen for acting. Both in high school and in college he had taken part in many school plays, his favorite part was that of Captain Stannhope in "Journey's End." He also joined the troupe of Johnson Players, a stock company. Oddly enough, it was his sports announcing which was directly responsible for bringing him his first film part. While he was covering the Chicago Cubs' spring training camp at Daytona Island, he was introduced to the Warner Bros., casting director by a friend. After a screen test, he was signed to "The Secret Service" and "Dark Victory" and his next will be in "Hell's Kitchen" and "The American Eve." You can address him at Warner Bros., Studios, Burbank, Cal.

MRS. T. JONES, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Don Ameche played a gallant old fellow in "Midnight," in the "Story of Alexander Graham Bell" and D'Artagnan in the burlesque version of "The Three Musketeers." You can write Don in care of 20th Century Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal.

STEFANIE BARKER, Indiana Harbor, Ind. The following movie stars are married to men who are of the same profession. Errol Flynn to Dr. Francis Griffin, dentist; Claudette Colbert to Dr. Joel Pressman, physician; Madeleine Carroll to Lieut. John Astley, of the British Army. Photographs of the aforementioned may be obtained by writing to Paramount Studios, and enclosing twenty-five cents for each.

SUE ROSS, Wichita, Texas. Al Jolson who made "Mammy" a household word some years back, was born Asa Yoelson in St. Petersburg, Russia, on May 26th, 1886. A career as a cantor in a synagogue was chosen for him, but Al ran away to come back another day as an entertainer. His career really started in 1886, when, acting upon the advice of an old Negro, he turned blackface comedian and singer. In 1928 he married Ruby Keeler and they adopted a son, Al Jolson, Jr., from The Cradle in Brooklyn, N.Y. His first motion picture was "The Jazz Singer" which started the talkies. His most recent picture is "Rose of Washington Square" with Alice Faye, and Tyrone Power. Jolson is five feet five inches tall, weighs one hundred forty-five pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Address him at 20th Century Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 147 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please put, this time, a brief story of:

Name .............................................
City .............................................
State .............................................

If you would like to have a list of the heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coins with your coupon.

LOIS CALLAN, Batavia, N. Y., Claire Trevor attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York more for the lark than because she had acting ambitions. However, before she graduated, she'd become so interested in the theatre that she went right into a stock company, played for several seasons and loved every minute of it. Movie shorts in New York followed, then the New York stage, more shows on the road and finally Hollywood, where she began work in 1923, and has been busy ever since. Claire Trevor is her real name (though she is Mrs. Clark Andrews now, her husband being an executive of Columbia Broadcasting System). She was born one March 8th. In New York City and attended school in nearby Larchmont. She is five feet three inches tall, has blonde hair and hazel eyes, left her picture and "Haggard." Address her at United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

FRAN PARKER, Little Rock, Ark., Ricardo Cortez' real name is Jack Kearny. He was born in Vienna, September 13, 1901. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds, has black hair and brown eyes.

FRANK LEW, Desenarr, British Guiana, Errol Flynn was born in the north of Ireland on June 20, 1899. He was educated in Paris and London. His father was a professor of biology at Queen's University in Belfast, Ireland, and his mother, a singer in England. He has led an adventurous life, pear-fishing in Tahiti, gold prospecting in New Guinea, on the way to which a coast-wise freight schooner. He has traveled all over the world. His first movie part was in the English picture, "Murphy on the Bounty." This led to several roles on the English stage both in London and the provinces. Then came British movies, followed by a bid from Hollywood. He met Lili Damita, French actress, on the boat coming over, and later married her. Her first American picture was "Captain Blood," his last, "Dodge City." The lady and the knight will be his next. Flynn is very athletic and keeps in constant training. He once boxed in the Olympic Games, back in 1925. He has ambitious tendencies, too, and has written several books, plays, short stories and even verse. He is an arid editorial ponder, and often writes "letters to the editor." Also an excellent cook. Errol sometimes treats his friends to delicious home-cooked meals. Flynn doesn't like alarm clocks, spiders or washdays (except his own), but he does like through winds, and the sound of wind. His favorite diversion is sailing his yacht, Sir Oracle. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Address him at Warner Bros., Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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You may order these items on a separate sheet.

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10c each. (15c in Canada)
The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!

Sonja HENIE
... radiant in her greatest role!

Tyrone POWER
... gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in

Irving Berlin's
SECOND FIDDL

with

RUDY VALLEE

EDNA MAY

OLA OLIVER

Irving Berlin's
six new song hits... "the
best he's ever written!"
"I'm Sorry For Myself"
"An Old Fashioned
Tune Always Is New"
"Song of the
Metronome"
"When Winter Comes"
"I Poured My Heart
Into A Song"
and the new ballroom
dance craze...
"Back To Back"

MARY HEALY
LYLE TALBOT
ALAN DINEHART

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Based on a story by George Bradshaw

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
In Charge of Production

Sonja skating her sensational
tango with a
partner for the
first time on the
screen!
Nancy KELLY
HAS CARY GRANT GONE HIGH HAT?

BY DALE EDWARDS

Cherrill, Cary had been able to resist every temptation life offered him. Born the son of a middle-class merchant in Bristol, England, he turned his back on security to run away with an acrobatic troupe. He'd overcome Temptation Number 1, which was to accept a soft spot in his father's business.

Temptation Number 2 arrived when Cary was injured during a performance as a stilt-walker at the Hippodrome. Feeling sorry for him, the manager offered him his return passage to England. Cary knew that the sensible thing for him to do was to go back. Instead, he almost starved in New York, before he succeeded in finding work.

Temptation Number 3 was to spend his money in easy living, as many of his friends on the stage did.

WHEN CARY was discovered by Paramount, Hollywood was known as the town of the Seven Gables. At the time, Clark Gable had just made a terrific hit, and every studio was madly searching for another Gable. Because Cary had ebony black hair and dark eyes, his studio hoped he might be another Gable, and cast him as a javelin-thrower in a hot picture called "This Is The Night."

Cary was so excited about the role and so intensely interested in his work that his speech became clipped and nervous—which gave it a certain excitement, and yet kept him from being anything more than adequate. That quality of nonchalance you hear in his voice today just wasn't there. He never gave the feeling of relaxation while before the camera.

Realizing this, Cary worked for hours reading scripts, rehearsing lines. He called in his friends to listen and criticize, and he accepted their criticisms not only with good grace, but with genuine gratitude. Gradually, he began to eliminate the nervous quality in his voice.

At this time, Cary Grant was still a simple sort of person—frugal in his daily life but generous with his friends. He lived at a beach house with Randolph Scott, where they entertained very few people. When asked why they didn't marry, both Randy and Cary explained that they couldn't afford it.

"Here we are," Cary would say, leaning back in a chair, "living as we want to as bachelors with a nice home at a comparatively small cost. If we got married, we would have to put up a front. Women—particularly Hollywood women—expect it."

The sort of life they were leading seemed ideal. They spent their leisure time swimming and playing tennis. There was a gym at Cary's studio, and because he was thin, he spent a good deal of time there, trying to build himself up.

Cary's first taste of social life came when he met a dark, very tall young woman from Pasadena, Janet McCloud, a model and society girl. For a time Cary seemed interested in her—but that interest blew over very quickly, for in those days Cary was falling in and out of love every few months. The fact that Janet was a society girl didn't cut any ice with Cary. He was just as susceptible to one beautiful, charming girl as to another. That interest in blondes which he has now hadn't started at that time, either.

Cary's only vanity lay in his idea of being a well-dressed young man—and it was a peculiar sort of vanity. Somehow, he had gotten it into his head that he was the type of person who ought to dress with studied indifference, that the casual, nonchalant note was the thing. Usually his tie wasn't centered. If he wore

(Created on page 74)
In 1934 Cary and Virginia Cherrill dined often, for they were married then.

Today, Cary and Phyllis Brooks. Some say he goes with her because she reminds him of Virginia. They're certainly look-alikes.

If Cary ever steps off the social merry-go-round, he may find that the things he's lately sought are not what he's really wanted.
LIKE CLAUDETTE Colbert's best picture . . . it happened one night . . . a rough twelve years ago.

Mark Hellinger, then a long-legged columnist bordering upon the skinny, accidentally met me and, out of the corner of his mouth, muttered something about having a pair of tickets for an opening to which nobody wanted to go. "So will you?"

Such an invitation was anything but flattering. But I went.

"I don't think it will be much good," said Mark.

Neither did I.

We were wrong. Not only was it much good, it was a riot.

There was an actor in it called Walter Huston. You know what happened to him. There was a new likable chap named Norman Foster. There was also a girl. She didn't wear any smart costumes, this girl. She wore a tailored suit costing twenty-seven dollars. A tailored suit with a very short skirt and you noticed her legs in the sheerest of stockings. Then you noticed her acting. The girl's name was Claudette Colbert. The play, incidentally, was "The Barker."

During intermission, the first night big-wigs stood around the lobby. There was a kind of scared young man there also. He didn't know much about the theatre and the first nighters didn't know anything about him. But there he was—Claudette Colbert's brother—and he was going to find out whether his sister was in a hit—or bust.

So he simply walked straight up to one of the critics. He picked a good one, Walter Winchell.

"What do you think of the play?" he asked.

Mr. Winchell's answer was no answer to give anybody's brother. Mr. Winchell is alleged to have said, "How can I think of the play when all anyone can think about is that girl's legs!"

And the moral of the story, and it has one, is this . . .

Claudette Colbert tells me she paid for those stockings herself. And she had to buy a new pair every night. And she didn't have any too much money either. You see, this was her first hit. Before, there had been long stretches of no work, many rehearsals, short runs and salaries that were promises.

"Yet I had to have the stockings," said Claudette. "They were too sheer to be good for more than one wearing. They cost plenty. Still, they were worth it, for I wore them in order to call attention to my legs.

"You know what competition is on the stage or, for that matter, in any field. The beginner has to stand out. If I couldn't act, it would have been a different story. They might have noticed my legs, yes, but that would have been that. I knew I had the ability to back up the attention I received. It was just that in order to attract it first, I had to take advantage of every point.

"This business of standing out from the rest, of not being lost among the herd, that's something." She sighed, adding, "I don't mean now, when I can afford my permanents. I mean at the start.

"Listen." She leaned forward eagerly. "There was a time I couldn't afford a boy friend. Honest. I had exactly five dollars as spending money for three whole months.

"Now, how many boys will invite a girl out, a girl who can't possibly keep up? Don't misunderstand, I think that after a boy grows to know a girl and her real values, what she wears doesn't matter so much. But you've got to catch his eye first—like the stockings in the play. That's one
reason why it costs to be a girl, only," and she laughed that ever ready laugh of hers, "don't you dare call this piece 'The Woman Pays.'

"I do think few men realize what it actually does cost, in plain dollars and cents, for a girl to go out with them. Young boys are always grumbling about their expenses, how they have to squander their allowance on the girl friend, dinner, a movie, perhaps a soda later, maybe a taxi or gas for the car. I'll bet it never dawns on them what it costs the girl—a new dress, a hair set, stockings, a hat to go with the dress.

"The 'go with' part is always the worst. Years ago, a best beau presented me with a bright red leather pocketbook. I owned absolutely nothing that went with it. So I had to pawn a ring in order to hire myself out and buy a complete outfit, or he would have been insulted upon seeing me not carry his gift.

"And when a girl likes a boy she goes out of her way to please him. I know a girl who fell in love with a man who wanted her to learn to rhumba. She spent twenty-five dollars on a series of lessons and," here came the Colbert laugh again, "before she had taken them all, she had lost the man. She only had the remainder of the lessons—and the bill.

GIRLS ALWAYS feel they have to dress to attract men. I marvel when I pass an office building and see the young women come swarming from the place, each one looking spotless, smart, dressed to kill, her skirt the correct length, her hat the latest thing, her coat the right coat. This is especially true of American girls. They can say what they want about the French, but actually it is only the very wealthy French woman, the one with unlimited funds at her command, who is capable of outdoing others. She makes a career of clothes. The little midinette you are always hearing about could take a few pointers from the American girl.

"I look at her—our truly unbeatable American girl. And I'm glad to have this chance to express my admiration. I (Continued on page 86)
ONE OF Hollywood's most contradictory personalities is tall, dark, sinister-looking Cesar Romero. If you belong to the misguided group who take Cesar at his face value and think of him as a cross between a gangster and a parlor snake, prepare to readjust your opinions—for Cesar has the most misunderstood face in town.

Though he has never given a bad performance, Cesar hasn't been allowed to get very far in the movies, chiefly because his physiognomy isn't the dimpled, curvaceous type that is the mark of the glamor boy, and mamma at the box-office. The planes of his face, the implications of his mysterious eyes and sometimes cruel mouth, have more significance and less sunshine than is seenly in a public idol, especially a movie hero.

But in private life, Cesar is one of the most sympathetic, amiable and universally well-liked men in pictures. You can't find a girl or man of his acquaintance who doesn't say, "What a sweet guy!"

In the field of romance, likewise, he's far from what he seems. Confirmed column-readers get the impression that Cesar is a philanderer, an accomplished side-stepper of matrimony. Actually, he has more good, sound old-fashioned ideals about women and marriage than most of the dimpled delegation.

"Everyone has the idea that I go with a different girl every night," he said reproachfully, whereas very few of those items in the columns are true. "One girl at a time is enough for me."

Red-headed Ann Sheridan was the girl at the time. But Cesar didn't specify how much time is allotted to each girl, so I can't guarantee that the romance still thrives—what with Ann being elected Oomph Girl, and Cesar having to wear a beard for weeks and weeks for his role in "The Return of the Cisco Kid." However, Ann's case will serve to exemplify Cesar's point of view about women.

"Why do we have to marry?" he demanded, when I asked about their intentions. "Isn't it possible to be attracted to each other, fond of each other's company, without being expected to end up in matrimony? I'm very fond of Ann, I love her company, and we have loads of laughs. But I don't intend to marry her, and I know she wouldn't want to marry me.

"I'm the last person in the world that Ann should marry. A girl like that, with a career that interests her more than anything else, should marry someone who can help her. A producer or a director. Certainly not an actor.

"Besides," he continued, distributing his six-feet-two more comfortably on the divan, "I have a lot of ideals about what I want marriage to be. I'll be very cautious about whom I marry because when I do, I expect it to last forever. No divorce for me! And I can tell you one thing—my wife will be a non-professional. It isn't possible to have two careers in one marriage—not in mine, anyway."

CESAR DISMISSED the idea that an actor's leading women are a threat to marriage. Even though stars do with great regularity discard their mates in favor of the most recent leading lady, the surprising Mr. Romero has no fear of such pitfalls. He thinks it would be a poor husband who couldn't withstand that temptation.

"What would worry me would be clash of temperament, ambition and working hours. That's why I'll never marry an actress. An actor's wife has to efface herself, in a sense, and adapt herself to his way of life, and care more for his success than her own."

I pointed out that if marriage is his ultimate object, he's wasting a lot of valuable time these evenings, for Cesar seldom goes out with anyone but actresses.

He nodded assent. "But I don't know anyone else," he said simply. "I have been very much in love—once, in the East, before I came to Hollywood. She was a woman ten years older than I and she had two children, but I was completely in love with her. I never wanted to be apart from her. That, to me, is the real test of love."
Few men have been exposed to more high-powered blandishments than Cesar Romero—and survived.

"I'm afraid that has spoiled me for everything else. I'm sure if it hadn't been for that experience, I would have thought many times since that I was in love. But because I know what it is really like, I've never been able to deceive myself. I've always known it wasn't the real thing. That thought has probably cheated me out of a lot of fun.

"I've been infatuated, of course—crazy about various girls for the moment. But really being in love, to me, is being unhappy unless that person is with you every minute—the feeling that you want her with you, must have her with you, all the time. I've never felt that way about any other woman."

Few men have been exposed to more high-powered blandishments. Cesar has been in Hollywood since the first "Thin Man" picture, which is quite a span of years. In that time his career has gone through various phases, but he has never had a real break professionally. He's become well-known principally through his extra-studio activities which included going to the most prominent parties, dancing with stars who could appreciate his professional smoothness, and beaing all the glamorous girls to places well within range of the candid camera's eye.

It was rather a strange set-up—young man with a relatively small salary and a minimum of fame, finding himself always in the thick of the most successful and celebrated. But that role was a familiar one to Cesar. His adult life had always been that way.

ELDEST SON of a well-to-do Cuban family, he lived in comparative luxury for fourteen years in New York City, where he was born. Just as he reached an age when money begins to have some meaning, his father's business crashed with the collapse of the sugar market. The Romeros took refuge on the New Jersey shore where they had always spent their summers, and devoted themselves to painful economy. When he wasn't in school, Cesar worked in various lowly capacities at a big New Jersey department store.

But the social standing of the Romeros did not stop with their income, so Cesar found himself in the anomalous position of delivering packages at a lady's door in the afternoon, and brushing shoulders with her at a fashionable dance in the evening.

He had quite a career in the department store—progressing from wrapper to stock boy to truck driver. One summer, he endured the rigors of a soldier's life at the Plattsburg Military Training Camp because his father saw an advertisement in the paper: "Send your boy to Plattsburg and swap him for a man." Cesar went under protest, and doesn't think the swap quite came off. His family moved back to New York so he could have his last three years of schooling at the Collegiate School there.

"That period of my life seemed very glamorous and exciting," he recalled. "The Collegiate boys used to take the Spence School girls out every afternoon that we could afford it. I had just enough money to walk to the girl's house, take her in a taxi to the Ambassador tea dance, and get her back to her house in a taxi—and then walk home. It was not considered cricket (Continued on page 8/4)"
"IF I HAD SIX MONTHS"

Bette Davis, who's played the role of a doomed girl, tells what she herself

B Y G L A D Y S H A L L

YOU'VE PUT Judy Traherne and her catastrophe, her "Dark Victory" and how she achieved it, on everybody's tongue, in everybody's heart and mind," I told Bette. "That girl loved, met her death sentence and died and in so doing not only broke our hearts, quickened our spirits with a new awareness of human nature and its rather divine potentialities, but also made us ask ourselves, 'If a doctor told me I had only a few months to live, what would I do?'

"You, Bette, you especially must have asked yourself that question during the weeks that you, as Judy, were 'dying.' If a doctor should read you your death sentence, Bette, what would you do?"

There fell a silence on the Green Room where Bette and I were lunching.

Then Bette said, with characteristic vehemence and tenacity and honesty, "I would resent it horribly! I would resent dying. I'd hate to! I'd scream, 'Why should this happen to me?' I'd be torn between not believing it at all and, even more furiously, believing it. I think that after I'd sat for three days and got it through my brain, I'd do just what Judy Traherne did! I think that any one of us would do, what Judy did, at first—unless the person was very extraordinary, far more spiritual, far more highly evolved than I am. I'd do just what Judy did—only I wouldn't be so good about it.

"That's why I think the picture so worthwhile," said Bette. "The story is so fine and beautiful, because it's so true, because the human motivation seems to me to be so sound. The people all behaved as I believe, people would behave under similar circumstances.

"Yes, I'm sure that I would, at first, do what Judy did. I'd go crazy, wild, mad. I'd try hard to deaden my agony with insane sedatives. I'd try to forget by any means I could lay my frantic hands to—drinking, love affairs, noisy nightmares, anything to dull the edges of the essential nightmare, push it out of sight, lose it in the confusion of my befuddled mind.

"I'm very like Judy, you know," Bette then told me. Bette in slacks, a bandana around her head, tennis shoes, feet tucked under her as she sat at the table. Bette, to whom the accolade of being the greatest actress in Hollywood, makes not the slightest difference in her friendliness, her lack of all the little totems and tabus of the consciously self-important.

"I'm very like Judy. Never have I gone as haywire as Judy did, even when," said Bette, a slight twist to her smile, "I may have felt a touch like it. I've never had the time, you know, nor that much money. I've got the one thing Judy didn't have—work. But up here," Bette tapped her forehead, "we are alike, Judy and I. I didn't only put on her make-up. I was inside her skin.

"I know one thing. I know that if I were doomed to die, as Judy was doomed, I would wish, above all things, that I might have what Judy had . . . such a love as Judy had, such a man as Dr. Steele, such understanding, so much strength, so much tenderness. It was his love that made it possible for Judy to meet death as she did meet it. It was because she so terribly wanted him to be proud of her that she triumphed over her love of life.

IT WAS this eager wanting to win the spurs of his admiration that gave her the courage, at last, to come through and go on. It was her love for him that made her want to behave so that, after she was gone, he would not have to remember any terrible scenes with her, scenes which would scar his memory for the rest of his days. I can understand that, perfectly. You'd know, you see, how terribly it was making other people feel. Caring for them, you couldn't want that. Then, too, there would be a wonderful satisfaction in knowing that people were saying, 'My God, you've got guts!' Judy wanted Steele to be proud of her. She wanted that even more than she craved the self-indulgence of screaming out her pain and fear. The ego in us," smiled Bette, "probably survives till the last cell is extinct.

"Yep, if, in real life, I had to meet Judy's death sentence. I would wish for such a love in my life, and if there were such a love in my life, I would do exactly as Judy did. I would marry the man and live in the few months left me as, I hope, I'd have wisdom enough to realize I could not hope to live though all the years remained.
would do under similar circumstances

I hope I’d have the wisdom to know that it isn’t Time that matters—it’s what we do with Time.

“You know perfectly well that every girl in love likes to fancy herself as Elaine, the Lily Maid, drifting to her death while Launcelot weeps. And, subconsciously, that same fancy sustained Judy and would sustain me. We all like to be dramatic in front of the man we love. What can be more dramatic than to be dying before his very eyes, the ‘sadness of farewell’ touching, with unearthly beauty, every earthly caress?"

“But apart from being in love—assuming that I, personally, might not have a Dr. Steele in the months remaining to me—what would I do?"

“Well, I think,” said Bette, consideringly, “I think that after my first wild orgy of desperate despair was spent, I might decide to work like mad. Yes, I bet you money that’s just what I’d do!"

“I think it would be the instinct of self-preservation working in me, too. I think I’d realize that I’d feel more normal if I continued on here, at the studio, doing the routine things. I think it would be strangely comforting to have fittings and photographic sittings, to read scripts and see rushes and confer with the director. I’m sure that I’d find myself thinking, quite comfortably, ‘Why, of course I’m not going to die, how fantastic, what dime novel nonsense! One doesn’t die when one goes on eating lunch in the good old Green Room, while being interviewed.’"

“Of one thing, I’m sure. I wouldn’t go away, for there is something about going away, even under the happiest, vacation circumstances which is, to me, vaguely melancholy. I’ve gone to Carmel, watched the sun set over those stunning waters, felt my heart sink into them, with the setting sun. Indefinable, but there it is."

“I’m sure it would be a frightful temptation to me never to look at the sun rise, or set. I’m sure that I would try to avoid beautiful things happening to me for fear there would arise, unbidden but intolerable, the thought—this will never happen again. I am sure that anything beautiful in Nature would break my heart."

“Music,” said Bette, savagely, (Continued on page 78)
WHEW! GOLLY! He's sensational!" Deanna Durbin exclaimed when she saw the screen test of her new leading man. She had no idea at the time of playing prophetess, but Robert Cummings, that slim, dark young actor with the boyish grin, the slightly off-center nose and the gray, laughing eyes, is indeed the surprise picture package of the season to everyone. To everyone, that is, except Robert Cummings himself.

The only thing that surprises him is that he didn't make his sensation sooner. He has been around Hollywood for three whole years. He made some nineteen pictures before "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." One sensation in twenty tries is a sorry batting average in Robert Cummings' league. For making sensations is Robert Cummings' particular specialty. He thinks he should have had a bigger hit much sooner. Frankly, he's afraid he's slipping.

If that sounds a little like this Robert Cummings totes around a head as cocky as a prize rooster's, it's unfortunate. Personally, Robert is as modest, pleasant, shy and retiring a young man as you'd want to know. He's happily domesticated, he's a handy man around the house, he gets along swell with his mother-in-law. In fact, the only thing he's a little puffed up about is his ability to pilot his plane, Spinach II, through the skies and bring it down on three points through a low ceiling. But that's in his private life.

Professionally, Robert Cummings is a dealer in delusion, a hawker of hoaxes. His bible has always been bluff and he's not a bit ashamed to admit it. The way he figures, everything's fair in love, war and a dramatic career.

In the beginning, he was just plain Charles Clarence Cummings, the doctor's boy, in Joplin, Missouri, driving his dad around on cases and thinking that some day he might be a physician, too.

His ambitions switched successively to boxing, swimming and flying, succumbing to the headline glamour of Jack Dempsey, Johnny Weismuller and Lindbergh, as their respective vogue waxed and waned. He won some trophies in the swimming department and soloed his plane four hours after he first climbed into it. But about all these mixed triumphs did was to make him a quick change artist and prepare him for The Great Impersonations.

THE FIRST was Blade Stanhope Conway and happened thus: The acting bug had bored beneath Bob's skin at Carnegie Tech, whence he had gone to pursue an engineering career. A course in architecture set him building sets for the school show. Then the leading man broke his leg and they jerked Bob away from his T-square to pinch-hit as "D'Artagnan" in "The Three Musketeers." From then on, he couldn't see tangents and secants for sour apples. He transferred to the Academy of Dramatic Arts for a year and then, convinced the acting world was his oyster, he decided to pry it open without further delay. But he found the oyster obliged only when addressed in an English accent.

"Journey's End" had started the British conquest of Broadway, and Leslie Howard, Noel Coward, Raymond Massey and Basil Rathbone were doing honors for the redcoats.

"Yes," said the agents and producers' secretaries to Bob, "we're casting English actors. Are you English?" A Joplin accent, which is modified Bob Burns, got him nowhere very fast.

A year of this with no dice at all woke Bob up one morning with twenty-five cents in his pants' pocket and the bad news that his dad was sick and there'd be no more checks from home. He took a long ride on the subway to try and think things out. He started hoofing the long way back and passed a window with a lovely ship's model and the sign, "See England This Summer!" A great idea smote Bob. If he needed a British accent to crack a Broadway show, he'd go over and get one!

A paid up insurance policy staked him and a steerage passage got Bob across. He picked up a motorcycle for a few dollars and roamed all over England, jotting down in his little red book just how Englishmen talked, slept and ate. Before long he had an accent that would knock your monocle out.

It was in the quiet little Spa of Harrowgate that Blade Stanhope Conway was born and Charles Clarence Cummings vanished from the ken of man. His Majesty's Theatre, an ancient hulk, had just gone for a strictly up-to-date chromium plated marquee with lovely glass letters. Chugging past, Bob spied the janitor alone sweeping off...
Bob Cummings once discovered that a good gag works—and he has never forgotten it

BY KIRTLAY BASKETTE

Mr. C. surprised Hollywood, but what surprised Mr. C. was that he didn't wow them long ago. Creating sensations is his specialty!

the walk beside stacks of the elegant letters. He slammed on the brakes as he recognized the chance of a lifetime.

"A pound!" exclaimed the janitor. "For a pound I'd put you and the Prince of Wales both up in lights. What's your name?"

Bob thought fast. Something British. He remembered a line from "Death Takes a Holiday"—something about "a blade of a fellow."

"Blade," he began. Then he rather fancied Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End." And he'd always liked Conway Tearle's first name.

"Blade Stanhope Conway Now Playing In Shaw's Immortal Candida," soon glowed over the portals of His Majesty's Theatre. A local photographer clicked the phenomenon, with Bob himself posed grandiloquently out in front. Eight prints left England for New York agents and producers the next day with a snooty note breaking the great news that Blade Stanhope Conway, the famous London actor, would soon make a triumphal visit to America and might be persuaded to do a part in a Broadway play.

Bob Cummings sailed the day after, selling his motorcycle at Southampton at a two dollar profit. When he arrived in New York he found a stack of mail and telegrams up to his knees. They all begged for appointments. Bob picked a part in Charles Hopkins' production of Galsworthy's play, "The Roof." The English actors in the cast never even suspected. A good gag had worked and Bob never forgot that.

When you talk to Bob Cummings today he is so typically Middle Western American that it is hard to believe he actually fooled all of Broadway and its bona fide British colony for almost (Continued on page 88)
If you've ever been home-sick, confused or blue, you'll understand Merle Oberon's problems perfectly.

BY ELISABETH FRENCH

Merle confesses, "The instability of my life is getting into my soul. I no longer have any peace of mind."
I feel wretched about leaving," she confessed. "I'm so sentimental that I'm always homesick when I go away from anywhere. Because I have a few roots here, a few friends I really care about, I'm unhappy about going. But when I get ready to come back, I'll feel just as homesick about leaving England."

With all this shuttling back and forth, I wondered whether she now thought of England or Hollywood as home. "That's the trouble," said Merle plaintively. "I don't know. That's what's the matter with me. This constant change, this instability of my life, is getting into my soul. I no longer have any peace of mind.

"I think I'd like to work only in Hollywood—picture-making is so superior here—and spend my vacations in England. But I can't because of my contract with Korda. I miss England dreadfully, the actual country, the smell of it and the gentle rains. But California has so much to offer, if I only knew how to take advantage of it."

"My life here is all wrong. Hollywood is the only place where I lose faith and begin to wonder what's wrong with human nature. I don't know any of the real Americans. I only know a small clique of picture people whom I see over and over again. And though they're charming and talented, life in that clique is very abnormal. In Hollywood, friendships are taken with a grain of salt. People think too much about what or who is good for their careers. And yet they're so completely dependent on each other, the rest of the world is so utterly forgotten, that false importance is attached to every relationship, to the little slights, and all the trivial complications of life.

"And, of course, Hollywood is notorious for its lack of men. Even the most devastating glamour girls have a hard time finding beaux. I don't know of any other place in the world where there's so much—she sought a word for the dreadful situation—'woman-stuff. Do you know what I mean? Where women are content to sit together for hours on end at parties, talking among themselves about their dresses and such things, while the men talk shop. That sort of thing isn't good for a woman. It isn't normal.

"I think the solution of life in Hollywood is to have a family. Don't you think it's wonderful the way Margaret Sullavan does it? That's what I shall do. I shall get me a family," she said, gazing pensively at the restless sea, "and live on a hilltop in the sun. Then I can have all the real, fundamental things of life right there around me. I can be independent of Hollywood for my happiness, and yet have my work and all the glitter and excitement that Hollywood has to offer."

"The trouble with that plan," I said practically, "is that you have to get married first."

"Yes," she agreed vaguely, and then came back from the hilltop with a rush. "When I get married," she announced briskly as if the plan had just taken definite form at that moment, "I shall have a child immediately. And then I think I shall adopt one or two more. I've been very lucky, very well-treated by the powers that be in this world, and I think a nice way to return some of it would be to adopt a motherless child. In that way you can give not only money, but your love and care.

MY HAIRDRESSER is married to a man who hasn't been able to find a job for many months. He stays home and takes care of things there while she goes to work. They've been married for years, but they're still completely in love—they're really like one. The girls in the shop make fun of her for going on supporting him, and advise her to leave him, but I begged her not to. I said, "You have the most wonderful, the most desirable thing in the world. Don't be so foolish as to give it up. What does it matter who's earning the money, as long as you have your livelihood, your home and him?"

"That wonderful companionship, that understanding—money can't buy them! I know women whose husbands are extravagant providers, but who have no feeling for their wives, no understanding of them. And I know women who have all the money in the world but are so tragically alone! To be really happy you must have a husband who understands you."

When Merle first came here some years ago, nothing could have convinced her that one day she would dream of home atop a Hollywood hill, or feel a pang of nostalgia on leaving the place. She can never forget the horrors of her reception by the film colony—that disastrous night of her first Mayfair party, when none of the women spoke to her, and she sat in her corner and endured the agonies of a wall-flower and an alien. And later, when, just as she was about to escape from the ordeal, she tripped and fell flat on her face while crossing the dance floor, and one of her (Continued on page 84)
A TALL, powerfully built fellow signed up with RKO somewhere back in 1931. He bore the romantic name of Jacques de Bujac—his own. His face was strong, not handsome. Nobody paid much attention to him, probably for this reason, and besides, his dramatic gifts and experience were negligible—three months with a little theatre “gropes” in Chicago was all.

Jacques earned his studio keep chiefly as a kiss-tester. A kiss-tester is just what you think it is—a chap who tests clinch scenes with alluring and promising starlets and leading ladies. Not an unpleasant means of livelihood, but it doesn’t get a man anywhere. However, one day, some genius met up with this taciturn, rather unhappy looking boy named Jacques as he was going obediently from one kiss test to another. And the genius went a-trundling to the Front Office, crying “Eureka!” That means “We’ve got something here.”

Over at Metro, a chap named Gable was going great guns. You all know that story, but the point is that, while M-G-M was rubbing its hands with joy, executives at other studios were kicking each other in the pants for previously turning Gable down and combing the country for guys who looked like him. RKO may have been particularly vehement in its trouser-booting, for hadn’t they had the Gable right under their own roof a while ago, doing a little job called “The Painted Desert?” But no use crying over flubbed chances. “Get me another Gable!” yelled Mr. Front Office. And then the genius stumbled over Jacques de Bujac.

Naturally, that fancy name must be changed. It sounded phony, as real things often do. Lessee now—what to call him? Clark Gable, Clark Gable—that name would keep going through executive minds. One syllable, two syllables. Ben, Bob, Bill, Bruce—ah! Good. Bruce Carter, Calvin, Cabot. Bruce Cabot—swell! And he was big, virile, not handsome, but kinda tough looking, and would the women go for him, oh boy, oh boy! Thus will Hollywood ever, I suppose, see one good thing and try to duplicate it, never learning the very simple fact that the public doesn’t want imitation Gables and Taylors, not even when sets of dishes are given away.

WITH a new name and a bit more money coming in, Bruce Cabot felt a little less unhappy and proceeded to do exactly as he was told. So they said he was one of the Boston Cabots. What did it matter what they said, so long as he began to get somewhere and be somebody at last? He had a special reason for wanting success.

The publicity department may have stretched the truth a smidgeon about the Cabots, but they didn’t have to entirely make up pretty stories about their new big bet’s background. The parts about scrubbing the decks of a freighter in order to get to Europe and go vagabonding through the old countries, about punching cattle on a New Mexico ranch, about roving about in western oil fields, bossing a cotton plantation, acting as sparring partner for a professional boxer, and as head bouncer for a Hollywood night club—these were all true enough. (And nice and Gable-ish, too.) Dragging in the Cabots was a bit thick, so the boys soon quit that and delved into the lowdown on the De Bujacs, who weren’t to be sneezed at socially or financially either.

Colonel de Bujac, a Spanish-American War veteran settled, for his health, in Carlsbad, New Mexico. He left two brothers running banks in New York. And his wife’s brother, Herman Harjes, subsequently went with the Morgan-Harjes bank in Paris. The army, high finance, social prominence and a mixed French and Dutch heritage—that’s quite a background.

The Colonel had high hopes for his boy, Jacques. Since his wife had died when the boy was born, father and son were very close. The Colonel wanted Jacques to go to West Point and sent him, in preparation, to the New Mexico Military Academy. But his son didn’t seem to care for it, so the Colonel put away his dreams of seeing Jacques a soldier like himself. He let him transfer to the University of the South in Tennessee and later sent him to France to Tours Université.

Jacques came home and did—nothing. That was when he got to roving. He went back to Europe, not in the nice first-class cabin the Colonel would willingly have paid for, but on a freighter, scrubbing the decks, (Continued on page 90)
Judy Garland figures that now is the time for boy friends and lots of fun

REMEMBER HOW it felt to be sweet sixteen? Judy Garland knows, for she's just turned it, and is the first to tell you what goes on. In fact, it was on the eve of this eventful birthday that Judy journeyed to New York where she broke Jack Dempsey's all-time record for attendance at the theatre where she appeared.

Now this in itself is somewhat of a major accomplishment, but not nearly so much, Judy feels, as the passing of those first fifteen years! When asked how it felt to be grown up, she grinned and said, "Oh, not much different. But gosh, everyone who knows me at all says I'm not grown up!"

Though appearances might dispute this opinion, Judy has arguments for each and every theory proffered. For instance, her high heels were the last word in smartness, but the kidding she takes to don them and show her face in public! As for her personal appearance these days, she's bordering dangerously near being glamorous. Her hair is a little lighter with just the right touch of gold to enhance those lovely eyes that feature dark curling lashes. Why the gal is even thinner and, what's more, with that engaging smile of hers, would make any guy's heart skip a beat or two just to pass her quickly on the street!

"Do I get razzed about these shoes!" Judy exclaimed, tossing a glance in their general direction. Then, looking up she laughed, "Why it's getting so I can only wear them in my dressing-room and have any peace of mind. And just look at my hair! They had to change it for the color sequences in 'The Wizard of Oz.' Now my friends kid me about that, too. You know we worked on that picture for six months and, even though it was the most pleasant time I've ever spent, I lost twelve pounds. So what do you think? All the gang think I'm reducing! Gosh, maybe I should at that! But really, it's only that I've grown taller and my weight is going to the right places!

HONESTLY, I'm in no hurry to grow up," Judy continued, her large eyes serious and a plaintive note of sincerity in her voice. "The way I figure it, you've only got about eighteen years in which to have fun—so why rush it? Heck, when you're grown, there're too many things to worry about, so while you're still young you should be able to enjoy yourself. All my friends, the gang I run around with, have the best time ever. Of course some of 'em, the boys especially, think they're pretty old. Why they even smoke cigarettes!"

After discussing Hollywood's promising youth we discovered our little friend had very definite ideas on the subject. Certain things were to be accepted. For instance, several of her favorite pals even went so far as to smoke pipes! Of course, none are of the "veddy, vedy variety," as the handsome William Orr, who was the latest thorn in the side of one Andy Hardy! Judy can't believe any girl would prefer such a "fancy pants" as he portrayed to a real honest-to-goodness fellow. In fact, Judy has such sound reasoning and excellent ideas about companions that to date she can't decide just which boy she prefers. However, each has his points and plenty to offer, for Judy's far too intelligent to tolerate a dullard very long.

Concerning a few of the snapshots showing Judy steppin' out, she explained, "Oh I don't date very much. Mostly, we all go out together. Of course there's usually a fellow with a girl. Y'know we sorta pair up. Then we go dancing or just stay home and have fun.

"To give you an idea, I'll tell you what we do when Johnny Downs comes over." At the surprised look on our face, Judy hopped in and told us what a swell dancer and actor Mr. D. is. Having familiarized us with the gent, she continued, "Johnny will come over and bring a book along. We help Mother fix dinner and afterwards may spend the whole evening not saying a word, just sitting there reading. Then, when it's time for him to go home, we'll say good night and that's all there is to it. I think I like Johnny for this very reason. We don't have to put on at all to entertain each other. We can relax and not say a word and still have a simply grand time. He's very nice (Continued on page 87)
DARLING OF Binnie's HEART

Her name is Rosette, and she means much more to this glamorous actress than stardom, riches or spectacular success.

Binnie Barnes and thirteen-year-old Rosette, whom you will enjoy meeting here.
I HAD a date with Binnie Barnes at the Waldorf. She was leaving for Hollywood that night, and the date had been made only that morning. With most movie queens, you wouldn't even have attempted it. You'd have been told, and reasonably, that the lady was hogtied with engagements and asked why the blazes you hadn't waked up sooner?

In the fact that Binnie did make time, lies a clue to her temperment. She moves in an atmosphere of breezy, offhand good humor. She sets no stages. Nothing impresses her, not even herself. She treats the world and all its phenomena, including her own activities, with an air of lighthearted detachment. "Okay, come along, if you don't mind a madhouse. How are you on packing? That's fine, you can do my suitcase. The story? What story? Hang the story."

I was therefore taken aback to find her in a phone bordering on distraction. She was at the telephone, her free hand nervously clutching and unclutching at her throat. She grimaced a greeting without interrupting her conversation. Alarm had diluted her brown eyes, and her words tumbled over each other in their urgency.

"Yes, but where is she now? At the hospital? Are you there with her? Well, put her right on. No, I won't keep her, I just want to hear her voice. Darling! Hello, darling. How do you feel? Oh, my lamb, but your voice sounds so weak. Just a little sick from the anaesthetic?

Are you sure that's all? Does your leg hurt? Well, I'm rushing right home to you, sweet, and meantime you're to do everything the doctor says, do you hear? Is he there? Let me talk to him. Yes, I'll be back in a jiffy, nagging the daylights out of you. Now put the doctor on, you mustn't talk any more. Yes, I adore you and you ought to be spanked. Goodbye, my darling.

"Hello, Irving. What has that child done to herself? No-o-o, I'm not jittery. Why should I be jittery, only three thousand miles away and Rosette in the hospital? Six stitches! I can't bear it. Did she scream? Of course not, you gave her an anaesthetic. I'm sorry if I sound like a dithering idiot, but you know. What do you mean, safety measure? Guard against infection? Are there signs of it? You're sure you're not keeping anything from me? I'd rather know than imagine. Well, I just thought you might be trying to spare me.

"I was planning to take the train tonight but I'll fly instead. Of course I hate to fly, but what's that got to do with it? The studio? Lord, I forgot. Well, I'll phone them and call you back. Will you stick around for ten or fifteen minutes? What's the number there? All right. I've got it. And, Irving, I'm a beast not to have thanked you sooner, but my mind's gone—what there is of it. Forgive me, you're an angel, I'll call you back, 'bye.'"

She hung up, rested her forehead against her palm for a moment, explained briefly, "It's Rosette, my niece, I've had her ever since she was a baby," and called a number.

I couldn't help noting, as she sat there, that she looked prettier than I've ever seen her. The Florida sun had tinted her skin to a clear bronze that deepened the brown of her eyes and warmed the gold of her hair. Her hair was differently arranged too—parted in the center, sweeping in faintly rippling wings behind her ears and fastened high at the nape in a soft, wide (Continued on Page 72)
If your work takes you among movie stars, you find yourself in the position of one with a specialized parlor accomplishment, like owning a trained eel or reciting "Ten Nights on the Bar Room Floor" with motions. It gives you a social advantage, no matter to what circles you may gravitate.

Theoretically, a passionate interest in the Hollywood scene is confined to school girls and the simpler-minded of all ages. Actually, this is not the case. We have never been more thoroughly bombarded than on a visit we paid to a university town where scholars came tumbling down from their ivory towers to do research on what Gary Cooper was like, whether Hedy Lamarr was as beautiful as she screened, whether I'd ever seen Garbo, and was Myrna Loy nice. Incidentally, Myrna is the professors' pet. A gusty sigh of satisfaction went up when I assured then she is nice. They just wanted to make sure, that's all.

All fans are idealists. They want their favorites to be nice. It works the other way, too. They chuckle in triumph on being told that a screen personality they can't abide was once observed kicking a dog. Whatever oblique queries they may start with, it all boils down sooner or later to, "Do you like her? Is she nice?" with hearts hanging breathlessly on your reply.

An interviewer's scope is necessarily limited. He doesn't see his subjects whole. He meets them under special conditions which are often hard on both parties. He gets an impression, more or less definite, depending on his own perceptiveness and the force of the other's personality. As he has often been reminded, and meekly reminds the reader, he is no oracle nor court of final judgment. In recognition of the universal interest, however, I present
If you had fame, a fortune and glamor, would you be a good scout or sort of uppity? Well, celebrities are just like you—some real, some phony

BY MARTHA KERR

Norma Shearer's taste and manners offend certain movie folk.

George Raft knows too well what it is to be patronized.

Mack needed an operation, but was scared. So was George. Nevertheless, he talked his friend into it, made the hospital arrangements, drove The Killer down, and sat shaking with him in the receiving-room till the latter was signed up. He hung around outside his door till Mack was safely sheathed in his pajamas, then they stood facing each other under the nurse's eye.

"Well, so long, you screwy bum," muttered Raft, and stumbled down to his car, where a friend found him bawling. "The guy looked so damn skinny," he mumbled in apology.

Being a product of New York's gas house district and not always awake to the crime of the double negative, he knows what it is to be patronized by those who have had a year's more schooling than he. He has doubtless been pricked by these snubs, though not with any permanent injury to his self-respect. Condescension stiffens his pride, understanding humbles it. When they played together in "Souls at Sea," he conceived a warm admiration for Gary Cooper, which Gary returned. "Imagine," Raft marveled, "a mugg like me being friends with Coop!" Through his marriage, the silent Coop was inducted automatically into the heart of Hollywood's social elite. Which didn't prevent him from recognizing in the ex-pugilist and tango dancer a kindred spirit—simple, generous and real. The friendship does honor to them both. (Continued on page 70)
HE TAKES A CHANCE

Yes, being impulsive, curious and unafraid is Paul Muni’s rule of life

IT WAS at his hilltop home overlooking the Pacific that I talked to Paul Muni. He was diving in and out of the swimming pool that fits below a commanding terrace.

“You might not like that new springboard.” Paul said calmly, “but to me it’d honestly be a tremendous thrill to make a perfect dive into it; it’d be an elemental satisfaction. I believe very strongly in such pleasure!” He stretched lazily.

“You are amazing,” I interrupted. “You are supposed to be so arty, all temperamental moods and conceit methods and solemn bashfulness. They declare you and Garbo are equally exclusive, and you certainly haven’t been wild, nor conspicuously newly-rich. You haven’t changed partners and I have yet to see you doing a rhumba at the Troc.”

He looked at me, plain exuberance in his brown eyes.

“I could do a rhumba, believe it or not. No Hollywood producer suspects it, but I can sing and dance. Not like Eddy or Astaire, but I did do musical comedies on the stage once upon a time.

“I am deadly serious about my work; yes. I do as much research on a role as I can; I prepare myself minutely. But I have system for my approach to and performance of a part because I have to have it. I’m not a ‘quick study.’ As for being moody, yes. Who wants to be a stone image? Stone’s very dull!

“But bashful, besides?” he mused. “It’s true I’ve no flash personality, in the Hollywood hero sense. I’m quite sure there is nothing in my mere presence that would cause young ladies to cut classes. But I don’t deserve any complex build-up as exclusive or mysterious. I hate being gaped at as though I were a queer fish. I’m uneasy when I’m expected to ‘dazzle.’ But I only insist upon choosing my intimates and upon reasonable privacy.

MY CREDO is ‘always take a chance!’ I trust my hunches. And I always take the accompanying risks—if a leap in the dark strikes me as right. I owe whatever I have, whatever I am, to this always taking big chances. I’ve refused to be downed by people or situations when I thought they were in error. I’ve never allowed others to tell me what I want; I need only listen to my own heart and I know. I early recognized that this is the ideal way to climb in this peculiar world. For rely on everyone else but yourself and you’re sunk. You’ll be dominated, the fierce competition will submerge you. You’ll grow into a miserable man or woman. I, for one, refuse to be miserable!

“It’s really a stimulating way, this being extravagant with one’s imagination, this being sudden and curious and unafraid. If you make mistakes, so what? You can’t win all the time. If you’re hurt, well aren’t we all—anyway? At least you’re not upset by trivialities!

“I was eleven when I chose the work I would do. But no child of that age can be positive about what he’s suited for, you may state dogmatically. Yet I was. I knew what I wanted for myself and the years have borne out my self-confidence. I had to defy my family, thoroughly, and I did. I put my foot down and obstinately became a professional actor—at eleven.

“I was the youngest of three brothers and all of us inherited a degree of musical talent. My father started each of us at violin lessons when we were four years old. He fancied he had three Kreislers. But I got no wallop out of being that type of prodigy. I’d studied for seven years, had acquired an admirable tone, but one day all my indignation exploded in fine fettle. My brothers stood there breathless as I cried, ‘I will not be a musician!’ My father, in his anger, snatched my violin and broke it over his knee.

‘I’m going to be an actor!’ I bellowed and rushed downtown to plead for a job with a theatrical troupe. I was hired for—character roles! My father was angrier than ever then; he forbade that future for me. But I insisted upon it and I’ve never regretted my stand.

“When I was fourteen, my father died and my family separated. We each had to earn our own living. I was already an established actor of character roles, in the very minor league, so off I went first on a ‘tour’ of the southern states. It was a precarious adolescence. I never had enough to buy good clothes or (Continued on page 65)

Muni says, ‘I’ve never allowed others to tell me what I want. I need only listen to my own heart. I early recognized that this is the way to climb.’

BY BEN MADDOX
BLONDIE STEPPED from the booth and walked into the beauty parlor's elaborate reception room. A little girl was waiting on her Mummy, Blondie's little girl. But at the sight of this new hair-do, Dorothy Grace did a nip-up! “Go away, I want my Mummy,” she wailed.

“But darling,” Penny Singleton comforted her child, “I am your Mummy. They wanted Mummy to change the color of her hair. See, it is I, only my hair is lighter now.” Picking her daughter up in her arms, Penny tried as best she could to explain the sudden change in the shade of her locks.

“For a moment there,” she confided, “I began to think Blondie was to be a very penny wise, but pound foolish young lady. Though I got the job, if my own baby wouldn’t accept me as Blondie, what less biased person would? Well,” Penny continued, laughing as she reminisced, “those were certainly trying days. Between convincing my daughter that I was still the same devoted mother and proving to my studio bosses that I was a darn good Blondie, there wasn’t a dull moment.

“I think inadvertently that D.G., my little girl, was the cause of my getting the part of Blondie. I had been tested with many others, and they began with another girl in the role. However, she was single and inexperienced and when it came to handling a child, she couldn’t seem to manage. That was when I got a call and stepped right into the picture. Baby Dumpling, in the series, is just about the same age as D.G., so I felt perfectly at home as his mother.

“Of course,” Penny continued, wrinkling the wide forehead just below those blonde curls, “it was definitely a problem to keep peace at home. You see, D.G. came on the set with me and was she jealous of Baby Dumpling! Why, when I had a still picture taken with him, there was nothing to do but have one taken with her, and then one with the three of us. And when I'd hold him in my arms for a scene, I had to come right off between shots and hold her, too. Why, I’ve heard of jealous husbands, but they can’t hold a candle to a child. She’s fine with Baby Dumpling when they’re alone. They play together and have a grand time, but just let me cross the horizon and the fireworks begin. I had to stop allowing her on the set, because it slowed things up so.

LITTLE LARRY SIMMS is the cutest kid in the world—next to D.G., of course. When his mother took him in to see about the job, they told her they’d let her know more later. So as they started out of the producer’s office, he looked up and said, ‘Well, Mom, guess we don’t get the job.’ Why he’s just like a grown person. If you try and talk to him the way you would an average child his age, he’d laugh right in your face! This may make him sound precocious as the dickens, but he’s not at all. It’s completely natural with him. There’s not an affected bone in Larry’s little body. Everyone at the studio adores him. In fact, we all like each other. Why, we’re just one happy family. And the funny part is, this time it’s on the level. I’m glad too, because with three pictures a year in the ‘Blondie’ series, it would be awful if we didn’t get on!”

Though there’s folks galore who are of the opinion that blondes are dumb, it doesn’t apply to Penny. Consider, too, that Penny Singleton wasn’t always blonde. Nor was she always known as Penny. Fact is, she came into the world a perfect brunette and was christened Dorothy McNulty. And, as such, made her first movie role a big success in “After The Thin Man.” However, she realized that, though she was good in the role of a tough girl, it might nevertheless act as a boomerang and prove the very thing to retard her screen career.

But then, let’s have our friend Blondie tell you just how it all happened. When we asked if she’d ever been on the stage, Penny laughed and explained, “Why, I practically lived there for years. You know, I was once an acrobatic dancer. I had a very fast routine which brought the house down with my finale. Forty cartwheels in forty seconds, all done in one spot! But I’d always wanted to be an actress. So every time I’d get an idea, the director would laugh me right out of his office saying, ‘So you’re a hoofer who still wants to act? Stick to your dancing, kid. You don’t know when you’re lucky!’

‘This rebuff would keep me quiet just so long; then I’d try again. Well, as luck would have it, one day a friend of mine asked me to see if I could get his sketch read. Since I was a little skeptical of budding young writers, I had a look at it first. Honestly, I was practically in hysterics just reading it. (Continued on page 81)
IF YOU TAN

If your skin has brown or yellow undertones (as it will if you're suntanned), wear rouge in the orange-red color range.

Lipstick should always closely match your rouge. Those who tan should use shades from light to dark orange-reds.

To be correct, face powder must match your suntanned complexion. Summer shades are richer and darker.

The Beauty Shop shows you the cor-

ALONG ABOUT this time of year from Hollywood to Hartford, from Walla Walla to Waco, girls fill our mail bags to bursting with questions which, laid end to end, all sing the same tune, "What shall we do about summer make-up?" "My coloring is dark, my skin is oily," says one. "Mine's medium with light eyes. How can I make up with a sun-tan?" asks another. "I'm blonde, thin-skinned and brown-eyed. What colors are new and exciting for me this summer?" queries a third. And so on and on.

Well, draw up your hammocks and porch-swings, girls, for we've rounded up answers for just about every one of you. Some are new and novel, others tried and true, but all are based on good sense and sound principles.

First of all, should you or shouldn't you sun-tan? (Oh yes, some of us really shouldn't.) Remember away back when all the girls in Hollywood laid themselves out on the beaches and toasted, broiled or baked their anatomies to

BY CAROL

Louise Campbell has the type of skin which tans easily and evenly.
every shade of brown, from golden toast to coffee bean? Girls who had no business exposing themselves to Old Sol's merciless glare, suffered along with the rest because everybody was doing it, my dear. Well, a lot of those girls still carry the scars of over-enthusiasm and over-exposure—permanently coarse, toughened skins, freckles ranging from the size of pepper grains to ginger snaps, and other various and assorted mementos of those halcyon days they'd now like to forget.

But nowadays people everywhere know more about the mysterious workings together of sun and skin, pigments and ultra-violet rays, to say nothing of health and nerves and sleep and digestion, as they are affected by Old Man Sunshine. We've learned to take the good and leave the dangerous aspects of the sun's miraculous powers and we've profited immensely from our enlightenment.

You see, under the first layer of horny, scaly top skin known as epidermis, we all have (Continued on page 66)
When Florence Rice was a bachelor gal, she had very definite ideas. One was, "Don't marry an actor."

But when Robert Wilcox followed her to Honolulu, she forgot and married him. Just another resolution gone wrong!

HOLLYWOOD'S BACHELOR GIRLS

JIMMY STEWART should be boarded up," said the newly-wed Florence Rice a bitstartlingly. "He should put up a sign reading 'Beware the Dog!'

"I wanted to know," I interrupted this strange flight of fancy, "about the bachelor girls of Hollywood and their problems."

"And who should know better than I, having just escaped from their problems? Don't you see, the fact that Jimmy Stewart should be boarded up exposes the b.g. situation as nothing else could. It's entirely relevant," Florence insisted.

Miss R., or Mrs. Robert Wilcox, if you will, then proceeded to call my attention to the bare fact that Jimmy is just about the only eligible bachelor left in the choice circles of movie Hollywood. Result, there must be S.R.O., where Jimmy is concerned; his telephone wire scrofulous from over-use; his feet, if he does his duty by the ravening spinsters, quite "wore" out. He should be boarded up for his own protection, she declares.

No one I can think of is better qualified to make exposes than Florence. As a child she was labelled The Question-Mark Girl, by one of her father’s friends. She asked questions about everything. She still does and doesn’t stop until she gets the answers. I’ll bet you right now that Florence knows more about cameras, sound tracks, cutting-room technique, scripts, tests and rushes than most of the specialists.

So it was not surprising that Floncy (her folks pet-named her that while she was still in the cradle) fresh from her "The Kid From Texas" assignment and her Honolulu honeymoon, rallied to the colors of a question and attacked it zestfully and thoroughly.

Florence Rice is the kind of a girl with an enormous appetite for life, all courses included, canapes to nuts. She is the kind of a girl who loves to eat, reads all the new books, plays a driving game of tennis, an acceptable game of bridge, a silly game of golf, sees all the stage plays, loves dogs, has a sense of humor which is positively frightening and makes up her mind as though it were a link in a chain of lightning. Witness her snap decision about holy matrimony.

The combination of brains and beauty is aces up for Florence. As for the men, it’s enough to say that the Rice beauty astounds you when you meet it face to face. Those horizon-blue eyes, that warm, naturally golden hair, that flair for wearing clothes!

Bachelor girls in Hollywood, according to Floncy, then, lead strange lives. Truly lone-wolf lives, if she ever saw ’em. "Why, even us girls," laughed Florence, "don’t get together out here. It’s the darnest thing. Right here in this dressing-room building on the studio lot about eight of us have our suites. We make up in them, change costumes in them, rest in them, usually lunch in them. Virginia Bruce and Hedy Lamarr are two of the girls in the building I’m crazy about and I never see them. You would suppose that we’d get together for lunch now and then or for tea and some ‘girl-talk.’ Being on the same lot, doing the same work, you’d think we’d (Continued on page 68)
HOW LEW GOT THAT WAY

IF IT hadn't been for Uncle Charlie, "Dribble-Puss" probably wouldn't be laying 'em in the aisles of ten thousand theatres every week.

Dribble-Puss, as everybody who sees the newsreels knows, is Lew Lehr, whose cockeyed comments on current events sound muttier than a fruit cake. It's hard to imagine this cuckoo comic as a responsible businessman. But he is. Four days a week, he edits short subjects for Fox. The other two, he takes the silliest hat he can find and goes to town with the Newssettes. On the seventh day, he hangs out with Belle and Giorianne and Shug, Chuck and Butch. But more about them later.

Lehr has wanted to be funny ever since he can remember, and it was really Uncle Charlie Ritter, his mother's brother, who gave him his chance. Uncle Charlie was a booker for entertainers in Philadelphia. Occasionally he gave young Lew the job of changing the signs on the stage of the auditorium where his acts were working. The wide-eyed youngster hung around in the wings, memorizing the comedy turns. Next day, he'd teach them to the other kids in the neighborhood, and they'd put on shows in the Lehr cellar.

Those were the carefree days for Lew. He was the oldest of six children, and he was still in his teens when he became the sole support of the family. But while he was a kid, he had experiences which marked him for life, both mentally and physically. Publicity pictures of Lehr, out of costume, are retouched. They don't show his broken nose or battered teeth.

YOU KNOW how my teeth got that way?" he says, tapping them. "There was a sort of iron grille fire escape running up the side of Hart's Grammar School in Philadelphia. I was always getting sent home for climbing it. Well, one day I slipped!"

When he was fourteen, he was graduated, and the following year attended Northeast High School, where he was promptly placed on the football team. It was his ability in that game that later helped him into Bucknell College, which he quit after a few months to go into the leather business. His father, Charles H. Lehr, was with R. H. Foederer & Co., for whom he invented vici kid, and the process of tanning which has made possible white shoes that don't turn tan in a couple of months. Naturally his father wanted Lew to follow in his footsteps.

But Lew didn't like the business world. He wanted action. When in school, he won considerable local fame by his boxing ability. He might have continued, but some opponent whacked him on the Adam's apple, nearly strangling him. "Boxing is fun, but breathing is nicer," Lew explains. But if you'd let him, he'd talk boxing to you all day. He'll add that he had an eight-inch chest expansion, and offer to show you an insurance policy to prove it.

After quitting the ring, he turned his attention exclusively to cartoon and comedy. For a year or so he worked at concerts and smokers until someone whispered to him that young Jim Harkins—yes, that's the same Uncle Jim you hear on the Fred Allen shows—was quitting J. C. Mack's "Mother Goose" act.

"I went (Continued on page 82)

Lehr, of the crazy comments on current events, owes it all to Uncle Charlie

The goofy gent's Lewr Lehr, who claims that "monkeys iss the kwaziest people!"

BY ROBERT EICHBERG

Lew drew this cartoon o himself especially for you Modern Screen readers.
Our cameraman,
Jules Buck, goes
star gazing all
around Movietown

Lynn Bari and hubby, Walter Kane, at-

tend a premiere at Grauman's Theatre.

Randy Scott has some table-talk with
Fred Astaire and his pretty wife.

David Niven hears Loretta Young's new
joke—and, what's more—he likes it.

They plan to marry soon. Doris Carl-
son and Jeffrey Lynn at Cafe Lamaze.

Clark Andrews and Claire Trevor drink
a toast. They've been married a year.

Jane Wyman and Gloria Dickson doing
their homework at Grace Haves' Lodge.

Irene Hervey, Allan Jones (they're Mr.
and Mrs.) with Frances Robinson.

Marlene Dietrich, the lady of leisure,
with Cedric Gibbons, the art director.

Raquel Torres and Lupe Velez in an off
moment during a tête-à-tête lunch.

A moment to spare, so Mickey Rooney
gives Joan Bennett a treat—or is it?

Mary Brian and Reginald Gardiner
chaperoned by Irene Rich, right.
A get-together at the Cafe Lamaze—
Jean Parker, Ida Lupino, Martha Raye.

Not the spirit of '76, but George Murphy telling Ann Sheridan a bit of news.

Ronald Colman, Charles Boyer, Mrs. C. (Benita Hume) and Mrs. B. (Pat Paterson).

Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney try to
"figger it out" between courses.

A get-together at the Cafe Lamaze—
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Ronald Colman, Charles Boyer, Mrs. C. (Benita Hume) and Mrs. B. (Pat Paterson).

Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney try to
"figger it out" between courses.

Mary Pickford and Cesar Romero at a
dinner party. Mr. R. looks pensive.

Mervyn LeRoy and Joan Bennett find
themselves dinner partners.

Open wide! And Fanny Brice gives
Georgie Burns a great big bite.

Joy E. Brown and Gail Patrick oblige
and smile for the birdie.

The Jack Bennys—she's Mary Living-
stone—dine at Ruby Foo's.

Basil Rathbone with the newly-wed
Douglas Fairbanks, Juniors.

Jon Hall, Humphrey Bogart, Mrs. B. and
Jon's wife, Frances Langford.

Eleanor Powell and boy friend, Billy
Seymour, dancing at the Palomar.
The Arthur Hornblows—she’s Myrna Loy, you know—attend the preview of “Lucky Night.” Mrs. H. affects a nifty chapeau of navy blue and white silk with attached scarf to match.

Frances Langford likes Hubby Jon Hall and plenty of slave bracelets. Here’s a pair who are as gay as they are handsome. No movie gathering seems complete without them.

Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray before viewing his latest, “Invitation To Happiness.” Fred is happy these days because his wife is well once more and able to accompany him to parties.

Ronald Reagan has become one of Hollywood’s most sought after young bachelors. Here he’s with Jane Wyman. Nothing is more pert than she except, perhaps, her plumed hat.
The title of this devoted picture might well be "Cupid's Last Stand," for Bob Taylor joined the long matrimonial list when he married the attractive Barbara Stanwyck. It is safe to predict that their married life will be a happy one.

A couple of very good actors get together and talk over their art. Leslie Howard and Paul Muni at the Radio Theatre. You'll soon be seeing the former in "Gone With the Wind" and you're probably now enjoying the latter in "Juarez."
Billy Mauch and Granville help Jane Withers celebrate her 13th.

Below, Marcia Mae Jones and Jane Carlson have fun, too.

Above, Jackie Searl, Cora Sue Collins, Bobby Breen with Jane Withers.

Jane, Bob Watson, Freddie Bartholomew, Marcia Jones, Virginia Welder.
Above, Lionel Barrymore celebrates his 61st. Can you name all his pals? Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, with Janet Chapman greet Mary Robson. Marjorie Weaver and Vic Orsatti watch Sonia Henie cut her birthday cake.

Below, Janet Chapman treats Miss Robson for it is her 75th birthday.
**GOOD NEWS**

When Sonja Henie, ice queen, dons roller skates—that's news! So—here's a scoop.

**HER PAINLESS WARDROBE**

Bette Davis loves clothes but hates to shop. There's no denying that she is the best-dressed actress on the lot, and knowing that she would rather be shoanghoshed than spend an afternoon in a dress shop, sleuthing out her system looked like it might have interesting possibilities. She wears nothing but slack suits, sweaters and sports dresses during working hours. These are ordered from a salesman who comes to the lot every few months with samples of material from which Bette makes her selection. The dresses are all made exactly alike and the slack suits are all on one pattern, too. Since the company has her measurements, that's that. Those dazzling evening clothes in the Davis wardrobe are selected by the girl in charge of fashions on the studio lot. When selecting clothes for fashion sittings for other stars, she gets a few gowns that she thinks will appeal to Bette Davis. And they always do. So that's how to get a painless and perfect wardrobe—if you're a movie star.

**MORE CLOTHES PROBLEMS**

Best-dressed man in town is Freddie Bartholomew. That's according to no less an authority on the subject than William Powell, who made the statement after Freddie was the only one to show up in a dinner jacket at Lionel Barrymore's birthday party. But Judy Garland wished that Freddie wouldn't be quite so sartorially correct, for after he acquired the jacket it was inevitably worn whenever he took her to dinner. Judy felt a little silly in her angora sweaters and bobby socks, which are the favorite items in her wardrobe. But now everything's fine. Freddie and Judy have made a compromise which suits both. They dine at the town's most super de luxe hamburger stand, where the customers consider comfort first and foremost and everybody's happy.

"U. P." RAYMOND

Gene Raymond said he was practically dizzzy from happiness at the prospect of seeing Jeanette MacDonald when he took that trip to Omaha, where she was giving one of her concerts. When he got off the train he began to suspect he was drunk with happiness. For an Indian chief grabbed his bag, a Union soldier was at the wheel of his taxi and a cowboy registered him at the hotel. When he saw Jeanette he reassured him that he was perfectly normal, but that Mr. DelMille had taken over the town for the "Union Pacific" premiere.

**THE RETORT SNAPPY**

The "Questions and Answers" session which Eddie Cantor holds after his broadcasts generally turns out to be better entertain- ment than the regular program. The other day a motherly looking woman called out from the balcony, "Mr. Cantor, what made you go into show business?" Eddie answered, "At a certain period in my life, Madame, I decided I wanted to eat more." The lady burst into tears and sobbed, "You poor boy." Another woman in the audience inquired if Eddie wasn't married at the time. "Oh, sure," said Cantor, "but you can't get ahead in this world on a bride's idea of biscuits." And Ida Cantor, sitting in the sponsors’ booth, beamed more fondly than ever at her better-half.

**NEWEST NEWS**

The Mary Astor-Manuel del Campo heir is expected any day . . . Carole Lombard's secretary "Fieldie" who married Walter Long is outfitting a nursery for their first . . . The Fred MacMurrays are also making plans for an heir expected in the autumn . . . Phil Harris can't talk about anything else but his newly adopted son . . . Margaret Tallichet and William Wellman also have an early date with Mr. Stork.

**GOING STRAIGHT**

Fame and fortune will never turn the Garfield head. He's the most modest actor on any set and when pinned down for interviews, John invariably pulls snapshots of his wife and baby out of his pocket and gives a five-page story on them without an "I" entering into it. But the other day he told on himself. "I've gone Hollywood," Garfield admitted. "I've bought a tuxedo. My first and last tuxedo. I bought it for the wedding of one of my wife's friends. When that's over next week, the suit's going to the studio wardrobe department and I'm going straight.

**REEL REALISM**

For his role in "Elizabeth and Essex," Errol Flynn was supposed to wear a long beard. But he finally prevailed upon the studio to let him have a small pointed beard which he found more becoming. The day after this matter was settled, Bette Davis appeared on the set looking rather strange. For her role as "Elizabeth" she was to have had her eyebrows painted out with makeup. But Bette took matters into her own hands—and pulled out every last sign of her eyebrows. "I'm more interested in being authen- tic than glamorous," she said.

**SOME SAD STUFF**

For a scene in "Lady of the Tropics" Hedy Lamarr had to weep. She had never turned on the tears for the benefit of the camera before, so the director offered suggestions. "Think of something sad," he told her. "For instance, think of how you would feel if you had never met Mr. Markey." They started

Someone in authority evidently just told Mickey Rooney that he's gonna get that raise.

the scene and, sure enough, the tears welled up in the Lamarr orb. "It worked, didn't it?" asked the pleased director. "It made me sad all right to think I might never have met Gene," said Hedy, "but what brought on the tears was a good big pinch that I gave myself."

**SOME SHORT SHOTS**

Jeanette MacDonald's sister, Marie Blake, has more bids for picture work than her famous sister. She's Hollywood's best "telephone operator." . . . Fay Bainter will be a Warner star and is already an honorary Greek Goddess—title bestowed on her while recently in Greece . . . If Adrienne Ames doesn't stop visiting astrologers, nobody will know—or care—how to spell her name. She changed it back to Adrienne after the latest seance. . . . It cost $35 to get a pair of shoes roughed enough for Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess"—they had to be made specially. . . . Arno, Errol Flynn's famous dog, is now a grandpa. . . . The studio is still getting heartbroken letters from femme fans who didn't want Tyrone Power to wed . . . David Niven hasn't a romance ru-
GIVES YOU THE LATEST LOWDOWN ON THE HOLLYWOOD HIGH-UPS

mored about him these days. Spends all his time fishing off the Santa Monica pier . . . Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins gave a cocktail party to the cast of "The Old Maid" on the picture's completion . . . Maureen O'Sullivan's younger sister may be a moorn pitcher actress, too . . . There are 500 Robert Taylors in these United States, according to latest statistics. . . Four of the famous Watson children are in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" . . . Johnny Weissmuller has his first hair-cut in six years. But has to grow a long bob again before starting his next picture.

E. FLYNN AND WIFE

The Errol Flynn's play hide-and-seek almost nightly around the popular clubs in town. They seem to have their arrivals and departures timed so that they avoid each other by a split second. Or perhaps Flynn is doing the avoiding, though he always comes alone to the night-spots and Lilli Damita generally has at least two escorts in tow. She makes inquiries of the head-waiters to find out if Flynn has been in that evening. If so, she and her party pick up their wraps and start the rounds again.

HONEYMOON HOME

Grace Moore's former house is now home sweet home to the Tyrone Powers. But every nook and corner of the three-acre estate and eighteen-room house has been transformed. Tyrone and Annabella like the modern motif in decorating, so the pink-satin walls and accompanying fancy furnishings of Lo Moore were ripped out. However, the very unique showers have been left intact, due to the expense of replacing plumbing fixtures. Each shower is equipped with a series of buttons for releasing perfumed steam. Annabella doesn't think the idea is too awful, but according to Tyrone he'd rather be caught dead than caught punching one of those buttons.

THE HOUSE OF GABLE

The Gable home in the San Fernando Valley is a far cry from perfumed steam showers. It is simplicity in every detail, from the rambling ranch-house exterior, to the maple furniture and hooked rugs which are used throughout the house. They are going to manage with two servants and two cars—a roadster appliance. For swanky parties and premieres the Gables will rent a limousine and let the gardener double in brass as chauffeur.

FIELDS. THE FIBBER

W. C. Fields' appearance on a "Gateway to Hollywood" program brought a chorus of 'Oh's' and 'Ah's' from the feminine members of the audience. He was wearing a natty sweater number in softest baby blue angora. One of the ladies was determined to find out where Mr. Fields had purchased the sweater so she could get one just like it. Back-stage she finally corralled the actor and made her inquiry. Mr. Fields admitted he was flattered, "But I'm sorry to tell you, Madam," he said, "that it is not a local purchase. Nor did I knit it myself. A pet horse of mine wore this sweater for years on the Rappahannock. The noble steed went swimming one morning after hanging this sweater on a limb, and was swept out a dam. That was, yes, 1859 and . . ." but the lady had fled.

THOSE OUTDOOR GABLES

Though cinemawoman cynics were betting that Carole Lombard would not so much as look at a fishing-rod or take a shot at a skeet after she became Mrs. Gable, they were wrong. For the Gables have spent every week-end since their marriage on fishing trips and every day Clark Gable has been able to wrangle away from the studio during the week has found him on a hunting trip accompanied by his blonde retriever. If, as, and when they ever get that chance for a honeymoon, they plan to spend it on a deep-sea fishing jaunt. Carole has gotten so that she never thinks of a night club any more.

BOB BREEN. HE-MAN

There's a move on at his studio to make a manly fellow out of Bobby Breen for his next picture "Way Down South." In the first place, the studio wants Master Breen to be known as Bob. Then they plan to take all the cut out of his hair and put him on a buttermilk diet to get the roses out of his cheeks. But we have to hand it to Bobby. He thinks all these Robert Taylor methods of making a he-man out of him are pretty silly. He told Sol Lesser so the other day. "Let me have a good fight or two in the picture, instead," he begged. "I'm not afraid to take on any kid twice—well, almost twice—my size."

HOME COOKING DOES IT

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Her studio bosses claim the luscious Hedy Lamarr does too much night-clubbing, 'tis said.

BREAK OR BUST?

At 20th Century-Fox studios, Myrna Loy is winning friends and influencing people like she's done for so long at Metro. Myrna's never limited her graciousness to the Who's Who's of Hollywood, either. Now she's taken Brenda Joyce, who makes her screen debut in "The Raines Came," under her wing and is giving her friendly advice and encouragement every day on the set. Brenda's the eighteen-year-old U. S. C. ca-ed who got the break of the season when Zanuck handed her the role of "Tera" in the best-seller on which the picture is based. Brenda says it was a break all right, but without Myrna Loy's helping hand it would probably have been a bust.
HER PAINLESS WARDROBE

Bette Davis loves clothes but hates to shop. There’s no denying that she is the best-dressed actress on the lot, and knowing that she would rather be shanghaied than spend an afternoon in a dress shop, slashing out her system looked like it might have interesting possibilities. She wears nothing but slack suits, sweaters and sports dresses during working hours. These are ordered from a salesman who comes to the lot every few months with samples of material from which Bette makes her selection. The dresses are all made exactly alike and the slack suits are all on one pattern, too. Since the company has her measurements, that’s that. Those dazzling evening clothes in the Davis wardrobe are selected by the girl in charge of fashions on the studio lot. When selecting clothes for fashion sittings for other stars, she gets a few gowns that she thinks will appeal to Bette Davis. And they always do. So that’s how to get a painless and perfect wardrobe—if you’re a movie star.

MORE CLOTHES PROBLEMS

Best-dressed man in town is Freddie Bartholomew. That’s according to no less an authority on the subject than William Powell, who made the statement after Freddie was the only one to show up in a dinner jacket at Lionel Barrymore’s birthday party. But Judy Garland wished that Freddie wouldn’t be quite so sartorially correct, for after he acquired the jacket it was inevitably worn whenever he took her to dinner. Judy felt a little silly in her angora sweaters and bobby socks, which are the favorite items in her wardrobe. But now everything’s fine. Freddie and Judy have made a compromise which suits both. They dine at the town’s most super de luxe hamburger stand, where the customers consider comfort first and foremost and everybody’s happy.

“U. P.” RAYMOND

Gene Raymond said he was practically dizzy from happiness at the prospect of seeing Jeanette MacDonald when he took that trip to Omaha, where she was giving one of her concerts. When he got off the train he began to suspect he was drunk with happiness. For an Indian chief grabbed his bag, a Union soldier was at the wheel of his taxi and a cowboy registered him at the hotel. When he saw Jeanette he reassured him that he was perfectly normal, but that Mr. DeMille had taken over the town for the “Union Pacific” premiere.

THE RETORT SNAPPY

The “Questions and Answers” session which Eddie Cantor holds after his broad-casts generally turns out to be better entertainment than the regular program. The other day a motherly looking woman called out from the balcony, "Mr. Cantor, what made you go into show business?" Eddie answered, "At a certain period in my life, Madame, I decided I wanted to eat more."

The lady burst into tears and sobbed, "You poor boy." Another woman in the audience inquired if Eddie wasn’t married at the time. "Oh, sure," said Cantor, "but you can’t get ahead in this world on a bride’s idea of biscuits." And Ida Cantor, sitting in the sponsors’ booth, beamed more fondly than ever at her better-half.

NEWEST NEWS

The Mary Astor-Manuel del Campo heir is expected any day. Carole Lombard’s secretary “Foldie” who carried Walter Lang is casting a nursery for their first. The Fred MacMurrays are also making plans for an heir expected in the autumn. Phil Harris can’t talk about anything else but his newly adopted son. Margaret Tallichet and William Wellman also have an early date with Mr. Stork.

GOING STRAIGHT

Fame and fortune will never turn the Garfield head. He’s the most modest actor on any set and when plunged down for interviews, John invariably pulls snapshots of his wife and baby out of his pocket and gives a five-page story on them without an “I” entering into it. But the other day he told on himself. "I’ve gone Hollywood," Garfield admitted. "I’ve bought a tuxedo. My first and last tuxedo. I bought it for the wedding of one of my wife’s friends. When that’s over next week, the suit’s going to the studio wardrobe department and I’m going straight."

REEL REALISM

For his role in "Elizabeth and Essex," Errol Flynn was supposed to wear a long beard. But he finally prevailed upon the studio to let him have a small pointed beard which he found more becoming. The day after this matter was settled, Bette Davis appeared on the set looking rather strange. For her role as "Elizabeth" she was to have had her eyebrows pointed out with make-up. But Bette took matters into her own hands—and pulled out every last sign of her eyebrows. "I’m more interested in being authentic than glamorous," she said.

SOME SAD STUFF

For a scene in "Lady of the Tropics" Hedy Lamarr had to weep. She had never turned on the tears for the benefit of the camera before, so the director offered suggestions. "Think of something sad," he told her. "For instance, think of how you would feel if you had never met Mr. Markey." They started the scene and, sure enough, the tears welled up in the Lamarr orbit. "It worked, didn’t it?" asked the pleased director. "It made me sad all right to think I might never have met Gene," said Hedy, "but what brought on the tears was a good big pinch that I gave myself."

SOME SHORT SHOTS

Jeanette MacDonald’s sister, Marie Blake, has more bids for picture work than her famous sister. She’s Hollywood’s best “telephone operator.” Fay Bainter will be a Warner star and is already an honorary Greek Goddess—title bestowed on her while recently in Greece. If Adrienne Ames doesn’t stop visiting astrologers, nobody will know—nor care—how to spell her name. She changed it back to Adrienne after the latest scence. It cost $35 to get a pair of shoes rapped enough for Shirley Temple in “The Little Princess”—they had to be made specially. Arno, Errol Flynn’s famous dog, is now a grandpa. The studio is still getting heart-broken letters from femme fans who didn’t want Tyrone Power to wed... David Niven hasn’t a romance ru...
GIVES YOU THE LATEST LOWDOWN ON THE HOLLYWOOD HIGH-UPS

moled about him these days. Spends all his time fishing off the Santa Monica pier . . . Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins gave a cocktail party to the cast of "The Old Maid" on the picture's completion . . . Maureen O'Sullivan's younger sister may be a room pitcher actress, too . . . There are 500 Robert Taylors in these United States, according to latest statistics. . . Four of the famous Watson children are in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" . . . Johnny Weissmuller has his first hair-cut in six years. But has to grow a long bob again before starting his next picture.

E. FLYNN AND WIFE
The Errol Flyns play hide-and-seek almost nightly around the popular clubs in town. They seem to have their arrivals and departures timed so that they avoid each other by a split second. Or perhaps Flynn is doing the avoiding, though he always comes alone to the night-spots and Lili Damita generally has at least two escorts in tow. She makes inquiries of the head waiters to find out if Flynn has been in that evening. If so, she and her party pick up their wraps and start the rounds again.

HONEYMOON HOME
Grace Moore's former house is now home sweet home to the Tyrone Powers. But every nook and corner of the three-acre estate and eighteen-room house has been transformed. Tyrone and Annabella like the modern motif in decorating, so the pink satin walls and accompanying fancy furnishings of La Moore were ripped out. However, the very unique showers have been left intact, due to the expense of replacing plumbing fixtures. Each shower is equipped with a series of buttons for releasing perfumed steam. Annabella doesn't think the idea is too awful, but according to Tyrone he'd rather be caught dead than caught punching one of those buttons.

THE HOUSE OF GABLE
The Gable home in the San Fernando Valley is a far cry from perfumed steam showers. It is simplicity in every detail, from the rambling ranch-house exterior, to the maple furniture and hooked rugs which are used throughout the house. They are going to manage with two servants and two cars—a roadster apiece. For swanky parties and premières the Gables will rent a limousine and let the gardener double in brass as chauffeur.

FIELDS, THE FIBBER
W. C. Fields' appearance on a "Gateway to Hollywood" program brought a chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's" from the feminine members of the audience. He was wearing a natty sweater number in softest baby blue angora. One of the ladies was determined to find out where Mr. Fields had purchased the sweater so she could get one just like it. Back-stage she finally cornered the actor and made her inquiry. Mr. Fields admitted he was flattered, "But I'm sorry to tell you, Madam," he said, "that it is not a local purchase. Nor did I knit it myself. A pet horse of mine wore this sweater for years on the Rappahanock. The noble steed went swimming one morning after hanging this sweater on a limb, and was swept over a dam. That was, yes, 1859 and—" but the lady had fled.

BOB BRENN, HE-MAN
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THOSE OUTDOOR GABLES
Though cinemaworld cynics were betting that Carole Lombard would not so much as look at a fishing-rod or take a shot at a skeet after she became Mrs. Gable, they were wrong. For the Gables have spent every week-end since their marriage on fishing trips and every day Clark Gable has been able to wangle away from the studio during the week has found him on a hunting trip accompanied by his blonde retriever. If, as, and when they ever get that chance for a honeymoon, they plan to spend it on a deep-sea fishing jaunt. Carole has gotten so that she never thinks of a night club any more.

Dorothy Lamour caught red-handed at the great paper-napkin tearing trick.
ANN’S THE OOMPHIEST

At a Pickfair cocktail party, the photographers were lining up the guests for pictures. Buddy Rogers and Ann Sheridan were posed together for one, and afterwards Buddy took one cameraman aside and asked for the name of the girl with whom he had just posed. "That’s Ann Sheridan," he was told, "you know—the oomph girl." "I haven't been around town for so long that I've lost track of the current crop," Buddy explained. "But say," he added, "isn't she the oomphiest you ever saw?"

ROMANTIC REBOUNDS

Reginald Gardner has practically forgotten the broken heart Hedy Lamarr dealt him, and Mary Brian is still the reason. Tom Brown is trying to forget Natalie Draper by going with Anne Waxter, dialogue girl for Howard Hawkes and former model. Natalie is dating her lawyer, Wally Beery is being seen around town with one good looking blonde after another.

MORE ABOUT G. W. T. W.

Selznick studios would prefer that the results of their recent nation-wide poll be kept on the QT. They investigated the country’s reaction to the selection of Vivien Leigh as Scarlett and the result was somewhat of a blow. Though 30% approved to the 30% who didn’t, 40% of the great American public didn’t know anyone had been chosen for the role.

A GREAT COMPROMISE

There’s a mad scramble between every scene on the “Gone With The Wind” set. For Vivien Leigh is an Angamar fliend and Olivia De Havilland is equally rabid on the subject of Chinese Checkers—and they like Clark Gable for a partner. Gable happens to like both girls and both games, but he’s hit upon a practical solution for the predicament. It’s three-handed bridge and now everyone is happy.

SMELLED SORTA FISHY

Jack Benny had been fishing for sea bass with Fred MacMurray, and as they were about to leave the dock, the skipper of their boat asked what to do with the catch. Fred told him to keep them, explaining that he was afraid they would be slightly odoriferous if taken all the way to Hollywood. Benny thought differently. He wanted some fish to show the little woman. He finally won out, and gave his friend a few "I told you so’s" about the lack of fish odor in the car after they had arrived home. But, next morning, Jack wasn’t so sure about being smart. His car reeked like a sea-food grotto. He took the car to a wash rack. It did no good. He took it back. Still the smell persisted. Finally he took the car to a garage and told the mechanic to take the car apart if necessary, but somehow, ANYHOW, get rid of that odor. Later, the mechanic called. "Your car will be okay now, but I wouldn’t try keeping a dead fish under the cow ventilator again," he said.

OLIVIA’S ADMIRERS

Olivia De Havilland has a brand new beau—unfortunately. For the beau sits in his parked car opposite Olivia's home every morning and waits to see her leave for the studio. This has gone on for two weeks, but since the admirer is just a high school lad, Olivia's too kind-hearted to report the event to the police. "Besides, I'm used to it," she says. "Every so often some high school boy finds out where I live, and hangs around just to watch me come and go. They never bother me."

BOB'S WEDDING DAY

Robert Taylor blew up in his lines time after time when he and Hedy Lamarr were taking the wedding vows in “Lady of the Tropics.” The scene was being made on a Saturday morning and finally the director said, "I'd hate to see you folks work Saturday afternoon, but we've got to get this scene in the bag today." Taylor ordered up a pot of coffee at those words, swallowed three cups in rapid succession, and then went into it. "I had to spend the last two days working here at the studio," the gang might have worked except for the fact that both blonde Oren and Priscilla were sun-blistered to exactly the same shade of fiery red.

BUDGET BALANCING

Irene Dunne had the most expensive rehearsal in history—and paid the charges herself. She was at Palm Springs when notified of her selection as star on a CBS broadcast. The star didn't want to miss being on the air-show, but neither did she want to give up soaking in sunshine. So the first long-distance telephone rehearsal took place, with Cary Grant and the Screen Guild Show’s director hanging on the Hollywood end of the line. It all seemed like a splendid idea to Irene—until the phone bill was presented to her. On her return to Hollywood for the final rehearsal of "Alone In Paris" she mentioned to Cary Grant the amount of the bill and he was equally stunned. So they got their heads together, determined to balance Irene’s budget. The result is a radio story idea which the two are going to sell as a motion picture script. It's titled "Romance by Remote Control"—so watch for it.

GRETAS GREETERS

Now that everyone else has gone natural, Martha Raye's a platinum blonde. Only one who know that Greta Garbo arrived on the lot the first morning of shooting for "Ninotchka" was Beth Riley.

Speaking of ditty dome decorations—how do you like Miriam Hopkins'?

porter and asked for some news on her famous husband. "I wish I could give you something," she said, "but all I know about my spouse is what I read in the papers.

AN UNFAIR DATER

Who is the beautiful star who makes her own dates with eligible and handsome men around town? Too polite to turn her down, the escorts take the lovely-lover to the best places, but sit in disgruntled silence throughout the evening.

CURRENT ROMANCES

Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart have found each other... Rand Brooks is the new object of Arleen Whelan's affections since she decided not to marry Alex D'Arcy... Richard Carlson has replaced Cesar Romero in the eyes of Ann Sheridan... Dorothy Lamour is being seen constantly with Wynn Romcomara, the same escort she had before her divorce from Herbie Kay... Edgar Bergen who dates all the movie cuties is repeating dates with Helen Mack... Eleanor Powell says those romance rumors are so much nonsense and that the whole world will know it when she's really serious... It was Sonja Henie's idea to veto a mustache for Rudy Vallee in their new picture. She says it tickles.

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a hair-dresser. Beth was in the make-up department at the studio when she received a telephone call from the Garbo herself, asking her to come over to her dressing-room and "keep it on the Q.T. "Where are you going?" asked the girls in unison, when Beth started to quietly slip out. "Oh, no place, no place at all," was the evasive answer. Which was all the answer needed to arouse suspicions. In no time the word had spread like wild-fire around the lot that Garbo had already arrived for work. When the actress came out of her dressing-room, she was trailed to the set by a crowd of gaping studio workers—among them some big-shot Metro officials who had never had the opportunity to give the Great One the once-over.

HER COSTLIEST COSTUME

Though Vivien Leigh has many elaborate costumes for "Gone With the Wind," her costliest is the ugliest dress she wears in the picture. Fourteen copies of this dress had to be made, for it is the one which she wears when fleeing Atlanta—and then wears until it literally falls to pieces. Each copy of the dress had to show more wear and tear, and the last and most ragged copy made the biggest dent in the Selznick budget. For the girls in the wardrobe department worked two days to "age" it.

Errol Flynn, a little the worse for wear, phones his wife on his return from Dodge City.

Various types of knives, steel combs, brushes, sandpaper and wood rasps were used to abrade the cloth and chemical agents had to be applied with great care for that faded effect.

HE'S FIRST RATE

At the opening of Los Angeles' famous Coconut Grove, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul were very much in evidence and evidently very much in love. While admiring Deanna's pink chiffon evening gown, she told us it was really only her second-best. Her other one was at the cleaner's, she confided. "But," she added, "there's nothing second-best about my boy friend."

DOES SHE MAKE SENSE?

Most eccentric actress to appear on the "Silver Theater" radio program to date is Joan Crawford. In the first place, she gets such bad attacks of Mike fright that she likes to have the director, or some understanding assistant, hold her during the performance. Then she refuses to work from a script which she feels she can see the maestro leading the orchestra. The star is afraid that her fatal fascination for watching orchestra directors will cause her to lose her place in the radio script. And last, but not least, she can't stand to wear shoes during rehearsals and runs around in her stocking feet. Shoes make her nervous, she says—all the hundred pairs she owns—when she has to emote. Unless Miss Crawford learns to take things easier for herself, she'll make that proposed Broadway play tough on, everyone concerned.

BETTE'S REAL HEART

There's one large and lovely picture decorating the grand piano in George Brent's living room. It's of Bette Davis—and inscribed "To Our Lasting Friendship." Of course you can be married and still be friends—at least some people can—but to all indications there's no romance between George and Bette. For one thing, he's chartered a passage for a three-month Sea Island cruise on completion of his present picture. And for another thing, Bette and Harmon Nelson are daily correspondents, and she admits he's still leading man in her off-screen life.

JANE'S DILEMMA

Jane Withers was taking a postman's holiday and watching Nancy Kelly at work on a scene. After the take, when Nancy walked over to greet her, Jane heaved a sigh, "I wish I could be just like you when I grow up." "Why, Jane," exclaimed Nancy, "when you grow up you'll be a much finer actress than I." This didn't cheer Jane very much, "Oh, I'll always be okay as an actress," she said. "But I mean be like you, instead of just a bunch of bumps like me."

HIGH-PRICED FLATTERY

Marie Wilson looked pleased as Punch one day when she came into the commissary to join Nick Grinde for lunch. Seemed that she had been called into the studio that morning to pose for stills. A Great Dane was needed for the pictures, so a neighboring kennel had been called to rent a dog for the purpose. But when the kennel owner had learned that a dog was wanted for a Marie Wilson picture, he had hastened to assure the studio that it wouldn't cost them a cent. Posing one of his pooches with Marie Wilson was a distinct honor and privilege. "Wan't that flattering, Nick?" beamed Marie. "And the man only charged me six dollars for bringing the dog over."

BASHFUL BOY BROWN

If there was a "Most Bashful Man in Hollywood" title, Joe E. Brown would get it. He was so shy that he wouldn't kiss Claudette Colbert during rehearsals for their recent Screen Guild Show. At the actual broadcast, Joe E. finally kissed the actress—but he lost his place in the script. And the timidity had nothing to do with the fact that Mrs. Joe E. Brown was sitting in the front row, either. She applauded more lustily than anyone else. "Not because he lost his place in the script," explained Mrs. Joe E., "but because he actually kissed Miss Colbert. I bet him he'd never muster up the nerve."

FRED'S FOREIGN ACCENT

For a scene in "Are Husbands Necessary," Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray were to have tea together. Having been brought up on the drink, the scene was perfect for Madeleine. But Fred was horrified at the mere prospect of such sissy goings-on. He decided to take it with a cup of hot water, but found out that as a drink it wasn't so hot. So he tried a cup of tea. One cup led to another all afternoon. "Whew!" Madeleine exclaimed, after the sixth, "You'll be asking for your tea with an English accent next." "Another cup," said Fred, "and I'll be asking for everything with an orange polka dot accent."

CUPID'S IN AGAIN

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan—Betty and Jackie to the rest of us—have had to give up their second honeymoon plans. Their first was just two days at Palm Springs due to Betty's picture schedule and now that trip to Hawaii has been cancelled for the same reason. But according to the Coogans, it doesn't really matter, because life to them is just one long honeymoon, anyhow. Certainly everything seems to be going smoothly with this couple, and now that a numerologist has told Jackie to leave off that "lo" maybe things will work out as perfectly as she predicted.

BOYER'S GRATUFTFUL

It's no wonder that Charles Boyer is popular with the fans—feminine and otherwise. For he really takes their feelings into consideration, as evidenced after a recent broadcast. One of the agents warned him that it would be wiser to go out the back door because some two hundred fans had been waiting at the front entrance for two hours to see him. "Those are the people who gave me a chance," said Boyer, "and I'm not going to give them the—how you say it—the brush-off, now." And with that, he went out the front door—though it meant signing a collection of autograph books, pictures, handkerchiefs and one gentleman's white straw hat. It would be well if all stars were that gracious.
The Cotton Growers Association sent Charlie McCarthy his new summer suit—and he's that coy about accepting the gift! L. to r., Edward Everett Horton, Alice Louise Hall, Charlie McCarthy, Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Yvonne Duval and Humphrey Bogart.

Plenty of gay goings-on these summer nights!

Henry O'Neill, Wayne Morris, John Payne, Frank McHugh and Johnnie Davis are a gay group of married bachelors this particular summer evening.
DEAR "UNAPPROACHABLES":
This seems to be the open season for erasing out loud, so with the splendid examples set for me, I'm going to give a little yelping myself. Don't think that I am the voice of some three hundred accredited writers that are listed in Mike Ill Hays' credential file. I'm not. My yelp is entirely independent. But I think my soul-cry is echoed in the bosoms of every Hollywood fan. "Alice? If we have seats, sometimes you "Unapproachables" must wonder about that, after reading some of our unsolicited blurs about you.
You know, as film interviewers, we represent your public. We are the direct contact that a film star has with her patrons. And some of you make it very difficult for us to fulfill our duties when you deny us the right to talk with you. Again, you see, we are the liaison officers who help acquaint the cash customers with what you offer in the way of acting entertainment.
The job of cementing the friendship between star and patron should be easy. We ask for, and usually get, unless it happens to be one of you "Unapproachables," an interview from a popular star.
The cash customer wants to know about you. In addition to patronizing your films (thereby helping to boost your salary into the four-figure column, weekly), the fan buys magazines and papers to read about her "glamor-friend's" private-life doings.
That we sometimes seem to pry into your private affairs must be chalked up to the innate curiosity of the human race. You can't change the curiosity of the fan about your private goings-on any more than you can change Cousin Eta's natural, normal curiosity about Cousin Jenny's new beau. Many of Hollywood's stars are aware of this circumstance. They give generously of themselves, disregard privacy in their lives, knowing well that whenever the news value of their names will be nil. Why can't you "Unapproachables" do the same?
You know, Sire, Greata Garbo, Kay Francis, Margaret Sullivan and Fred Astaire. I know that when anyone generalizes, exceptions are always noted. Fred Astaire gives himself to the press, but to small advantage. Often when the story is submitted for his approval (no mention must be made of his private life or his real name), his deleting blue pencil mangles it so that the writer tosses up the assignment in despair, and goes after an interview with that ex-newspaperman Nelson Eddy, who is fairly broad-minded about such things.
If we sift the "Unapproachables," maybe we'll find good reasons for their attitudes.
Garbo's silence, I think, is attributable to ill health. The strain of interview-giving would prove too great for this slender Swedish girl who prefers to be alone. Also, on the Continent, reporters are as prying as the American press. Many foreigners have told me this. After an early exposure to Yankee press tactics (ten years ago she talked freely with them), Garbo probably found she didn't like the routine.

AN OPEN LETTER
BY DOROTHY SPENSLY

Have you ever wondered why it's so difficult to get a story on Margaret Sullivan?

Fred Astaire's increasing sensitivity about publicity makes him hard to see.

Have stars like Garbo a right to their silences?

(Continued on page 13)
Barbara Pepper’s act is being completely natural

BY JEAN SOMERS

She dares to be herself

THE CLASS consciousness of Great Britain of its former king, has nothing on the caste system of ye Hollywood. Movietown etiquette rules are strange and devious, based on “rank” at the box office or in Uncle Sam’s income tax reports. An ambitious young contract player gets her first lesson when her agent, who is also supposed to be her mentor and social guide, yells, “Who was that guy you were with last night? Is he important? Is he rich? Well, then, why should you be wasting your time? You should go to the Trocadero with something better so that Manny Cohen or Sammy Goldwyn will see you and wonder who you are!”

Some of the youngsters pay no attention. Eleanor Powell who like as not will plant a kiss on the back of the studio gatekeeper if she rushes through the front entrance of a morning, or lunch with a fourth assistant cameraman at noon, is one. Olivia De Havilland who does exactly what she pleases about whom she sees and when, is another.

Then there’s Barbara Pepper, who was one of New York’s best known show girls before she signed for pictures, who was brought up in a Broadway atmosphere redolent with crooners, stars, directors, vaudevillians and agents.

La Pepper, blonde, cute, rolly-poly who loves to set forth dripping fox furs and with a slick black evening gown hitched tightly over her hips, has long been the despair of her bosses, because she completely ignores the caste system.

Come five-thirty o’clock of an afternoon and Miss Pepper is probably holding forth in the Grotto, favorite eating joint of the studio hoi polloi, where a cup of coffee is a nickel and the best Old-fashioned on tap costs but a quarter.

Barbara was born in the Astor Hotel, in the heart of New York’s theatrical section, late one spring evening. The Wrigley sign was winking like mad across the street, a bunch of Gus Edward cuties were rehearsing in a room above and some film star was in the act of signing the hotel register pushed across the counter by a suave Mr. Pepper, clerk, when word came Barbara was arriving.

She was brought up in this atmosphere. As a child, she watched D. W. Griffith stroll leisurely through the lobby. “Kid” Sullivan of Boston gang repute used to bring her boxes of candy. She thought “Owney” Madden, chief of New York gangdom, one of the handsomest men she ever met—“he always wore tweeds, spoke quietly and respectfully,” she says. Rudy Vallee was an early idol.

She watched her father cope with stars who had the swell-head and demanded suites and service de luxe. She watched him strike broken down troupers to the price of a meal, let them stay on and on in unpaid for rooms because of the job that was always around the corner.

When she was fifteen, Daddy and Mama Pepper packed her away to Fairfax Hall, Virginia. Having been thoroughly exposed for many years to the precarious manner of living, the idiosyncracies and the plain foolishness of show people, they decided that their golden-haired little darling should lead a different and more substantial life and know about people who move in a different sphere.

BUT IT was too late. Environment had done its work. At home for her first weekend, Barbara sneaked her dancing slippers into her bag and instead of returning to Virginia went around the corner to where Lee Shubert was trying out chorus girls. Shubert didn’t recognize the daughter of his old friend, Dave Pepper. He saw a cute kid who could dance and signed her.

Mama Pepper went to bed with a sick headache when she heard the news. Dave Pepper set his jaw grimly and went to see Lee Shubert, who was surprisingly on the side of Barbara.

“I tell you, Dave, I didn’t know who she was. I’d never have hired her if I knew the way you felt about it. But I did and I think the kid’s got somethin’ Why don’t you let her alone? If you put her back in school, she’ll break out again. We’ll look after her.”

The Peppers capitulated, but not until after a good deal of argument. On the tryout of the show out of town, Mama went along as chaperone.

When finally, after a Broadway run, the show went on tour, Harry Richman, one of its stars, and an old family friend, was enlisted and promised to look after Bar-

Barbara is as Broadway as Times Square, and no amount of movie-making will change the lady.
Both thrilled over the new "SKIN-VITAMIN" care* they can give their skin today

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:
"No, I can't! I haven't much of either! But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I forget up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:
Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:
"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:
"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away!"

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

ANSWER:
"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's cream."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:
"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.

Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.

Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarkdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.

Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.

After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

SEND FOR Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CVH Clinton, Conn.
TRIAL BEAUTY KIT
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquidizing Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name:
Street:
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Copyright, 1946, Pond's Extract Company
After a year, Jeanette MacDonald’s film test was unearthed and her career started. Ralph Bellamy was fired from his first job. That’s why he’s a successful actor.

BY MARY PARKER

STARS WHO FAILED FIRST

If they’d originally succeeded, they wouldn’t be famous now

FAR FROM it be us, as Gracie Allen might say, to get up on the soap box and do a little first-class ranting, but if such were the case we’d choose for the subject matter that old dabbil, Failure. Simply because he has sort of endeared himself to the hearts of several Hollywood stars who, had they not met him, perhaps would not be the outstanding successes they are today, or indeed might not even be movie celebrities at all.

If these players had gotten what they wanted, easily and at first try, or what their parents had wanted for them, there would be doctors, lawyers and perhaps even an Indian Chief or two gleaned from the picture ranks. But Failure stepped in and matched the early-desired prize away and in return, later on, handed out an even bigger and better one.

There was the case of James Cagney, for instance. Jimmy, it seems, didn’t want to be an actor. In fact, he had no theatrical aspirations at all. He planned to be a doctor and, with this end in view, started out to study about pills and potions.

But study though he did, examination time always showed Mrs. Cagney’s red-haired child on the wrong side of the promotion list. It wasn’t that Jimmy didn’t apply himself—and he was not a problem child either—but somehow failure greeted his sincerest efforts. Everything looked pretty hopeless.

Along about this time, the story goes, Cagney’s dad thought enough was enough and told his son to get out and get a job—any kind of a job. It was then that Cagney learned it was as easy as hard to get “any kind of a job” as it was to rate an M.D.’s practicing diploma. Heartily disgusted, Cagney finally landed himself something in a chorus. He didn’t tell the boys about it. He knew they’d do plenty of razzing. It was that business however, of doing a one-two-three kick, that finally landed Cagney into the movies and the big money and the attendant fame. Little did the gentleman realize while he was flunking medical exams, that one day he would be getting thousands of dollars a picture. First failure did all that for James Cagney.

Not so long ago, the now celebrated Jeanette MacDonald was playing the ingenue lead in an operetta on Broadway. So colorful was her personality and so lovely her voice that Paramount offered her a screen test. Jeanette was momentarily in seventh heaven. Her big chance had come. Movies, you see, had always been her ultimate ambition. The test was made and surpassed the expectations of both the studio and the prima donna. When all looked rosy, and the beautiful MacDonald was just about to purchase a Hollywood wardrobe, J. J. Shubert stepped in. He realized the loss she would be to his Broadway production and politely but firmly put his foot down. He would not release her from her contract. There was nothing she could do about it.

Richard Dix, whom she was to play opposite in the picture, talked to Mr. Shubert. The latter remained adamant and Jeanette MacDonald became bluer than a torch song. But all to no avail. She had failed to get what she wanted.

But, her story, too, has a happy ending. Paramount filed the test and over a year later, when the great Ernst Lubitsch was looking about for a lovely lady to play the queen in “Love Parade,” he ran off all the studio-stored film. Jeanette’s test was unearthed and that was the beginning of her auspicious screen career.

Ralph Bellamy was fired from the first job he ever landed. As a matter of fact, he had little to do with landing it in the first place. It seems that it was Mr. Bellamy, Senior’s idea to put his hand-some son in his advertising agency. Ralph’s job was custodian of the files, not work calculated to court brain fog, you’ll admit, but still it was a start. But Ralph didn’t want a start, not in the advertising business at any rate. No amount of complaints however served to swerve his father from the business career he had in mind for him.

Then came the day when Pop brought in a prospective client—a very important prospective client. Ralph’s father asked him to show the prospect a certain file containing examples of the work which had been done for another large organization. Ralph, it seemed, knew as little of the contents of the file as a mule does about music and finally admitted his ignorance and invited the prospective client to “help himself.” Need we add that father lost the account and Sonny lost his job.

IT WAS the only job I was ever fired from,” Ralph says. “But the experience stood me in good stead. I was literally shoved out on my own, forced to make a living as best I could and the only thing I wanted to do was to act. So I joined a repertory company and never stopped trying to act from that time on.

“Had my father permitted me to go casually, disinterestedly along in his business, I realize I should never have reached first base in anything worth while.”

And so, failure in a ready-made job forced Ralph Bellamy to find a job he liked and could learn to do.

Tom Brown’s early ambitions were in the general direction of a college career. Tom, you see, had been a child actor and so the one thing he didn’t want to be when he grew up was anything connected with the theatre. He had had his fill of it at sixteen.

Tom had managed a meager bank account and this was to start him on his educational way. It would probably pay for two years schooling. And then what? What would he have when he finished? Something on which to get a job, something in his head which would start him on a career? Well, he had that already—a career. He thought it out.

“I’ve been grateful ever since that I failed to have enough money to secure my future, for if I had had, I wouldn’t be climbing toward the top of the most remunerative profession there is today. I had to look after my mother. If I had taken my early theatrical earnings and indulged myself with them, what would she have done while I was learning Latin? Yes, I think it has all worked out for the best, although it was hard at the time. (Continued on page 79)
My "fair" friend told me...

"Say—isn't this a gorgeous day for sightseeing?" the woman from Arizona called from her trailer window... "Not for me!" I grumbled. "I just ran over to tell you that I can't tramp around any Fair Grounds with you today. My last day, too—and so many things yet to see!"... She asked a sympathetic question, and before I knew it I was telling her my troubles and ranting about the woes of womankind. "My dear," she smiled, "you come right in here. I've got just what you need!" So in I went—and thank heaven I did. Otherwise, I might never have learned about Modess. And to my way of thinking, that's one of the most important things I learned during my visit to the Fair.

"And Modess is safer, too... as well as softer," she said. Then guess what she did! She got a glass of water, took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad... and dropped water on it! Yes, actually. And not one drop went through! "My goodness," I said, "I never knew that before—and it's certainly something worth knowing."

Well—she just insisted on giving me some Modess. And that was what saved my last day at the Fair. We walked miles... how I did appreciate the comfort and safety of Modess! Next day, before we left, I went to the store to buy my trailer-friend a new package of Modess... and was I surprised and pleased! I found that this soft, "fluff-type" napkin cost no more than those layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)
Last evening I dined with a Dentist

My hosses seated me beside a famous dentist—he told me such interesting things.

He said, "This dinner’s delicious! But it is bad for your lovely teeth—and we moderns need to give our teeth tougher exercise!"

"Teeth were made to chew! Soft modern foods don’t demand enough chewing! I’m constantly recommending a real workout on a good, firm chewing gum. It’s a real tonic to the whole chewing apparatus. Vitalizes gums and tissues—cuts prophylaxis. Dentyne is the gum I’m thinking of—extra-firm, chewy—a fine aid to healthier, brighter teeth!"

First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor—brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally’s cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!

MODERN SCREEN

STAR RECIPES

COOPER CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

1/2 cup butter 3/4 cup milk
1 cup sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs 2 cups sifted self-rising flour

Allow the butter to stand in mixing bowl until very soft. Add the sugar, but do not stir nor beat. Add the unbeaten eggs, still without stirring. Add the milk and vanilla, then the sifted self-rising flour. Stir until blended, then start beating and beat continuously and vigorously for 3 minutes, by the clock. Turn batter into 2 greased 8" layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20-25 minutes, or until cake shrinks from sides of pan and a cake tester inserted in center of layers comes out clean. Cool slightly, turn out onto wire cake rack and when thoroughly cool frost the top, sides and between the layers with the following Chocolate Marshmallow Frosting.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate 8 marshmallows, cut in quarters
1 1/2 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk vanilla, or essence of peppermint

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add the milk, cook and stir over boiling water for 5 minutes or until mixture thickens. The quartered marshmallows, turn off the heat under the boiler and continue stirring until marshmallows are blended but not fully melted. Remove from heat and add either 1/2 teaspoon vanilla or a few drops of oil of peppermint. Cool and spread on cake.

SPECIAL MEAT LOAF

1 pound ground smoked ham 1/2 cup chopped celery
1 pound ground lean pork 1 small onion, minced fine
4 slices stale bread 3/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk 1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 eggs, beaten 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1/2 green pepper, chopped 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
3/4 cup chili sauce

Have meat put through grinder twice. Break the bread into small pieces, soak 10 minutes in the milk, then add the meat and beaten eggs and blend together thoroughly. Mix in the green pepper, celery and onion. Combine the seasonings with the chili sauce and add to first mixture. When smoothly blended pack very firmly in greased loaf pan. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderately hot (400° F.) and continue baking 1 hour and 15 minutes longer.

DEVILED EGGS

6 hard cooked eggs 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon paprika 1 tablespoon mayonnaise
a few grains cayenne 2 tablespoons chili sauce
6 small pimiento-stuffed olives, chopped

Cut eggs in halves, crosswise or lengthwise.* Slip out the yolks, carefully, so as not to break the whites. (If eggs have been stirred occasionally, while cooking, the yolks will be well centered—which gives a much more attractive effect.) Mash the yolks well, with a fork. Add salt, paprika and cayenne. Mix together mustard, Worcestershire, mayonnaise and chili sauce, add to yolk mixture and blend together thoroughly. Add chopped olives. Fill egg whites with deviled egg mixture. Serve on lettuce leaves as a salad, or wrap in waxed paper to take on picnics.

* Eggs cut crosswise are easier to pack and carry, especially if the two halves are placed together again in the original egg shape, before wrapping. An egg carton, with the dividing cardboard sections left right in, provides the most convenient method for transportation.

Left-over yolk mixture may be used as a sandwich spread, or as stuffing for celery. The addition of a little onion juice, or chopped chives is favored by many. A sprinkling of chopped parsley gives added "eye appeal."

ICED COFFECOLATE

4 tablespoons ground decaffeinated coffee 4 cups milk
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, cut in 2 teaspoons cornstarch
pieces 3/4 cup sugar
2 cloves 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 (4-inch) piece stick cinnamon 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Add coffee, chocolate, cloves and cinnamon to the milk in top of a double boiler. Heat over boiling water until chocolate is melted. Strain immediately through fine sieve or cheese cloth. Combine cornstarch and sugar. Add hot liquid slowly, return to double boiler and cook 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from heat, add salt and vanilla. Chill. Serve ice cold. When served at home, top each serving with whipped cream. Makes 1 quart.
HE TAKES A CHANCE

(Continued from page 42)

to splurge with the girls. But I didn’t want to run wild. I wanted to be alone a lot. I was happy when I could be learning the involved technique of the theatre. I was desperately anxious to know how to change my personality for different roles.

“I’d reach my dressing-room by six in the evening, carting several pounds of grapes and a loaf of rye bread as my dinner, and then I’d experiment with make-up. It wasn’t the everyday, carefree, sheltered way of growing up. I had to support myself or starve and that was that. I was lonely and uncertain, but then aren’t most boys, even in luxurious surroundings?

“Acting has never been a snap for me. It’s been a painstaking, slow thing and there have been tight spots when I didn’t know where the next job or dollar was coming from.

“Why, I’ll never forget one summer in Chicago. I was sixteen. I was broke. There were no shows opening in June, so I devoured want ads until I stumbled upon an ad for gas lamp trimmers. I’d never noticed that the wicks had to be trimmed until then. I maneuvered a neighborhood far across town where I wouldn’t be known, so my ‘prestige’ wasn’t ruined. Yes, it was the gas company that kept me going then!”

It isn’t in me to ‘sell myself’ as an actor, so I’ve taken a big chance in ignoring the theatrical rule that we must be flamboyant. I was better at concentrating on the details of my actual job, so I’ve done only that and let the other be eccentric. It hasn’t held me back as I was told it would.

“They said I could never click on Broadway unless I’d display some dash. I stuck to my beards, doing characters until I was offered a Broadway debut as a young man. Opening night, when I walked onto a stage for the first time without whiskers, I swear I felt positively naked!”

He was X-raying himself so revealingly I couldn’t resist asking how he’d taken his big chance romantically.

“I gambled on my own notion of love, too. I wasn’t going to be in love until I wanted to, which was stubborn of me, according to friends. I didn’t feel the pangs until I was twenty-three, when I met Bella. Before then I declined to dish anyone who didn’t mean a thing to me. I remember once when a romance was promoted for me. I had a blind date and as I left that town I promised to write every day. I went into the observation car as soon as we had pulled out of the station and attempted to write a torrid love letter. After a few sad pages I gave it up!

“But when I met Bella I was no longer the least hesitant. For I don’t believe in waiting for love. Don’t plan, don’t wait if there isn’t enough money. Go ahead! If you feel it’s the real love of your lifetime, don’t let anything or anyone stand in your way. That’s too important to lose. Marry in spite of all odds, and you’ll rise above all the difficulties. Bella and I married between performances at different theatres. We couldn’t get away for a honeymoon for months. But we’ve been wonderfully happy.”

“Bella has obligingly geared herself to my spontaneous ways. I don’t want to know what we’ll have for dinner, or what we’ll do afterwards. I detest feeling

Which Odor in Bath Soap is Lucky for You?

Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then instinctively, you will choose a soap with the fragrance men love!

Success in love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you feel victory is yours, your luck describes you—something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It’s too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the “smell test” when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It’s a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet’s exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You’ll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

The Fragrance Men Love

3 for 25¢ Wherever fine soaps are sold
SURPRISE him with extra-tasty summer meals — quick and easy to fix

- Tempt listless summer appetites but don’t spend long hot hours in the kitchen cooking! Save work with Franco-American Spaghetti. Serve it as main or side dish. Combine with other foods. Give it to the youngsters for lunch. It’s a wonderful energy-builder. And how everybody loves its tasty, tangy cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients! Only 10c a can—order today!

TRY OUR QUICK TREATS

Hash Deluxe
Use your regular hash recipe but add Franco-American Spaghetti. Serve as a main or side dish. Combine with other foods. Give it to the youngsters for lunch. It’s a wonderful energy-builder. And how everybody loves its tasty, tangy cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients! Only 10c a can—order today!

Jiffy Dinner Plate
Make nests of hot Franco-American Spaghetti. Fill with cooked peas, top with strips of crisp bacon. Deliciously tasty and appetizing.

Sunday Night Supper
Bring on a platter of cold cuts and a big dish of piping hot Franco-American Spaghetti and watch it disappear. Another time, serve poached eggs in spaghetti nests. They’ll make a big hit.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL’S SOUPS

Send for FREE Recipe Book

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. D-28
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: “30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals.”

Name (print): 
Address: 
City: 
State: 

MODERN SCREEN

ing obligated, tied down. We own this home, but it doesn’t own us. We wanted a farm, because we’d never lived on one, when we first came to Hollywood. So we lived happily at Spaghetti to chopped meat instead of salad and grew walnuts. Then we decided we’d rather be by the sea here in Palos Verdes. Now the sunset over the Pacific thrills us.

“We have wanted to see other peoples, other lands, and so we have traveled like nomads. We never make advance reservations, unless it’s unavoidable, and we don’t allot our vacation. We think one day that we’ll go somewhere, and the next day we leave. Bella is ever ready, and a man who figures fun is spoiled if it has to be arranged appreciated a wife who can pack overnight.

“For instance, our trip to Europe last winter was all impulsive. We’d start from Copenhagen for London, and get off our train at Antwerp and slum in Paris where no one would dream of locating us. We both learned to ski in Switzerland—she in the off season, and I was so fast that the men gave up the idea at the time. When I received word from Hollywood I got eight copies of the same letter. They’d mimeograph and shoot the letters to eight cities in Europe where we were most liable to be. I can ask for and follow Bella’s advice on every occasion and imperative! She knows what is right for me as an actor. I have her sit on my sets, and watch me, and when it’s good enough. This was unheard-of in Hollywood, but now they’ve heard of it. The one picture I was most dissatisfied with which I waived having her help. She helped me unmeasurably during the filming of "Juarez.""

“I haven’t had any success here in Hollywood if it hadn’t been for her. She not only senses whether I’m getting the utmost from a scene, but her business acumen is excellent. You need to negotiate to secure favorable business terms—so, if you’re like myself and don’t enjoy that kind of negotiating, get a partner who will help you out! When I’ve been so blue I’ve wanted to quit pictures, Bella’s the one who gets me going and keeps the fire that keeps my screen fortune is still following a hunch, you see.”

IF YOU TAN

(Continued from page 45)

always wear dark glasses in the sun’s glare no matter what your coloring. They not only protect your eyes, but prevent those ugly squint wrinkles that are so unbecoming in the thin, delicate skin around your eyes.

These wonderful creams and lotions and sun-tan oils they’re making today not only help protect your skin but also help prevent your skin from drying, burning and becoming coarse and freckled. Remember, though, that protective sun-tan lotions must be applied again after you’ve had a swim, and just on general principles they should be renewed every hour or two while you’re in the sun.

There are grand preparations made nowadays to help a tan and prevent a burn. But if you simply cannot tan comfortably or safely, and you can’t get to a beach, well, if you had, you can even buy lotions that make you appear tan when you really aren’t.
That's just another example of the versatility of our modern cosmetics.

For the times when you do burn—and remember you can get just as severe a burn when the sun is under a cloud as when it streams directly down upon you—keep a good cooling cream or lotion ready to take out the sting and to keep your skin from drying up to an unsightly brown crisp. Talcum powder is comforting on a slight sunburn. While your skin is burned, keep out of water as much as possible. Use lots of pure oily creams and lotions and have your clothing as soft and loose as possible.

Now, for the proper make-up for your summer complexion, whether or not you tan. First of all, there are certain basic principles that you should know about. After the drying effects of summer sun, wind and water, you should use not only plenty of lubricating creams, but also a good foundation cream or powder-base. This will help keep your skin soft and smooth-looking, and also help your powder to stay on and do its job more effectively.

Your face powder should always match your skin-tones. If your skin contains undertones of browns and yellows, use powders with these basic colorings. If your skin looks muddy, gray or sallow, a powder one shade lighter, but in the same general color range, may make you look younger and fresher. However, generally speaking, your powder should exactly match your skin-tones or be just one shade darker. White or light powder on a dark skin looks ugly, artificial, and in these days of marvelously blended colors, is altogether inexcusable.

Naturally, if your skin is sun-tanned, your complexion will contain warm, rich shades of golds and bronzes, so your powder should follow the same tones. The petal pinks and creamy blonde tints are not for you who wear a deep sun-tan. But for those whose tan is paler, there are lovely, soft, rosy, glowing powder shades. Just remember that powder should be used to improve your skin texture, remove shine and veil imperfections, not to change the color of your skin.

We've recently tried a very nice face powder that goes on smoothly and leaves nary a streak or patch to mar the smooth, satiny, finished effect. Being made of flat, uniform particles, it stays on unusually well, which is always an advantage in the summer time. The same house makes an indelible, waterproof and non-drying lip-stick which is a boon at this time of year. It's such a treat to find one that will stay on through hot, sticky weather and while you're swimming or indulging in other strenuous sports. There are six shades to choose from and a rouge to match every shade. You will be glad to know about these face cremes and skin oil, too.

When it comes to shades of rouge and lipstick, our summer color harmonies become more subtle and a bit more complicated. The shade of your rouge and lipstick can make or mar your appearance— as you've probably found out. A good rule here again is to match the tones of your natural complexion. If your own coloring contains red-orange, then red-orange is your shade for lipstick and rouge. If violet-red is in your coloring, then that should be the basic color of your rouge and lipstick. If you are pale and "cool colored," a true red will be becoming.

Most people have complexions in the "medium range." If this is your combination, avoid over-vivid make-up, and also pale, anaemic colors. The medium shades do do most for you. If you are pale, of course your rouge must be of medium intensity. High colors, violet reds and orange reds would be extremely unbecoming and had taste for the rosy and creamy powders so popular this year are lovely for girls who have fair skins with similar colors in them. But if those tints don't match your skin, don't wear them. These days there are powders, rouge and lipstick for every complexion.

Rouge does two things: it shapes your face and also colors it. But this second purpose is much more important than the first, and the one we're concerned about here. Rouge should be applied in the brightest, most unflattering light you can find and should match the color that rises naturally in your cheeks when you are

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**MODERN SCREEN**

The wit, Charlie McCarthy, and his sidekick, Edgar Bergen, give you a cheerful "Hi!"

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**HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS IN HOT WEATHER**

**GOING OUT TONIGHT? IT'S SIMPLY STIFLING!**

**I HAVE A DANCE DATE WITH ROGER!**

**I WONDER IF HE MEANT...**

**GOSH WOULDN'T IT BE TERRIBLE IF I HAD "B.O."**

**I'M GOING TO PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBOUY FROM NOW ON.**

**FEW WEEKS LATER**

**NO WONDER I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU! YOU'RE SO FRESH AND DANDY... EVEN IN THIS SWELTERING WEATHER.**

**'BO' CAME BETWEEN THEM**

**"BO" CAME BETWEEN THEM"**

**BUT LATER, WITH ROGER...**

**Don't let hot weather steal your charm!**

• Keep lovable with Lifebuoy! Used in your daily bath, it stops "B.O." Lifebuoy contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap.

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**LIFEBOUY IN THE DAILY BATH Stops "B.O."**
ROSY, TEMPTING LIPS...
warm, soft and fragrant...are every man's ideal. But "painted lips"—never! Use Tangee Lipstick because it isn't paint...because it gives your lips "natural," alluring loveliness. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes to your most becoming shade—ranging from delicate rose to glamorous red...and its special cream base helps keep lips smoothly tempting.

FOR MATCHED MAKE-UP, use Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, to give your cheeks appealing "natural" color...and velvety Tangee Powder, for its exclusive rose-toned underglow.

REMEMBER, both Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Creme Rouge are swim-proof, smear-proof.

JEAN ARTHUR is another girl I adore. We make all sorts of plans to get together and never have, not once. I live next door to Janet Gaynor and we've never met. I've been trying to telephone Una Merkel since last Christmas to thank her for something, and I haven't done it. I don't know why. But I'm going to find out," said Floncy, that "research" look shining in her eyes, "and darn well going to find out why girls don't have girl friends in Hollywood. And as for the boys—"

She takes stock of the fact, does our Miss R, that girls in far-away-from-Hollywood places gaze with glaziness of eyes at Hollywood, a happy hunting ground, think they, where girls must have to dodge behind palm trees to escape Dan Cupid's quiver and arrowheadway. The most glamorous men in the world are here—Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Charles Boyer. What more does a girl need?

But Floncy would remind you, what good do such as these do you? Feast for the eyes, lamine for the heart, that's what you'll get from the likes of the Maried, all four of them. So it goes—can the lists and weep. And so, as Florence intelligently points out, while the most glamorous men in the world are here and Hollywood is undoubtedly the most glamorous atmosphere in the world—so what? If you're sitting in the Garden of the Moon and all the gods are there and pass you by, being previously "spoke for," where does that leave you? Mooning by yourself, doesn't it?

HOLLYWOOD's BACHELOR GIRLS
(Continued from page 46)

MODERN SCREEN

flushed with excitement. No matter what kind you use, be sure to blend your rouge gradually into the tones of your skin, so that it is impossible to tell just where it ends. Never apply dry rouge to a moist skin and, if in doubt, underdo rather than overdo the color. In the movies, and for theatrical purposes, rouge may "sink" a feature, but in everyday life it attracts the eye. Remember that. So match your natural coloring and keep to the subtle side. It's much more feminine and appealing to have a delicate, rosy blush than a harsh, hectic flush that couldn't be natural unless your temperature were over a hundred and decidedly unhealthy.

Eyes are the most important feature in your face, yet they are often neglected when it comes to make-up. Not every one needs or should use eye shadow. If your eyes are widely spaced, full, unusually slanting, if you wear glasses, and if you can apply the shadow so that it doesn't show, you may deepen and intensify the color of your eyes with an eye-shadow which matches them. If your eyes are dark-circled or shadowed, sunken, heavy, lidded, wrinkled or close together, don't wear eye-shadow, no matter how much you'd like to. It will make you look groggy.

Eye-brows should not contrast too strongly with your natural coloring. That makes them look artificial. But if you pencil them with thought as to matching the natural tones of your skin and hair they can become important accents to an expression, rather than a negative too dark or too light.

Mascara for your lashes does much to deepen and add expression to small or light colored eyes. Follow the rule of thumb in applying brow pencil. Brush the excess mascara from your lashes and keep the color within the range of your own natural possibilities. In the daytime don't put on colors that nature would have better sense than to grow there. With evening make-up you can take more risks.

Make-up has no excuse in the world on any girl if it makes her look coarse or cheap or artificial. But, used with skill and restraint, it can do subtle and marvelous things to emphasize, enhance and almost remake the face of the girl who will take the time and make the effort to use it correctly.

Now, go out in the sun and enjoy yourselves. But be as smart as the girls in Hollywood and take it gradually in the beginning. You'll look better and feel better, too. Moderation never was as exciting for the moment, but in the long run, it's much more fun, and you don't miss anything while you're paying up for it, either.

WHAT leaves us, said Floncy, with directors and producers to fall in love with. Most of them are a bit old fashioned. They're all married anyway. There's something very sporting about the b. g.'s of Hollywood, I've noticed. There's none of that "how to contain a husband" about them,

Girls feel little about actors. Too much grief in that arrangement, think we, while we are still thinking, too little stability, home life after you get sort of house-broken, the ends and aims of matrimony. Or am I being quaint?
around, after you’ve rubbed elbows and sometimes a man turns out to be so attractive and so glamorous, other men do seem a little dull. Imagine being made love to by a boyer, let’s say, then where would that nice Joe Zilch and his technique get off at?

“Take me, as an example. During my days of bachelordom in Hollywood, I went around thinking that I should marry, if at all, a business man, solid, substantial. ‘Try to be sensible, my girl,’ I’d admonish myself. ‘And stop why you eat your bread with butter, not with star dust.’ I’d go back to New York on trips, go out with the men there, try so hard to be interested in statistics about the price of cotton and stock market quotations and find myself three thousand miles away, wondering how Clark Gable looks as Rhett Butler.

“I remember,” laughed Florence, “how, when I had been in Hollywood a few months, a beau of mine came on from New York. I could hardly wait to see him. What a relief, I thought, not to have to talk shop! What a kick to be with a man not with these men who really know.

“The first day it was swell. We went to a couple of parties, all movie people. The next day we had all to ourselves and we didn’t have one word to say to each other! He didn’t know what I was talking about. I didn’t want to know what he was talking about. I was bored to tears, large, wet tears!

“One of the problems of the bachelor girl in Hollywood, especially during her novitiate, is just what we’ve been saying—that the men out here are so ‘offishly attractive that she’s apt to go off the deep end. She runs a temperature of one hundred and six most of the time. It’s too much for her and after a couple Nelson Eddy’s and Tyrone

Powers get in her hair she’s liable to say “Oh boy, this is it!” Then she’s liable to end up in one of those two-week things—two weeks between Yuma and Reno. And that’s pretty sad.

“The bachelor girl in Hollywood has to be pretty canny, too. These men out here are no slouches when it comes to being charming. They’re pretty gifted at it. That’s the way they earn their bread and butter and a lot of cake. So when, or if, they marry love to you, you have to figure where the professional patter stops and the real thing begins. We’re always on the defensive out here. The most sincere thing in the world may be said to us and we find ourselves saying ‘Stop acting!’ I guess that’s why I married Robert. He didn’t say much. He just followed me to Honolulu and his action spoke louder than any words.

SO here are the bachelor girls of Hollywood, neatly impaled on the horns of their multiple-horned dilemma, caught between the handsome devils and the deep blue sea. We don’t want to marry the eligible business men, for reasons stated. We probably do want to marry actors but know that too many such roads lead to Reno. Besides, there’s practically only Jimmy Stewart left now and, with the best intentions in the world, Jimmy can’t marry all of us.

“So what did I do about it? Well, at first I didn’t do much of anything. At the studio, I worked. At home, I played solitaire and romped girlishly with my dog. Then I began to go out, quite a bit. I tested dates almost every night, dates with Tom Neale, Tom Rutherford, boys who are making swell starts in pictures. Then I had dates with Robert Wilcox. He has a divine sense of humor, nearer to the humor of Ring Lardner than anyone I have ever known. We talked shop, these boys and I, and we had fun. We went to the movies or, more often, had dinner at my house and just stayed home.

“My one cry is for each other places with atmosphere. One of the things that drew Robert and me together is that he, too, likes to haunt Olvera Street and downtown, plus the blazed-with-Neon-lights trail. Then, he is young, beginning, and ambitious, too. We can talk shop and build with the same blocks.

“Robert was in ‘The Kid From Texas’ with me, you know. I had a pretty good idea of what was happening to me, to both of us. But all of my little basis reared their admonishing heads, warning me, reminding me ‘Don’t marry an actor, a bachelor—what have you said about the dangers of marrying an actor.’

“I had a few weeks off at the end of the picture. I planned to go to Florida, had my tickets, reservations, everything. At the last moment, I changed my mind and sailed for Honolulu. I don’t know why. Bob followed me on the next boat. Away, away from Hollywood, away from everything, there he was and there I was and so we were married. For the first time in my life, I didn’t ask questions, I just answered ‘en—’

— at the altar.

“So ‘cheerio’ is what I say to the bachelor girls. And follow your problems at the only place they can be answered—the altar. For lo, Mickey Rooney is turned eighteen, Jack Cooper is a big boy now, Fredie Bartholomew is growing up. Jimmy and Brian won’t be the only eligible for long. Things are looking up, girls!’

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Ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-O-Oil Shampoo now, or get a bottle at any drug, department or 10¢ store. Start now! You’ll be thrilled at the new-found glory of your hair!

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We are so confident you will like Mar-O-Oil for better than any other shampoo ever tried, that we make this irrefutable guarantee! Buy one bottle of Mar-O-Oil and follow directions. Use 5 bottles. If you are not thoroughly pleased, send us 5 bottles, together with your receipt and your money, and we will either refund your money or replace it free! 1-2-3-4-5, Chicago, and your money will be refunded without anything being asked you to do.

**MAR-O-OIL**
**SHAMPOO**

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**TO LOVELY HAIR ON SUMMER DAYS!**
I have often been told that Norma Shearer was high hat. I have never found her so. It's true that she has taste and manners, which offend certain folk in Hollywood as deeply as do Rait's lapse in grammar. It's true that she married to Irving Thalberg, which made her an easy target for the shafts of malice. Lady Thalberg, in fact, twice dubbed her, with sneering overtones, forgetting that Shearer was a screen name to be conjured with before it was joined to that of her husband. If her position in the industry has also sharpened her sense of responsibility, I have never known her to assume any pose of queenliness. I have often known her to go out of her way to make life easier for somebody else.

Most stars become highly articulate on the subject of publicity stories— which displease them by so much as a misplaced comma. Otherwise, they lose the impulse to express themselves. "I wish that my husband would..." said Cary Grant, after reading an article he fancied. "I'd like to thank him."

Miss Shearer and Miss Grant, wait for the guy to come around. Because she doesn't take any prize for granted and has imagination enough to remember that others like it too, the takes, the store, to sit down and write a warm thank you.

Through a studio misunderstanding, a writer came half an hour late to an appointment. Many a lesser figure would have wrapped up the appointment and departed. Miss Shearer waited. "I'm due at home in ten minutes," she said when the writer arrived. "I'm expecting my sister-in-law. They won't have a change of plans..."

She was giving her first interviews after "Marie Antoinette," the first since the death of her husband. Three writers were scheduled that day. They all had been warned by the studio to keep off the subject of Mr. Thalberg. One heeded the warning, two didn't. It had apparently been interesting enough to result in Miss Shearer, for she answered all questions. Then she learned why the third writer had refrained from mentioning her husband. "But that's not fair," she said. "Tell her to send me the story, will you, and I'll write into it myself what I told her others."

Betty Davis is the only other player I know whose sense of justice might have armed her to such lengths.

Who one does put on the airs of the "movie queen of parody is Alice Faye. In the phrase of the ten-twenty-thirts, she is 'more to be pitied, perhaps, than censured. She can't have as good a sense of perspective, a sense which Alice's background and experience have failed to supply. Dazzled by her place in the sun, she believes that she's 'got the hots'—and that dusk is bound to follow high noon. Or maybe she isn't. Maybe she's just all too aware of it, and is therefore resolved to make the most of present delights."

To Alice, one of the delights of eminence is looking down her abbreviated nose at the insects below and being very, very bored at the prospect of contact with them. When such contact becomes unavoidable, one's only compensation is to create an effect. Having consorted at a press reception one mild spring day, she descended from her room on the floor above, hatless but magnificent in mink that suggested a polar expedition, yet seemed the only suitable attire for a star who had just arrived at her brand new office ten. Besides, the best of hotels have been known to spring a draught.

Her position was marked by the three typical experiences of a single writer. When she first came to Hollywood, she was looking up, not down, and the distance between the two seemed even greater than it does now. She was glad to be interviewed. Indeed, she was astonished that anyone should take the trouble to interview her. She talked her head off. She breathed gratitude. 'Please, will you always be my friend?" said Alice in melting tones. It was beautiful.

Some of their conversations changed, and a second interview was arranged—not without difficulty. Alice was abstracted. Her mind was undoubtedly on her wedding. But just before he proposed, he drew it down to the level of the trivia represented by her visitor. She smiled wanly. "It is said that you no longer remember" and "I really must be going."

The third meeting was accidental. The writer happened to pass Miss Faye on the set. Thoughtlessly, but intending no harm, she permitted her to run up to her and was withered by a look. Served her right too. One doesn't address royalty without first being addressed.

A Jimmy Stewart admirer once begged: "Tell me all about him. Only I warn you, if there's anything bad, I'll shut my eyes for a week."

"Tell me all about him, really, please."

"He's just a normal fellow, who will do anything to get along."

"Well that's a relief. But he looks so helpless. Can you describe him against cows? Or arithmetic? Or life? There must be something."

Jimmy isn't as helpless as he looks. The impression is created partly by his shy manner and his physical makeup—eyes grave and widespread like a child's, long melancholy jaw, loose-jointed body, shouldlers that hinct at a stoop. "The dreamer, the drambuer," you decide, and your heart goes out to him as it does to all dreamers who remain safely remote from your own affairs.

Jimmy is, as a matter of fact, sensitive, thoughtful and an idealist, though he'd run a mile from the word. But he's saved from the misery of many idealists by two things. One is his comic sense. He's like Mischa Auer, in that his instinct is to flip every experience ludicrous side up. If he's in a war he fakes it. If a war is in him, he disperses it. He prefers not to talk about it. But when he had to talk about it, you'd have thought that the whole business had been specially arranged by him for its entertainment.

His other safeguard is a sound instinct about people. My young friend who used to prefer his patients against cows and life doubtless included women in both categories. I don't think she need worry. With all his gentleness, he remains clear-eyed in the community where he sees marriages slaughtered around him every day.
"I want to marry," he said once, "but only the right girl. The theorists tell you this and that, and it's all so much hooey. I'm one of nine married a girl who by all the rules should have right for him, and he's miserable. I think, when you meet her, something inside you goes click. Call it falling in love, if you like. But along with the excitement, there's got to be something peaceful, as if you'd come home."

Katharine Hepburn has started more controversial storms than any other movie star. She has been more thoroughly adored and disliked. The press are among her best dislikers, for she has handled them with consistent rudeness. From her place in the sun of a current Broadway success, she becomes sweetly reasonable over what a reporter on whom she smiled calls "some of the most atrocious publicity ever written by man or beast."

"I don't blame them," says Katie. "It's the custom. But I think it's wrong, and I never did cooperate. The publicity people must have loathed my guts. If it's done me in, it's done me in. I suffered the most idiotic interviews until I stopped them. They'd ask me the most personal questions, and I'd answer them idiotically, thinking they would understand. Was I married and who was my husband and had I any children? And I used to say, 'Sure, I've had four husbands and seven children—all colored.' And they would print it."

Let me first point out that most normal people don't regard a husband or children as personal mysteries. Katharine, married at the time, persisted for obscure reasons of her own, in denying her wedded state. We can all have her wit or spirit of good fun. "Oh, she has patience with the simple-minded who couldn't understand, poor morons, that when she claimed four colored husbands, she was just being funny. Yet I doubt whether even their limited brains could have conceived anything more naive than some of Miss Hepburn's tricks to attract the attention of Hollywood before she became Katharine the Great—her habit, for example, of rolling on to the lot in a truck, whooping at the top of her lungs. She may have felt that any car was too small to hold her, and there is no law to prevent self-expression by whooping. But why not be tolerant enough to permit others' idiocies one can match and top?"

She worked hard at estranging the press which, in Hollywood at any rate, is long-suffering because it can't afford not to be. One day she consented to see a writer in her dressing-room, where she was conferring with a wardrobe woman. The writer entered.

"Who are you?" the star demanded.

I'm so-and-so. The man just came out and said you were ready for me.

"Well, I'm not. Wait outside, please."

The writer went out, leaving the door open as she'd found it. A few minutes later, she heard the wardrobe woman ask: "Hadn't you better see the lady first, Miss Hepburn? This will take a long time."

"What lady?" thundered Miss Hepburn in her best bass tones, to make sure that no syllable would be lost outside.

"The one who was just in here."

"She can wait."

I cite this as a representative instance of unprovoked incivility. Lackwits though they may be, the Hollywood press has managed to maintain mutually friendly and helpful relationships with a large majority of Hollywood stars. If to a man, they found it impossible with Katie, I submit that the conclusion is obvious. She has their best wishes, however. They hope her play will run forever and keep her forever on Broadway.

To end on a pleasant note, I should like to tell you a little about Paul Muni, who is also considered difficult in some quarters, but for different reasons. He is always courteous, but not always talkative. He suffers from shyness. To meet new people is an ordeal he shrinks from. If you win his confidence, however, you are richly rewarded, for his talk is the most stimulating I have heard in Hollywood.

Paul Muni's wife, is a bulwark against those clamorous details that he doesn't know how to cope with. People don't scare her. She has the social ease and gaiety which he lacks. They are rarely seen about the popular town haunts, but one night they made a dinner date at the Brown Derby with Bella's brother and his wife. Muni took one look at the crowded restaurant and turned, asking "Let's go home."

"Wait just a minute." One minute later they were being steered by the head waiter through a side door and the kitchen regions to a rear table, cut off from the rest of the room by a partition. Muni dropped into his chair. "You're wonderful," he grinned. "How can you stand me?"

"They both dote on Simon, their Airdale, but Bella's love is the more realistic. As they stood at their door, speaking a parting guest, Simon darted into a bush, brought forth a bird and laid it at his master's feet. Muni's face went dead for a moment, with woe for the dead bird and his dog's hard heart. One swift, compassionate glance that embraced all three, then Bella's polite gesture. "It must have been dead when he found it under the bush, Simon wouldn't kill it, Muni."

Whether or not he believed her, it was hard to say. But he smiled, and his hand dropped to the dog's uplifted head.
TAMPAX Incorporated

Every Day a Vacation Day...

DARLING OF Binnie's Heart (Continued from page 39)

swirl. She was wearing one of those little sports numbers, pin-striped dark blue with tailored pockets and white piping down the front. We buy them ourselves when they're reproduced from the original at $6.55, and wonder why they don't look as well on us as they did on Binnie.

She was talking to some mogul in the studio's New York office. "No, there's no danger, or so the doctor says, but you know I won't have any peace till I see myself. She was skating, the little devil, and fell and cut her leg, and they had to sew it up and put a little drain in because they're afraid of the skates being poisoned, you see. Who'd poison the skates? Now stop being technical, Binnie." I didn't feel like laughing. I want to fly. Why not? Who was grounded? Oh, well, he's a man, they wouldn't ground a woman. They're much too chivalrous, those two. No joking aside, Ray—" There was a long pause here while the other end of the phone talked earnestly.

Y ES, I see what you mean. Oh, I'm the most reasonable woman in the world, but nuts to reason when your heart's stopped, and you're in a panicky patch of pain and you're going to pop the needles out of your stomach. Well, I tell you what I'll do. I'm going to call the doctor again and if he's terribly soothing and says she's absolutely all right, I'll take the train, though how I'm going to sit for all those hours! Yes, but she's only a kid—thirteen, bless her. Thanks, that's sweet of you, I'll let you know. I've been reading things, I surprised myself."

I offered to leave, but she wouldn't hear of it. "No, you pop me the questions and I'll answer them. Someone else is to worry about. Just a minute." She gave the operator a Hollywood number.

I popped her one about her new contract under which she's to be managed with Warner Baxter in "He Married His Wife." "Well, there's nothing to that. They say, 'You've been free lancing for years, and suddenly you're to be managed, what's the reason?"

"These kids," she sighed, "The minute you turn your back! This is the first time I've been away without her. There was school, you see, that it was all too bad to break in on, so look what happens. We've always done things together, since ever she could crawl—tennis, riding, skating and fishing.

She reads all my scripts, of course, she's one of everyone else's part. Otherwise, she doesn't give a hoot about the movies, except she likes to go see them. She'll come home and say, 'New woman name Barnes, she's in the movies this afternoon, I liked her,' and I'll say, 'You must introduce us some time,' and she'll giggle. That's as far as we are, you see.

"She has no desire, but none, to be an actress. No glamour in it for her. She knows you smoke in your fancy place at the studio and look divine, then you come home and take the mess off and put your hair up in curlers and pass from the divine to the crumpled thing, then over into bed at nine and get up at six. Such an exciting life! No, she'd rather be a typist at the moment—that's because she's trying to wangle a typewriter out of me. I suppose I'll have to buy her a dozen now."

"The phone rang.

"Hello, Yes. Put him on, please. Hello, Irving. How is she now? Asleep? Did you give her a hypo or something? No, they don't want me to fly, put up a neat little argument. Morris.' I got grounded the other day, and if we land in a clump of sagebrush, it'll take me that much longer to get home, what with picking up the flimsy skirts and all.

"Yes, but I'll do it anyway, unless— Word of honor, my lad! By all you hold dear! And I'm not being flip either. All right, that's good enough for me. No, you needn't say another word, you know how I feel and I know you wouldn't fool me. All right, that's settled, I'll take the train and be in Monday morning.

"Now do something else for me, will you, Irving? Send her flower, but lots of them so she feels terribly important, and some candy—not too much or she'll overeat, just a few chocolates and stuff, and have them fix the flowers up in a basket with pickles and other little things to make her laugh. You know the kind of thing, No, thirteen's not too old for a bunny, I like 'em myself and I'll give her a good girl for Binnie till Monday morning. Will you do that for me? Thanks. Thanks for everything. I'll see you Monday. Goodbye."

She drew a deep breath. "Well, now I do feel better. He says she's fine and sleeping like a cherub. This must be ghastly news, isn't it? I hope you will forgive me and I promise to keep my mind off Rosette for at least three minutes. What shall I talk about?"

I asked about her new house that I'd seen when it was still a welter of mortar and bricks.

O H, it's beautiful. At last I've got all the things I want all together—a tennis court, an old English garden with rose-beds and paths and a hedge around and an awning outside that we lunch under and a patio with a fish pond. I walk around and admire that. But I'm just as bad, I talk right back. And we have a playroom outside with showers, so people can go in the same spot like a well-laid-out safe tripping my house. No, I never let 'em inside until they're clean.

"Oh, and I've got the most heavenly speaker system, you can talk from anywhere to anywhere, no one ever has to go to a door. For instance, suppose you come to see me. You ring the bell, and instead of saying, 'Madam, you hear this voice that scares the daylights out of you. Well, finally you recover your senses, and you say very quietly, 'I want to see the new Sweeper,' and out in the patio Miss Barnes says, 'Not today, thank you,' and you trudge off. Terribly bad for you, but nice of her, and you needn't be too discouraged, because Jimmy Stewart lives next door, so maybe you can sell him a Sweeper. I don't know Jimmy, I know his dog, beautiful better, he barks at me when I play tennis, and I throw him balls to shut him up.

Then there's my fountain. All my life I've had a bad bed that was big enough. No, I don't toss. I don't even badge. I live down, fall asleep and wake up all in the same spot like a well-laid-out safe. But I'm five feet seven and I feel even taller than I look. A normal bed gives me claustrophobia. Rosette's, for in-
stood. Of course, she’s got two, maybe that makes a difference, though I don’t see how it could, she never sleeps in more than one at a time. The other’s for when she has children staying with her. I wonder if they’ll go to see her at the hospital. That gives me an idea. Do you mind?”
She picked up the phone. “Please get me Rudolph Maté in Hollywood.” Carefully she spelled out the name and address.
She replaced the instrument, took a pad from the desk and started scribbling. And to me: “Go ahead. Ask questions. I can talk while I write.”
This was nearly just good Will. She was lost to the world. A few moments of scribbling and she picked up the phone again. “I want to send a wire to Jean Negulesco.” She spelled name and address. “Dear Jean, Rosette is at St. Vincent’s Hospital. She hurt her leg, while skating. Will you please go to see her and cheer her up? I’ll be in Monday. Thanks loads, Binnie.”
“I wouldn’t ask just anyone to go and see her,” she explained. “But Jean and Rudolph are her special friends among my friends, and I know they’d want to go. Maté plays tennis with her, and Jean teaches her to paint. She loves to paint, she’ll sit at that little easel of hers for hours. Which pleases me, of course, because pictures are a hobby of mine. She loves music, too. We go to concerts together. She’s such a companionable soul, it’s hard to realize sometimes that she’s only thirteen. She has lots of little friends, but she’d rather be with me than anyone else. I’m the only one who really matters.”
A shadow crossed her face. “Ever hear of getting an infected leg from skates? Neither have I, but that doesn’t mean it couldn’t happen. Look here, I’m being a crashing bore. Where did we leave off?”

Since it was clear that all roads would lead to Rosette, I told her we’d left off there.
“Did we really?” she said absent. “I’d forgotten. She’s been on my mind so, I feel as if I’ve talked about nothing else all afternoon. But of course I must have. Did I tell you she looks like me? Tall, brown eyes like mine, hair a little darker. People take her for my sister. She lives that.
“She’s a quiet child, very sensitive, gets upset when you scold her. So I’ve got to go carefully on the little problems that come up—like school reports, bedtime and not enough studying and too many movies. Oh, I put my foot down, make no mistake about that. Rosette doesn’t. Firmly, you know, but gently. Just a little chat and we understand each other.
“She’s got a sense of humor, which helps us get over the hurdles. We went to Sun Valley for Christmas, and she wanted to give a little party for one or two of her girl friends. I said, ‘That’s fine. And now that you’re thirteen and on the road to being a young lady, I suggest you do the whole thing yourself. I’ll stay out of it. You invite your friends, have a little table to yourselves in the dining-room, and order your own dinner. How’s that?’
“She thought it was wonderful. I saw them from the other end of the room, three babes in their curls and ribbons, trying to look grown up, kind of thing that melts my sentimental old heart.”
When Rosette came upstairs, Binnie asked her what they’d had for dinner.
“They’re legs and red wine and a peach melba afterwards.”
“You didn’t!” gasped Binnie.
“Well, you told me to do what I thought proper, and that’s what I thought was proper for a grown-up party.”
“Don’t ever do it again,” groaned Binnie.
“Why not? You said I was on the road to a young lady—”
“Just about half an inch, my love. Not nearly enough for red wine and frogs’ legs.”
“A small arm stole round her neck.
“Thanks, Binnie.”
“For what?”
“What you just said. I hate frogs’ legs and red wine.”
The phone rang. “Mr. Maté?” said Binnie. “Put him on, please, Rudolph! I’m so glad. Rosette’s in the hos— you know? You’ve been there? You angel! How did she look? What did she say? Tell me everything, start at the beginning, from the minute you walked in. You brought her what? A bunny? Oh, Rudolph!”
I tip-toed out. I’m sure that by the time she got through talking to Rudolph, she’d forgotten that I’d ever been there.
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MODERN SCREEN

HAS CARY GRANT GONE HIGH HAT?

(Continued from page 24)

tweeds, he never had them pressed. This wasn't carelessness. It was deliberate. He would take plenty of time dressing, but when he got through, the casual note was there. He had put it there.

But that was Cary's only affectation—and it was such a small one that his friends not only forgave him, but liked him, for it. He didn't flaunt expensive jewelry or live on an estate or ride around in a saffron car. He hated everything that was cheap and flashy.

CARY had been living the life of a happy bachelor for some time when he met Virginia Cherrill at Marion Davies' beach home. Going to Marion Davies' parties had been one of Cary's few concessions to the Hollywood social scheme. Virginia had been discovered by Charlie Chaplin, and had played the very poignant role of a poor, blind girl in "City Lights." At the time Cary met her, it still seemed possible that she might go on to success of her own. But that wasn't what interested Cary, for he was no worshipper of fame then. It was some inner quality that he saw in Virginia that fascinated him.

For she was one of those beautiful, charming, clever girls who can readily adapt themselves to a man's moods. A beautiful blonde, she was the sort of girl gentlemen prefer. For a time she had been a friend of William Rhinelander Stewart, the socialist.

But when she met Cary, she was fancy free. She sensed that what Cary wanted was a good sport, a girl who would feel just as much at home at a beach picnic as at a night club, a girl who would enjoy neighborhood movies as much as more sophisticated entertainment.

Perhaps she was fascinated by Cary's dark, insolent, good looks. No doubt she fell in love with him. But those who knew him cared best to say that, though she cared for him, her love never matched his, her passion never flamed as high as his. Cary, who'd always objected when his girl friends tried to monopolize his company, now got a taste of his own medicine. He was jealous whenever another man was attentive to Virginia.

Finally he pinned her down to a promise to marry him. Then Virginia failed to show up at the ceremony! Cary almost went out of his mind! Had Virginia decided at the last moment that she wouldn't marry him, and left him waiting at the church rather than face the embarrassment of telling him of her decision? Cary made a dozen frantic phone calls before he finally succeeded in reaching Virginia, who had apparently forgotten all about the fact that this was the date set for the ceremony.

Though they were married shortly afterwards, Cary felt humiliated. From then on he never knew a moment's peace, for he never seemed certain that Virginia loved him as he loved her.

To add to their difficulties, Virginia's ideas about money differed from his. She felt that a tennis court and a swimming pool were not luxuries but necessities for people who worked as hard as she and Cary did. According to Cary's standards, Virginia's bills for clothes were simply enormous. An old hat, or a new frock—returned to haunt Cary. He wanted to be generous, but he did not want to be bankrupt. Besides, his wife's extravagance, or what seemed like extravagance to him, was a blow to his pride. If Virginia really loved him, wouldn't she be willing to live more simply? He couldn't see her viewpoint.

There were quarrels because of money, and quarrels because of jealousy. This marriage hadn't made Cary feel more certain of Virginia. When men were attentive to her, he felt fear closing in on him. Everyone in Hollywood knew that they were quarrelling. Even Randy Scott, Cary's best friend, admitted it.

"You see, it's like this," he would explain. "Cary and I are two entirely different types of people. If I were married to someone with whom I had arguments, I could live with it. But Cary thrives on arguments. Though he and Virginia have their tips, it doesn't mean a thing."

What Randy said was partly true. In spite of all those stormy battles, Cary loved Virginia more each day. He'd never known that love could be as intense as it was in this marriage. It was fascinating, as he thought. But perhaps it was as maddening as this. He would beg forgiveness for things he'd said in a moment of anger. A few days later, in another moment of anger, he might say the same things again. Finally Virginia told him that she had had enough, and she left him. Daily, Cary called her on the phone and asked her to come back and each time she refused him flatly.

In March, 1935, Virginia divorced Cary, thus bringing to an end his last hope of reconciliation. I'll never forget an incident that happened shortly afterwards, which showed exactly how hurt Cary was. It occurred on the night of the premiere of one of his most successful pictures, a picture which Cary had attended with another man and which Virginia had attended with another woman. In the lobby, Virginia, looking exquisite, stopped suddenly as she saw Cary, and then walked over to him, and greeted him in a friendly manner. He looked at her, and then something stark and hurt came into his eyes, and he deliberately turned away, smirking the woman he had loved.

INDIFFERENCE? Perhaps that was what Cary wanted Virginia to think—that he was so indifferent he wouldn't care. But what he actually betrayed was not indifference, but either a great hatred or a great love. Cary isn't usually deliberately rude to people, so again, his rudeness was just a symbol of how hurt he really was.

Virginia didn't take the break-up of their marriage so seriously, and eventually she married George Villiers, the Earl of Jersey, and settled down to a life of peace.

All of which made Cary sure of what he had suspected during his own stormy marriage. His marriage had failed, he thought, because he had not been able to give his wife the things a girl as beautiful as she expected.

When he had married to Virginia, her standards had seemed false to him. He had felt that she cared too much for money and the things that could buy. But now he wondered—if he had been wealthier, if he had been a greater social success, would things have turned out as they had been?

And slowly, subtly, Cary began to change. Perhaps subconsciously he wanted to prove to a woman who no longer cared for him that if she had only the fear of being poor against—returned to haunt Cary. He wanted to be generous, but he did not want to be bankrupt. Besides, his wife's extravagance, or what seemed like extravagance to him, was a blow to his pride. If Virginia really loved him,
in her set, and he found that in Hollywood, social life has a terrific influence on careers. Through the Countess di Frasso, he met men like George Cukor, the very shrewd director, who discovered that there were possibilities in Cary that other directors had not seen. Producers whom he met socially remembered him when they were casting important pictures. And so with his new social success came greater success in pictures.

When he wasn’t playing the social field, Cary took out beautiful blondes—all as alike as pins—and all looking almost like carbon copies of Virginia Cherrill. There was Bobbie Cooper, a San Francisco society girl; there was Mabel Draper; Betty Furness, and finally Phyllis Brooks.

If you compare pictures of Phyllis with those of Virginia Cherrill, you may discover why Cary became so fond of Phyllis. “It’s my belief,” a friend of Cary’s said, “that he’s not whole-heartedly in love with Phyllis—but has been taking her out because she reminds him so very much of Virginia.”

However, Cary’s treatment of Phyllis has been different from his attitude toward Virginia. Virginia was an extremely strong-minded person, who knew how to manage him, and if she had wished to keep their marriage going, it might have been a success. But Cary treats Phyllis more like a child.

And today there are those who say that the Phyllis Brooks romance may be over. Phyllis has gone to England to make a picture, but even before she left, Cary was going places with Electra Waggoner, who is a successful sculptress and one of the country’s wealthiest heiresses.

Now it’s possible that Phyllis and Cary may fool all the people who say their romance is over. It’s possible that while she’s away they may miss each other so much that when she returns, nothing but wedding bells will do. In which case Electra Waggoner may become just a memory in Grant’s life.

But meanwhile, Cary has been drawn into the social set he used to hate. The people he pals around with are millionaires like Jack Whitney, producers like David Selznick, directors like George Cukor. Most of them have far more money than he and are interested in a different sort of life than used to attract him.

Imitating men of this type, he has gone into jewelry, trick watches and crystal studs. He is not as intense about his work as he used to be—which is probably a good thing, since some of his casualness gets into his performances, and gives them a spontaneity they might not have had.

Yes, Cary Grant is living a life that is alien to Archibald Leach. And because that is so, and underneath all his confusion, Cary knows it is so, he is not altogether a happy man. He is gay, he is good company, but underneath all he is a bit bewildered. He has lost touch with some of his old friends, but worst of all, he has lost touch with Archibald Leach.

Perhaps if he marries Phyllis Brooks, he’ll cut out some of the society hush-dub. Her enthusiasm about her work may help bring forward the interest he used to feel about his acting. If he marries some society girl instead, he may get more out of touch with Archibald Leach than ever. And that would be a great pity. For if Cary Grant can rediscover Archibald Leach and step off the social merry-go-round, he may get his sense of values back. Then he will realize that the things he has sought these last few years are not the things he really wanted. No doubt, today Cary Grant could offer any woman who wanted them, all the things that go with wealth and social success. But Cary Grant can offer Archibald Leach nothing—but Archibald Leach never wanted social success. He was merely seeking for happiness.

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<td>Within the Law (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Woman Doctor (Republic)</td>
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<td>Woman in the Wind (Warner)</td>
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<td>Zenobia (United Artists)</td>
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Turn to our Scoreboard when you’re in doubt about what movie to see. It’s a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings of pictures released during the six months prior to our going to press. ★ = very good; ★★ = good; ★★★ = fair; ★★★★ = poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.
Is your hair getting darker? Don't worry—tomorrow your hair can be just as blonde and beautiful as Bette C.'s is today! You, too, can have that youthful blondeness so attractive to men... use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash TONIGHT and natural looking blondeness will be yours.

Marchand's is a scientific, harmless preparation, skilfully designed to lighten and beautify all shades of hair. It is simple and quick to use. Follow this smart, fashionable way to lovely hair... use Marchand's TONIGHT!

If you do not wish your hair to be too blonde, use Marchand’s as a RINSE to bring out subtle highlights and fresh beauty—whatever the shade of your hair.
"IF I HAD SIX MONTHS TO LIVE"

(Continued from page 31)

"I couldn't take! Music would kill me. I swear that I would smash all the radios and victrolas. I'd hold my hands over my ears if I heard a violin playing, a voice raised in song. Even now, music makes me sad, almost morbid, does things to the minor chords of my heart."

"Yes, here again, Judy and I are alike. Judy was right. Judy did the casual things, even with Steele—brought him his lunch on a tray, planned the dinners, went to the station to meet people. She did these everyday things as a symbol to him that she was taking it all right. She did it a little, too, to ease the strangeness in her own spirit. Anyway, I, too, would do the everyday things, which would have no kin in my mind with the unfamiliar thing of death. And yet I know that, just as Judy must have broken down at times, unable to bear it, just as she must have awakened at night and cried out to Steele to hold her safe and warm against the icy Inevitable, so I would do, too. I'd have to talk about it, sometimes, to someone. I'd try to make as few such scenes as possible, of course."

"I was just about to say, too, that I wouldn't do any of the things I didn't want to do, if I knew I had only a few months left—like not seeing people I didn't want to see, like not writing letters, like not dressing up. You know," grinned Bette, "I could dress in dungarees without any make-up or anything for the rest of my life and love it. My greatest struggle in this business has been trying to look the way people expect a movie star to look. Yes, with my time here limited, I think that, again, the instinct of self-preservation would rear its little head—a sort of desire for a sort of immortality."

"I can't give my religion any name or label. Just being decent about things, I guess. I do think that if we are decent in this life, we have a kind of immortality right here. Mother could die tomorrow and never be dead so far as I am concerned. I think that when Judy planted the hyacinth bulbs, the day she died, it was her way of saying that she, too, would be here—afterwards. Anyway, that's as far as I've ever got along that deep line of thought. The thing is we sort of stay here, if we've made ourselves worth the having around."

"I hope," said Bette, her hands clasping her knees, "that I'd have enough not to tell my mother. But I also believe that I would tell her, that I should tell her. If I decided to tell her, I'd kid the heck out of her, though. I know I'd do that—because, of course, she'd go mad."

Bette thought before she answered, then said, "Because she would be certain to say, afterwards, 'If only I had known, there is something I could have done.'"

"Why would you tell her?"

"Then, too, when anyone dies people always think, 'My God, I could have been so much nicer to her!' I know something of how that feels and what a pretty little form of torture it can be. A couple of years ago Mother, very suddenly, had to have an operation. I sat up the whole night before that operation, torturing myself! I thought of all the little things I hadn't done for Ruthie and with her, all the little things I would do now, if God only would give me another chance. I swore that never again would I be fool enough to give myself the slightest tripe to regret. We all get careless with people, even people we're very fond of."

"Then, if I were about to die, I'd think about the things I'd want to remember. I'd want to remember my work, of course, the sense of satisfaction in knowing I'd made the grade in my profession. But mostly, I'd want to remember the very personal things. I'd want to remember the night Ham and I drove up Hollywood Boulevard together, after Ham had had some bad years out here while mine had been good, and there, above the Cinegrill where his band was playing was his name blazoned in electrics! Yes, I'd want to remember the special thrill that was."

I'd want to remember the one-arm lunches Mother and I used to have in New York. You know, the cafeterias where you park your cars on the arm of your chair—and very seldom have them, too. I'd like to remember the night I drove up Broadway, alone in a taxi and, for the first time, saw my name in electric lights and how I sat there and blubbered right out loud and the driver said, "Anything wrong, Miss?" and I sniffed, "Yes." And he said, "Tch, tch, too bad," and I began to laugh."

"Yeah," said Bette. "I think I'd find a funny kind of acceptance."
AN OPEN LETTER

(Continued from page 50)

about "ejecting" a news photographer from one of her swank parties at the Vendome Cale. She wanted privacy for her guests. She got denunciation.

Whatever it is, fame has left its mark on Francis. "Do you know that I can no longer allow my friends to take their cars when we go out for an evening's amusement, she said to me, earnestly. "I take my own. If I didn't, their cars would be ruined. The paint job would be scratched, lights broken, fenders jammed, by crowds of people who want autographs for a movie star's autograph. I know that. It has happened to me. It's a sad state of affairs, all right, but she brought it upon herself, didn't she? All of you "Unapproachables" are actors because of your own efforts and inclinations, aren't you?"

Margaret Sullivan thinks interviews are "silly." Well, maybe, but there's a big demand for them. So now her studio gleamly sends out articles, without her bothering about them, that start "There is no one in Hollywood harder to know than Margaret Sullivan,..." They discourage attempts to reach her. "We can't even get her on the phone," they add, plaintively.

The Norfolk girl, whose exceptional acting talent lats aroused great fan interest, comes from the stage where the audience is smaller, more select, less curious about her private reactions. But Margaret consented to come to Hollywood, for a goodly sum, and that sum will make her financially independent in far shorter time than would the stage. Why doesn't she show her gratitude to the cash customers by letting them know something about herself? It seems logical that fans should be interested in their favorites.

Perhaps I am being too querulous with you "Unapproachables." Perhaps you feel no obligation to your patrons, the vast film audiences. Maybe you feel that if you gave them two interviews, emotional recreation when they see your films, that you do your share. Maybe you're right. I wonder how the fans feel? I know my reaction might be different. I read a story on Elizabeth and Kay Francis or Margaret Sullivan. I'd rather run over and interview Bette Davis. I can be sure of pleasant, courteous attention, and a tolerant acceptance of my prying questions.

THEY FAILED FIRST

(Continued from page 62)

"After all," Tom reminisced, "what do you really go to college for if not to prepare yourself for a job? Well, I've a pretty good job in Hollywood in which I'm just four years ahead of my college ambition."

So if everything seems to go dead wrong, cheer up, No, this is not Pollyanna speaking. It is the voices of five film players who would not be where they are today if success had not met their first efforts. Failure is just as often a blessing in disguise as anything else. Remember, if Clark Gable had had every good at log-rolling, he wouldn't be in the movies today and if Robert Montgomery hadn't been fired from a job in Wall Street, he might now be earning a small salary in which he did not particularly like. For, just as necessity is the mother of invention, failure can be the stepping stone to bigger opportunities. These stars proved it!
Aherne gives as good an account of himself as could be expected in such a role, but not much more. His best chance is over this actor stealing his thunder. Paul Lukas, John Garradine, Douglas Dumbrille, Virginia Field and Margaret Roach are among those cast. But Victor McLaglen can take all the laures for making the picture as much of a success as it is. Directed by Hal Roach.

—United Artists.

★★ Some Like It Hot

Some won't like this at all, in spite of Bob Hope and Shirley Ross in their pitching. The story lacks umph—even with Gene Krupa to step up proceedings. The jitterbugs will be disappointed in the lack of footage that will still more sedate members of the audience, for when the swing-master is given an occasional chance the picture looks like it might hum along after all.

Bob Hope doesn't lack gags or Shirley Ross her customary gaiety, but the usual spontaneous anecodes of these two seem forced in this threadbare story. Hope runs concessions in Atlantic City and is the manager of Krupas's band and singer Ross. Principally he manages to steer his charges into a series of mishap, until they take matters into their own hands and strike out on their own. But of course, Cap advances into the picture by this time, so Shirley forgives and forgets before the final reel.

There's good work by Una Merkel and satisfactory performances by most of the other members of the cast. You'll like "The Lady's In Love With You," as sung by Shirley Ross. Directed by George Achanbain.—Paramount.

★★ The Kid from Kokomo

"The Kid From Kokomo" can take the title for the wackiest picture yet to come out of Hollywood. It's pure slap-stick, the kind that makes you howl, and doesn't even attempt to serious note. May Robson walks away with acting honors in her role of the night-court habitue. When Wayne Morris, a country boy gone-big-time in front of the pictures, is picked up by this shoplifting old sot for a mother, the fun begins. Pat O'Brien, the fighter's manager, is the genius behind this idea as he thinks his gold mine will continue up the road to big money with a mother as inspiration. Joan Blondell, an ex-bubble dancer and fiancée of O'Brien, is excellent as the discouraging menace to all the fancy plans concocted by the manager. Jane Wyman is the cute girl friend that detracts the Morris attention from both fighting and mother, Sidney Toler plays the role of her father and Stanley Fields barges in toward the end of the picture as the fighter's plony father. With a cast like that, hilarious entertainment is to be expected, and that's exactly what the customer gets. Don't expect much of "Kid from Kokomo" but do anticipate a diverting story, snappy dialogue, and repeated ridiculous situations with fast action. Directed by Lewis Selzer.—Warners Bros.

REVIEWS (Continued from page 15)

MODERN SCREEN
It was a scream! So in I went to Slimbert.

"The first thing he said was, 'So my dancer still wants to be a dramatic actress?' I fooled him. In my best, best manner, I calmly informed him. I only wished his attention for a few minutes. In return, I'd save his present music. He laughed and said, 'You're a natural, kid. I'm and ears!' But, on hearing me, he was laughing on the other side and, when I'd finished, he said I was to do it for the tryout. He put it over in the show for New York. That was all I needed. For hours on end I worked over that scene until I felt it in my very bones.

YOU see," Penny explained, "they really needed a fill-in while they changed scenes backstage. They couldn't have a number running the curtain was drawn and there wasn't room. So, when Jack Benny and I came out to do our skit, it was in the nature of a pantomime for the show. It was one of those dumb blonde things where I talk like mad, making one grammatical error after another.

From this day, Penny—Dorothy McNulty, that is—launched her dramatic career. However, she says that when she got a call to read for "Gentleman From Nowhere," she was terrific. So much so that her reading was stopped pronto and, before she knew what was going on, she found herself outside the office door. "Frankly," Penny said, "I was awful!" Undaunted, she continued to work and job upon job followed until that eventual stock engagement, when she was summoned by the scout. From then on the fun began, and not all fun for our heroine.

"I was playing up in Ivorton when I got a call to be in town at four that afternoon," Penny explained. "Well, I arrived and was ushered in to see the head of the talent department. We talked and talked. A little while later a secretary came in and said, 'Here are the tickets.' It seemed as though someone might travel, but I didn't know who. In a few minutes they told me to get ready to go to the coast. I thought that was delightful, but would appreciate it if they'd let me know when to be ready to leave. You can imagine my surprise when they said, 'You take the plane tonight, Miss McNulty.'

"You should have seen me when I arrived next morning." Penny continued. "Why, I hadn't even time to change my clothes. When I got off the plane my only possessions were a hat box and a bag with the few things I'd gathered up en route. I still had on a sweater, skirt, low-heeled shoes and ankle socks. This was toppled off by a knitted cap and my glasses. The first person I saw was Billy Grady, and he said, 'McNulty, I see you haven't changed one bit! Listen, you're going in to meet Mr. Stromberg so I must forget the specs.' In my confusion and excitement I suddenly found myself in front of the producer and had simply forgotten to remove the specs! He gave one look and said, 'I'm afraid you're not the type.' He had an idea you were entirely different.

"My heart sank, but I decided it was now or never. I sparred for time and begged for a test. What could they lose doing one? And the producer had never been there. He finally saw reason and that afternoon I was tested. The next morning I began work on 'After The Thin Man.' Can you believe it, all in about twenty-four hours! I thought I was dreaming and refused to wake up—that is, till the picture was previewed! After that I was called to the inner sanctum and told of great praise for me. In fact, there were leads of the same type parts in stores for me—all tough girls.

"You can bet I woke with a start then," Penny informed us, puckering her forehead to denote serious thought on the subject even at this late date. "I wanted to be a picture actress, sure, but not for just a day! I'd put this kind of role I'd be typed in no time and the parts would be few and far between. I squirmed out and started to fuss for my rights. This time, however, they wouldn't see reason so I didn't work for a year!"

This might have been punishment enough for the average thespian, but not for gal of Penny's caliber. She knew what she wanted and stuck to her guns. In fact, realizing the picture industry only knew her as a stock blonde in the couple of assignments she'd done, she decided to change her name and begin anew.

"When I finally got organized for job hunting, I had a new slant on things generally," Penny told us. "I did a lot of thinking before I decided on a name. I picked Penny because I'd had to save my pennies to get to the coast. Singleton I chose for an obvious reason. It's my husband's name. My purpose was a single one and plenty heavy with ambition! Once christened, it wasn't hard to get work, and after my first assignment they gave me a contract.

WELL, bad luck dogged my tracks again and before I knew it I was typed as a secretary. It got so I never had over ten lines and those required a pencil and pad in my hand. I got thinking about it and decided to do it one differently. One day I had a part that was described as a prissy, old-maidish secretary. I went to the make-up and had them put lines in my face and grey my hair, and from the wardrobe I secured a pair of dark rimmed glasses. I appeared on the set. The director wanted to know who I thought I was. So I told him. He had a sense of humor and let me work! From then on I did each of my little chores as well as I could, but always with such a different make-up that no one could recognize me. In this way I knew I wouldn't be typed with the audience, at least.

"I honestly think if I hadn't there would have been no Blondie for me," Penny confessed and laughed as she considered her current problem. "Of course there's a grave danger of this typing me. But, I'll figure that one out later. I do three a year, so I'm not careful I'll be Blondie no matter what I do or where I go. Of course it does have its compensations. I've never been so flattered with attention before and I love every bit of the fuss. You've no idea what a thrill I get out of people wanting to see me off the screen as well as can—even if it's Blondie they're really after.

"Fact is, I'll tell you a secret—I am Blondie! When I began the director said, 'Now, Penny, if you part just this way the way you are in everyday life you'll be perfect.' I did just that and there was only one criticism—too many freckles!"

"Why, what kind of nail polish, I wonder?" You say. It's long since I've used any nail polish. I'd have made a good woman. I've had only one color—polishes! I've never been so flattered with attention before and I love every bit of the fuss. You've no idea what a thrill I get out of people wanting to see me off the screen as well as can—even if it's Blondie they're really after.

Choose Your COLOR by the
"FINGERNAIL"
...the new way to buy Nail Polish

This Patented Cap Shows Actual Color You'll Get

How will the color look on your own nails? That's always a problem—but no longer! Dura-Gloss shows you how it will look on your own fingernails, when polish is dry and lustrous. How? All you do is look at the patented "fingernail bottle cap"—it's coated with the actual polish that's in that bottle! Try Dura-Gloss—you'll never be satisfied with ordinary polishes. Don't be misled by the low price, 10c. Compare it with $1 polished! Dura-Gloss "goes on" smoothly, dries fast and wears amazingly well. Also a 25c Professional package.

DURA-GLOSS
LABORATORIES
PATERSON, N. J.

(Continued from page 43)
**Strange**

**BEAUTY CUSTOMS**

To make themselves more fascinating girls and women of ancient Greece rose before the sun and bathed their bodies in dropped dew.

**Greek Maidens**

**Bathed in Dew**

has been used to show the mark of passing years on schoolmaster Chips, its existence is scarcely noted. For Mr. Donat has brought such sympathetic understanding to his characterization, such mellow humor and warmth of personality, that he has made every moment of Mr. Chips believable.

Another beautiful performance is that of Greer Garson, as the woman with whom the middle-aged schoolmaster falls in love. Their courtship in the Tyrolean Alps and their subsequent happy marriage which is terminated by the wife’s tragic death in child-birth, are sequences which could stand comparison with the best that has been done. Another admirable bit of casting was in the selection of Terry Kilburn for one of the most appealing and important roles. There are many excellent performances in the large cast assembled, with several of the English schoolboys giving impressive accounts of themselves. Production and direction deserve highest compliments. Directed by Sam Wood.—M-G-M.

**★★ Lucky Night**

“Lucky Night” is so bogged down with confusing dialogue and unconvincing story material that even Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor cannot turn the picture into good entertainment. When in doubt what to do next all members of the cast look around for a drink, setting something of a record for elbow-bending in motion pictures.

The Loy and Taylor personalities are the only recommendations for the picture. They emerge with some new characteristics that should please their fans. Taylor proves himself a pleasing comedian, and Miss Loy is sweetly serious as the young bride who suddenly realizes she wants security instead of hectic excitement. The story title refers to the night they meet. Both are broke, looking for jobs and in love. They manage to trick the park cop into sticking them to a meal, and Myrna Loy hits a slot-machine jackpot at the restaurant. They drink too much and wake up the next morning bound by a marriage that neither can remember. From there on, it’s the same story of young married love, only there are no absorbing problems. Henry O’Neill, as Miss Loy’s father, is very good, and Douglas Fowley is particularly entertaining as a night club owner. Directed by Norman Taurog.—M-G-M.

**★★ Captain Fury**

Mellerdrumguy, with not a single hair-raising trick left out, is here for you in this picture—if you can take it. The story takes place in Australia where the cruel land-owners (and they are cruel) use pitiful convicts from England (and are they pitiful) to slave on their land. Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen are two of the convicts for one of these ruthless gents, and they go through untold tortures before finally making their escape. Whereupon Aherne turns into a Robin Hood for the poor of the land, wreaking vengeance on the wicked wealthy in order to give money to the deserving downtrodden. It’s all pretty stirring, and not a scene goes by without a good fight where right triumphs gloriously over might. There’s a love story, too, between Aherne and June Lang. And though it seems to have been put in the script as an afterthought, the two provide a sentimentally satisfactory romance.

Aherne gives as good an account of himself as he could be expected in such a role, but Black does need to keep this step over this actor stealing his thunder. Paul Lukas, John Garradine, Douglas Dumbrille, Virginia Field and Margaret Roach are also in the cast.

But Victor McLaglen can take all the laurels for making the picture as much of a success as it is. Directed by Hal Roach.—United Artists.

**★★ Some Like It Hot**

Some won’t like this at all, in spite of Bob Hope and Shirley Ross in there pitching. The story lacks umph—even with Gene Krupa to step up proceedings. The jitterbugs will be disappointed in the lack of footage after all the more sedate members of the audience, for when the swing-master is given an occasional chance the picture looks like mighty hum along after.

Bob Hope doesn’t lack gags or Shirley Ross her customary gaiety, but the usually spontaneous antics of these two seem forced in this threadbare story. Hope runs concessions in Atlantic City and is the manager of Krupa’s band and singer Ross. Principally he manages to steer his charges into a series of misfortunes, until they take matters into their own hands and strike out on their own. But of course, Captured has entered into the picture by this time, so Shirley forgives and forgets before the final reel. There is good work by Una Merkel and satisfactory performances by most of the other members of the cast. You’ll like “The Lady’s In Love With You,” as sung by Shirley Ross. Directed by George Archainbaud.—Paramount.

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“The Kid From Kokomo” can take the title for the wackiest picture yet to come out of Hollywood. It’s pure slap-stick, the kind that makes you howl, and doesn’t even attempt to seriousmente.

May Robson walks away with acting honors in her role of the night-court habitué. When Wayne Morris, a country boy gone big-time prizefighter, is reunited with this shoplifting old sot for a mother, the fun begins. Pat O’Brien, the fighter’s manager, is the genius behind this idea as he thinks his gold mine will continue up the road to big money with a mother as inspiration. Joan Blondell, ex-haberdasher and acquaintance of O’Brien, is excellent as the discouraging menace to all the fancy plans concocted by the manager.

Jane Wyman is the cute girl friend that detests the Morris attention from both fighting and mother, Sidney Toler plays the role of her father and Stanley Fields barges in toward the end of the picture as the fighter’s phony father. With a cast like that, hilarious entertainment is to be expected and that’s exactly what the customer gets. Don’t expect another “Kid Galahad” but do anticipate a diverting story, snappy dialogue, and repeated ridiculous situations with fast action. Directed by Lewis Seiler.—Warner Bros.

Intimate, inside stories on Ginger Rogers, Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne and Jane Withers in September MODERN SCREEN
PENNY WISE
(Continued from page 43)

It was a scream! So I went to Shubert.

"The first thing he said was, 'So my dancer still wants to be a dramatic actress?' I told him. In my best, best manner I could. He only wished his attention for a few minutes. In return, I'd save his present musical. He laughed and said, "Well, well, isn't it lovely, kid, I'm a dago! But, on hearing me, he was laughing on the other side and, when I'd finished, he said I was to do it for the tryout. If I got chosen for the show for New York. That was all I needed. For hours on end I worked over that scene until I felt it in my very bones.

You see," Penny explained, "they really needed a "fill-in" while they changed scenes backstage. They couldn't have a number because the curtain was drawn and there wasn't room. So, when Jack Benny and I came out to do our skit, it was in the nature of an "off-curtain" for the show. It was one of those dumb blonde things where I talk like mad, making one grammatical error after another."

From this point, General Penny—Dorothy McNulty, that is—brought her dramatic career. However, she says that when she got a call to read for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," she was terrific. So much so that her reading was stopped pronto and, before she knew what was going on, she found herself outside the office of the producer. "Frankly," Penny said, "I was awful!" Undaunted, she continued to work and job upon job followed until that eventual stock engagement, when she was summoned by a Brute Scout. From then on the fun began, and not all fun for our heroine.

"I was playing up in Ivorton when I got a call to be in town at four that afternoon," Penny explained. "Well, I arrived and was ushered in to see the head of the talent department. We talked and talked. A little while later a secretary came in and said, 'Here are the tickets.' It seemed as though someone might travel, but Fortuitous brought me to. In a few minutes they told me to get ready to go to the coast. I thought that was delightful, but would appreciate it if they'd let me know when to be ready to leave. You can imagine my surprise when they said, 'You take the plane tonight, Miss McNulty.'"

"You should have seen me when I arrived next morning," Penny continued. "Why, I hadn't even time to change my clothes. When I got off the plane my only possessions were a hat box and a bag with the few things I'd gathered up en route. I still had on a sweater, skirt, low heeled shoes, and ankle socks. This was topped off by a KNITTED cap, and my glasses. The first person I saw was Billy Grady and he said, 'McNulty, I see you haven't changed one bit!' Listen, you're going in to meet Mr. Stronberg so please forget the specs. I'm in masquerade and I'm going to play this part."

"I confess and laughed as she considered her current problem. "Of course there's a grave danger of this tipping my cap, but, I'll figure it out later. I do three a year, so if I'm not careful I'll be Blondie no matter what I do or where I go. Of course it has its compensations. I've never been so flattered with attention before and I love every bit of the fuss. You've no idea what a thrill I get out of people wanting to see me off the screen as well as—if it's Blondie they're really after."

"Fact is, I'll tell you a secret—I am Blondie! When I began the director said, 'Miss Penny, if you part just the way you are in everyday life you'll be perfect.' I did just that and there was only one criticism—too many freckles!"

"My heart sank, but I decided it was now or never. I spurred for time and begged for a test. What could they lose doing one more? The worst that could happen had been done? He finally saw reason and that afternoon I was tested. The next morning I began work on 'After The Thin Man.' Can you believe it, all in about twenty-four hours! I thought I was dreaming and refused to wake up—that is, till the picture was previewed! After that I was called to the inner sanctum and told of great plans for me. In fact, there were loads of the same type parts in store for me—all tough girls.

"You can bet I woke with a start then." Penny informed us, pucking up her forehead to denote serious thought on the subject even at this late date. "I wanted to be a picture actress, sure, but not for just a day. In this line of role I'd be typed in no time and the parts would be few and far between. I squared off and started to figure on my rights. This one, however, they wouldn't see reason, so I didn't work for a year!"

"This might have been punishment enough for the average thespian, but not for a gal of Penny's caliber. She knew what she wanted and stuck to her guns. In fact, realizing the picture industry only knew her as the tough girl in the couple of assignments she'd done, she decided to change her name and begin anew.

"When I finally got organized for job hunting, I had a new slant on things generally," Penny told us. "I'd a lot of thinking before I decided on a name. I picked Penny because I'd had to save my pennies to get to the coast. Singleton was chosen for an obvious reason. It's my husband's name. My purpose was a single and plenty heavy with ambition! Once christened, it wasn't hard to get work, and after my first assignment they gave me a contract.

"Well, had luck dogged my tracks again, and when I knew I was typed as a secretary, I got so I never had over ten lines and those required a pencil and pad in my hand. I got thinking about it and decided to do each one differently. One day I had a part that was described as a prissy, old-maidish secretary. I went to the make-up and had them put lines in my face and grey my hair, and from the wardrobe I borrowed a pair of rimmed glasses. I appeared on the set. The director wanted to know who I thought I was. So I told him. He had a sense of humor and let me work! From then on I did each of my little chores as well as I could, but always with such a different make-up that no one could recognize me. In this way I know I wouldn't be typed with the audience, at least.

"I honestly think if I hadn't there would have been no Blondie for me," Penny confessed and laughed as she considered her current problem. "Of course there's a grave danger of this tipping my cap, but, I'll figure that one out later. I do three a year, so if I'm not careful I'll be Blondie no matter what I do or where I go. Of course it has its compensations. I've never been so flattered with attention before and I love every bit of the fuss. You've no idea what a thrill I get out of people wanting to see me off the screen as well as—even if it's Blondie they're really after."

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down to see Mack." Leh says, "and finally convinced him I had lots of experience and he gave me the work.

The job was a comedy role. Lew became Simple Simon. He played it without dialect, for Mack, the star of the show, as Mother Goose herself, used the only dialect in the act.

One other performer in the show also merits special mention. This was Anne Leonardhoe. Only a few, though, eighteen, couldn't take his eyes off her for four whole hours. Then the war separated them, for he enlisted in the 74th Railroad Artillery in June, 1917.

NINE days after enlistment, they made me a Sergeant," Lew says, modestly adding, "I suppose it was because I was the only guy who wasn't scared to holler good and loud." A couple of weeks later, they wanted to make him a lieutenant of infams, but he's cleverly escaped. At all events, after twenty-two strenuous months, Lew was discharged; four days later he and two of his buddies, with whom he had put on shows at the front, won a vaudeville booking that kept them busy in New York for six months.

Meanwhile, he had met Anne again, and on October 9, 1920, they were married. A few months later a new act, "Lew & Belle," was born.

They were in vaudeville, radio and musical comedy, with occasional time out for flyers in the real estate business, until 1930, when Lew quit to write special material for such shows as the Sepip, Bea Lillie, Bert Lahr and George Price. Then came the break for which Uncle Charlie had unwiggedly prepared him so many years before. Johnny Walker, who was looking for a man to write and handle comment for a series of old films, to be called "Looking Back," wanted Lew and Johnny teamed up. The result was those two great comedy series "Do You Remember," and "Great Hkoom Mys-
er-sy," Frank Kirke and Thomas Edison cameraman, had an option on 1100 reels of the great inventor's early dramas, and when Truman H. Talley, of Fox Movietone, telephoned for an old Chaplin film and Talley got an idea. He went to George Lane and spoke to him about a series of shorts, using the same idea. Lane said, "I've got it!" and showed Talley "The Great Train Rob-
bery" and "Where Is My Wandering Boy?" which used that principle. Talley was enthusiastic. He wanted to meet the man who had made the sound. So they introduced him to Lew Leh. Soon Kirby's films and Kirby's shorts were featured by Talley's Movietone News, Remember "Adventures of a Newsreel Cameraman" and the "Tinytype" series. They were big successes.

In a little while Lew was doing serious business. He was editing short subjects, such as "Mamie Carters of the Others," for a Movietone. Then Talley, a veteran newspaper man, got another bright idea. News-
papers had their comic sections. Why shouldn't newsreels do the same? "Lew. I want to think of an answer to that one, he started. Newsreels—such a minute of comedy out of the ten minutes a newsreel runs.

Lew got the idea and studied. Lew played the first ones in straight voice. He had never used dialect throughout his long theatrical career. But along came a lot of a motormen's school in Berlin, with a luxuriantly mous-
tached fellow standing up at a trolley car control board nailed to a wall. It stuck. Cartoonists have said that finishing that line was the most difficult thing he's ever done.

Lew has more than a dozen different dialects on tap. None too many when you realize he must make 104 pictures every year, and that he's been doing it for some seven years. But voices aren't as big as a problem as costumes. He haunted the cos-
tomers' shops in a desperate effort to find something new. A motorman's driven to combin-
ing old costumes and props. A straw hat with a fur coat. Spats and a cane with an old-fashioned bathing suit. Things like that are typical.

But even harder is preparing and doing the scripts. He has an analysis of each Newspaper placed in front of him, and his analy-
sis shows just how much time is devoted to each bit of action. For example, it may say, "Man sees dog, three feet. Dog sees man, four feet. Dog bites man, three feet. Man jumps, one foot. Man bites dog, two feet." With his script tailored to fit the action, he goes to a recording room and rehearses as the film is run off. When he has the rehearsal perfect, the rest is a cinch. All he has to do is keep one eye on the script, the other eye on the camera, read his lines, and work the button that signals the sound effect. Perhaps, you say, there's nothing to it! He got his nickname, Dribble-Puss, from a walrus. The walrus on the film was talking mouthfuls of water and spraying it over the bystanders, so Lew said, "Ah, hell, Dribble-Puss, you have followed Lew ever since, though the wal-
rus is forgotten.

His slogan—"Monkeys in the kwariest places"—of course, a bit of the type way —by accident. He just said it about some monkeys in a picture, and everybody liked it so well, he adopted it as a sort of trademark. Otherwise, he uses new ma-
terial for every picture. "You can't keep on repeating the same jokes and gags," he says. If you do, the audience learns them by heart, and they can take your place. When they can show that—they don't need you any longer."

THAT his system is successful is proven by the size of his audience—10,000 the-
atre in the United States—theatres in every English-speaking country in the world, and a nationwide radio network, with Ben Bern-
ie. On the air he sticks to one dialect, which has made a large number of the men unhealthened that at the only one he can use in the films he uses Greek, Cocley, Chinese, rub or whatever strikes him as most appropriate. Oddly enough, he used the same dialect for many years, though he was having to England. When he finally got there, the Munich crisis came along and chased him back to the good old U.S.A. So, fast as it was possible to make a scheduled television broadcast.

His average working day is twelve hours. On his spare time he likes to play his career as a chalk-talk entertainer, drawing cartoons while he hangs upside down

SO HELP ME—NOT A SINGLE FLEA!

WELL, he brings in a new powder—Sergeant's Improved SKIP-FLEA. We have a powdering session. "That'll get 'em," he mutters. And he's right—this SKIP-FLEA really kills—and soothes old itches too.

There's nothing like it except the SKIP-FLEA SOAP that works the same way. Take a tip from me—look up SKIP-FLEA at a drug or put store —and ask for the free new Sergeant's DOG BOOK, or write Sergeant's, Dept. OK-8, Richmond, Va.

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82
from a trapeze, he had never made a car-
to0n of himself until he was persuaded
to take out one especially for the readers
of this magazine. He doesn’t go for pets,
he says, because he considers Butch and
Chuck and Slugs no more than the
flyaway birds, which they are. “I guess
my real pets are right there,” says Lew
as he points to two framed photos on
his desk. “They’re pictures of his wife whom
he calls Belle, and his daughter, Galianne,
now a student at National Park College in
Maryland. We can’t tell you how old she
is. Lew says she wouldn’t like it. And
whatever Belle or Galianne want is Con-
stitutional Law to Lew.

SHE DARES TO BE HERSELF
(Continued from page 60)

When she went to the studio, she said,
“I’ll do anything you want me to do, be-
cause I want experience. I want to learn
about pictures and acting.”

In black satin and fox furs, she played
Marge, the moll, in “Wanted Jane Turner.”
In “The Big Gumm” she was a predatory
dumb co-ed in a slinky evening dress which
kept slipping off one shoulder. In “Coast
Patrol” she was a girl of sixteen who
tried to be sophisticated. “Winterset”
saw her as a poor girl of the New York
slums with an awful brown cow, run-over
high-heeled shoes and an antelope hat, all
of which she wore as if she were Mae
West swishing up the red velvet carpet of
Grand Central Station.

She was once Wheeler and Woolsey’s
leading woman. She’s been in some pictures
you’ve never heard of—in all, about twenty
releases. She takes anything that comes
along, never looks back on her con-
tractions, and has a whale of a swell
time just being Barbara Pepper.

When she made her first trip in four
years to New York recently, she came
to be the godmother to the newly born
daughter of her dearest girl chum, who
lives in the Bronx.

There’s a story there, too. Barbara
decked herself out in a buckskin crepe,
per hat with veils and a couple of
fox furs and boarded the subway for the
Bronx. When she started home, it was
late at night and her decollette appearance
attracted more attention than Barbara en-
joyed from a bleary-eyed rowdy who sat
across an empty car from her. She got
off at the first station and was vainly
trying to hail a taxi to take her back to
the St. Moritz when a police car drove
up. They climbed right in. The cops were
so delighted they took her with them on a
round of radio calls, all through the Bronx.
All of them enjoyed themselves thoroughly.
Barbara told them all about Hollywood and
Broadway. They told her about police
work. After several hours of this, they
drove her all the way in from the Bronx
and deposited her at the door of her hotel
to the great amazement of the doorman.

Back in Hollywood, she met the “gang”
at the Grotto and regaled them with tales
of her experiences. They appreciated them.
I doubt very much if she broke down and
told all to her agent.

What so much the public take to get Miss
Pepper to conform and be a lofty success,
if she ever hits stardom, is something
again. It will undoubtedly be a tough job
to get anything but herself—
Barbara Pepper from 42nd street and
Broadway. If they do get her to conform, it
is my wager that the Wrigley sign will,
out of shock, stop winking.

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Cream Deodorant
Safely—Quickly
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for a girl to order anything more expensive than cinnamon toast and tea, and if she did, she was never invited again.

There must be honor among glamar girls in those matters, too, for though Cesar still takes out girls whose expensive whim is far beyond his income, figuratively speaking, they stick to the cinnamon toast and tea.

After graduation, his father's friends got him a job as runner for a Wall Street bank. He lived alone in a little hall bedroom and continued his double life. At night he was the perfect dancing partner at innumerable debutante parties, while by day he tramped around Wall Street with a pouch full of valuable shackles to his night. But Cesar be handcuffed to a mall-bag, for practically nothing a week, was what got Cesar down. It was inevitable that a boy who could dance that well wasn't going to see much of a future in Wall Street. He was ripe material for a girl friend who used to go to the stage and needed him to become her dancing partner.

They worked, they rehearsed, and at last they were engaged for a spot in a musical show. Cesar gave up his job, and sent word to his family that he had gone on the stage. They were staggered, were in the audience. The actor lasted exactly one night. But Cesar had his foot in the door of a theatrical career, and wouldn't remove it. He worked hard on new routines, changed partners several times, and finally, after a long heartbreaking siege of ups and downs, became a successful ballroom dancer. But he didn't give me a chance. "I've lived alone too long to be able to live with my family again. But they have an apartment in the same building. I'm very happy to be able to take care of them and have them with me.

The greatest disappointment I've had was not getting the part of Dr. Saffi in "The Rains Came." I wanted it terribly and I think I could do it better. The story might not give me a chance. Tyrone Power's going to do it. He isn't the right type for the part, but I'm not a great star and I'm not box-office. That's where things can happen to a man when his bony structure is against him.

"friends" whispered, "You can't leave now, Merle, they'll all think you're drunk!"

Merle sat up all night at her desk, writing and pouring out to a friend in England her bitter impressions of this dreadful town and its cruel people, and praying she would never be like them. But she's long ago forgotten them for that night. She knows it was only the velvet hand in the iron glove that Hollywood extends to all newcomers who are likely to be tough competition.

Now, with her equal disposition and ready laughter, she has become one of the town's favorite daughters, accepted alike by local royalty and studio help. "I'm never temperamental," she said. "I don't give any trouble to anyone. I feel that all the people I work with have their jobs to do, and I have no right to make it difficult for them. Anyway, the day of temperamental ones is over. You only find a few who still behave badly.

"But nothing makes me madder than to have to say that acting in pictures is easy because you can keep on doing a scene until you get it right. That isn't so. On the stage you rehearse everything for weeks. Here we do it a few times at the most. And the longer you do it, the more your inspiration vanishes, and the stiffer you get. A few actors improve with every take, but most of them freeze and get wooden.

"But the worst of all is the strain of having so many things to think of at once. In the death scene in "Wuthering Heights," for instance. In the first place I had to stay on just a certain spot, for the camera. Then I had to remember to keep my face well in view of the camera, and not let it be cut off by Laurence Olivier's shoulder. Also I had to think that off at just a certain point in the distance was the rag I was supposed to be looking at. And I had to remember my hands—to move them very weakly, because I was dying. All that in addition to remembering the dialogue, and trying to give a good performance. You could imagine how confusing it all is!

Life must be pretty confusing altogether for a girl in Merle's predicament. It's an awful strain on the emotions to be leaving home and going home at one and the same time, to be doomed to eternal nostalgia. But now she has married Alexander Korda and perhaps will find her hilltop in the sun.
$1.00 Prize Letter
Humphrey Bogart

"Dead End" was responsible for several memorable character studies, one, Humphrey Bogart's "Baby Face" Martin was so savagely, tragically realistic that it haunted me for days. I expected praise to be showered on Bogart by the critics and good roles to follow. However, here's what happened. Everyone agreed on the quality of his acting, and his studio continued casting him as the terrific bad man.

True, though, he had a different part in "Marked Woman," and how he played it! His performance of the courageous, young District Attorney was carried out with sympathy, warmth and ease which made it outstanding. Again, more recently in "Crime School" he performed marvels with a rather colorless part. Both these roles allowed us to glimpse the artistry, understanding and depth he can bring to his work.

In "Racket Busters" and "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" Humphrey was back again to screen villainy. When will his producers realize his full abilities and give him real opportunities? Not necessarily "good" roles but varied, interesting ones—Jan Howard, South Island, New Zealand.

$1.00 Prize Poem
Go West, Glamor Boy

The West is coming back—look here.
It's Taylor doing a Paul Revere,
There's Nelson Eddy ridin' by Shootin' six guns in the sky.
Look out behind! It's Flynn—our Errol
Polishing his double-barrel.
Who's that? It's young Ty Power, of course.
He's swapped his band in for a horse.
But what's that on yon marquee, my friend?
Ye Gods! It's "Shirley Temple Rides Again!"
—Robert Calhoun, Genesee, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Louis Hayward

A natural! At last, Hollywood has realized that in Louis Hayward they have a natural born actor!
Please, Hollywood, leave him as he is.
Don't make a "glamor boy" out of him and for goodness sake, don't put him in any of those silly, so-called "he-man" movies.
I like Louis Hayward as he is. He's so sincere and convincing in his acting. Let us keep him that way! He makes no pretense of being anything but what he is—an actor! He doesn't sing. He doesn't dance—but he can act!
It is so refreshing to find such a gallant, young man in Hollywood. I like him. I like the pictures he plays in. He's tops.—Mary Williams, Denver, Colo.

$1.00 Prize Letter
The Escape

In my estimation, the greatest achievement of the motion picture industry is the means by which people escape from the drudgeries of everyday existence. Life and death are forgotten when a movie is presented on the screen and the spectator finds peace and contentment in the crowded theatre.
THE NEW WAY IN FEMININE HYGIENE

“The only suppository that gives you all 4 benefits.”

✓ ZONITORS kill germs at contact by releasing the same germ-killing element that makes liquid Zonite so effective.
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MODERN SCREEN

He imagines himself as the screen hero. He forgets his surroundings and pictures himself as a gallant knight living several centuries ago. Instead of a green, he earning fifteen dollars a week, he becomes a millionaire with countless servants to wait upon him.

The old scrub-woman sees herself portrayed as a beautiful, young, society girl. Her chapped, rough hands become soft and white, and her shabby clothes change to furs and clinging gowns. The little boot-black with his thin body know how much pinching and scraping goes into that Sunday best. Believe me, I know." She smiled reminiscently.

"See these," she held out her hand for me to examine the fingernails. They were nails that didn't look as if they belonged to a movie star. Here were no long, pointed claws. Here were just normal nails covering the tips of nice shaped fingers, used to working. They were neatly, evenly polished, these nails, and not:

"I manicure them myself," said Claudette Colbert.

"What, you?"

"Yes, You see, when I was broke, I had to do it. And I got so in the habit that now I can't bear to have anyone touch my fingernails.

We were interrupted by a knock on the door. It was the maid carrying a tray crowded with tea things.

Right here, please," directed Colbert, pointing to the new table in front of the sofa.

WITHTOUT the slightest trace of formality, she was on her knees, pouring tea, carelessly shoving plates around, childishly stuffing a piece of sponge cake into her mouth and making an awful face after she had tasted it.

She was acting all over the place, and she was doing this to be kind, to show me she was regular and to make me feel at home.

This was her dressing-room at the studio, a room with a lot of wizardry, that didn't appear too new, a room giving the effect of sunshine although little sun entered, of gay drapes and upholstery and maple and a certain youthful daintiness, a room like the Claudette of pictures, Claudette of the heart-shaped face.

She's not like that. She has re-decorated her home for the third time. And her face is not so heart shaped. And her manner not so girlish. Instead, there is something queer about her, something sturdy. She knows what she wants. She gets what she wants. She has a strength and a poise and a will of her own. You feel it, every minute.

Her laugh is deep and hearty and always ready, a shade too ready. It is a spotlight, vacuum cleaner kind of laugh, picking up everything and seemingly glad to turn on herself.

"I know I'm difficult copy," she remarked.

I tried to analyze why she is difficult copy. She isn't like a blank wall star, the kind who never speaks unless you dig for the words. No, Claudette Colbert rattles on and on. She dominates and steers the warkers. I have only seen this conversational competence, this deliberate willingness-to-talk in one other person... Grace Moore.

Yet, nearly everything she said, when analyzed, was nothing, was the talk of a clever woman, chatty, chattering, in and out and swiftly, smartly skirting danger signals. So it got to be small talk. Talk about shoes.

"I always wear opera pumps. It makes a woman's foot look prettier. And I've suddenly acquired—growing of the feet! I've gone from Triple A to Double A. I think the future just a plain ordinary—A!"

Talk about cigarettes. She smokes the nicest kind.

"Talk about fashions. Hers is lighter than you'd expect. She wears it short with the bang curly, and it's soft like Shirley Temple's.

Talk as mixed as a salad. Her house is being fumigated against termites. Her sinuses is totally cured. A lunatic wrote threatening letters and how wonderful she wished the G-men are. And suddenly, excited talk about the picture, just completed.

"Ben Hecht wrote it. He's called it 'It's a Wonderful World.' When he was asked why, he said because most people are worried to death nowadays. When they discover a style like that shining at them, 'It's a Wonderful World,' they'll want to go right in and see it. Maybe he's right.

She is thrilled about this picture because she worked with Director Woody Van Dyle.

"His technique is unique. Imagine, we finished in fifteen days instead of the customary eight or nine weeks. Why, it usually takes me fifteen chair behind her, while outside, a patient chauffeur sitting at the wheel of a limousine.

There she stood, Claudette Colbert, with all the accessories, all the trimmings, far away from the girl with five dollars, the girl who couldn't afford a date. And not really far away at all. She remembers and understands and is very grateful. She hasn't forgotten how to put herself in your place, and so, you like her a lot.

SHE COULDN'T AFFORD A DATE

(Continued from page 27)
SWEET SIXTEEN (Continued from page 37)

and very thoughtful, too, which is a reason I'm fond of him.

"Of course it's just the opposite," Judy said, and she lighted up immediately, for all the young Mr. R. have a very definite affection for him. I think the thing about Mickey the most is that he's fun. I love going out with him just to say a word. He keeps me laughing, you know. There's no one I know so much fun to go dancing with. And he's not a prude either. He's not at all like he seems in the screen. He may joke, but he doesn't do what is not at the expense of a lot of wits. Y'know, he's not either, just the nicest person I meet. I feel so sorry because his wasn't as happy as it should have been.

"I guess everyone in New York tries to make him to be wild and crazy like the movies, and when he wasn't, they were very nice to him. He only stayed a day or two, then went to Florida. Of course he's more fun there, he's got his swimming and sports. He's really just like any other boy and a lot smarter than most. Of course, they're people who will try to make you think he's changed by sudden popularity and success, but he's been working so long and hard that it's not new. I don't think he'd ever change no matter how famous he became. That's why I like him—always the same Mickey."

A NOther friend of mine," Judy continued, "is Jackie Cooper. He's a swell and has a lot of recording together sometimes, and sometimes he goes dancing with the gang. He smokes the biggest pipe. It's only the thing I can't ever understand about this guy. But then, I guess it's just another thing about me who can't figure out," and, philosophically shaking her head, Judy pondered the profoundness of this astute observation.

"You'd think he was awfully serious from the parts he plays, wouldn't you? Well, he's not a bit. He likes fun as much as anyone and is the first to get into the spirit of things and the last to sign off. I guess the main reason we have such a good time is because we enjoy the same things." Then, Judy laughed and exclaimed, "Gee, I'm more careful, you'll think I'm bragging about men. But it's your fault because you wanted to know why I like certain people, I mean that you get to go out often enough to be a gadabout. But, since you asked, here's the rest of my story.

"The birthday picture you asked about, the one lighting the candles, was with Billy Halop. Mostly everyone thinks the "Dead End" kids are tough, but they're not. Billy is just the opposite. Honestly, I don't see how he plays those characters so convincingly because he's not a bit that way. He's the most polite and thoughtful boy you can imagine. Why, if he takes you out he can't do enough to make you have a good time. He's pulling out your chair, or helping you up and down all the time. Billy has the most perfect manners of any boy I've met.

"Why, come to think of it, in real life Billy's just like the parts Jackie Moran plays on the screen. Jackie, of course, is the same on the screen and off. He's sweet, well-mannered and always a gentleman. He's one of the nicest boys on the coast and everybody's crazy about him. I judge anyone a lot by their friends. I guess I just like nice people and when someone has lots of nice friends then I'm sure to get along with them. It's really an insight into their...
THE GAY DECEIVER

(Continued from page 33)

three years. But he worked it at too.

He had what clothes he could afford made by an English tailor in New York. A friend he'd made in Scotland sent him Scotch clothes labels. Bob sewed them inside his ready-made bargain-basement desti-
nestic numbers. He knew how nobby actors can be around dressing-rooms and he wasn't taking any chances.

He pretended to be affected by steam-
heat and he always had a terrible time making change with this dreadful American money out in public. He called derby

dhats "bowlers," and schedules, "shed-

duls." clerks, "clarks" and fulile, "futile." He even spent good hard-earned dollars to have his Ford car transformed into a right-

hand drive. It was a swell act.

Blade Stanhope Conway finally died by his own hand. Other shows had followed "The Rool," of course, until Blade was a solid enough hit on Broadway. One day Bob was chatting with the press agent of the Ziegfeld Follies, where Blade was sparkling with Fanny Brice, Willie and Eugene Howard, and found himself admired Vivian Janis. The p. a. opined that breaking into the headlines with Follies stories was like cracking Brazil nuts with a set of false teeth. "What I need," waited the press agent, "is a real story that will stand up on its own legs and walk right onto the front page.

"I'll give you a story," said Blade. "Come up to my room." Then is when he con-

fessed all and the New York sheets came out with "Joplin, Missouri Boy Dupes Broadway!" That was the official end of Blade Stanhope Conway.

Of course there was method in Bob's madness. Broadway had recovered from its British jag. Clean cut, hundred per cent Americans were all over the place. Impersonation number two was in order. He became Dupes Joplin.

Bob shook his family tree for the last part of that one. For the front handle he borrowed from Fanny Brice. They were contemporaries and this would flatter Fanny no end. He was mis-

taken. Fanny howled to high heaven.

Brec Hutchins did all right enough. He was leading man in Earl Carroll's Van-

ities and he acted on the air for the Col-

lier Hour, Fred Allen's program and

Blondes! Avoid Sun "Tarnished" Hair

A vacation's no fun without a good coat of tan. But don't let your hair get that dried out, "tarn-

ished" look from excessive exposure to sun. Beauty editors suggest Admiration Shampoo because it's made with oil and helps keep your hair manageable. It is easier to use... cleanses beautifully... puts that bountiful beauty look in your hair and gives your curls a new "spring". Professionals in beauty shops prefer Admiration for the quick beauty it imparts to hair that has been abused. Admiration makes both "no-lather" and "lather-
ing" types. Get Admiration Oil Shampoo at drug, department and 10 cent stores.

ADMIRATION LABORATORIES, HARRISON, N. J.

MODERN SCREEN

\n
...but for not having children.

That's why our friendship looks over a new mem-

ber we pass judgment. We may be

friendly, but underneath we're not

every life. Why, we have to be,

or else we're completely in

agreement. We may be young, but not

too much—I hope.

Then as I get back home we're going to Bab's for dinner and said Judy.

"The subject of gentlemen. "I tell you that last year, but I've read

and I'm just crazy about it. I like

they will be wonderful in it, don't

you?"

"You'll both be perfect," we said

shyly and honestly. For Mick-

ay any of us could watch 'do-

off till long past the curfew! I

well, she's the top in talks,;

hardly wait to get started," she

enthusiastically. And if you

see her eyes light up at the

what was ahead, then you'd no

quite as much as Judy's many

friends. Though in appearance Judy seemed quite a young lady, for all of her sixteen years, her face was that of a kid's before

Christmas. However, the way Judy explains it is, "I guess maybe I look grown

up, but honestly I don't feel it. The way I

figure is that the first fifteen years are the

hardest. Well, now I'm over that, the best

part is right ahead of me, and I certainly

plan to make the most of it.""In the Wizard of Oz." When you're growing up you can hardly wait for the time to pass and things seem

do dull and slow. Why, I'd give up my life there and you are just where you've always

wanted to be, and it's wonderful. Well, it's like that in the picture. The cabin in the

rain and drab, y'know it's all in black and white. Then one day

it's blown to the Land of Oz and when I

open the door the lovely color of every-

thing is like a wave. You can't imagine

what a contrast it is. That's about the way

it feels to me now that I'm sixteen. Y'know, I always wondered just why they

said, 'sweet sixteen.' Well, now I know, and gosh, but it's grand!"
The agent winced. “The ‘Cummings’ is okay,” he said, “but that ‘Charles Clarence’ is right off the cob.”

“All right,” said Bob, “I’ll make it Robert.”

Bob’s Hollywood hoax had the virtue of a semi-authentic name at least, but the rest of it was pretty raw, “Mistah Vidal,” drawled Bob, with that wide-open-spaces look in his grey eyes, “I h’cufdah you wanted a Texan.”

“I do,” said King Vidor, “but I want a real one.”

“Wa-al,” said Bob, “ah was bollan’ raised on a cattle ranch neah San Angelo. It woulda been fun to see them hit the tail out of that pal’t.”

“Kick the tar,” repeated Vidor. “That’s Texas talk all right! I’m from Texas myself. You’re the first real Texas that’s been in this office!”

They signed him on the spot. Bob made a mild hit in “Red the Rose,” as Margaret Sullivan’s gallant young admirer from the Lone Star State, and the result was a three-year contract with the same studio that would have none of Blade Stanhope Conway. Gradually he dropped away from the Texas drawl. The third deception vanished.

THESE people have been suffering from infections, rash, and eczema of one sort or another. The typical complaint is: “This thing is driving me crazy.”

Bob, first inquisitive, to right-hand little phony many house.


DR. HAN’S

Teething

BABY COMING?

Cleaning

BABY BACKACHE

CAUSED BY Tired

KIDNEYS

Many of those gawky, nasally, talkative backaches people blame on colic or strain 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 salts and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 5 plints a day or about 2 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don’t work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, kidney pains, energy getting up nights, peevish, pulliness under the eyes, headache, and such.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan’s Pills.
because he wanted to go his own way. The Colonel smiled and didn't interfere. Jacques came home and married a Chicago society girl. That was during the group theatre craze. They were both in love and the marriage failed. The Colonel was disturbed. All very well for a young fellow to roam the world, to create himself, and play his part in this divorce—a pity! The Colonel was afraid the break-up had left its mark on his boy.

While Jacques had a little money when the Great Boom started and he ran a small stake up to six figures, he thought his father would be pleased, but he was wrong. He said money so easily made wasn't honest. And of course, Jacques paid with the rest for getting rich too quickly. After that, he made up his mind that he was really going to show the Colonel, and he went to work in one of his uncle's banks. He tried, but he was unsuited to it by temperament and training, and he had picked the worst possible time to make a start in the financial world. He began to hate the bank and himself bolted. But this time, he resolved that he would not go home until he had proved his mettle some way.

This explains why Jacques de Bujac was unhappy when the genius ran into him on the lot, and why Bruce Cabot's spirits lifted as he was groomed, built up and coached through a picture called "The Roadhouse Murder." This tidbit was quite well received by a preview audience, which often proves nothing. Before the preview, Bruce had promised himself the long-awaited treat of calling the Colonel long distance. He had not communicated with him for some time, beyond terse postcards saying, "Am well and getting along." "Oil-drilling." "Wheat harvesting." "Signed contract with RKO." Now if he could say, "Dad, I'm a success. Not your kind of success, but still, I've done something." He hit in the call and waited, sitting right by the phone. When it rang, he lifted the receiver with a trembling hand. It was the studio. There was a whole bunch. The Colonel was desolate.

Of course, it is quite easy to understand why a certain hardening of the emotional arteries set in, after that. Bruce Cabot went on, in a dispirited and routine fashion, making just those kind of pictures. The public did not take him to its heart. He wasn't a second Gable and he never will be. He has become, via an arduous route, a splendid, versatile "second man." He does villains with restraint; witnesses Jeff Surett in "Dodge City." Many's the movie heavy who would have overplayed and mugged that role beyond endurance. He can play strong, sympathetic leading men. He will, I think, eventually become an excellent and well-loved character player.

To acquire this hard-won ability, he has taken all the hordes on the Hollywood track, to steal a metaphor from his last picture, and saw himself anywhere at RKO and asked to be released from his contract. He has made quickies, the worst type of double bill shade, "The Son of India." In cynical fashion, he married and was divorced from Adrienne Ames. He would drive aimlessly for a while, and then lie hold of himself sternly and make heroic efforts to buck the Hollywood conviction that he didn't have what it takes. He affixed his signature to a brief contract with M-G-M. Nothing came of that, either.

Through it all, a recurring dogged determination to win out somewhere, to make money in this screwball game, to prove himself, has become the Colonel's memory—these motives have guided him. And, as he has grown older, he's become wiser and more serene, and has succeeded in finding enjoyment in doing things and mingling with the people that birth, breeding and background render sympathetic to him. Wiser? Yes. He free lances and he has himself a fine agent to guide him through the tricky mazes of Hollywood politics. Cary Grant, Melvyn Douglas, that's almost impossible to judge any mood or feeling behind the bare words. And I solemnly swear to you that in long years of coping with movie folk, I've never met a harder or more astute mind. And I'd like to make some remark about himself. Even if it's true, not one would think it, let alone say it. It kind of got me down a couple of times he hasn't built up for some such remark as "Oh, Mr. Cabot, of course all the fans are aching to see you, but when did you ask him what he liked best of all to do?"

It seems as how Mr. Cabot, whenever he can do so, takes a plane for Washington or Phil and unburst among the Whitney's. Now, this high-powered racing crowd might take up a big star temporary, but Gable, Fraince, or Mr. Taylor—these are for lasting purposes. But not a Bruce Cabot—not unless he were one of them. And he is one to you, them, see, in a way.

In Hollywood, he keeps his muscles in good condition and forgets his troubles by playing golf and going to the races with the best Hollerwood has to offer in the way of "sassiness," the Douglas Fairbanks, Seniors, the Cedric Gibbons, the Gary Coopers, the Fred Astaires. It's all a matter of course, he can't help it—the Colonel, the army, the bank, the Harjes.

He's an odd combination of things, this Cabot. He runs with the aristocratic hounds and he hunts with the Hollywood hares. There's the odd physical combination now and then in his coarse features, and his strangely friendly, wistful eyes. There are his fine gentleman's hands and manners and the green suit his gaudy—up to and including the Whites. Now, there's the rolling-stone, black-sheepish sort of existence he led in his youth, and this good tenacity of his, which has kept him in Hollywood, bucking a bad start and an unfortunate set-up.

"Just why have you stuck to it?" I asked.

"Don't know. My father, I guess." That's the way he talks, to give you a little idea.

"What do you want to get out of it?" "Money. To give to the nice government." His eyes smiled their infrequent, attractive smile.

"What! No fame, no glory, no histrionic ambitions?"

"Well. Yes. In a way. Want variety. Won't be typed. All that sort of thing, you know. Don't mind villains, they're good villains. But want to intersperse villains with sympathetic parts. Very little can be done, for the villain and the hero, is there? Villain becomes hero if someone insults his sister or ravishes his home or something—hero becomes villain. Can't say much the other way. I suppose. About being typed, you know. You see what I mean?"

Well, it was the longest speech he'd made for some time. I thought perhaps I'd better not tempt Providence by asking him anything else. But like a movie star, he cut off when he'd finished. And I do. He means to stick to his job and do a good job, the hard way, the slow way, the building up the old-fashioned way. And I think he'll win out.

Two promising young players step out together—William Lundigan and Jane Bryan.

Fredric March—to name a few—owe much of their rock-bound security and success to the combination of freelancing and good agency.

Secretive? My word! I thought of calling this story 'The Cabot Speaks Only to God.' A harder young man to talk to I have never met. Pleasant, courteous, meticulous about lighting a lady's cigarettes and asking a lady if she wants coffee, but he hesitates two minutes between each very short sentence and seems to think that 'yes' and 'no' aren't sufficient answers to questions. "Look here," Mr. Cabot, I said, "we're getting nowhere fast. One must have an angle, you know." "Um. Well. Of course, there's the angle that nobody cares a great deal, isn't there?" he said.

He said it, himself, he did, in this flat, hesitant way of his so that it's
Here's a thrilling new make-up idea brought to you by Irresistible—colors to match your lips to your every costume! — Four beautiful new Irresistible lipstick shades that will put you at the head of any fashion parade. Flash Red—Blue Pink—Fuchsia Plum and Orchid . . . each the very last word. — They add such chic—such flattery—such untold allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. Buy all four and be prepared to match any costume in your wardrobe—just as the smartest women of Park Avenue and Paris do. — And remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible rouge and face powder to match each shade of lipstick, all scented with exotic Irresistible Perfume. — Irresistible preparations are laboratory tested—certified pure. Only 10¢ each at all 5 and 10¢ stores.
Have you tried a Lucky lately?

Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Arthur Noell point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LOMBARD?
Irresistible brings you lipsticks in fashion's newest shades . . . BLUE PINK and FLASH RED . . . the colors being worn by debutantes. — For a perfect blend of beauty and smartness buy both these new shades of flattering Irresistible lipstick—and be prepared to match your lips to your every costume! — Blue Pink and Flash Red add such allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. — But remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder to match each shade of lipstick.

You'll adore, too, the fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Try it today—on your skin, your hair, your clothing—you'll never again be without it! All Irresistible preparations are certified pure. Only 10¢ each at all 5 and 10¢ stores.
Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A boldly striped beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—see your dentist at once! It may mean nothing serious.

Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well.

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums... lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!
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Why spoil your own charm? Find the shade of my powder that glorifies your skin—the one shade that is Lucky For You!

You know how critical the eyes of men can be. So why guess—why gamble when you choose your face powder? Actually some shades make you look years older. Others flatter you. Until you do the Lady Esther test, it is almost impossible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—that makes you most alluring—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may innately be using a shade that’s all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is all wrong for you now.

Don’t risk it, please. It’s a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my ten thrilling new shades of face powder, one that is right for you—one that will bring you luck.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you to try all my shades which I will send you free. Don’t skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that’s really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—your mirror will tell you. Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—“She’s lovely.”

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your “Lucky Shade Test”—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It’s free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find your luckiest shade. Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.

Lady Esther Powder

Don’t ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge, and find the powder shade most flattering to you!
Gaiety... Glory...

IT'S METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!

Join the harum-scarum Scarecrow—his hunt for a brain—dodge self-picking apple trees that pelt you with their fruit—

Meet the Tin Man—oil his rusty joints—hear him creak out his sad tale—he's minus a heart—and doesn't know where to find one—

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (as Dorothy), FRANK MORGAN (as the Wizard), RAY BOLGER (as the Scarecrow), BERT LAHR (as the Cowardly Lion), JACK HALEY (as the Tin Woodman), BILLIE BURKE (as the Good Witch), MARGARET HAMILTON (as the Bad Witch), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (as Uncle Henry) and the Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming

Don magic red slippers (presented by the beloved Good Witch), whizzing from the everyday with Dorothy and Toto, the wonder dog—first exciting stop... Munchkinland:
Coax along the Cowardly Lion—so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end—

Don't let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off—keep going—marvel at the Emerald City—hail the Wizard of Oz himself.

M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!
MOVIE REVIEWS

*** Young Mr. Lincoln

Sincerity of purpose and superb artistry mark this picture. Young Mr. Lincoln is admirably portrayed by Henry Fonda, who here falls heir to the best role of his career and does full justice to it. The story deals with only a few years in the life of Lincoln, dating from 1832. In depicting the early struggles of the young lawyer, the scriptwriters have stressed the wise humor and sympathy which characterized the man. Having decided that law was simply the difference between right and wrong, "Honest Abe" hangs up his shingle in Springfield and draws for his first important case one that would appall the most experienced lawyer. He is called upon to defend two brothers in a murder trial and the ensuing trial forms the basis for the story. Into that one situation are packed all the elements of human emotion. Alice Brady, as the mother of the two boys on trial, gives a performance that should be remembered when the Academy Awards are handed out.

Though Ann Rutherford (Pauline Moore) appears but briefly in the picture, the influence of her love is always apparent. Mary Todd (Marjorie Weaver) comes in for a relatively important role in this period of Lincoln's life. Both girls give satisfactory accounts of themselves, while Donald Meek, as the cantankerous lawyer opposing Lincoln, provides many a chuckle. Directed by John Ford — 30th Century-Fox.

*** Man About Town

This is Jack Benny's best picture to date. You'll get your money's worth right off, for, besides Benny, there are girls, gags, guffaws—and Rochester. The latter gentleman comes close to stealing every scene he darken's, but this has not stopped Benny from giving him plenty of opportunity.

The story is laid in London this time, which fact provides a swell excuse for some hilarious fog scenes and a sequence at the country place of Lord and Lady Whoozis, admirably portrayed by Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes. Benny, the hero, is a nice young man, but he can't get any girls to go out with him. He's that nice. He doesn't stand a ghost of a show with the girl of his dreams, Dorothy Lamour, who favors gents with more spunk—in particular Phil Harris. It isn't until Benny unwittingly gets himself entangled with titled ladies, that doleful Dottie begins to appreciate the slow-poke hero. By that time poor Jack hasn't a moment to spare for her. He's too busy avoiding the titled husbands who have decided to give up shooting grouse and concentrate on comedians, instead.

There's Matty Malneck music and some beautiful numbers by the Meriel Abbott dancers. Betty Grable and Isabel Jeans add decidedly decorative touches. With the exception of Dorothy Lamour, top-notch characterizations are given by everyone. Directed by Mark Sandrich — Paramount.

*** Maisie

A surprise is in store for you with this picture. Put out with no fanfare whatsoever, it turns out to be highly entertaining with excellent performances by all the cast.

To Ann Sothern goes most of the credit. As "Maisie," she gives a grand performance that will leave movie patrons longing for more of this actress, whose breaks have been few and far between. She's a giddy, good-hearted showgirl here, who becomes stranded in a Wyoming cow-town. Flippant and smart-alecky though she appears to be, there's nothing phony about this blonde. And Ann Sothern registers the quality of her honesty one hundred percent—even on hard-hearted Robert Young who's leery of anything in skirts. You'll like Robert Young in this role, which is decidedly different from his former care-free play-boy ones.

Ruth Hussey, a cold and calculating number who tries to outwit the heroine, gives an excellent account of herself. Ian Hunter, as her unhappy husband, is as sociability competent as ever. Cliff Edwards draws a grand role as Young's sympathetic side-kick and has the opportunity to sing some of those famous ditties of the lone prairie. There's not so much as a cattle rustler in sight, but the background of the beautiful Wyoming country provides a romantic splint in the best western tradition. Directed by Edwin Marin — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (Continued on page 17)
Dirty Faces...Hungry Hearts

BUT WITH A SONG IN THEIR SOULS!

Kids who'll dig right down into your heart—so human, so natural, so downright lovable! And a glowing romance that will send you from the theatre with a lump in your throat!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

Jascha HEIFETZ in

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC!

with

Joel McCREA • Andrea LEEDS
Gene REYNOLDS Walter BRENNAN

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
TREACHER TALKS
BY MARY BURGUM

Honest, witty and shrewd, there's not a grouch in his system

HE IS six feet three in his bedroom slippers, a height he attained at the age of nineteen, and he began his theatrical career as a chorus man, in London, shortly after the Armistice was signed. The explanation of that one is that Charles Cochrane wanted a male chorus for one of his shows—every man in it to be six feet two or three. And if Cochrane's colossal chorus wasn't a lucky break for A. Treacher, he wouldn't know about lucky breaks.

Because, you see, the towering Mr. T.'s life up to that point had been devoid of that divine satisfaction which comes from doing something you really want to do. He didn't want to be a chorus man particularly, but he had always wanted to go on the stage. And what with having no experience, no contacts and nothing to offer but a splendid physique and naturally good diction, it was ripping of Cochrane to think up this notion at exactly the right time.

The Treacher boyhood was spent in an English public school. Perhaps you know that when our British cousins say "public" school they mean private school. A real public school is called a board school. Anyway, young Master Treacher went to Uppingham, where English small fry are prepared for Oxford or Cambridge. He was a so-so student—"infinitely lazy," says he—and spent most of the term waiting for the "vacs." "Vacs" were spent at home with the mater, a little bit of a woman. The pater, a big man of six feet, had died when his son was seven. He had been a barrister, which is British for lawyer.

Mother and son moved from Brighton, where Arthur was born, to Hayward's Heath, where Mrs. Treacher still resides, except when she is visiting her son in Hollywood and dragging him to the Trocadero, Lamaze, the prize-fights and premieres. Hayward's Heath is named for a famous medieval highwayman who used to rob the rich to help the poor, just like Robin Hood. The Treacher home was called Muster Green because, in olden times, all the townsmen used to "muster" on that "green," see, and fight off medieval gangsters with the broad sword and anything that came handy. Treacher's new home in Hollywood is called Muster Green, too, and he's thinking of having cards printed to explain what it means.

Arthur Treacher's real name is Arthur Veary Treacher. The Veary is a family name which was stuck in the middle of all Treachers' names of either sex. He is an only child and he and his mother adore each other in a restrained, British sort of way. Father wanted son to be a barrister, too. That was one of the things A. T. didn't want to do. But his dreams of the stage were unthinkable—oh, absolutely—so he just kept on wondering how he could possibly sneak through his exams at Uppingham and not be "sent down" first term at the University.

To save his suffering any embarrassment, the war broke out. Lying slightly about his age, which was easy to do considering his size, he joined up with the Queen's Westminster Rifles. He was commissioned in May, 1915, in the artillery, and he swears he spent the entire four years and four months of his service in two mudholes near Ypres.

"What no leaves in Paris?" I asked.

"I spent my leaves in England," he said.

He was gassed once, but emerged with no physical scars. Spiritual scars? Well, the usual ones, which men don't talk about very much, some disillusionment, weariness and bitterness. However, he emerged with one definite thought.

"After spending my youth preparing for a career I didn't want, and four and a half years serving my country, I do not think I could be considered a selfish bounder because I decided that, for a space of time at any rate, I would do something I wanted to do.

Cochrane's show was a hit and it led to other things. Most of them, you'll be surprised, were not comedy—blood-and-thunder dramas, horse races on the stage, Bengal Lancers rescuing lovely ladies from bloodthirsty natives in the nick of time, that sort of thing.

"It was before the cinema had moved in on London to any extent," says Treacher. "They actually put horse races on the stage, on one of those treadmill affairs, you know. Bang-up entertainment. Something like your old New York Hippodrome shows combined with the chariot race in 'Ben Hur.'"

From 1919 until 1926 he never played a single butler and then Jack and Lee Shubert said how about coming over and doing a turn at the Winter Garden. Broadway, the English actor's idea of heaven, treated Treacher pretty well until 1929, when with "The Cat and the Fiddle" and a Mary Naish and an Ethel Barrymore play. Then, of course, Fate happened "round again.

"Oh, dear, yes, it was bad," he says in that droll way of his. "And was I in a dither of delight when I had a chance to audition for a radio job. Three hundred a week it was to pay, and I wanted that three hundred. How I wanted it! I had one suit and (Continued on page 12)
We believe you, Junior, but the boy friend doesn't, the landlady doesn't, the boss doesn't—and the boss' son doesn't. And this little difference of opinion develops into one of the biggest comedy hits in years!... How Ginger wins her man by losing the argument rouses as much hilarity as a tankful of laughing gas. Try either one if you want some fun!

GINGER
ROGERS · DAVID
NIVEN

"Bachelor Mother"

CHARLES COBURN · FRANK ALBERTSON
E. E. CLIVE · · · PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION
Directed by Garson Kanin, Produced by B. G. DeSylva
Screen Play by Norman Krasna · · · Story by Felix Jackson
RKO RADIO PICTURE
plenty of debts, and images of rare roast beef kept coming up before me, with sometimes a whole cauliflower on the side. I'd lived on tea and toast for so long I began to cry every time I passed a restaurant.

"Well, they were going to put some serial thing or other that had been running in one of the magazines. It was a sad love story and I was trying out for the lead. I gave it everything I had. Dar-ling, I adore you, I worship you," I said, and I am quite certain Bette couldn't have done it better, at least as far as the vibrations went. But all the chaps in the studio just looked at me, their tumas and nearly expired laughing. "Oh, no, I say, old boy," said the coach between spasms. This is serious, you know. I bet you're in love with the girl, old thing."

"So I tried again, putting in more umph, and the same thing happened again, and the coach said, 'Oh, I'd followed when we want a good comedian, we'll send for you, huh, I adore you, I worship you, priceless.' That was the first time I knew I was priced—anyway I'm not going to say that part in "No More Ladies.""

SINCE then, Mr. T. has been being funny and the property pretty well, with a couple of more reservations here and there. New York was hopeless in 1929, so he finally hooked up with Mitzi Haje, that certificated Czech musical comedy trouper, and she toted him on a seventy-two weeks' tour of these United States.

"One can't do a great deal of a country in seventy-two weeks," he says, "I'd get up fairly early, and I used to pop into buses and trolleys, and rubernear the various cities we visited. I'll wager I know them better than many of their residents. Made a number of friends in Chicago, and I still have a hankering to go back."

"Oh, absolutely. He's an American citizen. He has no other obligations. He was married once, shortly after the war, but it didn't work. There's no story there, just a youthful mistake, amiably abrogated.

"It was in 1933 that Treacher was known about the West Coast with a casual little stock company, organized by E. E. Clive and George K. Arthur. They were to do a play called "Sister of the Middle Passage." Later, the company was joined by an extraordinary handme-down leading man named Arlington Brugh, who is today's Robert Taylor, where have you been? Almost everybody in the company got a movie bid of a sort and would do his cinema stint and return to the stock company if he had to. Treacher did quite a bit at twenty-five bucks a day. His first outstanding part, which took him out of the stock company for good and all, was in a Crawford-Montgomery bit of fluff called "More No Ladies."

Treacher and his screen wife, in the pictures, were one of those Crawford-Connecticut weekends and when A.T. was introduced to all the folks, the sound editor said as he did so, "Ah, that's Ahmshore." That's the best I can do with it—you really couldn't understand a word he said all the way through the picture. This was in 1934, and is no reflection on A.T.'s excellent speech. Audiences chapped their sides and rolled in their chairs every time he opened up.

"Oh, I say, yes," he said when I recalled the role. "If you're going to ask me about that part, I'd shut up, I don't feel like doing it. And it's going to say that part in "No More Ladies." You know, you really say something when you do that sort of thing. You can do it all together, and you say, 'Delighted, Ooh-wahperfectly terrible people in god-with-dootle things happening.' Or they say, 'Will you have a drink?' And you say, 'Terrible, I'm hungover.'"

The "couple of minor reservations" we spoke about have to do with playing butlers and with being involved in professional—"that's okay. But he gets perfectly furious when people come up to him and say, 'Oh, Hi, s'y, how's strategy?'"

"Why do they always pick on Eng-lishmen?" he wants to know. "If there's a Frenchman, a German, a Dane and a Norwegian with me on one set, everybody always imitates me. And they do it all wrong—that's what's maddening."

ABOUT the butlers, I said, "If you're sick of playing butlers, why don't you do something about it? You're a scene-stealer and a picture-star, you can do a little dictating once in a while."

"I have done something about it, madame," he answered. "I am no longer playing butlers."

"People sometimes can't believe that a little girl could be so famous for so long and not be considerably spoiled," he says, "She's a delightful child." (Continued on page 62)
CAGNEY MEETS A RAFT OF TROUBLE!

For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! ... It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by WARNER BROS.

"EACH DAWN I DIE"

with

JANE BRYAN • GEORGE BANCROFT • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY • Presented by WARNER BROS.

Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff • From the Novel by Jerome Odum • A First National Picture
"I WAS A LEMON IN THE GARDEN OF LOVE..."

"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A change remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listene Antiseptic*... things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people... go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest had asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

*Listene Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
situation that has been whipped up for the famous detective, but don’t think for a moment that Charlie Chan is stumped. Before the final reel he has unsleuthed all the problems and even over-ridden the obstacles placed in his path by the well-meaning No. 2 son, Sen Yung. If you’re a fan of the Charlie Channers, you’ll find this glorified who-dun-it a real entertainment treat.

There’s an unusually competent cast assembled this time. Pauline Moore does a good job of the unsavory role of suspected murderer. Phyllis Brooks and Kay Linaker give extraordinarily good accounts of themselves and Kane Richmond and Ricardo Cortez come in for good roles. Slim Summerville walks off with every scene in which he appears. He’s the sheriff whose efforts to assist cause many Chan more than one headache. Eddie Collins provides a good quota of laughs, too. But the laurels for acting ability go straight to Sidney Tolner. If you have doubted his ability to fill the Chan slippers, see this picture. Directed by Norman Foster.—20th Century-Fox.

★★ The Mikado

The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, long a favorite of the stage, has been brought to the screen with great success. None of the charm of the gay comedy and lilting tunes has been lost and the result should please the most discerning Gilbert and Sullivan devotees. Kenny Baker, the only American in the cast, does very well with the role of Nanki-Poo. Youngest tenor ever to undertake the role, his voice has never been heard to better advantage, and he shows a fine appreciation of the role. John Bar- clay as the Mikado, Martyn Green as the Lord High Executioner, Sydney Granville as Pooh-Bah and Constance Willis as Katisha give excellent performances, while Yum-Yum is decoratively portrayed by Jean Coli. The chorus of the D’Oyly Carte Opera Company is really superb.

Technicolor has never been used to such advantage as in this production. The scenes are breath-taking in their beauty, with magnificent palaces and riotously blossoming gardens for the backgrounds and lovely costuming. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—Universal.

★★ Tarzan Finds a Son

With this new story of life in the jungle, the Tarzan stories reach the height of the series. Action shots are full of sheer beauty, color and suspense, and the plot is so plausible that old and young alike should approve.

Six-year-old John Sheffield proves himself an amazing miniature Johnny Weissmuller. He swings on grapevines, plays with ferocious animals and swims with the agility of the grown-up Tarzan. His infectious giggle is a rare delight. The story opens with this tiny athlete the sole survivor of a plane crash. Tarzan and Jane (Maureen O’Sullivan) carry the baby home and adopt him as their own. Five years later a party of searching Englishmen (Ian Hunter, Frieda Inescort, Henry Stephenson and Henry Wilcoxon) discover this blissful little home and try to break it up by taking the baby back to London with them. It takes a charging herd of elephants plus all his jungle friends to straighten things out for Tarzan.

Underwater swimming scenes are astoundingly realistic and gracefully performed by both Tarzan and his son. (Continued on page 92)

MODERN SCREEN

Can’t anybody fall for a girl like me?

W hen men fall in love with Ruth — it’s never love for keeps. She’s pretty, she’s smart—but it makes no difference. Men fall out of love so surely when a girl neglects to use Mum!

If Ruth only knew that just a hint of underarm odor is enough to ruin charm! But like many another girl she’s unaware that she’s offending—thinking that because she bathes each day she can be sure of daintiness.

Underarms must always have special care! A bath removes only perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come.

Mum keeps underarms fresh all day!

Begin with Mum today and see why more women use it than any other underarm deodorant.

USE ANY TIME! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. It’s safe to use Mum after dressing. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing.

USE EVERY DAY! Mum is so quick! Yet Mum stops all underarm odor, without stopping perspiration.

MAKE CHARM SECURE! Don’t take chances! Today—get Mum at any drug-gist’s. Regular daily use makes you sure of charm, sure that you can’t offend.

ONLY 30 SECONDS FOR MUM’S ALL-DAY PROTECTION

GRAND THAT EVEN AFTER DRESSING, I CAN USE MUM. MUM DOESN’T HARM FABRICS.

TO HERSELF: AND MUM WON’T LET YOU DOWN. IT’S SO WARM DANCING, YET I’M AS FRESH AS CAN BE.

For Sanitary Nopkins
Mum leads all deodorants for use on nuptial, too. Women know it’s gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Show Stealers ($5.00 prize letter)

I'm becoming impatient with the expression "show stealer." Ordinarily it is applied to someone brought in to a dull sequence of a picture, who, by some deft trick, speeds the tempo of the show and keeps the audience from walking out. As a rule he leaves the hard-working star struggling bravely to cover his grazing, is boosted to stardom where he continues relying on his bag of tricks until a long-suffering public cries, "Help!"

Geraldine Fitzgerald. She has no bag of tricks. Her work exudes artistry and intelligence of the highest order. In "Wuthering Heights" she had a role with which many actresses would have stolen the show. Though she played it flabby, subtly, lifting a play, which already topped the stratosphere, into the stars, her acting left no reflection upon the sincere work of Miss Oberon or Mr. Olivier.

In "Dark Victory" she gave Miss Davis rhythmic cooperation toward the greatest performance that lady has ever done, and left us all wondering if life couldn't be much different with such a friend as Geraldine portrayed.

All filmdom will do well to study Geraldine. Quietly and intelligently she costs the audience the opportunity to grab off laurels for herself to work toward the perfection of the play.—Mrs. D. Benton, Rochester, Minn.

Glamor ($2.00 prize letter)

A few years ago, Hollywood added a new word to its vocabulary—"glamor." It is such an all-encompassing word that it is now used to describe nearly every star. It has become so trite that its original significance has been lost and its only connotation to Hollywood is sex appeal.

I think it might be well to remember the true meaning of the word "glamor" and to apply it only to those who truly possess this elusive quality. The dictionary definition is a charm on the eyes, fascination, witchery. It is more subtle than sex appeal; it can be truly applied only to those stars who give such excellent and inspired performances that we are carried above and beyond ourselves into a magic realm of the imagination. A star need not be physically beautiful to be glamorous—the creation of a mood is much more important.

Obviously physical beauty does not constitute authentic glamour, for there are many so-called glamorous players who are merely insistently beautiful and never advance beyond featured roles in inferior B productions because they lack ability.

Young Mr. Lincoln ($2.00 prize poem)

Upon the screen he lived for us once more,
More human and more real than ere before.
And as we watched, we felt that quiet power
That made men chose him in their darkest hour.
To guide them safely on their dangerous way,
To lead them through the darkness into day.
Here Lincoln ceased to be a man apart,
Became a neighbor with a kindly heart,
A trusted friend whom everybody knew.
And we who watched became his neighbors, too.

Thanks, Henry Fonda, for the best portrayal yet,
A Lincoln that we never shall forget.
—L. P. Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Bobby Breen ($1.00 prize letter)

What's all this about Bobby Breen? Slams to the right of him; slams to the left of him! It seems that Master Breen, through no fault of his own, is being made the target of movie columnists. Such publicity is ruining the future of a very promising singer.

Who says he is a "nissy?" Just because he has the fortune to possess a shy smile, and a refined sweet face is surely no reason why he will not eventually outgrow these "handicaps."

Has no one noticed the marked improvement in his voice? Surely a child with his talents cannot be overlooked just because he doesn't happen to possess a "Dead End" personality.

I say let's have more pictures starring Bobby Breen and his golden voice!—Pat Mahoney, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Who Was It? ($1.00 prize letter)

We who find it impossible to keep unscrambled in our minds the names of a
demonstrate or more characters and the actors who portray them plead for programs which would give us some real information instead of merely an explosion of adjectives about next week's bill.

Only too often, an outstanding performance is turned in by an actor who must forever remain anonymous to us because we were unable to memorize the entire cast of characters or, if the cast was flashed in at the end of the film, it was snatched away before we found the name we wanted.

To those few motion picture theatres where our kind of program is distributed, much thanks. To those who don't have them—why not? You might at least post a list in the lobby to enable us to find out whom to thank for a job well done.

—A. Wynne, South Orange, N. J.

A Texan Speaks
($1.00 prize letter)

You know, we down here in the Lone Star state are pretty proud of our colors and our tradition. In the recent Errol Flynn success, "Dodge City," we got a great deal of pleasure out of the scenes in the Gay Lady saloon and that swell crack about the Texas boys in the Civil War. We don't especially like to have the Texas boy and girl in your films always a hillbilly!

After all we are comparatively a new state, but we are intelligent, broad-minded people. And all of us don't chase cows down the main thoroughfare. We like real, honest-to-goodness pictures, comedy mixed with drama, and in "Dodge City" we got just that. We found in Errol Flynn, the fighting Irishman, a real he-man and we almost feel like adopting him here in Texas, as one of us. We found Olivia de Havilland portraying a fine upstanding Texas girl, and we were proud of her.

From this letter you would think the whole picture was about Texas, but we appreciated our small part in it—Hazel Linder, Houston, Texas. (Cont'd on p. 96)

WRITE A LETTER—WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; 2nd prize of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

FOR A LOVELIER MORE FEMININE

Pond's 4 soft SUMMER SHADES

— for DAYTIME FUN

with your new "subtle-tan"

Don't let a dark, brazen tan spoil your soft "prettiness"—keep your tan light and feminine, too! And flatter it with Pond's Sunlight Shades. Not the heavy "sun-tan" shades, they're luminous, more becoming with the new "subtle-tan."

SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)—for the creamy tan of a blonde skin.

SUNLIGHT (DARK)—for deeper tan.

Pond's Summer Shades

ROSE DAWN SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)
ROSE BRUNETTE SUNLIGHT (DARK)

Try them today. 10c, 20c, 55c. Or send for free samples of all four Summer Shades. Pond's, Dept. 9 MS-PJ, Clinton, Conn.

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Another masterful performance by SPENCER TRACY ... twice winner of the Academy Award!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
Darryl F. Zanuck's Production of
STANLEY and LIVINGSTONE
with the finest acting cast ever assembled!

starring

SPENCER TRACY • NANCY KELLY • RICHARD GREENE

Walter Brennan • Charles Coburn • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Henry Hull • Henry Travers

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Historical Research and Story Outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH

Is it true that her marriage to Clark Gable is responsible for Carole's re-

THERE ARE persons in Hollywood who are sore at Lombard. She doesn't care, however, because she probably doesn't know of her misfortune. If she did, she would doubtless do something about it, because Carole is too good a business woman to wilfully make anyone sore at her and too warm-hearted to deliberately give offense to anyone. It never pays to make enemies. Least of all in Hollywood where that little, old office boy you've heard about today may be a producer tomorrow. Lombard knows all this. Yet she is making folks mad. What's the matter with Lombard? That's what Hollywood is asking.

Carole has long been a particular pet of the boys and girls who write stories about the stars, because she was always cooperative, because she always gave swell, honest copy, told the truth and didn't blue-pencil every word she spoke that was more pithy than a nursery rhyme. Lately all that has been changed. There is, these days, an un-Lombardian evasiveness, a disregard of matters she once attended to richly and generously.

Perhaps, you may say, Lombard has been shy of people, of the Press, because she has not wanted to discuss her recent marriage with Gable. But that is no good, for Carole has gone out socially, and has given interviews since the beginning of her romance with Gable.

In my effort to diagnose the case of Carole I've talked to her best friends. I've talked to Fieldsie, now Mrs. Walter Lang. And Fieldsie, as every Lombard fan knows, is Carole's most intimate friend. Carole and Fieldsie were Sennett girls together, sharing the same custard pie, driving to and from the studio in Fieldsie's car so that they could pool the expense of gasoline. Later, they shared a house together, and Fieldsie acted as Carole's business manager. And so, from Fieldsie and one or two other old pals, I garnered the material I needed to answer the question, "What is the matter with Lombard?" Out of it all, came these pertinent facts—and they are facts:

In the first place, Carole, so her friends believe, is being badly advised of late concerning her relations with Press and Public. They say that she is being counseled to be difficult, aloof, hard-to-get; advice which neither fits nor becomes the good fellow who is Lombard. But if she hearkens to this counsel, one might say, isn't she of the same stripe herself? The truth of the matter is, she doesn't hear it. Not properly. Not so she makes sense of it.

Carole doesn't rightly pay heed to what is said to her. Not unless she is backed up against a wall and told about appointments in good trenchant words of one syllable. She doesn't heed because she hears so much all the time, so many demands—requests buzz around her until there is confusion in her head. Fieldsie told me that, after being away from Carole and the studio for some months, she went back one day and wondered how she had ever kept her reason in the mêlée which is Lombard's life.

She said, "It's a wonder people didn't hate both of us, Carole and me. You get so lost in that world of too much to do. Phones ringing incessantly. Agents calling. Conferences. Telegrams. Fittings. Noise. So that, when someone says to Carole, "Will you come to my baby shower next Tuesday?" or "Will you give me an interview next Friday?" her natural
and impulsive generosity of spirit says, "Yes, sure." Her necessarily limited number of hours and powers of attention fail to make note of the promises and they are lost in the mad shuffle of stardom’s demands. And we find ourselves asking, “What’s the matter with Lombard?”

Fieldsie told me that when she was with Carole constantly, she would cut through the mesh of people, tell Carole that she had made such and such appointments for today and that they must be kept. And when Carole would say, dazedly, “Tomorrow, I’ll do them tomorrow,” Fieldsie would say, firmly, “No, not tomorrow—today.” And Carole, her attention thus riveted, would answer good naturedly, “Okay, let’s go.” Now Fieldsie is no longer with Carole. Now Carole’s advisers do not pin her down to her promises, but feed her natural nonchalance by telling her to “forget ’em.” This is one of the answers.

For another thing, Lombard is the busiest little woman in all Hollywood. She always has seven times more places to go and things to do than there are hours on the clock. It’s simple (Continued on page 83)
Did you know that James Cagney was once a Broadway hoofer? Right, Jane Bryan and Jimmy in "Each Dawn I Die."

After reading this story, you'll understand how Cagney is able to get right inside the innards of the characters he portrays on the screen.

BY NANETTE KUTNER

I was afraid to meet him. For years now he has been my favorite actor. He is the only one who can draw me into a movie theatre, and there was a shameless evening when he drew me into two theatres and I saw one Cagney picture right on top of another. So I was scared to meet him. Stars can be disillusioning—and don't I know it. I didn't want Jimmy to be.

I could remember a lot, too. I could remember a play he was in, a play nobody ever remembers, before "Penny Arcade" which brought him to the screen. It was written by George Kelly, was called "Maggie, the Magnificent," ran only six weeks and, according to Broadway, was a flop. But I can remember James Cagney. He had a small part, that of a soda water jerker. He stood out like a house afire. So did the little girl who played his wife. Her name was Joan Blondell.

I could remember more—a dancing studio called Michael's. It was a place where you paid a dollar, then they let you practice there for the whole day. And a dance-crazed friend of mine told me about the young man. She said he worked in a special roped-off corner. Here he sold interviews for ten dollars per. To jack up trade, Michael had printed a pamphlet which was mailed around and pinned up against the wall. It said in no uncertain terms, "Buck Dancing Taught by the Competent Mr. Cagney." I never forgot that. Neither did my friend—she says he still owes her half a routine.
There were other things. Eddie Cantor's daughter who had, all five of them, a crush on him, and the night James Cagney dined there, Marilyn Cantor's saving the glass out of which he drank.

And The New York Critics who gave him their 1938 award for his performance in "Angels With Dirty Faces," but who didn't hand him the majority of votes on their first round, nor even on their second. It was only after he had won that they analyzed why it had taken such a long time. Then Frank Nugent of The New York Times wrote that it was because we have learned to accept Cagney's excellent performances as a matter of course, they are always so competent. This was the gist of Mr. Nugent's praise. I do know he used the word "competent," for that's what struck me and threw my thoughts back to Michael's pamphlet. More than ever I wanted to meet "the competent Mr. Cagney."

But I was still afraid. Suppose, like Fred Astaire, who once denied, in the face of newspaper and magazine records, that he had ever worked hard during his childhood, that Mr. Cagney should deny his dancing studio days.

Or suppose he was intelligent like some actors are intelligent, ostentatiously so, with a flow of English accented words and an array of uncut books. Or suppose his social conscience aped the one belonging to that star, who, recently, with his left hand and much publicity, placed his name on a petition in behalf of a labor cause while, using his right hand, he contracted to build a house employing only non-union labor. Suppose, in short, our Mr. Cagney was a phony!

Then I met him. He wore a grey suit and a plaid necktie. He was shorter than I thought he would be, his features finer and his hair more gold than red.

The big surprise is his voice. For his voice is very soft, his words well chosen. And while he speaks, he leans his mouth against the side of one hand, the way Sinclair Lewis does. This gesture keeps his face hidden, makes it difficult to hear that low voice talking so quietly behind the hand. "I'm a mumbler," he said.

And when I asked what he did in the home he had up at Martha's Vineyard, he said, "I'm a putterer. Mumbler, putterer, he told me a little about the life there and of the local paper that they rushed to read every week "as if our lives depended upon it."

Now he is building in Beverly Hills. The house is off the road and difficult to see. "Six rooms," he says, "and not a room more." In the emphatic way he says this, there is a world of meaning. You know then that, liberal as he must be with relatives, dependent and general hangers-on, without whom a star doesn't seem complete, that this home—no matter what—will be solely his and his wife's. They've planned it that way.

You know also that he has been married long and permanently according to the world's, and not Hollywood's, standards. "We were in vodeville together." He pronounces it like that.

In view of the lengthy marriage and the new house I asked a personal question. "How is it you never adopted any children?"

"We've talked about it often," he admitted. "We were only talking about it last night. But," and he shrugged his shoulders, "I haven't the nerve."

"You mean you're afraid about the way they'd turn out?"

"No, about the way I'll turn out. Suppose I failed them. What right have I to take a kid, how do I know what's going to happen to me? It wouldn't be fair to the kid. It's too great a responsibility." There came the good old Cagney shrug again.

I THINK, inside, he is still the rebel. But I think he has learned to take Hollywood in his stride. It's a living and a good one and that's that. And he must get a lot of laughs about it. For if there's one thing that James Cagney isn't, it's pretentious. He can't stand affectations of any kind.

There was the day some association, unasked, sent Mrs. Cagney a copy of her family tree and informed her she was a D.A.R. "I'm a D.A.R.," she told Cagney.

So he saluted her. He stood right up and saluted and whenever she walked into the room he saluted. For a time there at parties he'd take people aside and point at her as he loudly whispered in a mock awestruck voice, "S-sh, look, she's a D.A.R." He says Mrs. Cagney took it beautifully. He grins, "I guess she had to. I'm second generation I don't know what."

Then he said he liked the interview. "It's conversation, that's the way interviews should be." And he ordered sandwiches and beer.

We were in his dressing-room on the studio lot. I admired the dark woodwork, the general decorations. "Dick Powell must have had it done. This was his. I had the ice house. No kidding, a dressing-room like a skating rink in winter, hottest place around in the summer. So when Dick left, I just moved right in." He winked, the Cagney wink that goes with the shrug and the grin.

The waiter came, bringing the beer and the sandwiches. As he cleared the table he brushed off a pamphlet. Author John Steinbeck's name was on the cover. It was a pamphlet soliciting help for the jobless dust bowl outcasts, for the underpaid Imperial Valley workers.

With reverence Cagney talked about Steinbeck. "I met him. He's a quiet man, calm. He speaks softly, yet his words have a kind of meter. And underneath the calm, the quiet and the words, you feel (Continued on page 70)
GINGER ROGERS and Fred Astaire are supposed to have parted. Definitely. Didn't you read in the papers about their touching goodbye scene?

After the last take on "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," one columnist revealed that there was a little party. And "much to the surprise of everyone who knew how little love was lost between Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire during their entire co-starring career, these two exchanged beautiful gifts." Pointedly, the columnist added an insider's comment: "There is talk that this will be their last picture together, which might be the reason for the sentiment."

Fred's contract was up. The implication was that, despite the success that he had found at the studio, he was going to another, where he would have a new partner. A few days later, the rumour broke that he and Eleanor Powell would co-star at M-G-M in the next "Broadway Melody." Then came a rumor that he would do a picture with Zorina for Goldwyn. And, on the heels of this, came a claim by the above-mentioned columnist that RKO was desperately seeking a dancing partner for Ginger, "who is left completely in the cold since Fred Astaire left."

Meanwhile, "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" was released and hailed as the best thing that Astaire and Rogers had ever done. But nobody intimated that one explanation for the picture's excellence was that, in it, Fred and Ginger hit a new high in smooth team work. Nobody considered the possibility that they might want to do another together. Everybody assumed that they were through with each other for keeps.

Everybody, that is, except those who knew Ginger and Fred. They both wanted to find out what they could do separately, sure. But that didn't mean that they had vowed never to work together again. That just didn't make sense. They were too successful as a team. And those insinuations that Ginger had become "hard to get along with" didn't make sense, either—unless she had changed drastically overnight.

Something that did make sense was a check into all the rumors. And the most logical place to check was the set of "Bachelor Mother," Ginger's new picture, in which David Niven is her surprise co-star.

As I started in the door of Stage 3, I had to step aside for two men coming out. One of the two was a well-known dancer. His name is Fred Astaire.

I told Ginger of the encounter. Thrusting my tongue in my starboard cheek, I added, "Of course, there can be only one explanation for Fred's being on your set. The two of you found you couldn't stop feuding on a moment's notice. You had to sort of taper off."

Ginger grimaced comically. "Reporters are always so understanding," she said. More seriously, I asked her how Fred did happen to be on the set.

"I'm afraid that, contrary to rumors, he was just being sociable," she said. "He happened to be on the lot today, so he came out to say 'Hello' to me."

But how did he happen to be on the lot, when his contract was up? "Confidentially," she said with a smile, "he and RKO may be talking over the possibility of his doing a picture a year here."

Then she and Fred haven't handed down any ultimatums to the effect that they never will agree to being starred together again?

"Nary an ultimatum." She shook her head. "The little matter of whether or not we make any more pictures together is completely out of our hands. It's in the lap of the gods."

BUT WHAT about that farewell party, and those goodbye gifts?

"We never had such a party. We never exchanged goodbye gifts. From start to finish, that story was dreamed up. Why? I don't know. Why should a simple desire to find out what we can do separately, before people get so tired of seeing us together that they won't want to see us in any form, be interpreted as proof of a bitter feud? There has never been a feud. And we haven't broken with each other now. You, yourself, just saw Fred here. That ought to prove something or other."

"People seem to have the suspicion that, from the beginning, Fred and I have resented sharing fame. On the contrary, we've been grateful to each other for having such fame to share. It was team work that brought us both movie stardom. And it was team work—mental, as well as dancing harmony—that helped us both hold onto stardom after we reached it."
"But do you know how long Fred and I have been partners? Since the release of 'Flying Down to Rio' in 1933. There's a saying that the career life of a star is five years, that his or her popularity wears out in that length of time. Fred and I have been seen as a team more than five years. Can you blame us for feeling we'd be tempting the Fates, if we continued being seen only as a team? Can you blame us for trying to lengthen our career lives by doing entirely different things with entirely different people? Bitterness doesn't enter into it. It's all a matter of plain common sense."

It isn't true that her studio is frantically looking for a new dancing partner for our Miss Rogers. David Niven, who is strictly non-professional, is an adequate partner for such dancing as the script of "Bachelor Mother" requires her to do. A turn or two around a crowded night club floor, and a jitterbug jam session. The picture isn't a musical. It is a light comedy in the mood of "Vivacious Lady," except that this time Ginger plays a working girl, not a show girl. Next she will do "Fifth Avenue Girl," which is a comedy-drama and calls for no spectacular dancing. What she will do after that, she doesn't know.

Talking with Ginger, you get the definite impression that she doesn't anticipate doing musicals without Fred. She told me, "I don't want to do solo dancing. I'm not a solo dancer. And I'd just as soon not do any dancing for a while. After all the years of hoofing—five as a star, and five before that—I'd like a rest. Don't get me wrong. I still love to dance. But I'm fed up with working at it."

What she wants to work at, from here on, is acting. (Continued on page 80)
ON JANUARY eighth last, Wayne Morris up and married Bubbles Schinasi, nineteen-year-old tobacco heiress, and plenty of girls throughout the world chewed their fingernails and wondered why they could never have a break like that. Just imagine! Seeing a movie hero first on the screen, falling in love with him as you watched him, then actually meeting him and finally marrying him! That, they felt, was surely what had happened with Bubbles and Wayne, and how glorious! What a dream come true!

As a matter of fact the story is far more interesting than even the romantic dreamers imagined it to be. It has taken us a good many months to catch up with the couple and to get the story in its entirety, but now that we have it, we find that it has quite an unusual twist to it. Bubbles Schinasi married a movie star, yes, but not because he was a movie star. Rather, she fell in love with him in spite of it! You can't believe that? Well, listen.

Bubbles was one of those elite young ladies who looked upon movie stars not with scorn, but, even worse, with indifference. A New Yorker through and through, she had lived all her life among people who knew only one entertainment love, the theatre. Seldom did her crowd go to the movies and when they did, the picture had to be good—or else. Or else they walked out on it.

On a certain Saturday afternoon some ten or eleven months ago, this particular young lady, having nothing better to do, dropped in at a movie house and found herself viewing "The Valley of the Giants," starring one Wayne Morris. She had seen him once before in "Kid Galahad," and she had liked that picture well enough, but she found her interest lagging in this present one. City born and bred, and having little contact with the great outdoors, she lacked even a desire for such contact. Give her the roaring L's on Third Avenue any time. God's Great Country—bah! To most gals, Wayne Morris is glamorous romance personified, but to a certain Bubbles Schinasi, he was—well, let her tell you all about it herself!
She married Wayne Morris, not because he’s a star, but in spite of it

She liked the city sidewalk far better! After half an hour or so, finding herself bored, she picked up her Hershey and left. Ho-hum! So what? Another quarter wasted.

How could she know that the star on whom she was walking out was destined, within a few months, to be her husband! Fiction? No, it’s fact, and here is the way it happened:

Returning home that same afternoon she found a message on the telephone pad: “Mr. Wayne Morris called and asks for you to please call him back at the Strand Theatre.”

“How come?” Bubbles asked of her mother, the society-famous Ruby Schinasi. “Isn’t that the movie fellow? I think that’s the name of the boy I just saw in a picture.”

“Yes, he’s a friend of Minna Wallis”, in Hollywood. She wrote me that she was going to tell him to look you up when he came here for personal appearances. Well, why don’t you call him back?”

“Why should I? What do I want with meeting a movie punk like that?”

“No, Bubbles, don’t be difficult. Besides, you never know to whom he may introduce you!”

It was the thing which all mothers say to all daughters, when daughter hangs back and says she’s not interested. This mother was particularly worried because Bubbles had always been so indifferent about making friends and entering the social whirl. She talked of a career. Someday she was going to write the Great American Novel, and in the meantime she had found herself a job reading scripts for a New York play producer.

But, to keep peace in the family, Bubbles finally did return Wayne’s call. She was much relieved to find that he was not there. Well, anyway, she had done the polite thing out of deference to Miss Wallis, who was a Hollywood agent and one of her mother’s friends. From then on she could forget about it. Which she did.

That was during Wayne’s first trip to New York. He stayed only a short time, was called back to Hollywood sooner than he expected, and so had no opportunity of calling Bubbles a second time. But a few months later he was again due in New York. About that time Miss Wallis also appeared on the New York scene, and Mrs. Schinasi was inspired to give a party in her honor. When she asked Minna whom she’d like to have with them—they’d probably go to the Persian Room and later to El Morocco—she remembered her first fruitless attempt to get Bubbles and Wayne together, and suggested that this might be an even better opportunity. Wayne was to arrive in town Saturday. Miss Wallis suggested that they pick him up at his hotel Saturday evening, about nine-thirty.

It was strange how close they came to missing each other this second time. When Miss Wallis phoned Wayne shortly after he arrived, he tried to get out of it. “I’m tired, and besides my baggage hasn’t come from the station and I only have the one suit I have on. And I’ve been traveling in that for days! I’m afraid—”

“That’s no excuse. You can send the suit out to be pressed. There’s time enough before nine-thirty. Now don’t fail me.”

BUT IT appears that there wasn’t time enough, because when they knocked at his door that evening, Wayne, who was still waiting for his suit, presumed that it was the tailor and called out, “Suit in!” They found him standing in the middle of the room, in just his shirt and shorts.

You might expect that there was pandemonium. Bubbles, until this moment, had been dreading the evening. She still had no desire to meet a movie punk, and was hoping that his train might be delayed or something. As she entered the door she wore that pained expression which plainly said, “I’m only here because I was forced into it.” Then suddenly she saw a six-foot-two hulk of undressed man in front of her, and immediately it flashed through her mind that of course he would scream and run for cover. That’s what any movie star would do; they all thought so much of their vanity. How he would suffer, because he knew that he looked ridiculous!

But much to her surprise Wayne acted as though he were wearing white tie and tails. He may have blushed a little, but his manners denied any confusion. He came forward pleasantly, greeted them, asked them to sit down and make themselves comfortable, and then sedately excused himself. Nonehant as anything!

It was unbelievable. He hadn’t been at all coy. He had treated the awkward moment as a real gentleman would. He had erased their own momentary confusion, had made them feel at ease, by seeming so much at ease himself.

By the time they reached the Persian Room, Bubbles told herself that he wasn’t half bad, but she also told herself that she’d be darned if she’d admit it. In recalling that first date they had together, Bubbles says that the conversation they had went something like this:

“We dance rather well together, don’t we?” suggested Wayne.

“Don’t we? I hadn’t particularly noticed.” Pause.

“I’ll bet you have never seen me in pictures.” (Continued on page 78)
IRENE DUNNE is celebrating an event this month—a major event. It doesn't concern her career or her future or even herself. Far more important than all that, she feels. It does concern her little adopted daughter. It is to be the younger's first party. And so, it is as significant to Irene as preparing for a new picture, which to Irene is pretty significant. Yes, little Mary Frances is her very first and foremost consideration.

Why, in the first place, did Irene Dunne adopt a child? Was there an aching void in her heart? Was she lonely? Were her ears strained to hear the patter of little feet? I'm afraid not. I wish it had been so. It would have made such deliciously heart-throbbing copy. But no, you can't possibly induce Irene to be sentimental, misty-eyed or even a touch moony over the adoption of small, rosy blond Mary Frances. You can't even beguile her into being very serious about it. Whenever she talks, or has talked about the baby it has been matter-of-factly, happily, in the light vein, which is so sensible.

There was not, she asserts, an aching void in her heart. How could there be, come to think of it? She makes one picture after another and so there is no time for aching voids. Studios are champing the ground waiting to turn their lights on her. Her arms are, constantly, full of scripts, songs to learn, costumes, make-up boxes. She goes from musical comedy to comedy drama, to straight drama. She is a hard worker, not a casual, spontaneous one. Which means that she prepares for production carefully and conscientiously.

She is in process of furnishing her lovely, pale brick Georgian house in the Holmby Hills. It is a full-time job, building and furnishing a home. It is only one of Irene's jobs. No, no time for aching voids and arms conscious of loneliness. She gardens. She showed me, proudly, her rows of curtsying tulips, her beds of stock and snapdragons. She studies voice and practises faithfully. She plays tennis. She plays golf. She recently made a hole-in-one at Del Monte.

She swims. She sews. She dances. She plays the violin. She speaks French and German and some Italian. She plans her own menus. She is interested in astronomy. She reads everything worth reading. She "keeps up" on affairs national and international. And she doesn't "smarter" anything. Whatever Irene does, she does thoroughly. No, there couldn't be an aching void in her life.

SO, WHY did she adopt a baby? How come she felt the need of one? I asked her one twilight recently, as we sat in the wood-panelled, book-lined, austerely lovely library of her new home. Irene and the Doctor had been playing golf. Upstairs we could hear echoes of the march of tramping feet. A merry march. And we smiled to hear a masculine voice booming loudly, "Mary—had—a—little—lamb—it's fleece—was—white—as—snow—". Dr. Griffin was indulging in his bedtime romp with his little daughter.

"Do I," laughed Irene, "have to tell you why we adopted her, when you hear that?"

She didn't, really. But she did realize, Irene told me, that the years are so long, that there may be so many years after the lights of the picture business dim for her, changeable as it is. She did realize that the day inevitably comes when a movie star is a movie star no longer, but only a "remembrance of things passed."

There comes the day when phones cease ringing constantly, when there are no more conferences and new contracts to sign and interviews and photographic sittings and impatient producers. The Younger Generation knocks upon the door of a movie star, even as upon the door of Ibsen's heroine. She was aware, she said, that there is no more forlorn spectacle than that of a has-been star whose date pad shows spaces, whose life, long geared to a fast and furious tempo, drops into chill, still waters. Empty hands, empty heart, empty days—a sad existence.

Irene adopted her baby as insurance against the future. She adopted her "against a rainy day." Against the day when she, as all of us, must pass on her interests, her activities, her accumulated treasures of experience, the savour she has stored away. And her chief reason for being so very particular about the baby she adopted, her reason for checking the baby's background so carefully and thoroughly, was so she could be reasonably assured that the child's heredity would fit her for appreciation of the things Irene and the Doctor can give her. She wanted to be as sure as is ever possible that the tiny girl would grow up with the ability to care for music and art and literature, for travel, for the richness of life and living which Irene and the Doctor have...
want to be regal

worked all of their lives to make possible.
Irene even took a girl, when she originally wanted a boy, because she was able to find just the right little girl and could not seem to find just the right little boy. She and the Doctor fine-combed all of the "cradles" and institutions in the country searching for their baby. And, at last, their baby was found for them by a noted obstetrician, a good friend of Doctor Griffin's. And once she was found, Irene went daily to play with her, to make sure that this baby and none other would grow into her heart.

"Perhaps, too," Irene told me, "I took the baby because I was influenced, however subconsciously, by the soundness and substantiality which has come to Hollywood. I can remember the time when picture people lived in rented Beverly Hills mansions, with swimming pools. A baby was almost enough of a novelty to be on exhibition. Futures were never reckoned with. The prodigal Present was all. Now all that is changed. The picture people no longer live in rented houses. They build their own homes on their own land. Many of them are moving out to the San (Continued on page 70)
The Finger of accusation is being pointed at Bing Crosby, for there are people in Hollywood who say he is becoming a snob.

Do I hear derisive laughter from his devoted fans, who regard him as one of the great Commoners, one of the most human of the Troubadours of the People?

Do you think that Bing could ever forsake the broad, free, mid-lane of the Proletariat for the high road of the socially exclusive "upper crust"?

Or do you?

Bing has changed, his friends say. Some declare that way down deep inside he has gone through a slow, positive and far-reaching transformation, that he is not the come-easy-go-easy, democratic spirit that he was a few years ago, when the most serious thing he seemed to have on his mind was the song in his heart.

Some conclude that maybe it's the racing game or the swank, "horsey" social set that he's been knocking around with the past couple of seasons that have effected the change. They think he has stepped out of his natural environment, that owning a string of horses, following the ponies with largesse, still belongs strictly in the class of hobby for the "millionaire blue blood registrite."

Occasionally, too, one hears criticism of Bing's extreme patronage, his back-slapping of some of the world's foremost concert and opera artists who appear on his radio program.

This has been interpreted as reflecting a tremendous awareness on his part of his stellar position—a complete self-confidence—a "take it or leave it" attitude which springs from supreme self-assurance. Another form of snobbery.

With the racing has come also, it is contended, a disposition on Bing's part to hobnobbing with the fashionable moneyp and "smart" sets of San Mateo and Burlingame (pronounced Blingham!), strongholds of the ultra elite San Francisco Bay region. Whereby, presumably, he has isolated himself from the old Lakeside Golf "gang" in North Hollywood, and others of his former cronies.

In short, the accusation is that Bing has gone pretty "grand." That he, of all persons, has assumed the mantle of aloofness, which so often is disastrously worn over any long period of time in Hollywood.

Any star who reaches the success attained by Crosby—success both as an inspirer of enormous audiences...
and huge financial returns—is bound to be the target for reproaches. It is the common belief that success and fame should never change the individual. Rather it is the naive hope that this may never come about. And that no matter what evolution takes place in the individual's career, he himself must remain the same. Good, bad, or indifferent—but ever constant!

Of course, change must occur. The main question is—how much?

One would have to go back quite a way, in Bing's instance, to measure any transition. A lot of people naturally like to think of the Bing Crosby in the Rhythm Boys days, when he was just one of a trio who sang with Paul Whiteman's Band. That was about twelve years ago. And it was a few seasons later that Bing and the boys appeared in a film musical with the maestro, called "King of Jazz." Shortly after that they were engaged to sing at the renowned Cocoanut Grove, which was then and still is one of the most coveted goals for entertainers with a weather eye on a film contract, and now in addition, the lucrative field of radio broadcasting.

It is from that time that Bing is so well remembered, as a simple, unassuming young fellow whom every-one lauded for those very qualities—a chap trying to get along and who, everyone felt, had loads of talent.

He later justified their belief in him, for it is now a matter of history that Bing emerged from the Rhythm Boys trio and became a soloist. His individual style of singing, his crooning, his glissando, his decor of whistling while putting over a song, all constituted the first big hurdle in his race for fame and fortune. From then on, an astute business management became the senior partner in his career, which grew and expanded like the banyan tree—but that probably is an oft-told story. Still, his is one of the most fascinating sagas of success ever to come out of Hollywood, where bad management so often rules and ruins careers.

Today Bing's star is in its zenith. His work and his personal life spell fulfillment in every way. He has been a builder in the truest sense. Every block in the structure of his professional career, his domestic life, has been carefully and thoughtfully laid on a sound foundation. Its strength reflects his deep sense of integration. Home, family, career. Each is protected by the other.

The roots of his career reach out in every direction. Pictures, records, radio, song publishing enterprise, real estate, a talent agency, and lately, the race track and breeding farm. The name of Crosby represents out and out, or part ownership, in numerous business undertakings, all of which prosper well. Much of the success of these may be explained by the fact that they are run by a single organization—a family unit—the Crosbys. Bing—Everett—Larry—Mr. Crosby, Sr., the father of the three smart boys—and recently another gifted Crosby who has joined the circle and is doing right well by himself, Bob, the young orchestra leader.

Yes, as Bing contemplates his own achievements he may well and right-fully feel a certain glow of satisfaction. There is first of all the personal happiness he derives from his domestic citadel—his wife and four young sons. Then there is the welding of the family forces into a veritable little kingdom. And last, but not least, speaking of purely practical things, there are the large revenues of today and the remunerations that may be anticipated tomorrow.

Indeed, Bing's star is in its zenith—and the Moving Finger writes on. What does it matter that some Hollywoodites accuse him of getting a little smug, snobbish or "high hat?" What does it all amount to? What difference does it make?

This, I might say, is the impression I received when I talked to Crosby recently. It was a most interesting and in some ways a unique encounter during many (Continued on page 98)
spence was in movies a year before he knew he was appearing in B pictures.

mong the stars and directors and producers and electricians and hot dog stand proprietors in Hollywood when you mention Spencer Tracy's name the answer is inevitably, "Oh, he's a good friend of mine." Clark Gable, Jimmy Cagney, Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, the wardrobe woman at M-G-M and all of the rest of them say it and a glow of warmth comes into their eyes. You can wonder about that unanimity of emotion among such a varied host of the cinema city's inhabitants — until you meet Spencer Tracy and then you realize why, if this shining star were to do anything foolish, all of the others would say, "Somebody ought to tell Tracy; he's wrong this time." Because Tracy hasn't been wrong very often when it came to honest feeling and following his heart or his mind.

Not so very long ago this husky, pleasant-faced redhead, slouched at the wheel of an open car, sped through the Metro gates in Culver City and over the miles to his eight-acre farm outside Hollywood—his wide-mouthed grin telling any passing motorists, "This is a grand world." He turned in at the gates of home and, as interested wives do the world over when their mates have embarked on a new difficult venture, Mrs. Tracy was waiting for him at the door. Her talented husband whose last few years of film stardom have been filled with one successful role after another had started that day on one of the most important assignments of his movie career. At Fox, they had commenced shooting "Stanley and Livingstone."

"How did it go, Spencer?"

"Say, it was wonderful," replied the enthusiastic Spencer.

"Watching those 'youngsters' work."

Patiently Mrs. Tracy smiled for she admits indulgently that with all his success her husband is still Hollywood's most ardent fan about what he likes. And she knew she'd have to wait until after Spencer had expounded the talents of Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly to hear what had happened to Mr. Tracy and his efforts that day.

Finally she managed to get him round to Spencer Tracy's part and Spencer said he guessed it would be all right. Not that Mr. Tracy's remark gave any indication of the value of his role to the picture. Until after "Boys Town" was finished he was sure he was a "bust"—Tracy whose human, sensitive, dramatic characterization of the priest in that film brought lumps into countless throats and made him the favorite cinema actor of more people than he dreams. His attitude was in keeping with the fact that when he first went to Hollywood under contract, he worked a whole year before he learned that there were Class A and Class B pictures and that he was making Class B pictures which didn't show in the important theatres and that was the reason most of his New York friends knew only vaguely that he was drawing a regular movie salary.

That vitality in every line he speaks on the screen, the amazing energy he exudes even when he's merely sitting at a desk before the cameras is no trick he turns on and off for his public. It's as much a part of the real Spencer Tracy as his incorrigible red hair through which he is always running his hands. It's evident in everything he does. It is like a strength-transmitting current emanating from him even when he's slouched in an arm chair and talking about casual things. It permeates his infectious hearty laughter. And, most of all, he has the gift for spontaneous heart-full laughter.

Not that Spencer Tracy's life has been so amusing. He's had his difficult years, his disappointments—times when it looked like the hard knocks were an avalanche. He's had his personal troubles and his professional setbacks, but neither life nor what it gave him could ever stop the force that made him take everything in his stride.

Not long ago he and Mrs. Tracy made their first trip to New York in several years. Eastern film officials met the pair at Grand Central. They were rushed to a swanky Fifth Avenue hotel, but they hadn't been registered an hour when Tracy was down the elevator and rushing over to see Broadway. This was the street that had once seemed like Paradise Lane to him when he thought about it in those little hick towns where for seasons he toured in road companies and where sometimes he was stranded. It is only a five-cent subway ride from Brooklyn, but years ago it had been a million miles away from his immediate possibilities of attainment.

Tracy hadn't gone ten steps when he was discovered. Little boys followed him and fur-draped ladies turned back to watch his brisk stride (Continued on page 95).
LUCK OF THE IRISH

Geraldine must have been born holding a shamrock

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

BELIEVE IT or not, the luck of the Irish is as fabulous as a screen star's salary and as consistent as California's climate is reputed to be. Indeed, the shamrock might as well have four leaves so faithful in favor is it to those born on its native heath. Further, if you want first hand testimony to the good fortune Erin bestows on her sons and daughters, consult Geraldine Fitzgerald, a gifted young actress who has created a great cinematic furor in three American tide movies this season—"Dark Victory," "Wuthering Heights" and "A Child Is Born."

Geraldine Fitzgerald blames her success on luck—Irish luck. Yep, since the tender age of two Geraldine's life has been the just one big "if" after another—and "if" has invariably been spelled i-u-e-k! In fact, if it hadn't been for the Civil War breaking out in Dublin, Geraldine admits she might have well been another happy housewife, completely oblivious to the world of art.

Indeed, by way of pointing this up, she explained, "When I was a very small child and we were living in Dublin, the Civil War broke out. It was pretty awful, especially at night. You could even hear scurrying footsteps on our roof. It was always the same—first the pursuit, the snipers' gun and then a body crashing to the ground. It was more horrible than you can imagine, especially to a child. Consequently, my family moved to the country, where life wasn't so hectic. But even so, it made such an impression on me that I've never forgotten. To this very day I'm literally frightened out of my wits if I'm caught in a "noisy crowd."

"However, once we were firmly entrenched in peaceful surroundings I began to have a renewed interest in life. The extreme contrast of it was so great that I decided at once to become an artist. I felt I simply had to paint the marvels of nature. My parents, however, as all good Irish people, decided that I was to go into a convent—and, into one I was planked! I didn't remain as long as is customary. You see, in Ireland girls don't generally go to colleges as they do here in America. They remain in a convent until eighteen and that usually completes their education. Not so with me! I made such a devil of a row that I was finally taken away at the age of fourteen. I was terribly unhappy there and felt my real progress was being retarded. While I was caged up inside the convent, life on the outside was eagerly waiting to applaud my artistic efforts!"

Geraldine paused to light a cigarette as she reminisced, then raised her lovely eyes and continued, "I entered Dublin Art School and studied so hard that I was completely oblivious to all glances of despair cast in my direction by instructors. However, on finishing the course I found out the worst. They informed me it would be best to discontinue studying art. In fact, if I were smart I'd find myself a husband and forget all about it! I hadn't been for that stormously, then recalled that most great artists were beset by disappointment and struggle. There was but one thing to do, grim and bear it. So, off to London I went.

The countryside of Ireland really wasn't that bad. She looked nothing like any genius of the brushes. At least I should have atmosphere in which to starve for my Art!"

THE NEXT few years I worked hard," Geraldine added, with a tang of Erin in her voice. "But even so, my friend's criticism invariably followed this pattern, 'Geraldine, ole girl, as an artist you're a lousy painter.' I wasn't discouraged though. I knew that the really great are never recognized by their contemporaries. In fact, if it hadn't been for an awful storm one night I'd probably never have changed my life. During the thunder, lightning and general confusion I became frightened and then violently ill. Suddenly I knew I'd never be more than 'just a mediocore painter.' On the heels of this realization the idea popped into my head that if I couldn't paint pictures in oil, why not try painting word pictures?"

"The next morning I packed up and left London," Geraldine confessed. And looking into her large, sincere eyes, we knew that this Irish colleen might yet be smudging paint on a canvas "Ig," it hadn't been before. As she continued, with the toss of her head and her brow knitted in thought, we became engrossed in this tale of the birth of a star. "I went directly home and consulted, my Aunt, Sheilah Fast. She over there. She looked me over and decided I might just be able to act. But, never with my present vocal equipment. You see, unfortunately I had one of those high pitched, squeaky voices. All sounds issued directly from the bridge of my nose. Aunt Sheilah, as you probably know, is a pretty well-known actress in the Abbey Theatre and consequently knows the (Continued on page 85)
NO GOOD!" said the cameraman resignedly. "Her face shows up as dark as her hair. She'll just have to stop blushing before I can shoot the scene!"

A tallish, brown-haired girl, long faced without her accustomed bangs, slapped vexed arms akimbo to her newly-curved hips, bit her brand new lipstick and stamped the floor.

"Darn it!" swore Jane Withers. "I can't help it. I'm just not used to love scenes with men!"

The "man" in question was George Ernest, aged sixteen, fresh from "Jones Family" childhood to adolescence in Jane's "Boy Friend." The "love scene" called for all the white passion of a shy peck on Jane's cheek by George as he left for military school. Still a whole working day rolled by before the usual One-take Withers got her romantic moment safely in the can.

As recently as a year ago such coy capers and maidenly modesty would have drawn disgusted jeers from Ginger Jane herself. At that point Jane would and could kiss a boy, poke him in the nose, slam him in the middle or boot him in the pants—all with equal poise, polish and nonchalance.

But in the last few months strange things have been happening. The Holy Terror has been growing up. And like everything she does, Jane Withers has been growing up with all her might. The results are a little terrifying, to say the least.

On the physical side, the last ninety days have shot Jane up over two inches and forced her little stand-in to walk around on cork stilts. Ten pounds have melted from Jane's new five-foot-two-inch body in judiciously feminine places. Her mother's familiar plea on the Withers set of "Jane, pull your stomach in!" echoes no more. That region, formerly just one long bulge of healthy little girl, has shifted north and south with surprising results, including a waistline.

Of course time plays no favorites in Hollywood, any more than it does anywhere else. Among the Kiddle crop, Shirley Temple's chubby legs have firmed and stretched, and her personality now has more than dimples and a curly top. But she's still darling little Shirley. Freddie Bartholomew's angular face may have shot up above his spare bones like a weed, but he's still a little British gentleman. Mickey Rooney in his late teens is no more hard-cooked, nor Deanna Durbin much more delicious than a few years back.

The transformation of Hollywood's Public Brat Number One, however, is a phenomenon so startling, devastating that it deserves a place among the major upheavals of Hollywood history. Something like Mary Pickford's original bob or the day Garbo spoke.

The stark fact is this: Tomboy Jane has become a dainty little lady. Believe it or not. There was a time, and not far gone, either, that you smiled when you said that around Jane Withers.

When I first met the Atlanta whirlwind three or four years ago, she said she wanted a machine gun. She didn't mean maybe. To prove it, she whirled about my terrified frame coughing out imaginary bullets, à la Little Caesar. We had a chummy afternoon, I recall, discussing things to tickle a sweet child's fancy like Chinese hatchet murders, pirates, blood vows, slot machines, crooked gambling ships, and the better methods of putting the slug on a guy.

Since then, up until "it" started happening, Jane has kept up the good work. She was generally to be found teetering along the roof of her house or shinnying up a tree ahead of desperate, panting young neighborhood males around her age. Or to pass the time she rocketed dizzyly around on a gasoline scooter or crashed through a fence in a miniature racing automobile at forty miles per hour. Her good influences ran towards organizing

This "love scene" with George Ernest in "Boy Friend" caused Miss Jane no end of trouble. Right, two inches up, ten pounds off and presto—Jane Withers has as cute a little "figger" as you could wish to see.
Tomboy Jane is past history. Meet this dainty little miss in her first evening gown—and, as with most "firsts," thereby hangs quite a tale.

the All Kids Club, a juvenile sort of Mafia. Next to a private menagerie, of goats, snakes, squirrels, turtles, chickens and cats, the thing dearest to her heart was a collection of murderous-looking knives.

Sad to report, all that is changed. The blossoming of life's springtime in Jane's bosom has loosed the gentle arts and tender graces. Just have a look . . .

Instead of knives she collects—perfume. Instead of scaling housetops, Jane—knits. Instead of plundering her startled cook's kitchen, Jane has—breakfast in bed. Instead of galloping about bareback and cowgirl clad, Jane decorously trots her pony, in jodhpurs and perched primly on an English saddle. Instead of a kid-gang secret emblem, her prize possession is a girl scout hostess badge, won by properly serving tea. Instead of the Dick Tracy series, Jane's literary interests run to romantic love tales. Instead of blood vows, now she writes poetry. A sample of it goes like this: (Continued on page 62)

When Jane's collection of murderous knives is replaced by a table of perfume bottles—well, something is certainly up

by

KIRTLEY BASKETTE
Take a lesson from the stars who know the value of luxuriant, shining, seductive tresses

YES, IT has been rightly said that one of the first things a casting director looks for is healthy, shining, abundant hair and, if a potential star doesn’t have it, her chances for success are considerably reduced. That is as it should be, too, for hair serves not only as a frame for a girl’s face, but also as an unfailing gauge by which the world judges her health, vitality, habits — whether lively or lazy — and her pride in personal appearance.

Harsh judgment? Not at all — for strong, shining, healthy hair can be had. Continuous, regular fundamental care is two-thirds of the secret. Which leaves just about one-third (some say less than that) to heredity, environment and other such sober-sounding influences.

That being the case, what shall we do to have shining, seductive manes like the Lamarrs and Lamours, to say nothing of the Sheridans, Bennetts, Hayworths and a few hundred other cinema sirens? Listen, then, and we’ll tell you. Cleanliness and
stimulation are your answers. To any head, brushing, massage, shampoo and rinses are of primary importance—and that's what we're going to talk about today.

Just one point before we start: We're taking it for granted that you understand the important effect of general health on the quality and beauty of your hair. If your system is lacking in oils, nourishment or glandular secretions, or if definite disease or disorder is present, your hair will show it like a barometer—in loss of lustre, "life" and body. Sometimes, especially where fever has been present, even grayness, baldness or an excessively dry or oily condition will result. These are special symptoms, due to unusual circumstances, and they require specialized, concentrated care.

What we're going to talk about now applies particularly to folks in more or less normal physical condition. However, everything we're going to recommend will apply—with possible modifications—to you who have special hair problems. For you these measures may need to be amended with additional, more specific treatments prescribed by your physician. But otherwise, the care of hair is universally the same.

Out of tiny pockets, known as follicles, your scalp manufactures hundreds of thousands of minute, horny shafts which we call hair. These are made of the same substance as your nails and correspond to the cuticle of your epidermis. Some authorities say that a blonde head of hair averages about 140,000 to a scalp, black hair about 108,000 and red hair usually about 90,000.

However accurate that may be, there are a lot of hairs on any average head, and if you want to keep them there and have them serve their purposes of beauty and ornamentation, as well as of warmth and protection (that's what nature originally intended hair for), then they certainly deserve the best care you can give.

HAIR HEALTH starts at the scalp. A loose, thickly cushioned scalp is a healthy one and, given an even chance, will produce strong, luxuriant, glossy hair. A tight, thin scalp is an unhealthy one, and may even lead to baldness, unless stimulated and encouraged along the way. Normal, undamaged hair has great elasticity. A single strand, when pulled, will stretch about one half an inch. Injured, damaged, dyed, bleached or overheated hair will break when pulled the slightest bit.

The hair itself has no blood or nerve supply and cutting it will not affect its growth, straightness or curliness. Nothing you do to the hair alone will permanently affect those qualities. This should encourage you whose hair has suffered from over-bleaching, poor permentants and other abuses, for if the scalp has not been injured, you still have a chance to grow a new crop of hair. However, the daily care you give your hair certainly will affect its vigor, sheen, beauty, abundance and, to some extent, even its color.

The old rule your grandmother preached about brushing your hair a hundred strokes every day with a long-bristled, clean brush has never been improved upon for cleaning, polishing, stimulating and exercising your hair. Fairly stiff, flexible bristles, about an inch long, make excellent brushes. Soft bristles won't grip the hair hard enough, and too harsh ones made of wire or the like will scratch your scalp and break your hair.

Brush out and upward, away from your head, turning the brush so as to pull your hair through to the very ends. This motion exercises your hair while it polishes each separate shaft. Never brush down against the scalp. Start at the hair line in front and work around the complete circle. When you've finished this, separate your hair into strands an inch or so thick and brush each strand several times on both sides. After you've brushed your entire head, finish up with another circle around the hairline just for good measure.

And don't get the notion that all this is going to take too much of your valuable time. Is five minutes a day too much to pay for strong, lustrous, flattening hair? What the ads say about jobs and beaux and arguments being won or lost indirectly because of poor, (Continued on page 90)
HOLLYWOOD makes Charles Boyer happy, but not rich, he says, as he remembers the fifty percent of his salary that must go to government taxes, the ten percent his agent retains, the slice that he must cut off for the state of California and the piece that represents his French taxes.

As Boyer recalled that he hadn't saved much of his earnings last year—and that's not a pleasant thought for a careful Frenchman—he explained he could make more money working in French films abroad. But he'd rather be in Hollywood. "Of all the places in the world that might be offered me, including my own Paris, I'd take my garden California," he says. It was an amazing experience for him this past summer when he was where people believe every Frenchman longs to be—in Paris. And while he vacationed in the capital that had brought him his first success and he renewed old associations in familiar places, this favorite of the French stage thought with longing of a garden in Hollywood. He surprised himself at the nostalgia for the Pacific that filled his thoughts in the city that had once been the grandest place in the world for him.

Boyer, who married Pat Paterson after he had lived a bachelor existence in the cinema colony for several seasons, is as charming as he is talented. He has a quiet, unassuming, pleasant manner and will talk frankly about his age or his work or his bank account or his pleasures. He's thirty-eight years old, suave without seeming sophisticated. He makes fun of his accent and bewails the terrors of conquering a new language after his American birthday. He doesn't like big parties and he's afraid of people in crowds of more than ten. He avoids mass interviews because he says they make him feel awkward and the very

Charles Boyer's favorite film partner is Greta Garbo. He knows her exceedingly well.

Alice Brady can knock off a dramatic role, too. Did you see her in "Young Mr. Lincoln"?

DIZZY DAMES is a term generally employed to explain ladies who are on the fluttery, light-hearted—to say nothing of headed—side. However, to give a picture of one is no simple job. For an artist, yes. For an actress, indeed yes! And for an Alice they're my best friends! The only ones I can always be sure of. Oh, dear, next time I come on I will manage to get around and that'll make up for it. Now I must be off for it's about time for my turn around the corner again."

Having had experience with hotels that send a "please remit" to famous personalities visiting with their hounds, Alice Brady was smart enough to know that her bill wouldn't be padded with costly items suppos edly, or otherwise, destroyed by her beloved poodles. Rascals, we should say, for wire-haired terriers are just as destructive as they are lovable. So, being a respecter of personal property, Miss Brady spent her few days in Gotham seeing to it that her rascals were kept under control, which was no small job. Kindness, as this anecdote illustrates, and a heart as big as all outdoors is one of Miss Brady's more famed qualities. By way of illustration, recently we were on the coast and heard she was to personally auction a hat in one of the night spots. Being a Brady fan, we were present when the festivities got under way. As it turned out, the proceeds were to go to one of the entertainers whose home had been wiped out by a fire. What appeared to be a publicity stunt was in reality Alice's sincerely allowing what value her name would lend—and that's plenty—to the proceedings, the cash results of which were to go for this needy cause.

In her own inimitable manner she modeled the hat, tossed her head right and left in her best dizzy fashion. The cash bidders, however, were in stitches with her flutterings and daffy remarks during the (Continued on page 88)
Andrea Leeds is in "The Real Glory." When Opportunity knocked, she certainly answered!

A LADY stepped from the platform of the train. The porter, a delectable shade of milk chocolate, looked up and, seeing the vision before him, exclaimed, "Lawdy me!" And with surprise dilating his startled eyes, continued wonderingly, "An' dey say de queen can do no wrong! My lan's."

The "queen" was none other than Andrea Leeds! It wasn't, however, those beautiful brown eyes, nor her lovely voice that provoked such an aside from this Man Friday of the pullmans. No, no. As a matter of fact, it was her ankle-length gold lamé dress, topped off with an extremely large picture hat that did the trick. No doubt the contrast was just a bit too much. Just picture Andrea with benefit of full stage make-up sallying forth into the hustle and bustle of an early morning, cold, and business-like station. Now, if she'd doffed her topper and stepped into the Persian Room, those glances would have been envious. But, in Grand Central Station—never! Those gentlemen and ladies of the waiting rooms, who by necessity gather for arrivals and departures, gazed upon a curiosity; in fact, they downright stared!

In back of this little show, in all probability, was the fact Andrea had always wanted a dress just like that and now that she had both it, and the time, darned if she wasn't going to wear it! At least, she's a rugged individualist. In fact, she has been since babyhood, so there's no changing her now.

Long ago, in Mexico, when her parents decided to ship her to relatives in California for safe-keeping, Andrea had a mind of her own. Due to labor troubles in the country, to say nothing of marauding bands of Mexicans, Mr. Leeds' little daughter was threatened with kidnapping. And so, after much debating, Andrea was shipped by plane to Los Angeles. It's an ill wind that blows no good! And let it never be said the winds that blew Andrea into the cinema city were evil ones! For it was here she was to be discovered by the movie moguls. Yes, discovered with Jon Hall. That is, they were studio "finds" simultaneously, having been classmates at school. Jon, as you'll recall, skyrocketed to fame with his first assignment—and that a stellar one. Not so with Andrea. Hers was the hard way. Though she was only a contract player, there was plenty of spirit in the Leeds gal. She knew her rights and, what's more, stood up for them. The studio called it temperament and labeled Andrea "hard tohandle." When a mild scolding didn't in the least impress our heroine, her boss decided to really punish his young employee. By way of meting out this dose, she was loaned to a rival studio for a mediocre part in one of their major productions. This, according to their lights, served a two-fold purpose. It not only saved paying salary on the balance of her contract, since there were embryonic ideas of dropping mademoiselle, but at the same time showed their problem child they meant business.

However, to get on, when audiences saw "Stage Door," they were pleased with an attractive girl in the cast. Her character, hopelessly stage struck, had breaks—all bad. But, when the girl slowly mounted the stairs with hope, fear and determination, why the eyes as she marched to her doom—well, the audience's cheers started resounding. Thus, overnight the public was Andrea Leeds conscious and clamored for more.

Like the proverbial evergreen, this too, served a two-fold purpose. Fame for Andrea, and a mad scramble by her studio (Continued on page 66)
There is nothing smarter this summer for either town or country than a white cotton piqué dress like the one pretty Anita Louise is wearing. The silk wimple on her white leghorn hat matches the variegated kerchief on her dress. Her white gloves are washable, her sandals open-toed and heeled. The flared skirt and nipped-in waist are important details. Right, green, purple and gray plaid taffeta makes the skirt on Anita’s delectable little afternoon dress with its white cotton embroidered petticoat and black silk jersey blouse. Her bag and shoes are black antelope. The wimple on her black straw hat matches her plaid skirt, too. Dresses like this are perfect for young, slim girls, for dressy afternoon and informal evening wear. But don’t attempt them if you are not the ingenue type.
to spend it at the seashore, mountains or in your own home town

A black taffeta "school marm" apron completely changes the appearance of Anita Louise's white organdy evening dress with its huge puffed sleeves and allover flower design in blue and pink. A frock like this would be especially suitable for that vacation trip because in the packing space of one dress you will have several changes.

Here's the same dress with a black taffeta girdle substituted for the "school marm" apron. White is right for summer evenings whether you are dark or fair. Cotton lace and black velvet hair bows carry out the demure "little-girl" look so popular with the younger set. Simplicity of line is one of the chief charms of this very attractive frock.

ARE YOU faring forth to Treasure Island, the World of Tomorrow, spending a week in town with Cousin Sue or dashing off on a motor trip or cruise? Maybe you're headed for a summer camp or a cottage—or are you glad of the chance to just stay at home and keep cool? Whenever you are, you'll need three kinds of clothes to see you through: play togs, the informal kind; casual clothes for town, travel and general wear; and evening things to make you feel gay and smart and glamorous at night. If you are willing to do a little planning, adapting and combining, you can build a whole summer wardrobe around this nucleus of essentials.

We're taking it for granted that you aren't starting altogether from scratch. Every girl who's reached her late teens and twenties—to say nothing of her thirties—has accumulated a few trinkets and favorite costumes that she can draw on from time to time. The thing all of us often need much more than clothes is ideas of how to adapt, combine and wear what we have.

A suit is practically a "must" in any wardrobe. A two piece suit is fine, a three piece even better. A light tweed, a smart twill, or one of the new subdued wool checks or plaids would be good. With a hat, gloves, shoes and bag to either match or contrast, and (Continued on page 89)
THE VERY capable girl ran a couple of capable hands through her hair and wondered distractedly which one of the fourteen things which must be done immediately was to be tackled first. She was Eleanor Powell's secretary and close friend, Miss Stebbins, known to everyone as Stebby.

On her right, Cookie was shouting through the phone that the cleaner had promised the blue and white sports dress for the 4:10 show, and he'd better get it here or else. Grey-haired and gentle looking, Mrs. Cook, an old friend of the Powells, had lost her husband in an automobile accident a few months ago and she had begged to go along on the personal appearance tour. "I probably won't be much good," she had said, "but I promise to keep out of the way and I can at least answer telephones." She proved invaluable—hard-boiled, tactful, sweet and tough, as the occasion demanded.

To the left of Stebby, Mrs. Powell, Eleanor's delightful mama, was answering phones, writing letters, curling her daughter's hair and talking to me. Eleanor, ye starre, was nursing one foot, while the other reposed wearily in an over-sized straw slipper.

All this activity and all of us were huddled in a theatre dressing-room, smaller than the average closet. "Why they build these really splendid theatres and put no windows in the dressing-rooms is a mystery to me," said Mrs. Powell. No, not snared, for she's too jolly to snap. But one could see it was a sore point with her after two weeks without oxygen.

"Oh, Mama, I hope they don't ask me to greet any more high schools," said Eleanor. "This morning I was told Tyson High and it turned out to be Wilson, and I had to apologize and say something about forgetting my specs. It was very drippy."

"Never mind, dear. You wanted to be famous, didn't you now?" said Mama. "I think I'm going to quit as your manager, daughter, and become a newspaper columnist." She checked a name on a list. "That's the third telephone interview I've given for you today."

"I've got to find time for a telegram to Ella!" wailed Stebby.

"Who is Ella?" I asked, for no one had told me up to the point.

"She's Ed's sister," Eleanor said helpfully, but went on to explain, "Ed's our house boy. When we feel fancy we call him the butler. Anna's the name. What a cook! Oh, Mama, I'm so sick of sandwiches. But do you know?" she turned to me, "the other night we went over to Baltimore to a fish place (only place we've been) and they said I could have anything I wanted. I've always wanted to taste terrapin and when it was set before me I couldn't eat a bite. All full of sandwiches."

"All full of nerves, more like it," said Mrs. P. "Dear, lie down for a while and try to rest."

"I can't rest. I'm afraid I'm going to forget that part in the first number. I nearly forgot it in this morning's performance."

Eleanor Powell lives in constant terror of forgetting steps and routines. It does no good to tell her that even if she should forget, so what? She could just make up something and nobody would know the difference. And she never does forget when it comes time to dance.

A PERSONAL appearance tour is no fun if what I hear from all p.a.-ers is correct. Eleanor, not having faced an audience since she played in "At Home Abroad," decided that a tour was in order. So she gathered up Mama, Stebby, Mrs. Cook, Gus Sonnenberg, her musical director, and a seven piece Hawaiian orchestra, and took off eagerly for points east. Once launched on the tour, she decided she should have had her head examined. It was a madhouse from start to finish.

In the first place, she was booked into New York first, which is one of the odd things studios do. Any top-ranking movie star who goes through a New York stage appearance of one week, five or six shows a day, is fit only for a rest cure afterwards. However, New York it was, then Washington, which is where I caught up with the dancing feet of Miss P.

Well, she did three generous, fast, exhausting dances five times a day. She ran through an informal line of patter very ably. There was only one quick change, but that was enough! Dripping with perspiration, she was peeled out of a simple sports frock (three dozen, I think, were used on the tour) and sloshed liberally with rubbing alcohol by Mama, Stebby and Cookie. Then into a dancer's belt and over this the skin tight silver hip-band from which was hung the "grass skirt." Every woman who has struggled into a tight girdle on a hot day can appreciate the situation.

After the Hawaiian numbers—the real hula (Continued on page 97)
Her heart belongs to Daddy, and why shouldn't it, because little Carol Ann is the apple of Wally Beery's eye. He takes her everywhere, including the races.

Virginia Bruce and Hubby J. Walter Ruben may be found at Hollywood Park every day they're not working during the big racing season. They're good losers, too.

Don Ameche carefully studies the racing form—as if that would help, for horses have a way of being just about as unpredictable as the weather.
And still the romance rumors of Bette Davis and George Brent persist. Although each denies that there’s “anything to it,” the pair are as inseparable as ham and eggs. At any rate, Bette looks very happy these summer evenings, which is a break she roundly deserves.

**Around Town**

Here are a trio of funsters, who recently met up at a broadcast—Jack Oakie, Joan Blondell and Hubby Dick Powell. The Powells are planning a brief flyer into the theatre. Both have stage experience, so the venture should be a great success.
Early birds Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are among the first to appear at the "Second Fiddle" preview. Wayne Morris and his bride sit behind them.

Mickey Rooney, complete with dark glasses and snappy girl friend, steps out at La Conga with Phyllis Ruth. Mickey likes her because she's tiny and lots of fun.

Lee Bowman is simply cuh-razy about Sonja Hentie, who claims her best beau is in Oslo. However, Lee and Sonja certainly make an attractive couple, so who can tell?
All dressed up—and plenty of places to go!

There's never a dull moment in Movietown

When Joan Crawford steps out these summer evenings, she wears a knee-length white fox coat with built-out shoulders. Notice the novel sleeve trimming with the fur in spiral effect—and that jewelled hair butterfly ornament.

John Payne and Anne Shirley. Anne's cape is of white flannel with paisley trimming appliqued on the shoulders and mandarin collar.

The lady with Erich Remarque is Marlene Dietrich. How do you like the unique turban-like hood attached to her gown?
Gracie Allen, Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, and George Burns attend a preview. How do you like Gracie's white fox jacket and her chiffon print gown? Miss L. isn't doing so badly either in a luxurious silver fox evening coat.

John Garfield with his wife and Mrs. Jack Haley. Mrs. G.'s simple evening coat is of a pastel bengaline, while Mrs. H. goes in for a sable-trimmed ermine wrap.

The Dr. Francis Griffins. She's Irene Dunne, you know. Here she's wearing a summer sable jacket over a nile green chiffon gown. Irene's evening bag is jewel-embroidered.
**“HEADACHE” LAMARR**

Wonder if Metro’s glamour girl realises that to folks on the “Lady of the Tropics” set she’s known as “Headache” Lamarr. The lady’s been suffering from a touch of temperament since starting this picture. Though Robert Taylor refused to chafe Miss Lamarr, as the script called for, and insisted on only shaking her, he still has little to say to his leading lady, aside from the lines written into the script. And the crew are beside themselves, trying to carry out La Belle’s orders for keeping everything quiet on the set so she can concentrate on looking lovely.

**GEORGE’S GRATITUDE**

Since Louis Bromfield was a frequent visitor on the set of “The Rain’s Gone,” the cast and crew decided to ask the author to autograph copies of his book for them. Mr. Bromfield complied, on the condition that everyone on the set autograph his personal copy of the book. George Brent wrote, “Thanks for the character of Ramsome—especially for all the brandy he drinks.”

**CARY’S LEAVE-TAKING**

Cary Grant was all set to take the plane to New York in order to catch the boat bound for London and Phyllis Brooks when a last-minute call came from the studio to reassert on “The Kind Man Marry.” It was a scene in which Cary lies ill in bed. “Look,” he warned the director, as he came on the set in pajamas for the scene, “If I’m not through here by five tonight, I’ll leave right in these pajamas for the plane,” Director John Cromwell wasn’t in the least perturbed. “A splendid idea, Cary,” he agreed. “Just carry a sign, will you, saying ‘Cary Grant in The Kind Man Marry’—an RKO production.”

**GARBO WINKS!**

Whether it’s the spinach-juice diet, the Swedish vacation or the Stokowski influence, Greta Garbo is a different gal since returning to her studio. She’s even gone in for wrinkling at the quides on the lot. At least she winked at one the other day. The young man was piloting a crowd of visitors around Metro when Garbo, in slacks and a large straw hat, barged around the corner. In one second flat, the lady winked at the astonished guide, yanked down the hat, and made a frantic dash back around the corner. “Guess she knew she didn’t belong here,” remarked one of the tourists.

**Binnie’s Beaux**

Binnie Barnes is being escorted around town those evenings by a party of three six-footers—Mike Frankovich and Cesar Romero, as handsome gentlemen as you can find in town, and New Yorker James Kinley Bryan, who’s far from repulsive himself. But that happy look in Binnie’s eyes comes from the fact that Samuel Joseph, her ex-husband, is soon to make a visit to Hollywood. And that gorgeous ring she’s now wearing also comes from Mr. Joseph. It’s a large ruby, surrounded by forty diamonds and pearls. When Cesar Romero saw the blazer, he murmured, “Look, Binnie, when you get ready to subdivide, how about letting an old friend in on a slice?”

**BILL KISSES BABS**

On the set of “Golden Boy,” Bill Holden was kissing Barbara Stanwyck. “Why, that’s not bad!” he said, surprised. Barbara burst into laughter. “Did you expect it to be so awful?” she asked. “I’ve been dreading this moment ever since I signed up for the picture,” admitted Bill. “Wink, I couldn’t imagine kissing anyone in front of a camera, let alone kissing Barbara Stanwyck herself!”

**JOAN GETS RECKLESS**

Joan Crawford lost six pounds doing the famous bathtub scene in “The Women.” For in order to keep the suds up in the tub, the water had to be kept at a high temperature. To keep cool as possible Joan ate ice cream cones between takes. I haven’t eaten ice cream for years,” she said. “But with the pounds melting off I feel I can do this with perfect propriety.” Virginia Weidler, also in the scene, inquired at this point, “Miss Crawford, how can anyone eat an ice cream cone in the bath tub with perfect propriety?”

**GINGER DIETS NOW**

Ginger Rogers had just four days between “Bachelor Mother” and “Fifth Avenue Girl.” But instead of looking pale and drawn, she appeared for work on the new picture looking very healthy indeed. If her pictures aren’t dancing ones, Ginger gets back the old vim, vigor and vitality—and also the weight. Which accounts for the fact that every noon finds her nibbling at a cucumber and tomato salad in the commissary. Being in a picture with Astaire had its compensations after all, for in those days the regular noon program was malted milk and a three-decker.

**CAROLE’S CLASSY CLOTHES**

In “The Kind Men Marry,” Carole Lombard’s wardrobe is something to see. Playing the role of a dress designer, her clothes are an important part of the picture and Irene, the famous designer, burned the midnight oil to really give them oomph and yamph. “They’re wonderful,” sighed Carole to Irene. “But this wardrobe will probably interfere with my retiring from the screen. I’m afraid my husband wouldn’t be able to support me in the style to which you’ve accustomed me, my dear.”

**LEW’S FRENCH (?)**

When Lew Ayres was in France, on that recent trip, he decided to stop in at a book-store and buy a French-English dictionary. Lew isn’t the conceited type, but he was pretty proud of the way in which he managed to make known his wants to the clerk. “Oui, oui,” said the man at once, and disappeared into the back of the shop, returning with a book which he gave Lew. It was “Robinson Crusoe.”

**MYRNA’S WOOLEN UNDIES**

Dankest and dreariest set in town was the one for “The Rain’s Gone.” For nine weeks the water sprinklers deluged the scene and the wind-machines blustered away, while all hung a strange odor composed of road-coats, clammy jungle scenery and camphorated oil. The cast decided that Myrna Loy should be up this year for the Academy Award for resistance. Not so much as a sniffle wrinkled the famous Loy nose while the rest of the cast went through a siege of colds and rheumatic pains. But Myrna pooh-poohed the reference to her as a genuine glamour girl. The plain facts were that she wore woolen undies.

**WENDY’S A STAND-IN**

Wendy Barrie picked up her phone the other evening to hear Greg Bautzer ask her for a date. “But what’s the matter with Lana?” asked the surprised Wendy. “Nothing’s the matter with her, she’s fine, but thanks for asking,” replied Greg politely. “Now will you or won’t you?” Wendy would, so they took off to the Trocadero and—you guessed it—ran into Lana Turner with Tom Brown. The atmosphere was bit chilly, but we’re glad to report that Greg and Lana made up before the evening was over and are still happy as anything. We can also report on
what happened to cause the rift. Greg thought they ought to part company awhile, following a banquet for prominent business men which he had attended the previous week. The master of ceremonies, in introducing Greg, spoke of him as "that promising young lawyer, Mr. Turner."

**Fanny's New Role**

Fanny Brice has a new role in life. It's that of child psychologist. Hundreds of letters are pouring in from parents asking her to solve problems of bringing up their own children, since they respect her ability to analyze the incoherent "Baby Snooks." Fanny says she's flattered at their expressed respect for her opinions and always tries to give the parents some helpful suggestions. "I can't help but feel sympathetic if they have anything resembling the impossible Snooks in their homes," she says, "and I'm in earnest about trying to help them solve their problems. But I'm tempted to solve my own Snooks problem by throwing her out the window and calling it a day."

**Frank's Anniversary**

The Frank Morgans are a shining example of the fact that there's not a jinx on all Hollywood marriages. They recently celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary for one thing. And further proof that devotion has lasted as well as marriage, they both carry pictures of one another around with them. Pretty beldames Mrs. Morgan's likeness is in the back of Frank's watch. And the other day we saw Mrs. Morgan's picture of her husband, posted in her gold compact. It doesn't look exactly like the comedian now, but the expression is the same. The picture was taken when Frank was a choir boy at All Angels Church in New York City.

**Mutual Admiration**

On "The Modern Cinderella" set, a unique sight was the extra girls gathered quietly at the side of the stage watching Charles Boyer go through his scenes. Probably the first time these blase belles ever stopped to look at a movie star, but they stayed overtime to watch this star perform. And for the first time on any Hollywood set, Boyer relaxed and enjoyed himself, his shyness overcome by the sincere flattery of the girls' attention. Between scenes, he chatted with them, played cards and various games. Bobby Trefz, one of the extras, was an ama-

**Richard Carlson Weds**

Richard Carlson caused no end of commotion in the feminine ranks when he returned to Hollywood for a role in "Winter Carnival." But he dated Ann Sheridan consistently for the first few weeks. Then one day on the set he spotted Virginia Gilmore, who is on the Goldwyn contract list, and almost made that young lady swoon by asking her to dine with him that evening. The two were together every evening until the day the picture finished. That evening, Richard flew to Las Vegas, Nevada, and married Mona Maryfair, a Texas deb. "Just in time, too," said Allen Baldwin, Virginia's real boy friend who was also in the cast of "Winter Carnival." "I was getting so mor-

**Joy's Sorrow**

Connie Moore gave Nat Grey a shower the other day in honor of her marriage to Jockey Jackie Westrop. Connie's just recently become Mrs. Johnny Maschio, and among the guests were several other newly-weds. Joy Hodges was also there, looking kind of sorrowful about the whole thing. "It gives me a yen, somehow, to get married," she said. The line forms on the right, former fiancées.

**A Star's Life**

For a scene in "The Women," a Bermuda background was needed and Norma Shearer volunteered the use of her Santa Monica Bungalow, to which she went. Mrs. Gray's chef did his stuff, and the director was completely satisfied. "That's the way the movie will end," he said. "It's all the way with the stars." No, she didn't get a cent for it. But what she did get was the chance to stay in bed that morning until the director sent word that the cameras were all set up, the rest of the cast on hand, and everything set to go as soon as Miss Shearer got up. "This will always remain in my memory as the one day I lived the life of a movie star—according to popular conception," she told the director.

**Bleaching Shirley**

It's a quart of buttermilk a day at Shirley Temple since she returned from that Honolulu vacation. No, Shirley doesn't need building up, but bleaching out. The buttermilk is applied for this purpose, in hopes that the star will get back that peaches and cream technicolor complexion so "Lady Jane" can start on schedule. Did you know that Virginia Bruce, Norma Shearer and Shirley are the only ladies in Hollywood who have such perfect skins that they need no make-up for technicolor?

**All Grown Up**

The three smart girls are grown up, all right. Nat Grey's married and Deanna Durbin's engaged to Vaughn Paul. And Helen Parrish returned from the Goldwyn studios, where she appeared in "Winter Carnival" with a dreamy look in her eyes. "It's Jimmy Corner," she said, when Deanna asked her about the romantic sights. Jimmy was in the same picture. "And is he tall, dark and handsome?" asked Deanna. "Whew, that's exactly how he looks," said Helen, surprised. "You know I've heard that expression be-
When it comes to the Crazy Chapeau Division, Rosalind Russell leads the parade.

fore, at that. But somehow I never thought it could describe one man so perfectly."

READY FOR WORK

There were wedding bells for Ginger Rogers’ hairstylist, Louise Sloan, and her cameraman John Miehle. The two met on the set of one of Ginger’s first pictures and finally decided to be married right after “Bachelor Mother.” But when her next picture started four days later, the Miehles were right on hand. “Miss starting Ginger’s picture for a honeymoon? Never!” they said.

Mickey’s Maidsens

Mickey Rooney is making a big dent in the “Babes In Arms” budget, by sneaking frequent visits to the “Glamor Girls” set and forgetting to go back to his own. And no wonder, with Ann Rutherford, Lana Turner, Anita Louise, Mary Beth Hughes and a host of other girls in the cast. “Gee, it’s a lot of fun over there with the girls,” Mickey defended himself to his director, “except when they get started talking clothes. Man to man, aren’t women the limit?”

BOB’S A WRITER, TOO

When the “Earl of Chicago” reaches the screen, you’ll see Robert Montgomery listed not only as the star but as a writer on the picture. Before leaving for England to make the picture, he came to Metro daily to work on the script. There was none of the Montgomery flippancy when it came to his writing job, either. A convivial soul, it has always been his habit to linger in the commissary at noon as long as there was one pal in sight to whom he could talk. But the other day, he even excused himself from Louis B. Mayer’s table on the stroke of one. “Have to be getting back,” he explained. “You just give one hour for lunch to your writers, you know.”

HOW CONFUSING!

Jane Bryan made a dash for her dressing-room between takes on the set the other day and came back with two pills in her hand. One, she explained, was a vitamin pill and the other was thyroid. “Doctor’s orders,” she explained, “one to build me up and the other to tear me down.”

AGREEABLE GREER

Greer Garson has created a furor in town since her performance in “Goodbye Mr. Chips.” Lou Garson is really glamorous looking, with flaming red hair and green eyes. She’s even glamorous to the photographers now, though she got off to a bad start with the boys by refusing to pose for the candid-camera snoops when making the rounds of the night-clubs after her arrival in Hollywood. One of the photographers took her aside and said, “Look, Miss Garson, let me give you a tip. We’ve put up with Garbo’s nonsense all these years but we aren’t going to let anyone else pull that stuff on us. It’s for your own good to co-operate with the boys.” The actress thanked him for the advice, asked for a minute to apply fresh lipstick and posed with her best smile. The Garson private life isn’t nearly as exciting as her appearances. She lives in a small Beverly Hills bungalow with her mother and two French poodles. Favorite hobby is cooking and her favorite dish is weiner schnitzel.

RACKETEERS BOTH

An eventful meeting was one which took place in Honolulu, when Paul Muni and Shirley Temple were introduced at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Mr. Muni shook Shirley’s hand and smiled at her, “I think we should have met long ago,” he said. “I think so, too, Mr. Muni,” said Shirley. “After all, we’re in the same racket.”

A WORRIED MAXIE

Maxwell Everett Rosenberg was doing a scene. He was surrounded by some fifteen beauteous blondes but looked so unhappy about the whole thing that the director inquired as to what was wrong, “Nothing—really wrong,” said S graspie Maxie, “but, say, I sure feel safer in the ring.”

LOVE NOTE

Whether Priscilla Lane and Oren Hagglund have actually said their “I do’s” remains the mystery of their studios. But there’s no doubt about their devotion to one another, as people on the lot can tell you. For they have a habit of surprising each other with love notes throughout the day. Pat slips notes to Oren under his desk blotter and Oren likes to tuck his letters in her make-up box or under the plate at her regular table in the commissary. Other day, Mr. Warner came into the commissary ahead of Pat and took a chair at her table. Imagine his consternation when he noticed the bit of paper under his plate and read, “You’re the world’s most adorable.”

BETTE’S PLANS

Though the rumors fly thick and fast about the marital plans of Ginger Rogers and Bette Davis when they take their vacations, it doesn’t look like Bette has any such intentions. She will get two months from the studio and in that time wants to go to the woods, spend some time in the mountains and take a cabin on the desert for awhile. “And, oh yes, I want to do both pairs thoroughly, too,” she added. Doesn’t look like she can tuck a visit to the parson in there.

SOME SMILES!

On the set of “$1,000 a Touchdown,” the still cameraman was posing Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye for a shot. “Let’s have a nice big smile from both of you,” he directed. Then went back to peer into his camera for the effect. “Kill the smiles,” he yelled, “it looks like a double exposure.” Incidentally, Martha Raye’s opinion of Martha Raye is slowly but surely going up. Latest development is the fact that even her own studio can’t reach the lanky at home. She won’t divulge her phone number. If the studio wants la Raye they must get in touch with Martha’s secretary, who then contacts the actress who in turns calls the studio—if she’s in the mood.

MAIN ATTRACTION

When Artie Shaw was holding out at the Palomar, everyone in the movie colony went at one time or another to dance or listen to his music. Most frequent customers were Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan. But running them a close second in attendance were the Taylors—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor. Barbara’s been an enthusiastic dancer for years and is delighted that Bob’s been bitten by the jitterbug. Interesting to note that two such famous people could mingle with a crowd like the one at the Palomar without being bothered by a gang of gawkers. The other couples sometimes gave the Taylors a second look, but Artie Shaw was the main attraction.

REAL ROMANCES

There’s a romance going on in town which most people think quietly died some time ago, and it’s between Olivia de Havilland and Howard Hughes. The candid-camera men seldom got the two together, because Olivia shuns night-clubs, premieres and the...
popular spots where most Hollywood people go to see and be seen. But the two dine together several times a week. If Olivia's in a picture, the evening ends early. But if she's on vacation, they take in a picture. Looks like Olivia is career-conscious—but also looks like Hughes doesn't mind.

**SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL**

On the set of "Modern Cinderella" whenever Irene Dunne brings out the make-up box to repat her face, Director John Stahl breaks into a speech, "You're beautiful, so beautiful, Irene," he tells the star earnestly. "No one could be as lovely as you. If you were any lovelier I just couldn't work with you. You're simply the most of everything." There are those on the set who, though they don't doubt the director's sincerity, still suspect a motive. For every time the star sits down to her make-up box, she becomes absorbed in studying her reflection. While time passes, production costs mount, and studio executives have figured it costs several hundred dollars every time Miss Dunne powders her nose.

**THAT SANDY!**

When Mischa Auer appeared on the set for "Unexpected Father," young Sandra Henville had evidently forgotten that she and Mischa were friendly on the set of "East Side of Heaven." When Mischa came over to pick her up, she pushed him away with a couple of "glib gags." "Okay," said Mischa, "I know your opinion of me, but let's keep it clean."

**MAE'S FUTURE**

There's talk of Mae West co-starring with W. C. Fields in the near future. There's also rumors that the burlesque beauty may appear in a Hal Roach production with Laurel and Hardy. According to these gentlemen, it would be to Ms. West's advantage to forget about the Fields deal in favor of them. "We're convinced that we're more her type than that Fields guy," said Laurel. "I think Mae would find me good company and she and Oliver would certainly make a romantic couple."

**BUSY BRITISHER**

If, as and when "Gone With The Wind" is completed, Vivien Leigh will leave immediately for London. She's planning to bring her little daughter back to Hollywood and she will take some time off to relax on both ends. Vivien, who has spent the last few months in London, will now return to her beloved home in Hollywood, where she will take part in the making of "Gone With The Wind." The film is expected to be released in the fall of this year.

**BOB'S BAZOOKA**

That bazooka of Bob Burns is so popular that his fans write in begging him for longer selections on his radio program. "But I can't do," says Bob, "that instrument may not be the world's smoothest-sounding musical instrument, but it takes endurance to run it. There's so much work required to blow that yard and a half of plumbing that I haven't the endurance to play it more than ten minutes at a stretch." But, he added with pride, "Robin, Jr., has the makings of the world's bazooka champ. He's displayed more lung power in the three weeks since arriving than his old man has shown in a lifetime. That's some boy, lemme tell you."

**MAN'S ESTATE**

"Gosh, it's swell to grow up," Jackie Cooper told us the other day. "For one thing, there's the new car which he's been given by his parents. Then there's the matter of being able to take the girl friends to night-clubs occasionally. But sweetest of all is the new dignity which he's attained in the eyes of his pals. "I can even invite them to the studio now, or to radio programs on which I appear. I didn't dare to before." He said, "They'd wave at me and yell and cut up and throw spitballs. Now they treat me like a man with a job."

**CAROLE BEATS CLARK!**

The Gables aren't spending all their time on that San Fernando ranch. Most of their week-ends have been spent at Hermosa Beach, where they have taken a cottage for the summer. Evenings are spent at the local bowling alley, where the manager says that Carole can beat Clark almost every time. Says she has the best form he's ever seen. But Hermosa natives say that you haven't seen anything until you see Mrs. G. come in on a surf-board.

**DIXIE'S JOB**

When crooners asked Bing Crosby why Dixie wasn't accompanying him to the races at Hollywood Park, they learned that she was too busy at home for such goings-on. Gary had the measles and young Phillip wasn't so well himself. He had decided to prune the hedge at home and snipped part of a finger with the shears. "But can't you get a nurse," asked his friends, "so Dixie wouldn't be so busy?" "A nurse?" explained the crooner. "We now have one for Gary, another to look after Phillip and the regular nurse who looks after the kids in normal times. In fact, it's the nurses that are keeping Dixie busy."

**SOME GIFT!**

Bob Cummings has plenty of romantic appeal for the girls, judging by his daily fan mail at the studio. And Bob's a romantic figure off-screen, too. He spends most of his leisure time flying his own plane and taking jaunts up and down the coast. But his wife, Vivian Janis, ex-Follies girl, tells us that he has his moments of realism. On her recent birthday, her husband presented Vivian with the latest approved model in washing-machines.

**SHORT SHOTS**

Rosalind Russell took the beating in the famous battle between Paulette Goddard and herself for "The Women." A piece of break-away pottery hurled at her head didn't break . . . Jeanette MacDonald gained eight pounds on the concert trip and is bicycling strenuously to take it off . . . Clark Gable is now the champ tractor driver of San Fernando Valley . . . Harold Lloyd's two daughters have now seen the night life for which they've been clamoring. Their father and grandmother took them on a round of the night-spots recently . . . Nicky Arnstein and Fanny Brice have received a reputed $25,000 for their feelings ruffled by "Rose of Washington Square." . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope have birthdays on the same day, May 29th . . . Ann Sothern gets nervous jitters and wouldn't go to the preview of "Maisie" at the last minute. She got a new five-year contract for the picture . . . Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are winning all the tango awards at the Troc . . . The Leslie Howards bought the house in Hollywood, and then moved out of it to take up residence in London. Fred MacMurray is taking singing lessons. Has grand opera in mind, believe it or not.
Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant leave Cafe Lamaze, after a good dinner. They were celebrating their return to Hollywood.

Robert Montgomery locks his specially built number before entering the Berkeley Tavern. What do you think of Bob's hat-band?

Before leaving for home, Constance Bennett pauses to wish you as good a night as she's had. She looks as smart as always!

Gary Cooper all set to drive off as soon as "the little woman" comes along. She's undoubtedly holding up proceedings powdering her nose.

Patricia Ellis, back on the coast after New York and London triumphs, makes a tour of the night clubs to catch up on Hollywood.
But they both praise the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care a famous cream maker gives today

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:
"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleaning and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A. I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me. I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Do you find that your powder goes on more beautifully when you use two creams?

ANSWER:
"Yes—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughness. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skins of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CVJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Lipstifling Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company
LOUISE FAZENDA will grace the screen again in 'The Old Maid.' This time it's not a comic role as you might expect, but the sympathetic part of Dora. Though Louise has always been "queen of clowns" to most of us, behind the mask of comedy which she can put on at will has been a woman with a keen sensitivity, and the potentialities for dramatic development of the comedy which made her famous proves it.

"It's odd what causes laughter," Louise said to me. "You'll notice it is the dis-appointments, frustrations, embarrass-ments—of another person. All human weaknesses are comic to the fellow look-ing on. People never recognize them-selves in their situation, though they frequently see their friends and relatives 'true to life' and howl with glee.

"There were times while I was playing comedy roles, she continued, "when I wanted to weep with instead of laugh at the characters I played. There's a very fine line between comedy and pathos; for, it seems to me, that behind every laugh is a tear!"

Knowing Louise, I can understand how her sympathy and understanding reached out to these people. She has so much genuine charm, a warm genial quality that wins everybody. I'm willing to wager that Louise Fazenda has more real friends than any other player in Hollywood. And not a single enemy.

She's such a vital, alive person. The day I saw her, she was wearing a white silk sports suit with a scarlet scarf knotted at her throat. As I watched her across the luncheon table at Victor Hugo's, I wondered how this attractive young woman could ever become the middle-aged Dora.

"Remember, I've had years of expe-rience," she laughed. "Ever since I was fifteen, I've played oldish wives, servant girls and country nitrats—not the sweet, unsullied kind of a screen daughter, but old maids and luring dimples, oh, dears, but clowns. I've pulled my hair and my face into such contortions that I sometime won't know where they belong. But I get a kick out of working up a character make-up, creating a definite personality for thousands who view them.

"Oh, naturally, there have been times when I yearned to be the lovely 'heart interest' instead of the 'comedy relief.' It hurt my pride to always have to emphasize my worst points with never a chance at the good ones. But then I soon realized that not being the glamorous, lovely heroine was to be spared the bitter heartaches that come to many actresses when their beauty begins to fade before the camera's cruel eye and they have to step down—and out.

"Once, like every other comedian, I wanted to play tragedy. I wanted to rant and rave and dig deep into human emotions. All through the Sennett years I visualized myself emerging as a great dramatic actress. I can laugh at such aspirations now, but it took a long time to banish those dreams. It is so true that 'life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel!' So to be happy, it is best to learn to think."

We all know how spontaneously Louise's humor bubbles forth, yet she says she didn't come by it naturally, that it is cultivated and carefully devel-oped. As a child she was very serious. Her Italian father's theory of the comedy classes and her first desire to become an actress was fanned by reading about the sufferings of 'Camille.' Her favorite game was to hide in the barn, drape her-self in the big carriage robe and revel in poor Camille's agonies, with sepulchral coughs—that took much practice—thrown in for true dramatic effect!

This very dignified woman is Louise Fazenda's latest charac-terization in 'The Old Maid.'

It so happened, however, that Louise found her first work as a film extra at the Sennett fun-studio where Charlie Chaplin took delight in teasing the roly-poly little girl with the high forehead.

"I was painfully sensitive," said Louise, "but I wouldn't let anyone know they were hurting me, so I quickly learned to protect myself by kidding and wise-cracking. Before I knew it, I was being given comedy roles. They thought I was funny, but it was only on the surface. If they had only known it, I was often weeping inside.

"We were a gay, carefree group and spent our time figuring out humorous angles to every situation. Nothing was too solemn for us to work on and a laugh was the high goal. We measured everybody by their ability to evoke a chuckle. Nothing else mattered.

"I was lucky. I had the benefit of being trained by the most famous comedy artists in the world and, being some-thing of a parrot, I eagerly absorbed bits of their technique and that intang-ible thing we call comedy awareness. "My actors believe that comedy hasn't the lasting quality of drama, but I don't agree with them. I'm convinced that audiences remember a laugh longer than a tear. My greatest joy comes when someone rushes up to me exclamining that they remember how I amused them in such a shot such and such a time. It gives me a warm feeling to know I've added a little laughter to the world, if only for a moment in a picture theatre."

Louise Fazenda, out of charac-ter, lives a very busy life. That's why you don't see her often.
Jerry is a grand job of Baby-Raising!

A big gain in the first year...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS

"When baby specialists approve, it's so reassuring," says Gerald Wright's mother. "I never doubted that Clapp's was right for Jerry."

"After all, the Clapp people should know most about baby foods—they were the first to make them 18 years ago, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else. They know just what flavors and textures babies will like!"

"You could almost see Jerry grow after he began to get the full menu of Clapp's Strained Foods. Look at the difference between these pictures—the way he filled out and hardened up!"

"On the average, he grew about an inch and gained more than a pound a month. There surely must be lots of vitamins and minerals in those Clapp's Strained Foods!"

Fine progress ever since...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS

"He's never been a fussy eater like so many little tots. Not even when the time came to go on coarser foods—he changed from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods without a single hitch."

"Of course, the Chopped Foods have exactly the same good flavors, and they're cut so even—never any lumps or stems. You just can't get home-prepared foods so even—and babies don't take to them so easily, I'm sure."

"See what a wide choice you get in Clapp's Foods. Jerry gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods. Some of them are so good I often take a bite myself—those hearty Junior Dinners, for example, or the new Pineapple Rice Dessert."

"Jerry's quite a ball-player now—you ought to feel his muscle! I often say that if you want a baby to grow up strong and husky, there's just nothing like Clapp's!"

17 VARIETIES
Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

12 VARIETIES
More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables

Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Desserts—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.
TREACHERER TALKS

(Continued from page 12)

"Why didn't you go on with the Jeeves pictures?" I wanted to know. Jeeves is, as you know, the P. G. Wodehouse character who is, practically a national tonic. Treacher did "Thank You, Jeeves" a couple of years ago and it laid one of the biggest eggs in history.

Treacher said, "I had thought—Sidney Toler has Charlie Chan to keep him from standing in his old traveling-so and now I've got Jeeves and I went out and made a down payment on a diamond bracelet for Mother. But the explanation of its flotilla in Jeeves reads. Jeeves won't act. You notice, there's a long build-up in a Jeeves story for two lines of conversation which aren't funny when just spoken on the screen. And that, readers, catches Mr. Treacher red-handed in the act of being intelligent.

Treacher's best friends in Hollywood are Charlie Ruggles, Edward Everett Horton and Joe E. Brown. These four used to be found every week-end at one or another's home, undoing the work done the previous week-end in the gardens, playing a fast and disagreeable game of pool they've invented, and muttering about five words an hour to each other in absolute contentment.

"In one of my few interviews," said the Treacher, "it was said that I never go anywhere, have no friends, never read and don't like anybody. Made out sort of a very large hermit crab. But because I don't dash about with blondies, I suppose, and never go to those places where they blow up toy balloons, I don't like house parties. I'll admit, and that does cause people in Hollywood to tap their foreheads. But I used to like to go to the Glover Club and risk fifty dollars at roulette. Oh, I go about a bit. Have to—or Mother's here. She lives in constant terror of missing something. When people ask, 'What's the wonderful,' though not handsome, is exceedingly impressive, and witty enough to make a cat laugh—why he has not married yet, nobody has ever explained. And that settles that. He is, he admits, rather settled in bachelor comfort and ease. He has Mustier Green, two dogs, three good friends, he is doing what he wants to do, and his house is arranged as he likes it.

He recently made a successful personal appearance tour. And the radio people, too, have been thinking the air waves could stand a dash of Treacher. 'There's a solid spot to be had. The script writer should get all the money, really. Just think, I simply stand up there and read a piece off a piece of paper. Wonderful. And now that I'm a free lance, I shan't have to give half my cheque to the studio, either.'

Well, there's Arthur Treacher. Honest, intelligent, witty, shrewd and not a grouch in his six foot three system. One of the nicest ambassadors of good will that England ever sent to these shores.

THE CALL OF SPRING

(Continued from page 39)

...the swallow sings his merry song
And we hear the robins all day long.
The thrush and lark begin to sing
And the animal world hears the call of spring...

That's just a taste, of course. There's much, much more of "The Call of Spring," by Jane Withers. But that ought to give you an idea.

All of this has taken place, as near as I can figure, in the second half of the past year, which shows how careful you have to be about that fatal number. A year ago, Jane was her old rough and tough and hard-to-bluff self. When her folks asked her what she wanted for the thirteenth birthday celebration, Jane put in a plug for an intelligent activity. It got lost.

This year when her mother started feeling her out for birthday gift wishes Jane said she would very much appreciate a nightie, robe and lounging set. But most of all, hinted the Woman Withers, she could use a "hostess coat." And in her opinion, to be really chic, the color should be "something blue.

Mrs. Withers staggered slightly. "Why, yes, Jane," she said. "That would be very nice. But—what would you do with this coat?"

Jane archly inspected the manicure she gets once a week now. "Oh," she sighed, "you never can tell. Somebody might drop in.

Of course, Mrs. Withers had been more or less prepared for something like this. She and Jane are a growing girl's ideas by the nature of her room. And Jane's room during the past year has undergone a profound metamorphosis.

For a long time, hardy Jane would have none of feminine frills and fluffy ruffles. Happy was she with a rough and ready motif to surround her dreams of flashing blades and crackling muskets. The last time I saw Jane's boudoir it was a salty, seagoing shrine. Portholes subbed for windows, great steering wheels stuck their spokes around her and a collection of piratical bottle-nacles, barnacles and such salty stuff sprawled here and there.

But one day last year Jane said she wanted her room done over. The ship stuff she said, was giving her a slight touch of sea der. Besides, it was hardly fitting for a gentle and possibly glamorous young lady to slumber in a crude cradle fit for Popeye the Sailor.

Well before Mrs. Withers really knew what was happening, Jane's room turned into something resembling a coquette's dream. The spars, bottle-nacles and company. The portholes vanished. In its place a long full-length mirror. The walls took on a baby blue tint and pink chiffon curtains waltzed down past the windows. On the wall behind bedboard covered by blue taffeta with pink stitching. Feminine accessories, and finally, the colors of pink. Blue. Red. Brown.

The knives were banished. So were the dolls, marbles, balls and bats, roller skates. In the place of honor, instead, there stands a lovely toilet, a bureau nearest now to Jane's heart. The labels on them read: (Continued on page 64)
MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET. IT'S THE MOST APPEALING CHARm OF ALL

Dorothy Lamour

LUX SOAP'S active Lather leaves skin really SWEET, DELICATELY FRAGRANT

YOU'LL LOVE THIS LUXURIOUS BEAUTY BATH. TRY IT!

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "Man about Town"

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

THIS lovely star tells you a beauty secret! When you make fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're sure of daintiness. The ACTIVE lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that clings.
"Blue Hour," "My Sin," "Evening in Paris" and—Jane's favorite—"Shocking!"

In this new feminine frame of mind, her thirteenth birthday, Jane thought, called for a party. She has had plenty of parties before—ice cream affairs, treasure hunts, scampering kids affairs and such. But since she was now a young lady, definitely, Jane thought, now the party should be in keeping. She planned a formal dinner party.

Besides her advancing age and the obligations of being belle, what brought this on, as much as anything, perhaps, was the evening dress. Jane's first evening dress is almost a story in itself, as, indeed, most first evening dresses are.

Jane's is a pale pink chiffon number, with a square neck, and sleeves down to the floor, bouffant and billowing. A blue velvet long evening cape goes with it and sometimes her crane is up. A blue enamel locket with pink roses and a plain gold ring are all the jewelry the Withers law allows, much to Jane's chagrin. Right now she's in the throes of weak knees, for her, and all the more fancy kinds of bracelets, necklaces, and things. Barred in public, Jane buys them just the same and wears them to bed, retaining her night glittering like a Christmas tree.

But the evening dress was not destined to dazzle young Hollywood stardom. Jane was tempted to flash it at the Hollywood premiere in "Second Fiddle" got the best of Jane. Signing autographs along with Tyrone Power and() and outside the theatre, Jane took a proffered fountain pen from a young hunter. It leaked all down the evening coat.

"That's all right," Jane assured him. "I can take it out with my chemistry set." She did—all of the ink and half the skirt. Jane changed her plans for the birthday party. Instead of formality she decided on a costume party.

So the atmosphere for her coming out wasn't quite as upstage as Jane had wished. The kids came in costumes revealing for what they wanted to be when they grew up. Despite the informal costuming, Jane's costume choice was strictly according to Emily Post.

There were invitations, (that very correct man-of-the-world Mickey Rooney sent) and a solid jam session set in, but all in all it was a very distinguished affair, and pronounced a social success by the early-teen Hollywood elite.

Since then, with a social position to uphold, Jane has watched her personal ps and qs. She is a medium that is practically revolutionary when seen on stage. To Jane, the pigtailed, overalled tomboy of a few months ago.

The girl who used to hide maliciously from her stepfather, now haunts her. She essays so many coiffures that the poor exhausted beauticians grow pale and trembling at her approach. Jane tries out on her boy friends. If they don't react, she has to have a new do. The piled-up do, was a success but the Hedy Lamarr adaptation didn't click. She's planning curlier curls.

Where Jane used to run up to Beverly Hills or Westwood Village in shorts, slacks or whatever happened to be covering the heart, now she refuses to budge from her house unless she is properly dressed and her hair in place. Cosmetics are still on the maternal order of the day, but cream of tomato is over. On her face appears that even she has tired of the "I'm a ginger girl" look.

"Oh, oh," said (Continued on page 66)
As you sleep your skin has time to repair the ravages of the day, throw off wastes, combat unflattering dryness. But it can seldom do this without help.

A delightful beauty cream used at night will help your skin regain its vigor and fresh, smooth texture. Woodbury Cold Cream, prepared by skin scientists, contains a Vitamin of great importance to the skin, invigorating it, bestirring its activity.

In so many ways Woodbury is helpful. A marvelous cleanser, its fine pure oils help dry, arid skin regain its smoothness.

And Woodbury's germ-free purity, which helps guard sensitive skin, is exclusive with this luxurious beauty cream.

Let this popular cream bring its invigorating and softening influence to your complexion tonight! At all beauty counters, in attractive jars, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.
Jane. "Kane Richmond! Wow! Say—that's easy. Shall I put my hair up?"
The biggest thrill in Jane's day comes
when her camera crew, all grown-ups,
greet her on the set. They call her
"Hedy, the Glamor Girl!" and every time
Jane pretends to be very disgusted. But
her sparkling eyes give her away. In-
side, of course, she's as pleased as Punch.
The real head man at present, though,
is the aforementioned Jackie Hughes, a
young actor who played with Jane sev-
eral years ago in Booth Tarkington's
"Gentle Julia." Jackie is a leap ahead of
the pack; there's no doubt he has Jane
worried.
She's been secretly fretting and tun-
ing about Jackie's chances to get a part
in her next movie, a big studio picture.
Jackie's prospective fortunes wax and
wane with maddening indecision and the
other day when the studio gave her
all her artifices to wangle Jackie a job had
come to naught. In a slight tizzy, she
announced her bold decision.
"Mother," said Jane firmly to Mrs.
Withers, "I'm through fooling around.
I'm just going to go right in to Mr.
Wurtzel (her producer) and tell him
Jackie's my best boy friend and I want
him in my picture!" To date, Jackie
hasn't sewed up the job, but it's cer-
tainly not Jane's fault.
Dating for Jane is still strictly a
matinee affair, alone, or chaperone stuff
at night. It will be for a couple of more
years at least, according to Mrs. With-
er's ideas of what takes a heroine. The
puts rather a serious crimp in Jane's
new and growing interest in Hollywood
night life. Because where the bright
lights and soft shadows of the gayer
Hollywood spots used to find no berth
in Ginger Jane's consciousness, now such
names as the Trocadero, Coconut Grove,
Brown Derby, Tropics and Earl Carroll's
leave her big-eyed and breathless.
Jane had made the Grove, Derby and the
Tropics a few times in the past via
family parties, but fate conspired to keep
her away from Earl Carroll's, the hot-
est spot in town, with its snappy floor
show, seductive lights and rows of un-
draped cuties.
She was sizzling with curiosity and
dying to go there, but it looked very
much like a forlorn hope. The Withers
don't go in for that sort of night life
at all.
To any girl but Jane Withers, perhaps,
the project would, indeed, have been
hopeless. But there is one way in which
the call of spring has left Jane utterly
unsuspecting. That set embraces may she
within her body but her brain has lost
none of its blinding cunning.

SOME old family friends came from
the South to visit Hollywood. In the
spirit of pure hospitality, Jane called
Earl Carroll's and made reservations for
her folks and the visiting friends.
Naturally, she included herself and young
gentleman escort. Naturally, too, she
told Mrs. Withers. Surprises are so much
more pleasant.
When she announced her surprise,
nestly timed, at home, there was noth-
ing anyone could do but acquiesce. It
was very thoughtful of Jane, everyone
agreed, under pressure of circumstance.
So that night, perched happily on a
chair at a ringside table, Jane and her
lover, revealed in the dazzling and glamor
of Earl Carroll's show. Whether Mr. and
Mrs. Withers, or any of Carroll's visiting
friends got much of a bang out of the sequin
plumes, and fair white bodies of the
sophisticated extravaganza is not cer-
tain. But Jane thought they were swell.

because he really likes Hollywood—or
that limited part of it which interests him.
He works seriously, relaxes pleasantly
and meets a few friends whose com-
panionship he enjoys. When he married
Pat Paton she joined him in quiet
home life that is the personal side of his
California residence. And his marriage to
the pretty English actress was a dis-
appointing one to those unattached cin-
ema beauties who were not unaware of
the Boyer charms.

THERE aren't many things that have
particular appeal to this star. Nor does
his scheme encompass any far-fetched
improbabilities. He has an almost naive
surprise when talking about his activities
in Hollywood and naturally hopes the
calls will keep coming for his talents.
He wants his house near the Pacific, his
pleasant unfurled domesticity, a trip to
Paris once a year just for old time's sake,
and he'd like to start putting some money
away against that future when maybe
he won't be earning so much. He
doesn't think actor who hasn't a pet part
tucked away in his expectations—just hopes he'll
get good roles and that he'll render a sat-
sactory account of himself in them and just
another guest who contributed her share
of conversation and interest in a pleasant,
informal party. But everybody there was
European—perhaps that is why she was at
ease.
So there's some inside information on
the Silent One from a friend of hers.
There's ONE NEGLECT* few Husbands can forgive
... but "Lysol" can help correct it!

Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping yourself attractive.

Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.

Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about his clothes, if you're careful about your own person.

Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make you more attractive.

BUT...do you neglect yourself?
MOST HUSBANDS CAN'T FORGIVE THAT

Carelessness about intimate cleanliness, Make it a regular habit to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. Avoid this one neglect.

Carelessness about feminine hygiene, say many doctors and psychiatrists, may be the cause of many marriage failures.

The intelligent modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness. You ought to use "Lysol" in your routine of intimate hygiene.

For a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of thousands of women, hundreds of doctors, nurses, hospitals and clinics. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene are...

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

What Every Women Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
Lehn & Fink Products Corp.,
Dept. M.S.-909, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name ____________________________
Street ___________________________
City _____________________________
State ____________________________

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As her option expired at midnight and they made darn sure it was gone.

Of course, there are meanies who point out that her famous "Stage Door" sequence was tricked up and that the music didn't carry the moods to her audience. They say why shouldn't it be good after the director shot so many takes on this unknown girl? All we have to say of such rumors is, "If two or two hundred takes will produce a result like that, well there should be a law passed to require it of everyone!" Our guess is that no matter how many feet of film were used, it would be to no avail if Andrea didn't have it in her to put the scene across.

"Since then," as Andrea said, "I've had wonderful breaks. Don't think I'm not grateful, either. Why, I don't think they could ask me to do any amount of work that I wouldn't be more than glad to do. However, I'm the wasting time being overly thankful for a picture or studio making my future possible. Maybe I sound contradictory, but there's only one person to do the luxury debt of gratitude to, and that's the director of 'Stage Door,' Gregory La Cava."

While her old classmate, Jon Hall, is romping and chasing the girls. It's romantic. Andrea is romping through celluloid and sound—at present in "The Real Glory"—leading the field by many lengths and well on her way to attaining her goal. Being a serious gal, bent on doing what she does better than anyone else, makes hers a pretty big order. It's one thing to set yourself the task of becoming a personality in the entertainment world, but quite another to set out and prove yourself an actress of worth.

Andrea explains in a straightforward fashion. "I've no delusions of grandeur. Nor have I any foolish ideas concerning screen acting. You've heard the axiom about being in love with your art? Well, frankly, that's the extent of my romantic moments present and past. The only thing that consumes me is the desire to prove that I'm a competent worker in my profession. Second, that I might have the opportunity to show my versatility. For, in my opinion, an actor is no good if he can make only one type of thing convincing. To me, you have to be able to make any and all characters live as real people.

MY ONE dread is that I might become typed. So, if I really learn the technique of my profession, I'll have something that no one can take away from me. Sometimes I'm a little overwhelemed, for at first I thought I knew everything worth knowing. But, with experience and a little more knowledge, I see that I know much I didn't know. It would be frightening if I didn't love every bit of it so completely. That's why my only interest is to succeed as a screen actress.

In any man's language, those are sensible words. Our hope is that Andrea, in this school of thought, will have success following. For, if Andrea leads the way in this fashion, many a young hopeful will do well by following suit.
HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE JEAN PARKER

Find thrilling new Beauty in

MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP!

**Powder, rouge, lipstick. KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!**

ELSA: Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your eyes?

JOAN: Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing new way, and the only true guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll love it!

ELSA: You're proof that it's perfect for hazel eyes, Joan! But my eyes are blue!

JOAN: Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—

ELSA: And they discovered that eye color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

JOAN: Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! It's the color of your eyes!

JOAN: Marvelous Matched Makeup has already been adopted by stars of stage and screen, debutantes, models! And no wonder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, the powder never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives a smooth, suede-like finish!

ELSA: And Elsa, for real flattery, just try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "spotted," artificial look... just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so smoothly—gives your lips lovely, long-lasting color!

JOAN: With Marvelous, you look lovelier instantly! You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for perfect color harmony, use them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! (65¢ in Canada)

MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

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

My eyes are Blue □ Brown □ Gray □ Hazel □

Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

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MM-9229
that here is someone who knows things, really knows. Here is a dynamo." As he spoke, his description of Steinbeck somehow fitted himself. He discussed Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." "They want me to play George in the picture. It's an actor proof part, anyone can do it," he shrugged his shoulders again. I notice he has a habit of shrugging off praise. For when I brought up "Magpie, the Magnificent" and his performance, it was another shrug and, "No one can go wrong playing a George Kelly comedy part. I learned a lot from him."

We talked about past pictures, about the death house scene in "Angels With Dirty Faces." Here I discovered an odd fact, that despite James Cagney's unforgettable walk to that chair, played so convincingly that it helped win him the Critics' Award, he doesn't believe in capital punishment. "It never did him any good. Statistics prove that," he said.

We talked about death houses and how pictures have never been able to put over what one really is like, never even quite been able to show the real horror which stands in its simplicity, in its plain little brown wooden witness chairs looking so much like those of a school room.

And we spoke about prison cells and how the camera never shows the actual size of some cells, where it's so narrow a prisoner can't pace—where, when two share it, one has to sit while the other stands.

We discussed the plight of prisoners' wives, and how prisons are bound to favor the rich, since as long as there's human nature there will be bribery. And we talked about how you can spot a lifer by his eyes that are holes and his face like an unbaked pie, and how most murderers are a shock to meet because when you speak to them you realize they sound like anybody else, like the man next door or the lady across the street—that they're not so much different from you or me.

Which brought us to the subject of environment, to kid courts, to a house of detention in Chicago where to be done, And we, in crowded conditions, they mix young automobile thieves and children left on people's doorsteps. And one child teaches another.

"There's no such thing as a bad child," I said after this discussion.

"Repeat that," said Cagney. Then he said, "You're wrong. I can name five of them."

He told me something of his life way back in Yorkville near Manhattan's Second Avenue. And he spoke of a boy he knew there, a boy who might have stepped from one of his pictures, a boy with a simple Irish name. "But we called him 'Angel Face,'" he looked just like an angel. An artist saw him once and wanted to draw him, so he wandered in the choir. Between hymns he'd go downstairs and smoke cigars. Once he asked his mother for a quarter. When she refused, he slugged her.

This made me understand a little more of Cagney, how the soft voice and educated manner is able to disguise itself, to get right inside the inners of a tough guy. I think it's because he goes out of his way to see, to learn and to remember.

I brought up Marilyn Canton's crush. Would this make him act like a con- tinental vamp? No. Nothing changed. He took it all in. He remembered the dinner and how the girl sat there, neither speaking nor eating. "She was only fourteen," he said. "Two years later I was smitten. She came on the set, a young lady, poised, grown-up." He shook his head. "How they change."

Finally I spoke of the dancing school. He laughed. You see, he still calls himself a hoofer. And he remembered the sign. "But I don't owe anybody a routine. Nobody ever paid in advance."

He continued, "There's something funny about that word 'competent.' I want to be competent."

And I thought, "There's something in this man, perhaps the love of music. When I think of music, the cities I have known, the experiences I have had, I know that they cannot now be just memories of the Past but raptures which I can share with the Mary Frances—from raptures, to be sure, to the other kind."

He looked at his watch. "I've got a dentist appointment," he said. "You can't let your teeth go in this business."

I felt he faced the dentist like he faces Hollywood, and N.Y., and London because he faces his past, and faces jobs as he faces life, in a thoroughly competent manner. For after listening to him, you are certain that there is one completely sane, well-balanced individual. James Cagney is still my favorite actor.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON A STAR

(Continued from page 33)

Fernando Valley, buying acreage, building their homesteads. They have children, either their own or adopted. There are the Fredric Marches, Burns and Allen, Jack Barten and others.

And I thought, as Irene talked, face serious under the blue bandana tied about her golden-brown hair, seeming to frame and accentuate her lovely brown eyes, I thought how truly she spoke. "I think," Irene was thinking aloud, "I wanted the baby for, quite normally, the things I could do for it, Marry Frances the things she can give me. Now, whenever I play golf I find myself thinking of what fun it will be to teach Mary Frances to play. Now, when I sing or play the piano and watch her eyes fastened on me, on the keyboard, I sense what seems to be her rapt interest in music and feel an added thrill. One of these days she will be playing and singing, just like her mother. But not only the lessons, the training, the matters of dollars and cents, but, perhaps, the love of music. When I think of music, the cities I have known, the experiences I have had, I know that they cannot now be just memories of the Past but raptures which I can share with the Mary Frances—first raptures, to be sure, to the other kind."

"I know that when I lost my mother—"
just two weeks after Mary Frances came to me—I might well have lost my mind, my grip, if, when it was all over, I had not had her to come home to. Mother and I had been so close, always. She travelled with me when I was first on the stage. She lived with me here in Hollywood. We had been friends and confidantes as well as mother and daughter. I often had thought, What will I do, what could I do if anything ever happened to Mother? And I don’t know what I could have done if I had not gone home to Mary Frances. Another mother-and-daughter relationship was there for me, you see. And when you come home from grief and there is a child in the house who doesn’t know the meaning of grief, and must not be allowed to know it so soon, you must come out of it, be gay and laughing and normal, carry on. Mary Frances did that for me. And if she were never again to do one single thing for me she justified her darling little existence right then.

"Then, too," said Irene, smiling, "I have the usual parental feeling of wanting to spare her some of the things I have had to do. I don’t think I want her to be an actress, even though I wouldn’t be anything else in this world. Of course, if she should show a marked talent for the stage or screen, that would be that. But if I could choose for her, I would prefer her to have a normal, healthy life, with plenty of time for study and sports and travel. It’s just as character-building. I believe, to train yourself to play a good game of golf, drive a car expertly, swim divinely as it is to work for fame or money. I want Mary Frances to have vital interests and wide activities—but, I want them to be fun.

"I’ve had to work very hard, you know, for everything I’ve done, for what-ever I’ve accomplished. Things never came easy to me. Plums never dropped in my lap. I’ve always had to climb after them, barking my shins and laboring every inch of the way. Even when I play golf," Irene laughed, "I can’t just grab up a club and tee off. No, I have to figure out whether the right hand goes here and the left hand goes there and consider my stance carefully and then, and only then, do I manage to take off."

"When I went to school at the convent in St. Louis I had to work for good marks. I wasn’t one of those insipidological students who get 'flashes' and get by. When I attended the Chicago School of Music I practised three times as hard and five times as long as any of the other students there, for about the same results. I didn’t, as it were, play by ear. I had to work at everything. I was born shy and painfully self-conscious. I had to learn how to enter a room gracefully, join in a conversation, be adequate to social occasions. I had to learn how to ‘talk to men,’ wear clothes casually as painstakingly as a child learns to walk. ‘I can’t ever be casual and careless about anything. Not even concerning my work. I wouldn’t dare to be late on a set. I usually find that I am in make-up and ready to report an hour before the director wants to begin shooting. I can’t romp and play and relax on the set, have tea parties, be clubby with 'props' and cameramen and hair-dressers. I have to give every minute to my work."

"I want the pleasure and satisfaction of having Mary Frances have roots, to grow up here in California, not move about from city to city as I had to do. Not that I have any regrets about my own life. None at all. I certainly am not given to self-pity, where none is necessary. I could, I suppose, have managed to work up quite a dose of it if I had been so minded. I could have grown about in the glooming mooning. ‘I have no baby of my own, poor, childless me! I could take to heart what some of my friends are forever telling me, sympathizing with me because I work so constantly and so hard, never have time to ‘play,’ never can make plans to golf or go to parties or go wild on week-ends. I don’t always think of their lives, and feel rich in my own."

Mary Frances came into the library for her good-night kiss. She got it, multiplied by fifty. I watched Irene with the child. I thought that if I had seen them together when I first came in, I would never have suspected why Irene Dunne adopted a child.
How Hollywood solved one of women's greatest problems!

Screen stars can't afford to be "indisposed" certain days of the month. Their "time" may come the day their big scene is to be shot. Or the evening of an important first night.

Holly-Pax, the revolutionary new mode of sanitary protection, was developed in answer to screen stars' insistent demand for a form of protection that would make their secret theirs alone.

A tampon used internally, Holly-Pax eliminates pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax can't show—even in a swim suit! It's comfort is astonishing—no chafing, no binding, no disposal problem. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form.

What peace of mind and poise this feature brings!

Ask for Holly-Pax at any drug, department or ten cent store stock package of four, 10 cents package of ten, 20 cents.
That night Linda rinsed her hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Next day even Linda's boss complimented her on her hair...glorious, youthful blondeness is hers again...so natural looking, too. Its soft lustre and glowing highlights make her look years younger...Boy friends have to fight for a date with Linda, now!

Are you “the girl who used to be BLONDE”?

Don’t be discouraged...you, too, can have that lovely, natural looking blondeness just as easily as Linda B. Go into a drug or department store...get a bottle of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. Use it TONIGHT. Tomorrow you will be amazed at the difference in your hair...it will have a new, blonde radiance you never dreamed possible...that soft, silky look so fascinating to men. Marchand’s is a scientific preparation, simple, quick and harmless.

FASHION SAYS NO!... TO EXCESS HAIR ON ARMS AND LEGS

FASHION SAYS... Skirts are briefer Marchand’s lightens Excess hair

FASHION SAYS... Shorts are shorter Marchand’s tightens Excess hair

FASHION SAYS... Swim suits are showing Marchand’s magic Makes legs looking

FASHION SAYS... Sheer hose are revealing As much as they dare Always use Marchand’s Whatever you wear

As a kid, Linda B. had golden curls...But as she grew older her hair got darker...lost its lovely sheen, looked dull and drab. Boy friends started to break dates. One day she overheard two girls at the office — "Why doesn’t Linda use Marchand’s?"...

FASHION SAYS NO! TO EXCESS HAIR ON ARMS AND LEGS

FASHION SAYS... Skirts are briefer Marchand’s lightens Excess hair

FASHION SAYS... Shorts are shorter Marchand’s tightens Excess hair

FASHION SAYS... Swim suits are showing Marchand’s magic Makes legs looking

FASHION SAYS... Sheer hose are revealing As much as they dare Always use Marchand’s Whatever you wear

Marchand’s can help you, too, even though you may not want to LIGHTEN your hair. Used as directed, Marchand’s brings brilliant new highlights and a fresh sparkle to ALL shades of hair.

Don’t wait any longer — GET MARCHAND’S TODAY—USE IT TONIGHT!

Marchand’s GOLDEN HAIR WASH

At all drug or department stores, or if unobtainable send 50¢ (stamps or money order) to: The Charles Marchand Co., 521 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y., for regular 4 fl. oz. bottle, postage prepaid.
WHENEVER, wherever, however it is served, ice cream is one sweet that is sure to be given star billing by everyone. Its appearance changes even the simplest meal into a party. When you stop to realize that this national favorite is also high in food value (containing as it does such important things as carbohydrates, proteins, fats, minerals and vitamins), you are likely to decide that you should serve it even more often than you do now, especially during the hot weather.

Another fine feature of ice cream is its versatility. There is no need to serve the same type of frozen dessert twice in a summer—except by popular demand, of course. There are the most intriguing variations, ranging from elaborate Baked Alaskas, Ice Cream Cakes and the like, through a series of frosted drinks, sherbets, sundaeas and à la mode ideas down to that childhood favorite, ice cream cones. Which brings up a little story that I heard about Deanna Durbin.

Deanna, it seems, is an ice cream enthusiast of the first order and, in the afternoon, on the set, she used to have her "double chocolate cone" regularly. But recently she up and decided that they were entirely too childish! Hereafter, she declared, she must have her ice cream on a plate, to prove to all observers that now she is really grown up! Not even this more formal type of service makes her forego her daily treat of this cold, creamy sweet, however.

Realizing this fondness, her mother sees to it that the home-made kind appears frequently at the Durbin dinner table. You will find recipes explaining, step by step, how she prepares some of Deanna's favorites on page 88. The first is for Biscuit Torte, which can be made in the freezing trays of an automatic refrigerator with the greatest ease imaginable. Frozen and served, as it should be, in little fluted paper cups, it makes a most attractive looking party treat.

But the Durbins do not overlook the crank-type of freezer. Nor should you, now that there are new ones which actually freeze ice cream in less than ten minutes of turning. Nothing old-fashioned about these, certainly, except the old-fashioned goodness that characterizes the product they turn out! The freezer recipe we have given you is for Banana Ice Cream, which is particularly good when made, as suggested, into that filling and popular dessert, a Banana Split.

Then there are directions for making a rich, creamy, smooth Chocolate Ice Cream, like the one pictured above, which can be used for either freezer or automatic refrigerator with but minor changes.

Remember in making all these frozen treats that measurements are level and that directions should be followed to the letter. Remember, too, that there are a number of good, easy-to-use ice cream 'mixes' on the market which you should try. These provide you with directions which assure fine results when carefully followed.

Turn to page 88 for tested recipes
“My neighbors used to razz me—behind my back!

“It used to make me wild—all that eyebrow-raising and chatter. But I don’t wonder they whispered about me. The baby’s clothes, my clothes, everything that came out of my wash screamed tattle-tale gray. Goodness knows, I rubbed till my arms ached, but no use! My things looked foggier than a storm cloud and I couldn’t imagine why, until . . .

“Now they say nice things— to my face!

“I found out I was using the wrong kind of soap. It just didn’t have pep enough to wash out all the dirt. So, quick as scat, I got some Fels-Naptha Soap at the grocer’s, and glory, what a difference! There’s so much honest washing energy in this rich golden soap and active naphtha that dirt has to let go—every last speck of it! My clothes are so white, they shine like snow. Take it from me, I don’t get the razz any more—it’s compliments I’m hearing.”

BANISH “TATTLE-TALE GRAY” WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Our Movie Quiz

(Answers on page 97)

1. When Mickey Rooney feels the urge for music coming over him, what instrument does he make a dash for?
2. For how long have Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres been divorced?
3. What was Hedy Lamarr’s married name before she divorced her first husband?
4. Does Sonja Henie protect her feet by wearing low-heeled shoes?
5. How many children are there in Shirley Temple’s family?
6. What was the name of the picture which Lew Ayres directed?
7. Who produced Henry VIII?
8. What former Oklahoma cowboy tops all stars in the matter of fan mail?
9. Was (1) Bob Taylor (2) Errol Flynn (3) Victor McLaglen an Olympic boxer?
10. Which hit song in Alexander’s Ragtime Band was written for the picture and was not a revival?
11. What did Spencer Tracy say when he was handed the Motion Picture Academy award for 1937?
12. What was the name of the “Three Comrades” car?
13. What do moviemakers call the “stage hands” on a set?
14. For her performances in which pictures did Bebe Davis get Academy awards?
15. What have Mary Pickford, Deanna Durbin and Norma Shearer in common?
16. Whose mother is Mrs. Lilian Bernstein?
17. In which production was Charlie Chaplin’s voice first heard in a movie?
18. What semi-humorous ailment affects both Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire?
19. Are Ruby Stevens and Arlington Brugh married?
20. Which is taller, Jackie Cooper or Mickey Rooney?
21. What new word entered the English language through the medium of “Mr. Deeds Goes To Town?”
22. Who was a manicurist before she became a featured player for Fox?
23. What was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.’s nickname in “Having Wonderful Time?”
24. Does the sound of a talking picture emanate from a separate record or is it found on the actual film?
25. How did each of the dwarfs know which bed belonged to whom in “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs?”
26. Who is the handsome young gentleman pictured below?
LINIT

makes
CHILDREN'S DRESSES stay clean longer.

Linit is the modern starch... it penetrates the very fibers of the material instead of merely coating the surface. It restores the original dressing that made them so pretty when they were new. Keep the kiddies clothes lovely with Linit.

LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
FREE: Send postcard for Linit Chart...it reveals the modern expert method of home laundering. Address Corn Products Sales Co., Dept. 99, P.O. Box 171, Trinity Sta., N.Y. C.
HENRY FONDA: Here's a young man whose star has risen since during the last year. Henry was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, on a certain May sixteenth. His father, William Bruce Fonda, a businessman, packed his family off to live in Omaha when Henry was a very small child.

There he attended public schools with a writing career in view. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota by serving as an athletic instructor and general coach at a nearby settlement house, and also studied journalism along with various other writing courses. Upon graduating, he tried in vain to get a newspaper job. Then a bit of the theatrical popped up in him when he became interested in the Omaha Community Playhouse. None of his relatives had been on the stage or connected with theatricals in any way, and this burning ambition to be an actor was initiated at not so early an age. His first actual stage work was in Philip Barry's "You and I." Then he played in "Merton of the Movies" and "Beyond the Horizon." In the fall of 1928 he was engaged by the Theatre Guild as an extra and understudy. He finally got a bit and was recommended to Marc Connelly for the role of the farmer lad in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." He proved to be an immediate success and at the same time came to the attention of Walter Wanger, who signed him immediately to a long-term contract. Wanger, however, having no suitable movie role for him, loaned him to various other movie companies, and he has been kept busy since.

Henry is six feet one inch tall weighs 170 lbs., has black hair and blue eyes. He is happily married to Mrs. Frances Seymour Brekaw, a socialite. In all probability, you are now enjoying "Hank" in his excellent characterization of Abraham Lincoln in "Young Mr. Lincoln." You can write Henry Fonda in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal.

George Karslaw, Easton, Pa. Susan Hayward was in Hollywood for more than a year before she was cast in a role, namely, that of the scamp's version of "Beau Geste." She was all set to return to her home town when a call from the East, Susan then decided to linger on in the movie capital. One day she decided to call on Artie Jackson, talent director and, strangely enough, Artie was looking for a definite type to play opposite Gary Cooper in "Beau Geste." One look at Susan convinced him that his screen was cracked. Need we say that one hour later she walked out of his office with a long-term contract. Miss Hayward is but a mere five feet three inches tall and weighs 108 lbs., which is well distributed.

(Continued on page 87)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN.
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name.
Street.
City. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . State.
If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

WIN AGAINST BODY ODOR
with this Fragrance Men Love!

DO YOU long to sway men your way—

have they say you're glamorous and interesting? Then be mighty careful of the fragrance that bath soap leaves on your skin.

For now there's a more exciting, a more delicate, a more feminine way to bathe away body odor. Millions of women revel in it, because it's more in tune with the rest of your make-up.

Yes, go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It is a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor. Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢
Wherever fine soaps are sold

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

The Fragrance Men Love
LOVE AT FIRST SLIGHT
(Continued from page 31)

"Yes, I have. Twice. Why?" Pause. More pause.
"Well, did you see 'Kid Galahad'?" "Kid Galahad" is his particular pride and joy, so that when she answered, "Yes, and I liked it," he fairly beamed.
"Oh, you don't have to turn that movie smile on me!" she retorted. And then she saw that her squashing had been too thorough. There was a sad hurt little-boy expression on his face—and she was sorry.
In that moment the pendulum swung, and from then on Bubbles behaved nicely and with interest. At El Morocco a little later, Mrs. Schinasi made the excuse to leave early and fully expected her daughter to rush at the chance of escaping with her. But Bubbles said she thought she'd stay on a while with Mr. Morris, that her headache was quite gone. (She had feigned one earlier in the evening, just in case she needed it later.) Nevertheless the goodbyes between Mr. Morris and Mrs. Schinasi had all the aspects of finality. Wayne had said that he would be in town only a few days, and Mrs. Schinasi naturally assumed that that would be the last she would see of him. She had a whopping surprise in store for her, however.

The next morning she left the house early to spend the day in the country. She peeked into Bubbles' room first and saw that Wayne had returned her all in one piece as he had promised. Then she tip-toed away without waking her.
When she returned around six in the evening and walked into her own private sitting-room, there was the surprise. It was seated in her shirt sleeves in the center of the floor playing dominos with the entire family, Bubbles, Leon and Betty, the latter two aged twelve and ten respectively. This certainly was not the formal young man to whom she had bade farewell the evening before—yet it did resemble him.

"Hello, Mom!" the surprise greeted her. "That's right!" charused the two kids. "Wayne and Bubbles are going to be married!"

YES, it was just like that, just as sudden and just as unexpected," Bubbles says now. "We wanted toelope, but Mother wouldn't hear of it. She said that first of all it was unfair to Wayne's mother, who should be allowed to meet me first, and it was unfair to us. She said you just couldn't hop up and marry someone you had known only twenty-four hours. It just wasn't done. So in the end we had to agree with her. Wayne returned to Hollywood to make 'The Kid From Kokomo' and a month we wrote about three to five times a day to each other, talked on the telephone once a day, and then sent a wire or two besides for good measure. Then at the end of the month Mother and I came out and several weeks later Wayne and I were married.

Incidentally, during that month in New York I think I saw 'Brother Rat' about twenty times. It kept me from being homesick. It's funny—before, I hadn't particularly liked Wayne on the screen, but now it was different. I liked the love scenes particularly; I thought he was so cute in them. And because I didn't feel jealous, I figured maybe I could be an actor's wife and not suffer too much from it. If I had been a jealous type I might have had my doubts. Of course I knew that there would be some things that it would take me a long, long while to get used to and there have been, too," she added seriously.

When I married Wayne, I really had little idea of what a responsibility it is to marry an actor. We were in Havana, still on our honeymoon, when Wayne suddenly received a wire from the studio to fly to Washington and appear there at the President's Birthday Celebration. It meant coming in out of the moonlight and getting back into the bright lights and the crowds, at a moment's notice. It meant, too, that I had to appear with him when he made a guest appearance on the radio or at some theatre—and for a girl who has had no theatrical training, these little things are really big ordeals. I honestly had stage fright all those first weeks. Every time a photographer flashed his camera at us I suffered. They're things you get used to after a while, I suppose, but they're a strain at first. Oh yes, and there were these parties, patiently, while your husband signs autographs!

"I made lots of mistakes in the beginning. For one thing I had the habit of teasing Wayne about his work. Acting in the movies had always seemed to me sort of a freak profession. Like so many, I always had the feeling that it was not very serious, just something that some..."
people were lucky enough to get good money for. Oh, and how I’ve found out differently! Once I made a joke about ‘Brother Rat’, something to the effect that Wayne had played stooge to Eddie Albert. I’ll never forget the hurt look on his face. ‘I tried my best,’ he said. ‘I thought I was giving what I could to the role.’

I’ve learned to understand why every actor is just as intense about his work as business men are about theirs. Each performance is like the launching of a new product. An actor watches how the public accepts it, not so much because of any ego or conceit, but because each performance is either an asset or liability. They all reduce to dollars and cents later.”

TALKING to Bubbles Morris, today, we know that there is no usual Hollywood marriage. It started out impetuously, but sudden as their attraction was for each other, we sense that there is something really stable in the bond between them. It has always surprised Hollywood that Wayne, since the first days of his success, has so persistently insisted that he would never marry an actress, that when he married it would be to settle down, to have a home life, and to have children. That seemed too domestic for us to believe. We thought that he was going to forget his resolve, when he and Priscilla Lane saw so much of each other. But his marriage to Bubbles proves otherwise.

Young as she is, she too, has shown an urge to settle down, and the first months of her marriage have been devoted entirely to making a home for him. She decorated their beautiful home in Westwood entirely herself. Wayne had said. “I leave it all up to you, only one thing! No ruffles, and no pink, see! Now remember.” And Bubbles did remember. It’s a stunning house, and Bubbles stays close to it. She spends most of her days taking cooking lessons from the cook. She puts her around and loves it. And she is going to have a baby.

She didn’t especially want an actor for a husband, because she thought that all actors were freakish, conceited and daffy. But when she found that this one at least was otherwise, she didn’t let her prejudice stand in her way. It’s an odd story, but the oddest note about it all is that Bubbles’ mother has yet to see her son-in-law on the screen! “But why is it so odd?” Bubbles asks. “If I had married a banker, would Mother think it necessary to watch him at work in his bank? Well,” with a shrug, “isn’t it practically the same thing?”

There’s no getting away from it, those Schinasis just don’t go for movie glamour. It’s one case where you know that the girl married the actor, not because of any actor-glamor, but just for himself.

**STAR ADDRESS LIST**

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don’t forget that lost item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

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**Why Can Hair Make a Woman Look So Young?**

If you long to possess that “little girl” look so evident in all late styles of dress and make-up, then start with your hair! Because hair that sparkles with highlights—seems to breathe with life and vitality, keys-up your whole appearance with a breathless, expectant note of youth.

Yes, hair can have an electric effect on the rest of your make-up, provided some old-fashioned shampoo is not robbing you of its natural beauty. Because many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinseable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That’s why we are used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, unmanageable and stringy.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

Halo, a new soapless shampoo, brings youthful sparkle and manageability to even dry hair— with no scalp irritation!

---

**HALO SHAMPOO**

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

---

Fine Weather for the Country

If you’re the outdoor type—active, athletic—here’s a semi-up hair-do for your kind.

High off the face showing hair line and exposing entire neck. Back of hair is long, looping the neck, forming a soft roll.
Not that she hasn't worked at it before. And with happy results. But the new set-up is different. Now, when she's acting, she isn't tightened up, thinking of big song-and-dance numbers ahead. She can relax, let herself go. "I hope the difference shows on the screen," she said fervently.

It's beginning to show off the screen. She used to be chronically tired, so tired that her friends expected to hear of her complete collapse, so tired that her mother finally drove her to demand a six-weeks' rest between pictures. That demand led to a rumor that Ginger Rogers was becoming "difficult." Because she didn't publicly explain. She wouldn't admit, even to herself, that she was physically and emotionally exhausted. But she now isn't.

It's the only big change in Ginger and it's a heartening one to see. She isn't nervous and tense, now that she's on her own. She has new zest for life and laughter and she's prettier than ever.

The columnists who see her as an "orphan of the storm" should rush for the nearest occultist. Their eyes must need examining.

Her contract came up for renewal last year. At that time, her studio knew that when Fred's contract expired, after two more pictures, he might not renew. They faced the question then: Did Rogers have possibilities without Astaire? The answer was an emphatic Yes. They signed her up not for one more year, but for several, with a guarantee of steady salary increases.

When a studio loses its enthusiasm about a star, there are ways of telling. That star no longer gets the choice scripts or the best directors. Others are handed the parts. And that's what's happening to Ginger. "Bachelor Mother" is one of the best comedy scripts and the picture was directed by Caron Kain, who is on his way to becoming another Capra. Even before that, the studio went off the lot to get one of Hollywood's most attractive bachelors, David Niven. "Fifth Avenue Girl" is being directed by Gregory La Cava, who specializes in movie masterpieces. Ginger decidedly isn't being given the run-around by her studio.

NOW if people would only stop shaking their heads about my going it alone," Ginger said, whimsically, "everybody could be happy. Tell me, why do some people have such short memories? This isn't the first picture I've made without Fred. There was 'Stage Door,' and 'Vivacious Lady,' and 'Having Wonderful Time.' They didn't close any theatres. Two of them were actually hits, and all of them made money. There ought to be a little hope for me, even if I have hung up my dancing shoes for a while.

I suggested that, perhaps sub-consciously, people were venting their chagrin that she wouldn't give out about her romantic inclinations. They wanted to know if she still was in love with Lew Ayres, from whom she has been parted since 1936, but never divorced. Or was there someone else?

"What's life worth if a girl can't have one secret?" she asked, smiling. Then, more seriously, she added, "I'm not trying to excite curiosity. I can't tell my future plans, for the best possible reason. I don't know them myself. I'm superstitious about making plans. I believe in letting the future take care of itself. I've operated on that philosophy all my life. It's too late to change now. I'm not afraid of disappointments, but I don't believe in staking my neck out."

"When I first went on the stage as a Charleston dancer, being a Charleston dancer satisfied my ambitions. I didn't make any plans to branch out, become something more than that. When somebody gave me a chance to do a song-and-dance act, I tried to be good at it. But I didn't get Broadway ambitions. I didn't think I'd ever be good enough for the big-time. When I unexpectedly had the chance to be in a Broadway musical, I worked hard to make the most of it. But I didn't let myself get visions of starring on Broadway.

"When Hollywood gave me an opportunity, I tried to carry out instructions. I tried to do well whatever they called on me to do. But I didn't wax ambitious to show them I could do bigger, better things. I never dreamed of the chance to dance with Fred Astaire. When the chance dropped out of the sky, I tried to follow through. When they gave me the chance to be his acting partner, as well as his dancing partner, I tried to merit their confidence.

"I didn't plan beyond our co-starring pictures. But the studio thought we..."

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**IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE IN LOVE!**

**HOW FOOLISH TO MISS YOUR CHANCE**

**THROUGH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!**

**OLIVE OIL, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!**

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY ... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

WELL, I'M GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE AND GET A 'SCHOOL- GIRL COMPLEXION' LIKE YOURS!

**BUT WHAT CAN I DO TO KEEP MY SKIN FROM GETTING SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING?**

**MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS USE!**

**MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!**

THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
should be seen apart, as well as together. When they gave me those first pictures without Fred, between my pictures with him, I had to try to be what they thought I could be—worth seeing by myself. Now they’re saying, ‘We believe you can hold, as an actress, the public that liked you as a dancer.’ It’s a new chance, a new challenge. I didn’t bring it on by years of careful planning. It just happened in the course of events. But now that it’s here, I’m eager to try to make something of it.

That’s the way it has always been, all the way along. I’ve never been able to be ambitious along any line until I’ve actually had the chance to work along that line.

“I didn’t decide to do comedy, as a starter. I didn’t have a thing to say about it. The studio did the deciding. What the next step will be, I don’t know. Straight drama, perhaps. But I’m not planning on it. As I said before, the future is in the lap of the gods.”

“Yes, Ginger is a fatalist. This isn’t something new, however. She has always had the habit of not worrying—just as she has always had the habit of sitting with one foot wrapped around the other.

What changes has she seen in Ginger Rogers in the past year. She glanced in her dressing-room mirror, as if that might help her to answer.

“I’m more rested. I’ve even given up night-dubbing. I’ve become so sold on the value of sleep. I’ve gained a couple of pounds—which I sort of needed. Maybe if I’m a good girl and eat all my spinach, I can gain a couple more, especially now that I’m not dancing.

“I still live in the same house, still see the same people. But I’ve got a new form of relaxation. Sculpting. Picked it up one Friday afternoon, just like that, and I’ve been at it ever since. Even if nobody has told me, to date, that I missed my real calling.”

“Somehow, I seem to have picked up the title of ‘Rogers, the Recluse.’ That’s what you get in Hollywood when you go in for nice, quiet relaxation. The last time I took a vacation, the local papers printed that I was ‘hiding out’ somewhere. Do you know what I was doing? Going to the ‘21’ Club in New York for lunch every day and seeing every show on Broadway. If that’s hiding out, I’m a buffaloes.”

The director was calling her back to the set. But before she escaped, I got in one more question. What did she want to do besides carve a career by herself as an actress?

She smiled. She couldn’t resist a final quip, “I want to acquire wisdom.”

“I hate to discourage you, Miss Ostrich, but I’ve never noticed anything to eat in that sand… What? You’re not looking for things to eat? Then why? Oh, you’re HIDING!… I’m… Well, it seems to me you’re making a mistake…”

“First place, there’s no danger, so why hide? Secondly, if there were some danger, you aren’t very well hidden.”

“Artagirl! Now look—sand in your beak—and all scratchy down your neck!… Never mind—we’ll soon fix that…”

“Hocus-pocus—just like magic your chafes and scratchy places and prickly heat will feel soothed…”

“Cause, see? Here comes my Mother with some soft, velvety Johnson’s Baby Powder!… Me too, Mother? Me too?”

“Crazy about it? I knew you would be. Everybody is. Such wonderfully soft, fine talc in it! And such an inexpensive way to make a baby comfortable!”

JOHNSON’S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LOMBARD?
(Continued from page 35)

mathematics, then, to figure that some of the places she doesn't go, some of the things she doesn't do. Carole will, Fieldsie tells me, forget and neglect the doing of things which may be of some advantage to her. She never neglects doing those things which are of advantage only to others.

This, by the way, is a matter Lombard never discusses. She has the quaint and lovable idea that if you do good you negate it by talking about it. For it is a fact that Carole does a great deal of good. Not by the simple, customary formula of writing out checks. She takes bowls of soup, made in her own kitchen, to the poor, to tuberculars, to places and persons that endanger her own health. She always finds time to comfort those whose lives are not lived among the stars.

T H E N, Carole takes her work very seriously. This is something few of us, even here in Hollywood, have ever fully realized. For Lombard seemingly touches Life with light, laughter-tipped fingers. But this attitude, I know now, is only seeming. For Fieldsie told me that when Carole is playing a character on the screen, she is that character all the time, at home as well as on the sets. When Carole was playing the squirrelly dame in "My Man Godfrey" and the others, Fieldsie nearly went nuts. Because Carole was being squirrelly all over the place, laughing her lunatic laughter as she poured the breakfast coffee, knocking over the furniture. You couldn't get a word of sense out of her.

And then, when she again went dramatic in "Made For Each Other," playing the part of a life-saddened woman, she would come home from the studio every night and sit down and cry. She would cry for hours. She couldn't talk to anyone without choking up. Having a child in the picture, she would go all quivery at sight of a child in the streets. So that, when Carole is in production, she is either too wild to know what is going on or too depressed to care.

Carole's whole life, it should be remembered, is predicated upon the twin sources of laughter and tears. As a small child, with her father so desperately ill, in such constant pain that he could only live at all with the help of drugs, she knew the dark shadows of hovering death.

And there is the gallant tale of that automobile accident in 1926— that Sunday afternoon when the young Carole went driving with the son of a prominent Hollywood banker. They were driving through Beverly Hills. The car struck a bump. The catch of the removable seat unhinged and Carole was catapulted, face forward, into the wind-shield. The wind-shield shattered and the beauty which was Carole's became a long, blood-masked gash from her upper lip to the middle of her left cheek. No anesthetic could be administered when that mangled face was sewn together. The surgeon did not want the facial muscles to relax while he sewed up the wounds. Only a slight scar now remains of what was once wrecked beauty. But certainly there must be an inner scar, not so slight, the result of those nine months when Carole moped about the house, sick at heart, believing

“Let's duck...here comes that nosy pest again!”

How Esther raised her baby the modern way... in spite of a snoopy neighbor

1. NEIGHBOR: Well, well, well... if it isn't our new mother... Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-rr-rr-rr?
ESTHER: No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.

2. NEIGHBOR: Why... what do you MEAN? I know something about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?
ESTHER: Yes, but you did it the hard way! Me... I'm following modern methods.

3. NEIGHBOR: Modern methods? Bosh! ESTHER: It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get special care... all the way from special baby food to a special baby laxative.

4. NEIGHBOR: Special laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!
ESTHER: It is not! If a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods... it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative!

LATER THAT DAY

5. ESTHER: That's why the doctor told me to buy FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made especially and ONLY for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and SAFE!

6. BOB: Oh boy!... you sure told off that old snoopy about Fletcher's Castoria... but why didn't you tell her how swell it tastes, too?
ESTHER: I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it... the old battinsky!

Charlton Fletcher CASTORIA
The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children
that she must go through all her youth, all her life, unsightly in the eyes of men, her career ended before it had fairly begun. Surely something pretty strong was forged out of that frightful order. It was from that holocaust that she went to Mack Sennett. "Get her over to Sennett's," a friend advised her mother. "They can make her figures than for faces over there, anyway, and she'll forget herself in the middle of that mad bunch." She did. She hit the stride of laughter, of doing the Charleston at the Hotel Ambassador on merry-making evenings, of cutting capers, playing jokes. There's nothing better with a girl who can take disaster with a custard-pie capper, is there now?

Then, too, Lombard is a fuss-budget. It takes time to be fussy. When she travels, for instance, Fieldsie says that "she is so neat about everything that it's just like being at home." When on a train, for instance, she always spreads dainty, crépe de chine blanket covers on her private seats, "so the place will look homy and attractive," she says. That's all right. That's fastidious and charming.

But that isn't all. Oh, by no means. For Carole also has every article of wearing apparel packed (she does her own packing) in the most painfully systematic fashion. At any hour of the day or night she can "lay hands," to anything she may happen to want. If a travelling companion has a migraine, a tummy ache, a fit, Doc Lombard is right there with the proper remedy. On a recent trip by plane two of the passengers got air-sick. Before the hostess could get to them, Lombard was there with the proper first aid. There is the gypsy in Lombard, too, of course. But it's a nice, capable gypsy who tells her hearings, bandanna and atlette in apple-pie order.

She's the same about everything. When she plays tennis, she not only wears the proper tennis dress and shoes, but she also has the right-weight coat handy to fling over her shoulders when the game is done. She always has an extra pair of shoes along so that, if her feet hurt, she can change.

When she goes duck-shooting, she is geometrical. Andy Devine—this duck-shooting quartette is now so familiar to the ducks that they call them by their first names before they die—Carole is equipped. Not in "what-the-hell—dressed—duck—shooter—will-wear" type of thing, but in old cords and a shapeless sweater. For Carole doesn't ride, shoot ducks and hunt quail in order to be Gable's shadow—when Gable can't go out with you. One instance, own shot, and plenty of it. She has her bags for her own ducks. She is equipped with all the first aid remedies which might be required in case of any calamity.

When she goes hunting with Gable, Carole is no delicate doll lopping on Gable's broad shoulder. Not if he knows it, or she, either. She draws a bead on her own bird—and what a shot she is! Even wades hip-high into the marshes to retrieve her own birds. Gable has made it plain to her that he will not act as retriever for her birds, not he. And Lombard, you can be sure, would not have it otherwise.

When she and Gable shoot at the same bird there is a rough and tumble brawl as to whose bird it is, whose shot brought it down. And Gable admits that he doesn't always get the best of the scrimmage. And then, when the day's shooting is done, it's Lombard who is on hand with steaming coffee, drinks, hot food, whatever the hunters require. Carole is the one who comes prepared with extra blankets, cords and shirts for those not so far-sighted as she.

Lombard, her friends tell me, has a splendid sense of balance about everything. Pururiously energetic, she is a substratum of common sense as hard and dependable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

She is, further, a punctilious housekeeper. The Gables live well but, when eight pounds of butter are used one week as against seven pounds the week
before, she finds out why. She can spot dust a mile away. She does her own ordering and planning of meals and, when possible, her own marketing. Often she will call her friends and say, "Darling, I found the most divine new butcher in the Valley. His lamb is two cents a pound cheaper than I've found it anywhere else. Better meat, too. Try him." She is, herself, a superb cook. I'm sure that she didn't reach Gable's heart via his tummy but she could have.

She is economical in almost every way. She buys fewer clothes than any other star in Hollywood. And she isn't the least bit fussy about them. If she buys something, she especially likes, she tells her friends where she got it and says, "Go and see if it looks well on you and have it copied." This, in a town where one lady-star swoons if another lady-star enters a room, wearing a duplicate model of her gown!

No, there is nothing remotely snobbish about Lombard. She certainly hasn't that excuse for being as egoistic as she has been of late. She is, Fieldisie told me, wonderful with her servants. She has had the same cook, Jessie, for years. And Jessie is one of the family. When Carole comes in from the studio and says, "It's been a tough day, Jessie," Jessie just doesn't talk. She listens for the running of the bath water, she serves dinner quietly. When Carole says, "It's been a good day, Jess, everything swell," Jessie does talk, relates all the little household happenings of the day. Carole never gives orders. She always says, "Jessie, what do you think about duck and wild rice for dinner tonight, huh, tell me?" Well, they say that you can tell a lady by the way she handles her servants.

Carole still drives herself around in her old car, because she likes to drive herself. She could have a couple of town cars if she wanted them, but she figures that, apart from the initial purchase price, town cars cost money to run, to fuel, to re-tire. When they are out of cigarettes, Clark and Carole will hop in the car, drive down to the corner drug store, and buy a package of smokes. Neither of them want any part of the show-offiness of stardom. Both of them care for the outdoors, old clothes, horses, gardening, tinkering with cars and having fun. So now you have it. Now you know what's the matter with Lombard. What can you do about a gal like this? Lord love her, you've got me!

Luck of the Irish
(Continued from page 37)

particular talents required for histrionics. In my present condition it was useless to look for work, so for six months we worked on voice placement. It was a tedious process and at times I'm sure she despairs. However, with patience and great fortitude she saw me through, from beginning to end. At first she couldn't hear me across the room, then one lucky day I went into the next room and distinctly understood everything I said. From then on it was a pretty slow business, first walk-ons and finally a small speaking part.

And so it was that due to this excellent training, Geraldine got her break. For, if it had not been for Aunt Sheilah, there wouldn't have been the Gate Theatre, in Ireland, for a proving ground. Y'know, it was here the English Films picked her

Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRIUM

THE COSTLIER INGREDIENT

to erase unsightly surface-stains from teeth
... reveal their full pearly brilliancy!

- Hearts beat faster under the spell of a dazzling "Come-Closer" Smile! ... Start today the IRIUM WAY with Peepsodent Tooth Powder, and discover for yourself that IRIUM has what it takes!

Because of IRIUM, the costlier ingredient, Peepsodent Tooth Powder is extra effective! For IRIUM, remarkable Tooth Powder discovery, helps gently brush away unsightly cleansing discovery. See how speedily Peepsodent Powder can surface-stains. See how speedily Peepsodent Powder can

Polish your teeth to a sparkling natural brilliancy you

Polish your teeth to a sparkling natural brilliancy you

may never have dreamed possible! Notice, too, that it

may never have dreamed possible! Notice, too, that it

checks bad breath as it cleans.

Proved Safe For Tooth Enamel!

What's more, Peepsodent Tooth Powder is economical... thorough... SAFE! It contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Order Peepsodent Powder with IRIUM now... learn why already over 40 million cans

have been bought!

25¢ and Larger Economy Size

For a Come-Closer Smile
use PEPSODENT POWDER

IRIUM HAS WHAT IT TAKES FOR
A COME-CLOSER SMILE!
ARE YOU A BRUNETTE? Reveall the rich, dark beauty of your hair...select your own special color! Nestle Colorinse tint from the twelve shades of Nestle Colorlina. Brings out highlights and gay sparkle!

ARE YOU A BLONDE? You will be amazed by the golden, golden glow of your hair...and delighted at the glitter of your eyes...with Nestle Colorlina. It's easy to use, and thrifty, not after Colorlina. It's easy to use, and thrifty, not after Colorlina. Quickly gives your hair new sparkle and gloss!

Complete every shampoo with Nestle Colorlina, as millions of women do! Removes shampoo film; gives hair exquisite tones, fascinating high-lights, leaves it soft and easy to manage. Helps keep permanent waves last longer.

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Send me your name, address and 3¢ stamp to cover mailing costs and I'll prove you can QUICKLY clear your skin of blackheads and reduce enlarged pores amazingly. Loamy cream created by one of America's 5 most expensive beauty experts does the work. Contains camphor and special medicinal powders. Each first application removes dust, dirt and make-up embossed in your pores for 10-14 months. Skin quickly becomes cleaner, softer, smoother. Ask at any drug or department store for Beatrice Mable's Pore Cream.

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Send me free gift package of your overnight treatment for blackheads and large pores. I am endorsing it as a stamp to cover postage.

MAIL FOR FREE TRIAL

MODERN SCREEN

for a picture. But, as we've pointed out, luck was on her side and she made "The Tide"—and a very good picture it was. Geraldine modestly admits: Produced for local consumption, this saga of the sea coast fishing folk, was one hundred percent authentic—even to the fine Gaelic accents.

Because of the fact that most of the cast were unfamiliar with this tongue, it was necessary for the entire company to go and live in the surroundings where they made their film. As Geraldine pointed out, "We all moved down to the shore and began really working on our speech. The natives, of course, naturally knew we were actors. But, they were far from being impressed. In fact, the only thing they noticed was the disturbing fact that we were all very poor fishermen! This film...as a matter of fact, was partially responsible for my being cast in the New York production of 'Heartbreak House,' and my first trip to America," Miss P. explained. And it got further point up our contention that the Irish have all the luck, she continued.

"However, my applying for this assignment I returned home for another, but this time it wasn't theatrical. I think I actually believed my days of histrionics were over, but when I did. I do and became Mrs. Edward Lindsay-Hogg, there didn't seem anything more to desire. Life for me was complete.

"My husband composes music, you know, and owns a string of thoroughbred race horses. Fact is, though I do love riding, his horses are so high spirited that I'm afraid to get on them. But, we're completely content with our mutual interests and I'd probably never given acting another thought if we hadn't come to America for a holiday."

Paying to catch her breath, Geraldine took time out for a sip of coffee, long sighs. Some forgotten, then went on with the story of Erin's charm enriching her future. "We attended a radio broadcast and while there met an old friend of mine. As a matter of fact, it was he who suggested I do a picture while here and, before I knew what we were about, it was done. Just like that! It's really strange when I look back on it, for if we hadn't wanted to see an American broadcast, I'd probably have run into him. But, then I told you I was lucky."

"To get on with the story, the name of the picture to the zany I Fitzgerald remarked, "I went directly to Warners for one picture. After finishing 'Dark Victory,' I thought my work in American films was finished. But, fate, or something, stepped in and Goldwyn wanted me for a loan to make "Stage Door" and "Flights." Then, as if working with such grand and experienced people as Bette Davis, Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon wasn't compensation enough, my contract was renewed and I made another picture for Warners."

"After a six months' rest at home, I'll return and work exclusively for them. I'm rather looking forward to getting back, for everyone tells me I'll like Hollywood much better the second six months. I'm sure we will; for we've already made friends there. I think my favorite person on the coast is Bette Davis. Besides being such a grand person, she's my idea of a perfect actress."

Probably, and just by way of saying I told you so, our Geraldine would never have been able to accomplish all this if it hadn't been for Bette Davis, in each case pronounced luck! Had she not made her first picture, she wouldn't have been borrowed for the second. And, "If" she'd not been borrowed for that second, her option would have in all probability expired on completion of the one picture deal. Further, if, and as if, "If" advisedly, she weren't such a fine young actress, she couldn't dictate her contract.

HOwEVER, Geraldine's life is charmed and, as a result, she can spend six months on the coast and the other six months of the year doing stage plays or working in Ireland.

When we inquired of our Miss F. whether she preferred working in American films to those of her native land, she glanced up and with a twinkle in her big brown eyes replied, "The truth is, and here's where I make some of my homofolks sore, I prefer working over here. You see, mechanically they're far better equipped here. Now back home when you work in pictures, you have to adapt yourself to them. But, in California they adapt everything to you. They can practically put a knife in your mouth if you want to whisper. And if you want to shout, there's one of these boom things to take it away—practically into County Kerry if you like."

"About the only thing I don't like about working here, is you can have little or no privacy in your personal life. But, then if I'm to become Americanized and I certainly plan to, I'll accustom myself to this and probably get used to the least. For, if my luck holds out you'll see another representative of the Irish spending about nine months of the year in America. Mind you, I say 'if my luck holds out'!"

One of_Hollywood's busiest leading men these days, Charles Boyer "holds the script" for his fellow players in "Modern Cinderella."
Answers to Quiz on Page 75

1. The tropes.
2. They're not divorced.
3. Mrs. Fritz Mond.
4. No, she wears high-heeled shoes.
5. Three children.
6. "Hearts in Bondage."
10. "Now It Can Be Told."
11. He wasn't present.
14. "Dangerous" and "Jezebel."
15. All are Gondoliers.
17. "Modern Times."
18. Both are bold.
19. Yes, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor are married.
20. Jackie Cooper is taller.
22. Arleen Whelan.
23. Chick.
25. His name was on it.
26. Frank Morgan ad three.

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 77)

Helen Plott, Detroit, Mich. No doubt, you will be interested to know that there now are 1,015 child actors and actresses registered in Hollywood, and their average earnings are $82 a year.

Lourette Lesse, Grand Rapids, Mich. Andrea Leeds' real name is Antoinette Lees, and she was born in Butte, Mont., in August, 1934. Her father was a mining engineer. As a young girl Andrea wanted to become a writer, but while attending school in California she got the opportunity to act in student plays. While at the University of California in Los Angeles, she was "discovered" by Howard Hawks. Then her Hollywood career began. Her first big success was in "Stage Door.
After that there was "The Goldwyn Follies," "Youth Takes a Fling," "Letter of Introduction" and soon you will be seeing her in "The Real Glory" with Gary Cooper. Andrea, who is unmarried, is one of Hollywood's popular girls. She has brown hair and eyes. You can write her in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Rosemary Jackson, Springfield, Ill. The following stars first attracted Hollywood's attention in these pictures: Danielle Darrieux in "Mayerling;" Annabella in "Wings of the Morning;" Hedy Lamarr in "Ecstasy;" and Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel."

Jack Carr, Portland, Ore. We know you will be pleased to hear that William Powell is returning to the screen in a role which he made famous in 1934 and played with equal success in a sequel in 1936. He is scheduled to begin "After the Thin Man" with Myrna Loy in a few weeks.

HAVE YOU YOUR NEW CHART?

Our revised and up-to-date chart, listing Hollywood's top-notch stars with a thumbnail description of each, is ready for you. This time it's in a very attractive booklet form, compact and handy. Fill in the coupon on page 77 for your barometer vote, enclose five cents in stamps or coin for the chart, and send to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

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Be popular with your family and friends by treating them to delicious Doublemint Chewing Gum. Its wonderful-tasting and long-lasting flavor of mint leaves helps sweeten your breath. The chewing aids your digestion and helps keep your teeth clean, bright, attractive—bringing your smile more compliments.

GINGER ROGERS, as you can see by this picture. Note also her hair and blouse. Both are just right because they truly express her own natural self... Chewing is a natural pleasure. Especially chewing refreshing Doublemint Gum which is very popular in Hollywood as it is everywhere else. You'll like it. Get some today.
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New Giant Size and Quality Usually Sold for $1

At Ripe Figs Scoops Gets Cups Automatic

Sufficient All More Will Tablespoons Appointment Time Your Squares Tea-

Refined The Before Teaspoon 16 Serving Cold For Creating Rapidly

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Burdensomeness RTON for Kladettes who help little children's billi airmail with the White Foot Society is raising money for making kennels for homeless, stray and good mongrels. Kladettes can earn money for this work on every set of bills and envelopes that bear the White Foot Society Seal. Get Free Money Making Plan

Kladettes want to join in this easy, dignified and profitable. Take orders by appointment in bills and envelopes (with or without seal). Kladettes will receive 50c per order for money made plan.

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Generous tube at 10c stores.

MODERN SCREEN

DEANNA DURBIN'S FAVORITE ICE CREAMS

BISCOTTI TORTONI

2 teaspoons gelatin

1/4 cup cold water

1/2 cup white corn syrup

2 egg yolks

1/2 cup rich milk

15 small paper cases

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Meanwhile bring corn syrup to a full rolling boil, stir into softened gelatin. Cool. Cook egg yolks with milk in top of double boiler until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add one half of the crumbs. Cool, then combine with gelatin mixture. Add flavorings and salt. Chill in refrigerator (do not freeze). Fold chilled mixture into the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Turn into paper cases, sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Place cases in freezing tray of refrigerator, set control at coldest point and freeze, without stirring, until firm.

*Buy plain non-coconut, macaroons. Toasted vanilla wafer crumbs may be used if macaroons are not available. They should be rolled out until fine, or better still put through a food mill for an easy job, quickly done.

**Get the small cases that have straight sides and are made of rather heavy quality paper. Or, if more convenient, use regulation paper beverage cups, cutting them down to about 1 1/4 inches in height, using a single edge razor blade.

BANANA ORANGE ICE CREAM

(Freeze Recipe)

2 eggs, separated

grated rind of 1/2 orange

1/2 cup milk

5 ripe bananas (medium size)

3/4 cup sugar

1/2 teaspoon salt

1/2 cup orange juice

2 cups heavy cream

Separate eggs. Add yolks and grated rind to the milk and cook in top of double boiler until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Chill thoroughly. Peel fully ripe bananas (low peel flecked with brown). Slice peeled bananas into a bowl, add sugar, salt and orange juice. Allow to stand for 10 minutes, then mash through a coarse sieve or food mill. Combine with chilled custard mixture and, if time permits, chill again. Whip egg white until stiff but not dry. Fold into banana mixture, add cream. Turn into freezer can. (Do not fill can more than 2/3 full. This amount is sufficient for a 2-quart freezer.) Freeze with a chipped ice and ice-cream—salt mixture in proportions of one part salt to four parts ice, by bulk. (For convenience and accuracy use 2 scoops for measuring.) Turn dasher very slowly at first, then somewhat faster as mixture starts to thicken. When ice cream is the consistency of hot corn-meal mush—that is before it gets really hard—remove dasher, plug hole in can with a cork, pour off excess brine and replenish ice-cream—salt mixture around the can, right up to the top. Cover freezer with cover, an old rug or several newspapers. (Some of the new freezers have covers—a real convenience!) Allow to stand and harden.

BANANA SPLIT: Peel a ripe banana for each person. Quarter each banana by cutting once lengthwise, once crosswise. Place the four quarters in sherbet glass with points of banana upward. Add a serving of ice cream, pour a little chocolate sauce over ice cream, top with whipped cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Garnish each serving with a maraschino cherry.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

Proportions for use in Automatic Refrigerator

2 squares unsweetened chocolate

4 tablespoons powdered sugar

1 cup milk

16 marshmallows

1 cup heavy cream, whipped

3 drops peppermint extract (or 1 teaspoon vanilla)

Proportions for use in Ice Cream Freezer

2 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate

1 cup powdered sugar

1 1/2 cups milk

16 marshmallows

2 tablespoons milk

1 1/2 cups heavy cream, unwhipped

1/4 teaspoon peppermint extract (or 1 teaspoon vanilla)

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR BOTH TYPES: Melt chocolate over boiling water, add sugar, then stir in the milk gradually. Continue cooking over boiling water to scalding point. Remove from heat, beat with rotary beater until thoroughly blended. Cool in refrigerator. Place marshmallows and chocolate mixture in a saucepan with the 2 tablespoons of milk. Heat over very low flame, folding over and until about half melted. Remove from heat and continue folding until mixture is absolutely smooth. Cool, add the cooled chocolate mixture and flavoring extract. Substitute vanilla for peppermint if preferred. Observe different methods from this point, as follows:

AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR METHOD: Turn chocolate mixture into freezing tray and freeze to a mushy consistency. Whip well-chilled cream until it will hold its shape, but not until stiff. Blend partially frozen chocolate mixture with the whipped cream. Return to freezing tray and set temperature control at coldest point. Because everything is pre-chilled the ice cream will be frozen in surprisingly short order. When firm, set control back a little.

ICE CREAM FREEZER METHOD: Add well-chilled cream, unwhipped, to the chilled chocolate mixture. Turn into ice cream can. Freeze as directed in Banana recipe, above, with the same ice-salt proportions.
with two or three pretty blouses to change the color scheme, you can stay fresh and comfortable for days on end, either at home or away. It's all very well to have a suit of mercerized linen, rayon, cotton or silk if you know your weather is going to be constant, but don't expect one of these to take the place of a light wool suit. If you're on your way to the Fair in San Francisco, remember that it is very cool there right in the middle of summer. Without a wool suit you'd be simply lost. In New York you're likely to strike some hot weather, but there, as so often happens along the seacoast, the climate is subject to quick changes, so your wool suit and top coat will still come in mighty handy.

THIS year's variety of "street clothes," the kind you want for sightseeing and for general daytime wear, is more attractive than we've seen in years. Dots of all sizes are very good, checks from the tiniest hair lines to the widest plaid are fashion news, and stripes, horizontal, diagonal or perpendicular, are in excellent taste.

Prints on white grounds are new and cool looking. Petticoat dresses are charming for the young and slim. But don't attempt them otherwise. It isn't difficult to turn a young thing into a sleek looking sophisticate by draping her in severe and ultra chic lines, but when the hale and hearty or the dignified types try to go ingenuous, the results are pretty sad, and sometimes ludicrous. Anita Louise is a picture in plaids and petticoats, but imagine Norma Shearer attempting them! She wouldn't.

White dresses with bright red and blue accessories are the last word in 1939 summer smartness—but don't go in for them either, if you can't keep yours spic and span and band-boxy looking. Cotton, cotton, cloth are always popular because they're both packable and adaptable. And this year dark nets and laces are being made into awfully attractive afternoon frocks. Wear these with starched piqué collar and accessories and you'll have a new and delightfully crisp conception as a change.

Whatever you go—or even if you stay at home all summer—you'll want some kind of a play wardrobe, whether for

FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR
(Continued from page 45)

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MODERN SCREEN
golf, tennis, riding, swimming or just lolling. If you want to sun-tan on the beach, the briefer the outfit the better, of course. Two piece swim suits in jersey, satin lastex, rayon or cotton afford the most exposure. Be sure to pack dark glasses though, and an eye shade, no matter how well you tan. Too much sun in your eyes may cause serious damage to them. If you don't want to tan, you can still look like a beauty-contest winner on either coast, or even on a mountain top, if you wear those new cotton slacks and shirts in one of this summer's bright new berry colors. Long sleeves are the very last word for both street and sports wear, so try them in one or two of your outfits.

As for evening things, the shirtwaist dresses in gingham or taffeta and lingerie, the crisp cottons in whites or in deep color contrasts are perfect, for either Fair, at home, in town or in the country. Even jackets and evening wraps are made of cotton this year and very fetching they are, too.

If a traveling you would go, take light weight luggage. Carry an overnight bag with toilet articles, a change of lingerie and the little things you want to get at in a hurry. Then you'll not have to go rooting through your large bags every time you want something, disrupting the order that Sister Jane or Aunt Martha worked so hard to achieve, and which will be all-important to you if turned out appearance while traveling. A short, packable umbrella, a thin gay-colored raincoat and rubber sandals won't be amiss, even if you do hate to think about that kind of weather. It's better to be prepared than to spoil everybody's fun or, worse, go around with the smilies.

Remember that the best dressed girls these days are not the ones with the biggest budgets or the most complete collection of clothes. The smartest girls are often those with the smallest incomes, but girls who have studied their own personalities and have learned to dress according to their types, girls who will stop to organize and "edit" their wardrobes, discarding the "extra," unrelated articles of foreign origin, no matter what pangs that may cost, keeping fresh and "matched" and most important of all, within their budgets. It is a great deal smarter to have one perfect outfit for daytime, one for evening, and a third for play, and have every detail correct, every accessory mean something, rather than to load yourself down with miscellaneous, unrelated wardrobe errors that you have picked up, hit or miss, everywhere. "Just because you liked them." and then hoped to achieve a presentable appearance. It can't be done that way.

Concentrate on a few clothes. See that your dress is always the right length for you—fifteen to sixteen inches is good this year. Your best side—your shoulder line, your shoes shined and in good repair, your golves fresh and the right color, your lingerie clean and your blouses faultlessly pressed and bead-lookng jewelry. We didn't say it should be expensive—but it should fit the occasion and bear a definite relation to your complextion. Only items that emphasize your best features and conceal your worst, smart simplicity that sets you off as a frame sets off a fine picture, not 40 different oraments or mocked you—thats the real test of clothes chic. If yours do that for you, you're having a most successful summer.

HAIR CARE

Unbeautiful hair often have more truth than fiction in them, believe it or not. We've seen it happen.

Comb your hair, with the same up and outward motion you use in brushing. Use a wide-tooth comb with blunt teeth when your hair is wet, or a fin toothed one when you want to clean or arrange it. Always be sure that the comb's edges are smooth, not sharp. And, of course you'll comb and brush immaculately clean. If you have dandruff, sterilize your comb and brush with a mild disinfectant after washing with warm water and soap. And no matter what anybody says, don't be persuaded to lend or borrow combs and brushes. That's how dandruff and ever so many infections have been spread. Your comb and brush should be as personal as your toothbrush.

Frequent massage, in addition to combing and brushing, is necessary to stimulate the scalp to grow new, luxuriant, healthy hair. Your hair depends on the blood stream for its nourishment: but if your scalp is tense and tight, that nourishment can't get through, and your hair becomes lifeless, dull and literally starved to death. Stroke the scalp with your fingers until it tingles. Rub along the spine at the base of the neck to bring your blood up. Massage also the neck and shoulders to relax and relieve congestion caused by nerves and poor posture. When this blood supply is released before a scalp massage, you will not only feel ever so much better, but you'll also get better results from your scalp massage. You'll sense the difference.

Whether your hair is dry or oily, the same rules of brushing and massage hold true. Contradictory as it may sound, both of these conditions often can be entirely corrected by faithful massage and brushing. You see, whichever abnormal tendency your hair may have, these two methods tend to neutralize and correct it by restoring your hair to a healthy, normal condition.

There are good tonics on the market which will temporarily remove excess hair oils, besides acting as antiseptics and astringents. Oil hair should be shampooed more frequently than dry hair, as it tends to collect dust, perspiration and gases of dead skin faster than dry hair. The frequency of shampoos should be decided entirely by the condition of your own hair. When hair is dirty it should be washed, just like anything else. If your hair is oily and appears dirty in a week after laundering—then by all means shampoo it once every week.

On the other hand, if your hair is dry and needs all the oil it can manufacture for itself, keep it clean as long as possible by brushing and the use of tonics. If you live in a clean locality, or if the weather is cool and you haven't discovered a degree of heat, your hair may sometimes go as long as three weeks between shampoos. You yourself are the best judge of that. A hair tonic containing oil may frequently be combed or brushed into very dry hair. This will keep it soft and manageable, prevent its breaking and consequently make it last.
longer. Light cream wave sets will also help to preserve overly dry hair. And simple oil treatments just before shampoo is excellent.

First, brush your hair, then massage a warm oil well into your scalp. Wrap a hot towel around your head, and keep it there for an hour or so. Then go ahead with your regular shampoo.

Shampooing is a very important step in your quest for a healthy and beautiful hair. It has only one object—that is to cleanse. But nothing is more essential to health than cleanliness—and that goes double for scalp and hair. Mild, liquid soaps and shampoos are best for your hair. A cake of soap rubbed on the hair is apt to leave a gummy film.

There are three separate steps to a perfect lather. These are: washing, rinsing, and drying. First, for the washing: Wet your hair thoroughly with warm water. Soft water is preferable when available. (But don't use soap in your shampoo water. They're wonderful for skin—but not for hair.) Stand under a shower or spray or if you have neither of these, get your head right under the water in a basin. Pour on your liquid soap or shampoo according to directions. Work this well into the scalp with the cushions of all your fingers.

Now, after a thorough finger work-out, rinse your hair in warm water. Apply the soap or shampoo again, this time being careful to cleanse the ends of your hair between your fingers. Rinse again with cooler water. If your hair is oily or very dirty, you may want to apply soap a third time. But usually twice is enough. The final rinsing must be thorough and copious. Remove every single trace of soap and don't stop rinsing until your hair is so clean it squeaks between your fingers.

Robert Taylor and Loretta Young swing it at the Trocadero. How do you like the petal motif which form the sleeves of Miss Y.'s gown?

Here is the time to apply a rinse if you care to. Vinegar—about half a cup to two quarts of water—makes dark hair soft and shiny. It also is good to help disentangle snarls in over-done permanents, bleaching jobs, and the like. But be sure to rinse it out thoroughly if you don't want it to smell like a salad. Lemon juice will bring out the highlights in blonde or red hair. Being more drying than vinegar, it is also good for oily tires. This kind of a rinse doesn't need to be washed off. If you have very oily hair, try rubbing a half lemon directly on the scalp.

There are many harmless vegetable rinses that bring out the sheen and color of blonde, red and brunette hair without in any way injuring them. They will, of course, wash off with the next shampoo, but they do improve appearances between times. They are obtainable practically everywhere nowadays.

Hair should not be left to dry by itself. It should be dried by hand carefully. Wring out all excess moisture by hand first, then rub and pat your hair with a Turkish towel, but don't rub harshly or you will break the ends.

Dry your hair in the sun or open air when possible, shaking it out in your fingers. A coarse-toothed comb, gently handled, will help with the waves tangling. Your long-bristled brush should be used now too, always stroking up and out. Remember? If you have to have waves sets or lotions applied, try drying your hair under medium warm heat. Air that's too hot is not good for it.

After your hair is thoroughly dry, brushing and combing will not disturb the wave. In fact, they'll distribute the oil and help to set it. A dash of brilliantine or pomade is all right, applied lightly, but don't soak it on. It neither

---

**oh, dear—I guess I'll never gain. I'm just naturally skinny!**

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looks well, nor is it any too good for your hair. Just a dash is plenty.

Now, just a word about special conditions: dandruff, thinning hair and so forth. Dandruff, a scaly disease of the scalp, can be both prevented and cured by serupulous application. It is highly contagious, very common and a frequent forerunner of baldness, so take every precaution against it. Massage your scalp frequently with oil, leaving it on as long as possible overnight is fine—then shampoo your head well. Here are exact shampoo's that do a great deal to penetrate and loosen dandruff. But the soaking in oil always helps. Scalp lotions that contain stimulants and anti-dandruff are particularly effective. And don't forget that if you have dandruff, your friendly old hair brush is more valuable now than ever. As for thinning hair—your general health is your most important consideration. As we said before, you must be in good physical condition if you want to have luxuriant hair. Second, you must keep your scalp absolutely and thoroughly clean by brushing and shampooing. The scalp of an average person produces mass and more brushing cannot be over-emphasized.

And don't get the jitters if your hair brush comes away full of fallen hair. Remember, you're only cleaning out what you've already lost. You don't need to punish your scalp with super-vigor, but you do need it to be certain that it is being properly cared for.

While we're on the general subject we might put in a word here about super-flooding foundations. While your hair is blonde and blowy, your problem is negligible but, if it is coarse, dark or thick, you may at times suffer real embarrassment, and especially if you're dressed in brief or sheer summer gowns. We recently tried an unusually simple harmless little pad that you just rub over your, or yourself, and presto! it vanishes. It's painless and odorless, and as easy to use as a powder puff. If you'd like to know more about it, drop us a card. We'll be glad to tell you the name.

Now, we've given you the foundation steps to a handsome, healthy hair. The color is the very special thing when you're Claudette Colbert or Mamie Smaltz, Judy O'Grady or the Colonel's lady. A head of dull, stringy, lifeless, lusterless, unruly or overly thick just has no place in this world of success, romance and constant competition.

Hair can change your very personality, and often does, whether you realize it or not. And have you ever noticed how, when you take an active, reasonable pride in your personal appearance, your mind and spirit have a way of responding to it? And so do other people!

Solution to Puzzle on page 82
Maureen O'Sullivan is a tender and convincing mother, and makes every scene credible. Directed by Richard Thorpe. —Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★ It Could Happen to You

True enough, this could happen to you and all your neighbors and therein lies the appeal of this screen offering. It's the story of a murder, and the innocent man accused of perpetrating the crime is Stuart Erwin. He's the likable, easy-going sort of chap whom everyone knows, the kind who wouldn't hurt a fellow's feelings for anything in the world. So when he arrives home one evening after an innocent spree at a night club with his pal, you can imagine Mr. Erwin's chagrin at finding the body of a woman in the back seat of his car.

The heroine of the story is attractive Gloria Stuart, who plays the role of devoted wife and determined sleuth. When it looks like friend husband is heading straight for the electric chair, she pitches in and solves the crime single-handed, leaving a considerably abashed crowd of super-sleuths pop-eyed.

Stuart Erwin and Gloria Stuart turn in performances that are unusually effective. They have a good story here, crammed full of humor, tragedy, suspense and action. Douglas Fowley, as the glib business associate of the hero, has a role which shows his acting ability, while Raymond Walburn, as the advertising big-shot, provides his usual quota of hilarious moments. Directed by Alfred Werker.—20th Century-Fox.

★★ Good Girls Go To Paris

"Good Girls Go To Paris" misses being the entertainment which would expect from the names in the cast. Though Joan Blondell proves once again that she's got what it takes, the lines handed her are so dumpy they should have had a good swab from most of the time. Walter Connolly blusters around in a state bordering on apoplexy which is becoming a chronic, and tiresome, condition on his part. Melvyn Douglas gives a performance that under no circumstances could be called inspired, but at least isn't marked by over-acting as are the other characterizations.

The story is based on the experiences of a naive little waitress, Joan Blondell, who has ideas about seeing the world. If it takes blackmail to get her a ticket, that's all right, too. She finds the college town in which she works is a happy hunting ground for millionaire's sons, though one of the pros, Melvyn Douglas, warns her that her conscience will never let her go through with her proposed plans. He's right to the extent that her conscience causes many a flutter, but she bides right into one situation after another, nevertheless, getting Isabel Jeans, and everyone else into trouble.

There are certainly possibilities for making a swell yarn out of this picture, but somehow they never materialize. We are inclined to lay the blame for the picture's shortcomings at the director's door. For the cast is competent enough and the story above average. Directed by Alexander Hall.—Columbia.

★★ Five Came Back

From the time the big transport plane takes off for South America with two pilots, a steward and nine passengers, "Five Came Back" is packed with thrilling suspense and excitement.

Wendy Barrie is eloping with Patri Knowles and both are front page personalities. Lucille Ball is escaping a life of underworld terrors. John Carradine is a cop taking condemned anarchist Joseph Calleia back to certain execution. Allen Jenkins, a racketeer's bodyguard, is smuggling his boss' infant son (Casey Johnson) away from danger. C. Aubrey Smith and Elizabeth Biston, a college professor and his wife, are on a pleasure jaunt. Caught in a tropical storm, they crash in a jungle far off the regular air course. While the pilots attempt to repair the smashed engines, the passengers enjoy primitive life in the tropics.

When the plane is finally patched together, pilot Chester Morris announces that the weakened engines can lift only five passengers over the mountains. Joseph Calleia steals the picture with his dramatic choosing of the five elected to survive. Beating of tom-tom drums and poisoned arrows from headhunters whip the climax into thrilling melodrama. Directed by John Farrow.—RKO.

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admiringly. "Good Lord, they know me!" said Spencer in honest amazement and shyly fled in a taxi from the adulation.

That night Mrs. Tracy and he went to the theatre and the same thing happened—only there were many more fans—a packed mass of them rushing at him. "This is new to me," the popular star said with a grin but there wasn't enough "ham" in him to pretend he didn't like it.

Then they went back to the sumptuous hotel suite and Spencer lounged in one of the gold satin-brocaded chairs. He was silent for a few moments as Mrs. Tracy watched him. His glance wandered around the large expensively furnished dressing-room, a dozen softly-shaped lamps lighting pieces of mahogany and curving jewel-like tones on fragile upholstery. His eyes took on that look betokening those moments when his Irish blood is doing things to the dream clouds of his mind. He looked around the room again, then at Mrs. Tracy.

"This is nice," he remarked simply. "But it isn't home."

The next afternoon he went to the Lambs Club—that sanctuary where once the famous actors of the New York theatrical world could retire and be themselves. They still dust the furniture but there are cobwebs in the atmosphere.

"It's all gone now," Tracy remarked sadly. "I went in and I didn't know one man who was there—strangers, all of them. I realize a lot of the members are in Hollywood but where are the others who didn't go west? I walked around for a few minutes. I guess they thought I was a salesman." Evidently it never occurred to Mr. Tracy that although he didn't recognize the new members some of them might know who he was.

"This trip's been a letdown to you, hasn't it?" I suggested as we sat in the hotel room which wasn't home to him, and after he had told me of that disappointing visit to his old retreat.

"I guess it has," he answered, "because New York doesn't seem the same. I suppose nothing's ever the same when you leave it and come back a long time after." But Spencer Tracy's the same, I thought, the same eager, enthusiastic actor whose outstanding performance in the stage production of 'The Last Mile' more than six years ago earned him the recognition for which he had waited so long and won him his first Hollywood contract.

MA V E you wouldn't want to come back and do a stage play?

"What actor wouldn't?" replied Spencer quickly. Then he went on to explain, "I hope to be able to. You know, no matter how much you enjoy working in a picture and how much the audience seems to enjoy that shadow of you on the screen, it's not the same as doing your best across the footlights and watching the reaction on those rows of faces in front of you," a statement, I suggested, that had been made by many other ex-stage actors who have gone to Hollywood these past few years.

"I like Hollywood," he hastened to emphasize, "We've been able to do a lot out there we could never do in New York. My wife's crazy about horses and I like to ride, too. We can do that, we also have a small boat and enjoy that." Twice-told tales never seem to lose their savor for Tracy. When he recalled to me incidents of his six years in Hollywood, occasions when the joke was on him, he laughed as sincerely as though they had happened yesterday. We were discussing his experiences in his first Hollywood years when he wasn't so important—the era before the late Irving Thalberg sent for him and painted a bright future in typewritten words of a contract. "I thought that was as far as I'd get. I remember Victor McLaglen felt the same way about himself. He'd been doing 'sez you, sez me' on the screen for six years and then look what happened. In 1933 he gave the best performance of the year in 'The Informer,' Don't let anybody tell you different. That's also the best performance the movie public will see for several more years to come."

Then suddenly he switched to the public and out of a clear sky remarked, "A lot of people don't like actors. Oh, I know, they're entertained by them for a few hours, but they don't think much of them as a class. Actors aren't so different from other folks, except there's so much ham in all of them that they exaggerate their failings because they're so spectacular about everything they do. And the press agents exaggerate their talents and good points so much that even the credulous won't believe them."

Is SEX Dangerous?

Some of Hollywood's glamour girls will be mighty upset about this candid photo story in September SCREEN GUIDE, "Why 'It' Is a Dangerous Thing." It tells truths and reveals photos of Ann Sheridan and other "It" girls, the like of which have never been shown before. Many in full color.

Also, in September SCREEN GUIDE:
"Can Barbara Stanwyck Keep Bob Taylor Happy?" with exclusive pictures at their honeymoon nest.

SCREEN GUIDE is a "must" in Hollywood. It is read and accepted by the biggest stars. Buy your copy at your dealer's today... 10c a copy.

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There was no answer needed for that one, so Mr. Tracy's thoughts went roving again. His eye lighted on a very impressive looking bookcase at the far end of the room. "You know I've been gypped here," he exclaimed suddenly and led me over to the shelves packed with bright shining bindings in red and green and black letters. Mirthfully he opened the doors and lightly lifted out a block of the pasteboard faked.

"Props" he said with a laugh. "And this morning I thought I was going to read in bed for an hour!"

The telephone was ringing, people downstairs at the desk were asking for him. He had just turned down a radio offer because he explained to the broadcast officials blandly, "This is a vacation."

I took the hint, picked up my gloves and departed.

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME
(Continued from page 17)

Fan Mania
($1.00 prize letter)

Newspapers and magazines have frequently carried stories of stars being jostled about and even injured by overeager crowds. Such incidents cast a bad reflection on the mental and emotional balance of all fans as a whole.

Fans should also remember that these people are not gods and goddesses but only human beings like themselves. And being human, they cannot lift wings and fly to safety when threatened by a mob, but must stand and take it with a smile. They cannot fight back to protect themselves no matter how closely the crowd presses nor how rough it gets.

Fans should also remember that, as people, the star's time is limited. They have important engagements to be kept and they must get sufficient rest. They cannot, therefore, be indefinitely delayed by their admirers. Perhaps stars would be willing to be seen in public more often if they were treated more humanly.

When one truly likes another individual, he will first of all, be considerate of him. He will respect his person, his time and his feelings. So, as one fan to all other fans, the next time you see that favorite star of yours, prove your admiration and true regard for him by respecting his rights as a human being.—Kathryn Happe, Dayton, Ohio.

A Perfect Villain
($1.00 prize letter)

There have been irritating rumors recently to the effect that the arch-villain of the screen, Basil Rathbone, is planning to go straight in his screen characterizations. I, and no doubt other fans were displeased at this news. Basil's supremacy among villains is undisputed. His nasal twang and sardonic sneer have helped to make a great movie out of many a mediocre one.

It must be admitted that Rathbone is quite capable of portraying "straight" characters such as Sherlock Holmes. But there is no shortage of leading men. There is, however, only one actor to make gloriously sinister roles like Dr. Tybalt, Mr. Murdock, Louis XI or Sir Guy of Gisborne.

I don't believe that theatre fans are so likely as to remain indifferent to an actor merely because he consents to being typed in brilliant, if ignoble, roles. So let's have more Rathbone grimaces—James Koken, Dryden, Washington.
always danced in bare feet of course—Miss Powell could hardly wait to dash backstage and stick her battered dogs into the pall of ice water waiting there, along with the good stiff scrubbing brush. Scrubbing her talented toes, she prayed four times daily that she wouldn’t have to do the next show in a wheel chair. All this, of course, was part of the game and good fun, too, and the crumbling that went on among the members of Powell and Company was the good-natured variety. However, that same pair of battered dogs were, on the second day of the Washington booking, put down quite firmly on suggestions for radio appearances and benefits. "I can’t do it! I won’t do it!" wailed Eleanor, thereby earning a quite unfair reputation for being difficult.

People always ask if a famous star has remained "unspoiled." Yes, I would say that Eleanor has. I first met her in 1935, in Hollywood, before she had commenced work on the 1936 "Broadway Melody" of beloved memory. She was testing then—not for her dancing ability, which was undisputed, but for make-up, hair, voice and so on. They had her in a blonde wig and she came running into the office of Jack Dawn, who is head make-up man.

"Oh, Mr. Dawn, please fix my lips. Oh, thank you. Oh, I’m so nervous." And the lightning feet rushed out again. When the picture got rolling, her greatest thrill came from the fact that she had real lines to speak. She was an actress! She was thrilled, grateful, humble, eager, obedient, sincere, twenty years old and she worked practically every minute of the time.

TODAY she is going on twenty-five and is still thrilled. It would be false modesty for her to pretend gratitude or humility, for she has earned her studio many hundred thousand bucks, but she is still eager, obedient and most sincere. She works hard, but she isn’t going to kill herself for anybody, because it simply wouldn’t make sense.

"What has been your greatest problem?" I asked Mama Powell, "since your daughter became a famous dancing star?" I was thinking of fortune-hunting suitors, kidnappers, maybe daughter getting difficult—all these things.

"Her health!" said Mrs. Powell without a moment’s hesitation. "I don’t mean that Eleanor’s health isn’t good. I simply mean that I intend to keep it so, and that’s a job when she’s working. There will be no more of those collapses like the one she had during 'At Home Abroad.' I’m the one who got tough about this Washington date—all the extra shenanigans they wanted to put the child through. She’s not sick, but she is tired, and I said right out that I’d just plain cancel the rest of the tour unless Eleanor was guaranteed peace and quiet between shows. So there! Mrs. Powell pushed a pin back into her smartly coiffed iron-grey hair and stood ready to fight for her chick against every thing from autograph hounds on up."

I asked Eleanor to tell me about her hopes, loves, ambitions and dreams.

"Okay," she said. "Hopes. I hope to get home in one piece. Seriously, I hope to be able to make two swell box-office successes each year for five more years. Then we’ll see what happens."

"Loves. Nothing serious. No time."

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"She's had several marvelous offers, though," said mama with a giggle. "Oh, I don't mean that the way it sounds. But they're real." "How about the various romances reported in the past?" I asked. "Mostly studio romances—the usual thing and quite harmless," said Mrs. Powell frankly, while Eleanor looked dementedly at an aching toe. The grand thing was, the marooning of cousins and friends had been the result. Notably Jimmy Stewart—such a nice boy!" "How do you keep your boy friends?" I asked Eleanor. "I feed 'em well!" "What do you do for amusement?" "Take a business holiday," she said. "Go dancing; oh?"

"Yeap, that's still my favorite sport." "Shouldn't think you'd be able to find partners who'd be any fun for you to dance with, though." "Oh, we mostly stand up by the orchestra and listen. Strictly a jitterbug, you know, but I'd be game. We've disposed of love. And that's on the level. I'm not interested and never have been, seriously. Mama is right. I wanted to be famous and decided to please the public for a while longer."

"Ambitions and dreams. One is about to be realized. I'm going to make a picture with Bing Crosby! Ooo! You know, once I said I never would, because—well, because I was sure he wouldn't want to, I guess, and I wanted to say it first. I mean, our dancing is quite different in many respects. But I always had a sneaking wish, way down inside, to team up with him some day. Just think, Miss Powell! From back from Europe, we start rehearsing." "Hope you get a good long rest first," muttered Mrs. Powell. "First buzzer, Miss Powell!" a boy called. "Mama, where's the rubbing alcohol? I've got to be the caddy master! Why doesn't he give that pleasure to some of us who'd like the chance of getting together for a chin-lust and some laughs? What? It matters with him? Doesn't he like our company any more?"

"Mister Powell and Company," I replied. "Then meet the President!" she said, and pulled her mother's hand over to clap mine.

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT BING? (Continued from page 35)

years of writing about people in pictures. Bing Crosby first met a woman as a jockey, she had a mustache, and she was a great — a "woman’s man," as the jockeys called her. Now she’s got a new name, and she’s become a singer with Bing Crosby! And what’s more, she’s appeared in a picture with Bing!"

"But don’t you think that’s a bit unusual?" I said. "I mean, Bing and I always thought that Bing was the man who made a better—""

"And also made the thing out of breeding and—racing—and they’re way out of the millionaire class that you speak of. Now here’s another thing. I don’t see how you can have the same interest in a breeding stallion and a horse that belongs to any one group of people. It belongs to anyone who wants to get into the game at some time, and can afford it. And there’s some satisfaction in knowing that you’re keeping many people working while you’re experi-""

"And then if it should be only a man’s hobby." Bing’s reply to my telling him that he had been accused of “going social ever since my horse was bred on a larger scale, into the sports world, the Del Mar Turf Club, etcetera, was perfectly frank: "Well, that’s too bad. I can’t help that. You can’t control the other fellow’s thoughts. However, there’s one rule I’ve always followed and still do. I go around with the people I like. If my interests happen to take me into a new world, and I meet people there who strike it off well with me—and vice versa—the more power to them when it happens. And it’s an occasion and time permit. But that’s the extent of my social aspirations!"

"The business of changing and exchanging—friends and acquaintances—that’s all of life. And Hollywood is no exception. If anything, Hollywood puts a greater strain on old friendships because of the speed with which everything moves in careers. Bit player today, star tomorrow—and the reverse."

One of Bing’s former buddies, who is very hurt over not seeing him much these days and is still sentimental over the seeming passing qualities of the friend he misses, has planned a thought for him. I know Bing has many demands made on him since he is a big career man, and I say ‘More power to him!’ But that doesn’t mean it won’t happen. I think the friendship he’s got swell—elegant on the gang who knew him when. And he certainly wasn’t that way three or four years ago.

Of course, it’s more amenable, if harshly, on the line—even saying, ‘Watch the box-office one of these days!’ Whom does he have to anticipat-""

All of this is not so tolerant, nor does it bend backward with understanding, as Bing is used to doing from any walk. He knows Bing since he first came to Holly-""

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GOODBYE
DANDRUFF

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1 This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

2 All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

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Fitch Shampoo gives the scalp a deep, basic cleansing... penetrating each tiny hair opening. Thus it reconditions as it cleanses, and helps normalize hair that is too dry or too oily. Leaves hair sparkling clean, all its rich, natural color revealed. Equally good for all shades of hair. Try it today! Get a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at your drug counter, or have professional applications at the barber or beauty shop.

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By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than any of them — CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

PUFF BY PUFF YOUR GREATEST SMOKING PLEASURE

The next time you light up a Camel, notice how slowly it burns... and be glad. For —
With slow-burning Camels you get — a cooler, milder smoke. Fine fragrance, too — and what a delicate taste! With slow-burning Camels you get — added moments of smoking. The pleasure is prolonged! With slow-burning Camels you get — smoking pleasure at its best. For Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos!

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In April, 1939, a group of scientists made some unusual tests of cigarettes. They applied the same tests — impartially — to 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands. Here are the results:

1. In the Weight Test — Camels were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2. In the Burning Test (or Smoking Test) — CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED — 25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3. In the Ash Test — In this test, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER than the average time for all the other brands.

Camel, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, is the luxury smoke every smoker can afford. Truly, penny for penny your best cigarette buy!

SMOKING IS BELIEVING... Jean Martin and William Bishop enjoying Camels at the New York World’s Fair. “I’ve often noticed that Camels burn more slowly,” says Jean. “I think that’s one reason why they smoke cooler and milder. As far as I’m concerned, smoking is believing! I know that Camel smoke is cool on my throat. And Camels have such a delicate taste!”

Camel's expensive Tobaccos...
So inexpensive to Smoke
THE LIPS HE LOVES

HAVE A DEWY SHEEN

Men dislike dull, dry-looking lips. They are attracted to lips that always appear moist and lustrous . . . the glamorous effect DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK now makes possible.

TONIGHT ... give your lips a new, tempting appeal! Give them all three thrilling advantages that Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK alone offers! Let your lips look dewy-moist . . . lustrous as satin . . . as smooth as a petal. A newly patented ingredient, found only in DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK, makes this alluring dewy-sheen effect possible.

Try it! See why millions are switching to DEWY-SHEEN! Marvel at the fresh, alive beauty it imparts and holds to your lips! Only 10c at ten-cent stores. Large size $1 at Drug & Dept. Stores.

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Tangerine Raspberry Sunset Red Light Cardinal Petal Pink Medium Orchid Lilac

CLEAR-LOOKING SKIN FOR EVERYONE
So easy to conceal embarrassing pimples, freckles, birthmarks, scars, bruises, or any skin discoloration with HIDE-IT! Lasts until removed with cream. Splendid make-up base. Choose from Light, Medium, Brunette, Sun-Tan. $1 at drug and dept. stores. HIDE-IT MCROS Blemishes

SMART LOOKING SKIN FOR EVERYONE
Contains three different shades keyed to your type for Morning, Afternoon and Evening wear. Only 10c at ten-cent stores. If unobtainable, write direct, enclosing 10c (Canada 15c). Mention types: Blonde, Auburn, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette.

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Twinsisters DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK
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.

A ND 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 you—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 especially designed to help your gums as well as 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.
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135 WOMEN with nothing on their minds

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Norma Shearer
Joan Crawford
Rosalind Russell

THE WOMEN
(AND IT'S ALL ABOUT MEN!)

Biggest All-Star Cast in Years in the Hit Stage Play Broadway Cheered For A Solid Season!

With MARY BOLAND - PAULETTE GODDARD - PHYLLIS POVAH
JOAN FONTAINE - VIRGINIA WEIDLER - LUCILE WATSON

From the Play by CLARE BOOTHE

By Arrangement with Max Gordon Plays & Pictures Corp.
Screen Play by ANITA LOOS and JANE MURFIN
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR - Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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Paulette Goddard and Joan Fontaine trip the light fantastic, much to the amusement of the onlookers. Seated, Rosalind Russell and Charlie Chaplin; dancing, Jane Wyman and George Stevenson.

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A frilicking foursome meet at the Trac for a little modest imbibing. Alexander D'Arcy is still Arleen Whelan's "steady," and of course you recognize John Payne and Anne Shirley. The latter are such a blissfully married pair that they must annoy the skeptics who claim movie marriages don't last.

Our cameraman catches Margaret Sullavan and Leslie Haward in a little animated conversation. Here are a pair of excellent players. They don't appear cinematically very often, but when they do—you're in for good performances. Wait until you see Haward in "G. W. T. W."

6
Remember for a moment the Bette Davis picture you loved most. Then think how magnificent that picture is which surpasses even it. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize as a play, cherished as a novel, its stirring story springs from the heart of a woman to touch the heart of the world. Its exceptional cast, its extraordinary romance, urge you to see it. Hasten to do so—the very instant it opens!

BETTE DAVIS
and
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in
"THE OLD MAID"

with
GEORGE BRENT
DONALD CRISP • JANE BRYAN • LOUISE FAZENDA
JAMES STEPHENSON • JEROME COWAN • WM. LUNDIGAN • CECILIA LOFTUS
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by Zoe Akins and the Novel by Edith Wharton • Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture
PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.
MOVIEW REVIEWS

⭐⭐⭐ They Shall Have Music
This is one of the best pictures of the year. Music lovers will undoubtedly see it over and over again, for not only is the glorious music of Jascha Heifetz well recorded, but the camera gives a fine opportunity of studying the violinist's finger work.
The story is plausible and entertaining. It is centered around a music school, run by Andrea Leeds and her father, Walter Brennan, for poor children. Members of the school are children of the Peter Meromblum Symphony Orchestra who provide excellent musical numbers and some highly diverting scenes. Into the group drifts young Gene Reynolds, a homeless boy with a gift for the violin. Through a series of misfortunes, the school is ready to go on the rocks when Jascha Heifetz is called upon to give a concert there, and the day is saved.
Heifetz shows a pleasing screen personality, and the little acting required of him is done with warmth and sincerity. Gene Reynolds deserves praise and Walter Brennan hands in another sterling performance. Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea carry the romantics pleasingly. Directed by Archie Mayo.—United Artists.

(More about Jascha Heifetz on page 14)

⭐⭐⭐ The Man in the Iron Mask
Dumas' well-known story is brought to the screen in such a manner that it should satisfy both Dumas fans and movie fans. None of the seventeenth century pomp is left out, yet the characters are so cleverly handled and the dialogue so sprightly that at no time does the picture drag.
The story centers about the twin heirs to the throne of Louis XIII. Louis Hayward plays both roles—that of the evil Louis XIV and of the good Philippe of Gascony, who is the favored brother in the eyes of the famous Musketeers. Hayward gives a remarkable dual performance, bringing complete credibility to the different personalities of the brothers. Joan Bennett, looking prettier than ever in the sumptuous costumes of the period, is an appealing Maria Theresa, the Spanish Infanta, who is courted by the two brothers. The three swash-buckling musketeers are ably portrayed by Alan Hale, Bert Roach and Miles Mander. Joseph Schildkraut as Fouquet, the demon behind Louis, and Warren William as D'Artagnan, acquit themselves favorably. Directed by James Whale.—United Artists.

(Louis Hayward's biography appears on page 14)

⭐⭐⭐ Bachelor Mother
You can't beat film entertainment like this—hilarious situations, dialogue that sparkles throughout, and grand performances by everyone concerned!
A salesgirl (Ginger Rogers) who has just lost her job, stumbles across a baby who has just been abandoned. She cannot make the authorities believe that the baby does not belong to her. Thinking the distraught young mother has tried to put the baby in an orphanage because of losing her job, the authorities and her former boss (David Niven) get together and frame her so that she finally keeps the baby from sheer exhaustion. Before long, Niven's father (Charles Coburn) gets news of the baby and immediately considers himself a grandfather. His joy knows no bounds, resulting in the bachelor mother attempting to flee the country with the baby, whom she now wants.
Ginger Rogers has the best role of her screen career and handles it in a way that is beyond improvement. David Niven does nobly with the romantic lead. Charles Coburn, Frank Albertson are very good, too. Directed by Garson Kanin.—RKO.

(Additional data on Ginger Rogers on page 14)

Modern Screen rates them and guides you to the very best in film fare
**Second Fiddle**

When a Minnesota schoolmarm wins a Hollywood talent contest, there's sure to be fun. And the fact that Sonja Henie is the school teacher in question, guarantees the fun is going to be first class. She looks prettier than ever, has more opportunity to act than in previous films and there are new and original skating numbers which are bound to win applause. The script could certainly have profited by an original idea or two—but the skating scenes help one to forget it. It's in Hollywood that the Norwegian star becomes a "Second Fiddle." For her enterprising press agent, Tyrone Power, fixes up a romance between the studio's new find and one of the studio's glamor boys, Rudy Vallee. Mr. V, has shown signs of slipping, so a sizzling romance with Sonja looks like a good bit to his press agent. The fact that it looks like the real thing to blonde Sonja provides the complications. She packs up bag and baggage, stows her skates and Aunt Edna May Oliver on the Chief, and trains back to Minnesota and her old flame, Lyle Talbot, as soon as she learns of the hoax perpetrated in the sacred name of Publicity.

Tyrone Power and Edna May Oliver give good accounts of themselves, while Alan Dinehart is a stand-out in a less important role. You'll like Mary Healy, too, whose yump is something considerable. Rudy Vallee is adequate to his role. Some of the song numbers are excellent—in particular "Back to Back," "When Winter Comes" and "And Old-Fashioned Tune Is Always New." Directed by Sidney Lanfield.—20th Century-Fox.

**Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever**

Seventh in the Hardy series, this one tops them all in good entertainment. With W. S. Van Dyke in the director's chair, the film comes just as might be expected. But credit is also due the script, which gets Andy into the most heartrending, chuckle-provoking scenes, and the excellent manner in which Mickey Rooney handles this assignment. Not that the youngest Hardy hasn't always been very good in deed, but here he leaves out the mugging while facing the sternest stuff of which Life is composed. For love smites Andy the moment he lays eyes on the new dramatic teacher at the high school. He's just had a squabble with Polly Benedict and is, of course, right in the mood for a woman with sense.

Puppy love symptoms in Andy's attack gradually give way to serious emotions. Andy, in fact, really has it bad and in spite of all the attractive teacher (Helen Gilbert) and Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone) can do, he gallantly begs her hand in marriage. How the teacher rejects her ardent suitors without wounding his pride, and gets him back to girl friend, Ann Rutherford, makes a highly diverting story. Special mention should be made of the personable Helen Gilbert. In this, her first picture, she gives a performance in which an experienced actress could take justifiable pride. Other high spots of the picture are the usual man-to-man talks of the Judge and his son, and the school play which is presented by the graduating class—with Andy in the role of author, director, producer and Rear Admiral. Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" is well worth seeing, for young and old. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

(Continued on page 11)
I PLANNED to introduce the autumn apple season by telling you how healthful apples are and how much truth there is in that familiar couplet which gives this food story its title. But Binnie Barnes convinced me that it would be better to start off by speaking of this popular fruit's versatility.

Not at all difficult, she pointed out, to heed the "apple a day" admonition when you stop to realize that this King of Fruits can be served with equal success at breakfast, lunch or dinner. Always a favorite eaten from the hand between meals and at night before retiring, it is also good in its uncooked state in salads and fruit cups. Too, no better cheese accompaniment could be imagined. Just spread a slice of apple with cream cheese or Camembert, or add chopped apple to cottage cheese. Grand ideas all of them.

Dishes of all descriptions in which cooked apples are the principal ingredient are at the top of the list of Miss Barnes' favorites. To name them all is a feat that neither she nor I could hope to accomplish in anything less than a book. But we could—and did—choose a few of those most sure of receiving a hearty welcome whenever they are served. Now, when the markets display the tempting output of the orchards of the East and the Middle West and the famous apples from the valleys of Washington and Oregon, you, too, will be able to make some new and delightful dishes, thanks to the recipes appearing on page 62. Carefully tested, they are easy to understand and follow, therefore sure to be successful. They are given in such a form that you can conveniently clip them out and mount them on regulation filing cards for your recipe cabinet. There are months ahead when you will appreciate having at your fingertips just such suggestions as Binnie's.

The gem of an apple pie that is so temptingly pictured here, for instance! It has an intriguingly different flavor. And don't you like the resemblance to a wheel with hub and spokes of pastry? Sort of divides off the servings too, but make them generous or plan on seconds, if you're wise!

Or try a Southern Apple Cake—spicy and full of nuts and raisins as all such cakes should be. But it's different, too, in that it is baked in layers and put together with a frosting.

And don't forget an Apple Pudding. "One that is served hot, preferably," suggests Binnie whose favorite turns out to be one of the easiest desserts ever.

A cooked-apple salad—ever try one of those? A few red cinnamon candies make this fruit resemble tomatoes and impart a delicate flavor as well.

Binnie also spoke of apple sauce and that reminded me of the easiest and most economical way to make it that I have ever tried. First choose your apples carefully. There are, you know, certain apples for certain purposes and it behooves you to learn about the varieties sold at your market. They vary greatly in different sections of the country so it is difficult to make suggestions that would cover the situation everywhere. Your grocer will be of real assistance in advising you. Whatever the apples you use, try making apple sauce this way.

Wash apples well. Do not peel, just remove stems and blossoms. Cut apples into eighths, skin and all. Place in kettle with only enough water to prevent burning. Add more water, while the apples are cooking, if necessary, but not too much or you will have a thin, watery sauce. Cook apples gently until soft, stirring occasionally. Mash through a strainer. And here is where the woman who owns the type of strainer known as a "Food Mill" is one up on her less fortunate friends. With one of these handy utensils you get more sauce in less time than by any other method I know of. To the strained sauce add sugar to taste and a dash of nutmeg.

Turn to page 62 for Binnie Barnes' recipes.
Here is a picture that has enough novelty to satisfy all the movie-goers who cry for something different in screen stories. The plot concerns a very old man (Lionel Barrymore) who managed to get Death up a tree—and literally. For Death is a man named Mr. Brink (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), who wanders into the old man’s yard, intent on taking him and his wife (Beulah Bondi) away. Already Mr. Brink has managed to get the old couple’s son and daughter-in-law, which has left young Bobs Watson an orphan in the loving care of his grandparents.

Grandfather Barrymore does not fear death for himself, but after his wife is taken he refuses to die, feeling he must stay and look after Bobs. Should he, too, be taken by Mr. Brink, the boy will fall into the clutches of a scoundrel, heartless aunt, Elly Malyon. So the old man inveigles Mr. Brink into the old apple tree, which has the strange power of holding any creature who ventures into its branches until Gramps gives permission for the victim’s release. Gramps and Bobs are extremely pleased with themselves, and spend long delightful hours under the apple tree poking fun at Mr. Brink. But finally the realization is brought home to Gramps that Death is actually a blessing in disguise, and that while he is holding Mr. Brink captive, he is also holding all the suffering people in the world from the relief they would find in release from this world.

Lionel Barrymore gives a performance that will be long remembered, while Bobs Watson’s portrayal of the devoted grandchild is truly remarkable. Beulah Bondi’s characterization is beautiful, and equals any in the picture. Elly Malyon,

Tom Brown and Jane Bryan are a new twosome. Little Miss B. certainly gets herself around these days, both socially and professionally. You’ll see her next in “The Old Maid.”

**MADY: “It’s a shame and a pity, Timothy, because the poor girl works like a beaver, but her weak-kneed soap leaves dirt behind. That’s why her clothes are always chock-full of tattle-tale gray.”**

**MATILDA: “So we’re going to send her a flock of Fels-Naptha to show her how its richer golden soap and lots of gentle naptha make all the dirt scat. Don’t tell a soul, but slip ten bars into her next grocery order and we’ll pay for it.”**

**SUSAN: “Good grief, don’t tell me it’s that meddlesome Mrs. Palmer gossiping about the bride’s wash again!”**

**MATILDA: “It is, and I wish the cat would get her tongue. But no use wishing, so put on your bonnet, Susan. We’re going to stop the gossip!”**

**SUSAN: “BANISH ‘TATTLE-TALE GRAY’ WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

**TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY** every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

**BANISH ‘TATTLE-TALE GRAY’ WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**
MODERN SCREEN

Une Merkel, Henry Travers, Grant Mitchell and Nat Pendleton are all good, We would have preferred Sir Cedric Hardwicke's characterization of Mr. Brink to have been a warmer and more sympathetic one. Directed by Harold S. Butcut.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★★ Beau Geste

With Gary Cooper as Beau Geste and Ray Milland and Robert Preston in the roles of John and Digby Geste, this popular story of brotherly devotion has been revived on the screen with considerable success. The sincerity of the three actors' performances makes the story believable and engaging to the end. They join the Foreign Legion, you may remember, when the famous "Blue Water" sapphire is stolen from their aunt, who has been the guardian of Beau, John and Digby since their boyhood. It is evident that one of the brothers has stolen the gem, and rather than have disgrace brought on one of them, all three join up with the Legion. From there on, the picture is a thrilling account of the activities of the French army and their efforts to quell the Arabian uprisings, with plenty of suspense running through the story concerning the solution of the jewel theft.

Brian Donlevy, as the vicious Sergeant Markoff, gives the finest characterization in the picture. His brutal disciplinary methods rise to some of the most gruesome scenes ever screened. J. Carroll Naish is outstanding as Rasinoff, a thief and betrayer, while Heather Thatcher, as Aunt Pat and Susan Hayward, heroine of the slight love interest which runs through the story, give satisfactory accounts of themselves. If you're in the mood for high adventure, blood and thunder, you'll find 'Beau Geste' fills the bill. Directed by W. A. Wellman.—Paramount.

★★★★ I Stole a Million

Here is a gripping and realistic film with appeal for many audiences. There is an exceptionally strong story to recommend it and a cast has been selected which does full justice to it. George Raft has one of his best roles to date as the taxi driver who clashes with the law and goes from one harrowing adventure to another. The fact that he was originally a law-abiding man, turned into a criminal because of circumstances over which he had no control, makes the character portrayed a singularly interesting one. The girl in the case is Claire Trevor, with whom no fault can be found. As the florist's clerk with whom Raft falls in love, she has a role that calls for capable dramatic handling. Trying to save him from himself, she pleads not only with Raft, but with the law for understanding, and finally sees him die for herself and their child. It is a role that should command considerable attention for Claire Trevor.

Others in the cast who do good work are Dick Foran, Victor Jory, Stanley Ridges, Henry Armetta and Mary Forbes. Directed by Frank Tuttle.—Universal.

★★★★ Each Dawn I Die

James Cagney and George Raft are a powerful combination in this grim picture of prison life. Cagney portrays a newspaper reporter who was framed into a prison term just as he was about to expose the state's crooked politicians. Raft is a double-crossing gangster, who, when he realizes that Cagney is a loyal friend, risks his life for the only real friend he's ever known. The penitentiary is a cold, bleak routine of discipline with the heaviest display of prison torture yet filmed.

There's very little comedy or romantic relief. Maxie Rosenbloom turns in a laugh now and then, but was concentrating on his dramatics. Jane Bryan is the sweetheart who helps to free Cagney, and their few love scenes are high spots of good acting. The two-fisted story concerns the efforts of Cagney's newspaper and Raft's gang to prove that the reporter was framed. Hardships endured by the prisoners are interwoven with schemes to break prison, get revenge.

Edna Best—she's Mrs. Herbert Marshall—and little Ann Todd in a tender scene from "Intermezzo." The handsome gentleman between them is Angus.
on the blood-testing guards and help fellow-inmates who can't stand the nerve-grinding life. It's definitely a man's picture, but anyone with any idea whatsoever of breaking the law will shudder and reform after seeing "Each Dawn I Die."

In addition to the players mentioned, there are excellent characterizations given by George Bancroft, Edward Pawley, Willard Robertson, Stanley Ridges, Alan Baxter, Victor Jory, Paul Hurst, Louis Jean Heydt and Joe Downing. Emma Dunn is a standout as Cagney's mother. In fact, there isn't a faulty portrayal in the entire picture. Directed by William Keighley.—Warner Bros.

★★ Blondie Takes a Vacation

Those likable folks, Blondie and Dagwood, are back again. And, of course, Baby Dumpling and his side-kick, Daisy, are very much in evidence. They have pinned the proceedings this time on a meagre plot, but the comic-strip family manage to stir up enough excitement and hilarity to give an audience a thoroughly good time. They are assisted in their activities by Donald Meek, Robert Wilcox, Donald MacBride and Elizabeth Durre, who all help to keep things humming along.

The story is centered about the altruistic aims of Blondie and Dagwood, who decide to save an elderly couple from a trip over the hill to the poorhouse. The hero and heroine take over the couple's summer camp and try to make it a paying proposition. There have been sad experiences in the past of people trying to make summer camps pay, but the experiences of Blondie and Dagwood will make any other attempt look tame. There's plenty of hokum thrown in to make matters as bad as possible, such as skunk invasions, meanie competitors, kidnappings, firebugs and crooks. All in all, the "Blondie" fans will find there isn't a dull moment. And the rest of the audience will find enough entertainment in Daisy, the pooch, to make up for the less talented contributions of the rest of the cast. It's entertaining. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.—Columbia.

(Continued on page 83)
JASCHA HEIFETZ: After years of holding out against most attractive movie bids, Jascha Heifetz has made “They Shall Have Music.” At last the music-loving public has a chance to hear this great violinist, whose playing critics have agreed is absolute perfection. Heifetz was born in Vilna, Russia, on February 2, 1901. At three he started his violin lessons, at six he faultlessly rendered Mendelssohn’s Concerto (a part of which, by the way, he plays on the picture), and at seven he made his debut. Graduating from the Royal School of Music in Vilna, he continued his studies with the famous Professor Leopold Auer. The news of the boy’s genius soon spread and when he was sixteen he and his family braved a perilous trip across Siberia during Kerensky’s Revolution to come to New York for an engagement at Carnegie Hall. His youth and mastery of tone and harmonics astounded everyone who heard him. In 1928 he married Florence Vidor, an actress, and they have two children, Josepha, eight, and Bobby, seven. Neither of the children shows an inclination to be a musician. They and their step-sister, Susanne, have been brought up on baseball and golfing. Besides these two sports, he plays an excellent ping-pong game. Though he seldom smiles, he laughs often and has a grand sense of humor which comes in handy as he tours almost every country on the globe fulfilling his commitments. Once, for instance, he was not allowed by the operator to ride in a passenger car when he arrived, violin case in hand, to play for a national broadcast. He and his priceless Guarneri violins were once lost none but himself can touch, went up in a freight lift—and he was amused! Address inquiries to the Picture Corp., Cal. They Shall Have Music” review on page 8.

GINGER ROGERS: Independently, Missouri, has the honor of claiming Ginger Rogers, who was born there on July 16th, 1911. However, when she was six, her mother, Lein McMath, took her to live in Fort Worth, Tex., where Ginger attended parochial and high schools. She was the hit of every home- talent affair and through her mother, who was dramatic editor of the leading newspapers, became acquainted with all the theatrical people who visited the Texas city. Arrangements for her acting ambitions were aroused and she appeared in playlets for the children of her neighbors. Then P. T. Benson caught her and our little redhead won a local dancing contest in Charleston, and another one for the State of Texas. Vaudeville engagements galore resulted from the championship, and it became necessary for Mrs. Rogers to give up her own work and travel with her daughter. It was while appearing with Paul Avers at the Paramount Theatre in New York City that Ginger landed the leading comedienne role in the Broadway musical “Top Speed.” From there she went into the New York company of “Girl Crazy.” This resulted in Ginger’s being signed to a movie contract, her first picture being “Young and Innocent.” Her part in the film was as a siren sousaphone player. On her way up the ladder, Ginger married Lew Ayres, but some years later they separated. She has been brought up as a straight dramatic comedienne roles. If you have seen Ginger in “Bachelor Mother,” you will see her next in “Ladies in Manhattan,” a straight comedienne. Ginger shot to fame with Fred Astaire in several musicals and proved her ability to do straight comedienne roles. His big opportunity came when he got an important role with Astaire and Fontaine in “Point Valaine.” Hollywood scouts saw the play and were so impressed that they offered him a contract and he accepted. At the beginning, nobody paid much attention to him, though, then came a part in “The Flame Within,” which immediately gained great recognition for him. Louis is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, has brown hair and grey-blue eyes. He is active and skillful in sports, especially winter sports. He skis, skates, toboggans and also swims, plays tennis and golf. He is married to Ada Lupino, movie actresses, and they live in Beverly Hills. Since his hit performance in “The Duke of West Point,” this young Englishman has been much in demand and now he is currently appearing in “The Man in the Iron Mask” with Jeanette MacDonald. You can see him in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal. You’ll find a review of “The Man in the Iron Mask” on page 8.

Exciting New Brilliance FOR DRY, DULL HAIR!
If Your Hair is Dry, Dull or Hard to Manage, Here’s a Thrilling Way to Reveal Its Natural Gleam and Lustre

FOR DRY, unruly hair, authorities generally recommend oil treatments. And that is why thousands of women use Mar-O-Oil Shampoo—it gives you an oil treatment and an oil shampoo at one and the same time! Amazing Benefits! Mar-O-Oil is utterly different from any other shampoo you have tried. Contains imported olive and natural vegetable oils—therefore lubricates as it cleanses. And Mar-O-Oil does more than merely wash away surface dirt. Its cleansing oils go to the very heart of the hair shaft and gently flush away dirt, waste, loose dandruff flakes. Your hair is left radiant clean and lustrous—soft and easy to manage. Leaves No Oily Film! Mar-O-Oil forms no soapy lather, no sticky suds, and rinses away completely in rinsing water. Leaves no gummy film or oily deposits to dim hair’s natural beauty. Contains no free alkali, no harsh chemicals, therefore cannot dry out the hair, no matter how frequently used. Ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-O-Oil Shampoo, or get a bottle today at any drug, department or 10c store.

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Have you sent for your chart of the stars as offered?
Dear Readers:

You've been swamping us with requests for information of the leading stars appearing in ★★★ and ☆☆☆ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. And so we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual.

If you desire a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 140 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!

Ann could have dates galore if she’d guard her charm with MUM!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would you do—if you knew a girl lonely in other ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you’d avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you’re expected to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... you’ll say Mum once you’ve tried this pleasant, gentle, dependable cream!

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundring tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular always! Use Mum!

MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE

TO HERSELF: IT'S LATE, BUT JUST THAT LITTLE TOUCH OF MUM KEPT ME FRESH THROUGH EVERY DANCE—

For Sanitary Napkins
More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe.

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FAMOUS as Tampax has become, some women still dare hardly believe it...It seems too good to be true—that all their pin-and-belt troubles are over and their monthly sanitary problems solved.

But millions of women are using Tampax and it is all very simple. Perfected by a doctor and worn internally, Tampax allows no bulge or "line" to show. You can enjoy greater freedom in dancing and in sports. No chafing, no odor. You can use tub or shower...You can laugh at yesterday's sanitary problems.

Tampax is the daintiest product imaginable. Each comes individually sealed in one-time-use applicator. The hands do not even touch the Tampax, which is of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton. Comfortable and efficient, it cannot come apart and is easily disposed of later.

Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Sold at drug stores and motion-picture counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (four months' supply) will give you a money-saving up to 25%.

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

WARNING:inidadible fibers remain in sanitary napkins. Do not use Tampax as a substitute for sanitary napkins. Invest in Tampax, the permanent foundation of your feminine beauty.

MODERN SCREEN

A DOLLAR

FANS, get out the old pen and paper and let's hear what you have to say about that picture you thought was such a knockout, or the one you labeled "lop," that way you are simple cub-razy about or the one you can't abide. Glamor queens, Holly-wood styles, miscast roles, scene-stealers—what's your opinion about these or anything else concerning chiếmend? Besides having the fun of speaking your piece (and you'll get a big kick out of that), you have the chance of winning one of the ten $1.00 prizes awarded each month to the writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Remember, now, this is your own page, so say what you honestly think, keeping it brief and send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts.

Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

According to Fact

A new characteristic of Hollywood pictures—new to me, at least—is the faithful and accurate depiction of history. Years back, as we all recall, the true facts were mercilessly distorted to cater to the whims of the audience and perhaps the stars. Atrocious and frequent were technical errors in wardrobe, speech, setting and facts. Apparently, all this is rapidly disappearing.

More research, time, energy and money are being spent in a sincere attempt to secure the complete, accurate data necessary for a craftsmanlike, skillful production. "Union Pacific," "Man of Conquest" and "Jaruze" are almost one hundred percent historically true. History records that Juarez and Carlotta, Maximillian's wife, never met. Hence, in the picture, Paul Muni and Bette Davis do not meet once, but just imagine what a temptation it must have been for the brothers Warner!

True some historical pictures such as "Jesse James" may still be somewhat censurable, but the strong trend toward accuracy is evident and something for which the discriminating movie goer is thankful.—Bertram Shandler, Irvington, N. J.

As I sat and watched the actors Go through each and every role, I slowly felt clouds lifting And a weight rise from my soul.

And, as I watched Clark Gable I forgot that I was sad. I wondered just what Joe had said To make me get so mad.

And when I left the theatre, My thoughts seemed bright and gay. My heart seemed so much lighter As I homeward went my way!—Audrey Fletcher, Los Angeles, Calif.

Cupid "Mows 'em Down"

There were seven handsome gentlemen, screen heroes one and all. Five of whom were tall and dark, and two were fair and tall.

R. Colman wed Bonita Hume, which started all our troubles. Wayne Morris with his boyish grin was soon annexed by "Bubbles."

Then Nelson Eddy's golden voice was heard to say, "I do." And little A was envied from here to Timbuctoo.

The Gables, Clark and Carole L., entered married life.

Then "Doug and Mary" once again— young Fairbanks and his wife.

Many a faithful movie fan lost her favorite fella. When Tyrone Power gave his name to lovely Annabella.

And now Bob Taylor and his Babs, so far the last in line.

To honor Cupid's banner year—this 1939!—A. N. Thornton, Burbank, Calif.

An Ace Actor

Charles Boyer is Hollywood's ace actor. Every performance is outstanding—a living, breathing reality. So brilliant are his characterizations, so deft his subtle interpretations, so perfect the submergence of his personality in the role presented, that one leaves the
theatre with the satisfied feeling of hav-
ing witnessed a very cross section of life.
He should be given plays worthy of his rare talent and versatility. He repres-
ants that happy combination of old-
world charm and new-world vigor
topped by a sense of humor which is
born to keep his feet lightly on the
ground.—Dorothy Doran, Hollywood, Cal.

Madeleine Carroll
In response to Madeleine Carroll’s re-
quest in the July Modern Screen for an
opinion as to whether her fans “want
her to be herself, to tell the truth about
herself, or whether they want her to be
the Princess Flavia, living little lush
and lacy lies,” I express mine.
Certainly the fans want Madeleine to
be herself, to speak the truth about her-
sel. They like to think that she is like
them and that she has, or should I say
had, the trials and tribulations that all
ordinary folks have to conquer in order
to succeed. It helps to inspire them, to
add more spirit and ambition to their
will, to know that they, too, can become
great tomorrow.

Yes, I believe most heartily that the
people want and hope that Madeleine
will continue to be herself. None of this
Princess Flavia for our “American fans!”
—Eudrice Freitag, Baltimore, Maryland.

Living the Movies
Did you ever sit in front of people
who live the movies? Yeah, they live
them right out loud! The other day
while I was watching the recent cham-
pionship fight pictures, a group of people
sat down in back of me.
Well, by Jove, they lived that fight
by blow by blow. If it wasn’t one, ’twas
another, who oh’d and ah’d each blow
till I expected a knockout, not on the
screen but to the rear.
Well, movie fans, how about letting
the movies live but not living the movies?
—Dorothy Peabody, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The Funniest Man
Hugh Herbert is the funniest man on
the screen, in my opinion. My husband
and I would drive miles to see a picture
with him taking part. He really doesn’t
have to say much, but just make that
funny sound and we roll off the seats.
Why not put Hugh Herbert in more
pictures and have his name advertised.
We miss some of his pictures because his
name isn’t mentioned. Here’s wishing
Hugh lots of luck and may we have
more of him. Mrs. G. Reeder, Collings-
wood, N. J.

What Makes It Great?
In one edition of Modern Screen,
someone claimed that it was one great
scene that made a picture immortal.
I disagree! No doubt that scene would be
remembered, but by no means does it,
alone, make the picture great.
First of all, one must have great actors,
actors well suited to the parts. Then,
one must have a good plot, and a swift-
moving, true-to-life, well-written script.
Last, but not least, there must be a
good director. One who knows just how
he wants things done and said, one who
studies the dialogue and pays attention
to every minute detail. One who will
tell the cameraman just what kind of
“shot” he wishes and what effect it
should have. Then he must take scene
after scene, over and over again until
he considers it the best possible. That
is what makes a picture immortal—each
scene perfectly done!—Ruth E. Carrier,
Lawrence, Mass.
(Continued on page 103)

Get rid of
Dandruff
with LISTERINE!
Reaches and kills Pityrosporum ovale,
which causes dandruff . . . scalp becomes
cleaner, fresher, healthier

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least
once a day. WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and
apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a
medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.
Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage
with fingers or a good hair brush. But don’t expect
overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be
dealt with that fast.

Gratuit Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to
bleach the hair or affect texture.
The fabulous parade of the motion picture capital...from pies to premieres...and the great human story of the men and women who conquered the entertainment world! Just as the tunes of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" brought back your happiest memories...so will the drama of 1001 thrilling yesterdays in "Hollywood Cavalcade" warm your heart anew!

IN TECHNICOLOR!

Hollywood Cavalcade

with
ALICE FAYE
DON AMECE

J. Edward Bromberg
Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari
Stuart Erwin • Buster Keaton • Donald Meek
Jed Prouty • 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

Staged anew!
Photographed today!
with great stars of today...and great personalities of yesterday!

SEE Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and the Keystone Cops in slapstick,custard pie comedy, with Don Ameche directing.

SEE Mack Sennett bathing beauties (Alice Faye is one!)

HEAR Al Jolson sing again "Kol Nidre"...the song that electrified the world!

SEE Hollywood...as it was...as it is...in a three-ringed circus of entertainment!

The most brilliant new note in entertainment!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production
99 kids and Bing . . . One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We’ve seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can’t Tell Why I Love You But I Do".

Miss America has a new Beau . . . Of course, we wouldn’t want to give away any secrets about our age . . . but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount’s new "Beau Geste". William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career. And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste" . . . and well, there’s just no comparison . . . the new one is twice as thrilling.

Hollywood’s newest glamour girl . . . Rumors round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can’t rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York businesswoman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child’s faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You’ll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount’s newest little starlet.

More laurels for Laughton . . . With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton’s newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock’s treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton’s finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Mayflower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O’Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdycye, will play. Remember: If it’s a Paramount Picture, it’s the best show in town.
She's Tired of Being a Wife!

Myrna gets bored playing the little woman who's always the pal

Not for nothing was Myrna Loy born under the zodiacal sign of Leo. The date of her nativity, August 2nd, is right in the midst of the Leo period. And Leo—in case you have forgotten your astrology—are fearfully unfeeling personalities. They may listen for a while to what others have to say, but, in the end, they'll make up their minds themselves on what they're going to do. Then they'll howl about it or else retreat proudly and solemnly with air.

I'm merely trying to say that when Myrna Loy makes up her mind about anything, it stays that way. She's positive, notwithstanding it's in a quiet, unobstrusive way. When she wanted to quit sirens a few years ago, she simply quit. There was no echoing noise about her dismissing these Circes from her repertoire. She fought patiently for ten years to prove to producers that she wasn't as dark as her make-up. Then having won her battle, she managed a neat and skillful transition into that pleasant realm of fair film heroines which has been her happy playground these past four years. But now...

"I'm sick to death of playing those women—those dear sentimentalists, those sweet wives—who have been crowding in on me with a vengeance in recent years! I aspire to them once. I'm anxious to retire from them now!" This, Myrna told me recently on the set of "The Rains Came."

"Thank Heaven, Lady Esketh isn't one of them," she continued. "And what a relief she is. There's more than sentiment and sugar in her. As a matter of fact, she's as sinister and destructive as the earthquake, flood and tempest in the story. Cold-blooded about it, too.

"She's married to one man, is trying to renew a romance with another, and meanwhile stirs up a grande passion with a third! She covers more territory romantically than any character I've ever played—even some of those vamps of years gone by. However, they were painted with a heavy brush by their authors. Lady Esketh is contrived along more subtle lines, like a steel engraving.

"She's hard and actual, uncompromising, too, and exerts a very decisive effect on the lives of those around her. I've enjoyed playing her immensely! She's real compensation for vacuous roles I've done. I wish I could play a lot more like her, especially if they could all die as heroically as Lady Esketh. That's the beauty of the role. She's redeemed in death. And I would add it's always grand for an actress to play a tragic part."

When before has Myrna played a tragic part like this? The answer is never, not even in her palmiest vaporing days. She was often thrown to the wolves in those films, but she never went through the agonies of a screen demise, and certainly never came anywhere near such a triumphant finale as the diabolically fascinating Edwina Esketh achieves.

This IS indeed a stellar film holiday and perhaps Myrna, in her carefully progressive career, has been building up to it for a long time. Lady Esketh completes a circle for her. It recaptures the spirit of the Calypso she enacted some years ago, but on a modern, more subtle plane.

"I've been weary of the 'precious, perfect wife' for some time," Myrna informed me with a touch of the confidential in her voice. "I've been playing her in one form or another for the past four years. Of course, I still like Nora Charles and will be glad to meet her again in 'The Thin Man Returns.' She's amusing and gay—not at all like the frail sisterhood that I met and had to portray after her. They showed up in such numbers that I was positively suffocated by them, and felt that I'd like to strangle the whole lot.

"I've reached the point where I can't stand that kind of sentimental meandering any longer, and if I feel that way, I'm sure audiences must. There is nothing so boring and stupid as the eternally 'sweet little woman' whose primary claim to usefulness, when you get down to brass tacks, is her capacity to make her husband feel she is a 'grand scout, a swell pal.' That's fine in its limited and restricted place. However, it seems to me that this pal business can be carried to dull lengths. I should imagine if it existed in real life to the degree that it often does on the screen, it would rate a high nuisance value to a husband, particularly if he were a busy man—and most men are.

"Frankly I don't know many women like that, do you? Most women today are busy, have full lives, and are trying to accomplish something. Take the wives of army flyers, for instance. They're examples of what I mean. It was such an interesting and stimulating experience to meet a number of them while we were on location for 'Test Pilot.' They are women who have accepted a strong pattern for living. They're young in most instances, and yet maturely serene and self-contained about life and the dangers their husbands are subjected to. None of this so-called emotional display or indulgence in sentimentality. They appear to have the sturdy ideals of the pioneer women.

"And speaking of pioneer women, I'm going to have the thrill of playing a real one in the very near future. It's the sort of part I've been dreaming of for a very long time. This story is called 'Sea of Grass,' and is a powerful narrative of the soil. All the characters are men and women of great moral and physical strength who have the spirit of conquest in their souls."

"This story means much to me because I recognize in it replicas of my own people—my mother and father and grandparents. My grandmother has always been an inspiration to me. She came across country in a covered wagon and settled down in Montana on cattle and prairie land, outside of Helena, where I was born. She and my grandfather knew what it meant to live by the sweat of their brows because they earned their existence from the soil. And they remained..."
"I've been weary of playing the precious, perfect wife for some time," says Myrna. "Her claim to usefulness is her capacity to make her husband feel she's simply a swell pal. Ugh!"

Myrna with Tyrone Power in "The Rains Came." In this picture she's married to one man, trying to renew romance with another and flirting with a third. Wotta gal!

faithful to it to the end of their lives. All of the hardships of that early life became romantic drama to me when, as a child, I heard about it from my own grandmother. She has always been a heroic figure to me because she came from a protected childhood in Scotland and went right out into the wilderness of a strange, new land and fought like a man to conquer it, so that she and her family might survive. I'd love to recreate her and the wonderful story of her life on the screen one day. She was a true frontierswoman.

"My grandfather, too, was imbued with the frontiersman's yearnings. I remember how he used to tell me about the importance of planting the earth. He loved it. He used to say that you must never plow your crops under. You must always plant more and more and build up the heritage of the soil, else the droughts will come and destroy the fruits of your labors. I guess there must be something of the frontierswoman in me or else I wouldn't have remembered those words. Maybe, too, that's why I rebel against playing, over and over, the same inane, pampered, penthouse wife!"

Myrna takes out her frontierswoman instincts and her grandfather's advice about (Continued on page 76)
HE IS said to receive more fan mail than any other actor on his lot except Shirley Temple. Recently he was chosen by the deaf people of this country as the actor with the finest voice. (What they really meant was that his lips were the easiest to read.) He has a fan in Oakland, California, who has seen every picture in which he has appeared from fifty-five to one hundred and thirty times. A woman in Warren, Pennsylvania named a pig after him and entered it in a contest of the Ladies' Aid Society.

You can't ignore an actor who has all those distinctions, and for a long time I've been wanting to meet Don Ameche. Nearly all stories about Don fall into two classes: either they tell of the wild youngster who drank too much till his religion finally saved him, or else they tell of his romance and marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Honore Prendergast. I wanted to find out for myself what he was like. Was he the gay, happy, young hooligan of legend or the prosaic husband Hollywood pictures him today?

When he came to New York recently, Don visited practically every night club in New York, but it didn't cause a ripple of comment. He even came to New York without his wife, something which practically no other actor could have done without causing the columnists to comment, "Are the So and So splitting up?"

But the belief that the Don Ameche marriage is a completely happy one is so firmly entrenched even among the most cynical gossip columnists that no one of them suggested that this might be the beginning of the end.

"Why did your wife remain behind in Hollywood?" I asked Don curiously.

"Because she's going to have another child," he said.

Come late summer, the stork will hover once again over their home. Thus it is best for Honore not to do too much traveling at this time.

We sat in a blue and gold room at the Hotel St. Regis. Don looked even more handsome than he does in pictures. Over six feet tall, he has none of the lankiness and awkwardness most of the tall actors in Hollywood have. His hazel eyes are grave. He is very gracious and courteous, but slightly aloof. Meeting a writer for the first time, he has none of that gay, blustering warmth which so many actors cultivate as part of their professional charm. You find yourself wishing desperately that he would swashbuckle just a little, that he would reveal a tiny trace of the theatrical. But he doesn't.

"Would you like your next child to be a boy or a girl?" I asked. The Don Ameches already have two children-Ronnie, three, and Donnie, five.

Don shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care which it is," he said. "Boy or girl. I'll welcome either."

Unlike most fond fathers, he has no definite theories as to how children should be brought up. When I asked him about it, he floundered about for a few minutes and then said helplessly, "I have no theories, except to try to make them well-behaved."

As a boy, Don himself was anything but well-behaved. He was the little hellion who used to gather up leaves in the fall so he could start fires in back yards. He broke lamps, threw tomatoes at his brother, covered the walls of the schools he went to with shocking murals, and smoked in school when it was against the rules. Whenever he had done anything for which he deserved to be punished, he
to his desk and puts his mind to things he understands. Slim and Gary first met in Montana when Slim was a rodeo cowboy and Gary the boss of an outfit. The boss hired the cowboy, and there sprang up between them one of those relationships which needs no words and has never been put into words. Gary could tell by the way Slim handled a horse that here was a man after his own heart. Slim sized Gary up as "a good cowboy," which to the untutored may not sound like extravagant praise, but includes much that is hidden from you and me.

Their ways parted, to meet again in California. Gary was about to start the first picture in which he played a leading role when Slim turned up, heaven sent, for Gary needed a stand-in, and Slim was long and lanky like himself. So for the second time Gary provided Slim with a job, and himself with a companion who talked his language.

They say at the studio that if Slim weren't on the set, Gary would quit. It's an impression which gets around, despite the fact that days pass with no more than a good-morning and goodnight between them.

Slim, for example, had a little difficulty with a higher-up, while "Marco Polo" was being made. Gary talked it over with him, then went to the higher-up. "Better get this thing straightened out with Slim," he said. That was all. But if you know Cooper, you know that it was enough.

An inquiring reporter asked Slim, "If you didn't have your living to earn, what would you really like to do?"

"Just what I'm doin'."

"Why? You could get yourself a ranch and rope steer and ride horses—"

Slim cut him very short. "Be no fun without Coop." He considers his existence idyllic but for one thing—Gary's love scenes. If Slim could remould the world nearer to his heart's desire, he would have his friend appear with all-male casts only. Shyer even than Cooper, he is petrified when duty demands that he embrace the heroine's stand-in—an idiosyncrasy of which his co-workers take every advantage. Even Gary stands by to watch the show, as Slim squirms and flushes and moves gingerly toward the girl.

"For the love of Pete, Slim, hold her," wails the director. "Damned if you wouldn't do a better job hugging a horse."

"Any day," Slim has been known to mutter.

The girl knows this is no reflection on her, for the prettier she is, the more diffident grows Slim. He draws the line at kissing. "'Tain't in the contract. I'm standin' close enough, you can tell where the lights'll fall all right."

"What you scared of?" they taunt him.

"Who's scared? I'll do my kissin' in the dark, that's all."

"Look at Coop. He kisses 'em."

Slim bends a pointed glance at his friend, standing there among his tormentors. "That's (Continued on page 74)
Meet the English girl
who plays a southern belle

HEIGH-HO, Scarlett! Heigh-ho, Vivien Leigh!

How are yuh, honey chile? And how, after five
months of playing Scarlett, are yuh bearing up?
What about those nasty cracks that were made
about an English gal playing that southern
e-che-ld? Say, are you—all steamed up about them?
Meet Vivien Leigh. Meet a small, slim, beauteous girl
with a personality like a slumbering volcano, which may
erupt at any moment, and an English accent that sounds
as if it came right out of Oxford. Her southern accent,
ma'am? She can turn that melting accent—learned from
Susan Myrick, the Emily Post of the South—on and off
like a faucet.

Recently, I talked to Vivien Leigh and became aware of
the quality in her that led David Selznick to give her the role
of Scarlett in preference to all the glamorous, beau-
tiful Hollywood actresses who would have given their
artificial eyelashes for the part.

If you have read "Gone With The Wind," it is a waste of
time to describe her. For she is so much like Scarlett
O'Hara, that she might have been torn from the pages of
the novel. Consider Margaret Mitchell's description of
Scarlett: "Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men
seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the
Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended
the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of
French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish
father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin,
square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch
of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes and sharply
tilted at the ends."

Substitute, in this description, the name of Vivien's hus-
band, Leigh Holman, in place of the Tarleton twins (or
the name of Laurence Olivier, who has been rumored to
be interested in her) and you have Vivien Leigh. Say
that her mother was born in Ireland, and her father was
a stockbroker of French descent, in India, and you have
Vivien's ancestry straight. Her real name is Vivien Hart-
ley Holman, and she was born in Darjeeling, India.

Though Vivien's simply dripping charm, there's a trace
in her of Scarlett's ruthlessness. You have the distinct
feeling that if ever her back were to the wall, she would
put up a fiercer battle than any Scarlett ever fought. So
far she has been on the spot only once, when she was
chosen for the role of Scarlett. Had a bombshell been
dropped by a foreign airship in the South, it couldn't have
resulted in more excitement and bitterness.

The Osceola, Florida, Chapter of the United Daughters
of the Confederacy passed a motion to boycott "Gone With
The Wind" because of the selection of Vivien Leigh.
Southern gentlemen wrote impassioned letters to the
newspapers, in which they said, "The selection of Vivien
Leigh is a direct affront to the men who wore the Gray and an outrage to the memory of the heroes of 1776 who fought to free this land of British domination."

The grandson of a Confederate soldier wrote, "Cheer for the Osceola Chapter of the Daughters and more power to their boycott of the film. It is high time those Hollywood producers found out that there are still those to whom the honor of southern womanhood is not just an empty phrase."

Faced with such a storm of criticism, some actresses would have resigned from the role. But Vivien Leigh said, shrugging her slim shoulders, "I was not at all upset or annoyed by the criticism. Why should I be? When an English girl is signed for such a typically American part, it is obvious that there will be comment. And even the worst comments were no worse than I expected!"

The press agent suggested at this point that all those nasty comments acted as a challenge to Vivien, and to this Vivien smilingly agreed.

"It was a terrific strain making 'Gone With The Wind,' she confessed, "and toward the end our nerves were all shot. And no wonder! We worked under three different directors, first George Cukor, then Victor Fleming and finally, Sam Wood. No sooner did we get used to the ideas of one director than a new one was brought in, and we had to learn to work with each in turn."

George Cukor resigned when he couldn't agree with David Selznick as to how the script should be handled, and then Victor Fleming was brought in. When he became ill, Sam Wood, who directed "Goodbye Mr. Chips," took his place.

"Did you have to change your characterization of Scarlett each time?" I asked Vivien.

She lifted that strange, defiant face, and her jaw looked squarer than ever.

"I didn't change my characterization," she said. "I just had to get used to working with different directors, but my characterization is my characterization, and I wouldn't change it for anyone."

That's the Scarlett O'Hara in her.

And what's her characterization of Scarlett? "I admired her tremendously, but at the same time I was furious with her for being so hard and selfish, and when Rhett Butler left her, I felt she had gotten exactly what she deserved. If her mother had lived or if she had allowed herself to come under the influence of Rhett Butler, she might have been a different girl. But because Rhett Butler was so much like her—though in a much nicer way—she didn't realize how right he was for her, but was interested in Ashley, who was completely wrong for her."

She firmly denies that any feud (Continued on page 93)
When Robert Donat was a small boy he evolved a plan. Since then he has hoisted himself by his own bootstraps to its fulfillment and is, at this point, dangerously near an "Oscar."

By Max Breen

At first sight there would not seem to be much in common between the quiet, retiring schoolmaster of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and the handsome, dashing young romantic who has hoisted himself by his own bootstraps to a spot among the great artists of the stage and the screen. Anyone reading the book and then seeing the film may exclaim at the fidelity with which Donat has submerged his personality in Chips. Yet those of us who know Donat and his history can detect evidence of Chips, that kindly-natured fellow, having considerably accommodated himself to the offstage Robert Donat!

They were both born in comparative obscurity, each has been in love with his profession, in both a sense of duty has taken the place of ambition, both have been inspired by a happy marriage and to each has come the crown of success. True, to Chips it came late in life, to Donat early; but both had to struggle for it. As his fame spread, Chips retired further into his shell, and Donat would certainly like to, if the exigencies would allow it. Each has the qualities that make a man beloved—kindness, tolerance, uprightness and a sense of humor.

Withington, a suburb of Manchester, England, is a dirty place. There is grime on the walls and roofs of the houses, grime on the fences, the streets, the pavements. When it rains, as it frequently does, there is apt to be a gritty speck of soot in every raindrop. That’s what you get for clinging to the edge of a great industrial city. It’s depressing enough to anyone, but to anyone with a craving for romance and glamor and color, it’s a nightmare.

And so it was to young Robert, son of Ernest Emile Donat, who had followed the sea and shipping, and had settled down in this inland port to raise a family and some flowers. The few stunted and blackened shrubs in this Lancashire backgarden were as much as he realized of the latter ambition.

Robert was an unusual boy—well-grown and healthy, but a bundle of nerves, afraid of the dark, afraid to be left alone in the house, afraid to let anyone know he was afraid. As he grew older, Robert subconsciously made a plan. He would get out of all this, out of the drabness and dirt and all—pervading soot into the brave rich world of his imaginings.

When he was eleven, his mother unwittingly gave him the golden key to unlock his dreams. The boy was to go into an office. Mrs. Donat looked beyond the Manchester desk to the time when her boy would be moved to other and more important branches, perhaps even to London. There, she knew, his Manchester accent and his slight impediment would put him at a disadvantage. He must get rid of them both.

To that end, scraping the money together with some difficulty, she paid for lessons from a retired actor of local importance and thus started Robert on his way to fame.
This move conferred upon young Robert the priceless boon of an introduction to Shakespeare's golden verse, and avidly the lad seized upon this means of escape from unwelcome reality. He no longer dreaded to be left alone. He could fill the empty house with sonorous, rolling passages in a stirring voice that must have disturbed the very black beetles in the basement. Even on his solitary walks, Robert would recite long monologues which turned the muddy lane into a stage and the dripping trees into an enthralled audience.

Robert was now fourteen, so was ready to leave his day-school (which had cost six cents a week, payable weekly to the schoolmaster by the pupil) and do some secretarial work for his elocution teacher in return for his tuition. So quick was he in learning, that, within a year, he had absorbed everything his mentor had to teach him.

Then things happened. With a hazy but glorious idea of becoming a professional actor, young Bob began to accustom himself to facing audiences by getting up to recite at any and every available amateur concert or soirée. On one memorable occasion there happened to be present Sir Frank Benson, one of the grandest old men who ever lent dignity and grace to the English theatre. He was struck by the boy's obvious talent.

Interviewing the boy's parents, Sir Frank begged them to abandon the idea of a clerkship for their son, and let him train for the stage. It would be, he said, a crime to allow such an obvious gift to go to waste. With some misgivings, they consented.

Offered a humble position as assistant stage-manager on tour, where he would at least be in the company of professional actors and actresses, the boy accepted with alacrity, which increased when he found that he was also to be allowed to play minor parts. He worked like fury at his job until he was playing leading roles and earning the magnificent salary of $15.00 a week, most of which he sent home.

Then he went to Liverpool Repertory Theatre, where he remained for a further year, absorbing experiences as a sponge absorbs water. At the end of this period he was nineteen, had played in Shakespeare for five years, and had $25.00—so was quite ready to tackle London. Certainly he was far better equipped than the majority of young actors today.

Like many another budding Thespian before him, he found the metropolis large, cold, and unfeeling, but, luckily, he hadn't gone there on a chance. He had a part to go into, for which he was to be paid good money. Seventy-five dollars a week was a great improvement over what he had been receiving.

The play was to run for nine weeks, and he and his wife—he had a wife by this time—spent some exciting hours planning what they would (Continued on page 78)
 PRESS AGENTS call her “the discovery of the decade,” “a million-dollar baby from a five-and-ten cent store” and “Hollywood’s champion Cinderella.” And Ellen Drew, instead of being elated, is worried. She’s afraid she doesn’t deserve the first two titles—yet. She’s positive she doesn’t deserve the Cinderella one.

“My idea of a Cinderella girl,” says Ellen, “is one who has never set foot inside a studio, and never even hoped to, when suddenly some movie magician waves a wand in her direction and, overnight, she is transformed into a star.” She smiles apologetically. “I don’t fit the description. It took two years of hard work for me to get my first screen role. And I’m still not a star.”

Not that she’s still an unknown. “Sing You Sinners” and “If I Were King” made her someone to talk about. And since, she has played the title role of “The Lady’s from Kentucky,” the love interest in “The Gracie Allen Murder Case,” and, now, the feminine lead in “Geronimo.”

There doesn’t seem to be much doubt around her studio that Ellen is a star-to-be. But she isn’t doing any anticipating herself. She’s just working there—and worrying about all the Ellen Drew stories to date, stories that say, between the lines, “With luck, any unknown can become famous in Hollywood overnight.”

“Wouldn’t this be a beautiful world if the fairy tales were true?” asked Ellen. “But they almost never are. Certainly, the ones about me aren’t. I want to confess while there’s still time, before girls really start believing them and head for Hollywood, expecting to become famous on the strength of some four-leaf clovers they’ve found.

“The stories relate that I was working behind a counter in a candy store on Hollywood Boulevard, more or less a slave with no prospects in life, when some agent came along and said I should be in the movies, and” —she snaps her fingers—“like that, I was famous. They make it sound as simple as that.

“They skip what happened between the time I first met the agent and the time I took my first screen test, a year and a half later. That part isn’t glamorous. And they neglect to mention that between my first screen test and my first screen role, two years of constant hard work and preparation elapsed. That part isn’t glamorous, either. It doesn’t make me out such a Cinderella. The whole story of Ellen Drew, with nothing omitted, should be told in the interest of truth, if not glamour.”

SHE WAS born Terry Ray, in Kansas City, on November 23, 1915. Both her parents were Irish. Her father was a barber, whose real ambition was to be an inventor.

When she was seven, the family moved to Chicago. There she grew up, along with her brother. He knew pretty young that he wanted to draw and steadily headed toward his present career of commercial artist. She didn’t know what she wanted to do. There was a bit of theatrical blood in the family. Her grandmother had sung opera, and her grandmother’s brother had been an acrobat who had fallen and been crippled. Ellen was in several high school plays, but she wasn’t obsessed with acting urges. She was a realist about life, even then. She didn’t see how she could ever get on the stage for she didn’t know anyone connected with it in any way.

When she was sixteen and halfway through her third year at Parker High, two things happened that prevented her developing any soaring ambitions. The Ray family suffered a financial catastrophe, and her mother and father were separated.

Torn between two loyalties, Ellen went with her mother. And, since her father was able to send them little money, and her mother was ill, Ellen quit school to help out. Pretending that she was eighteen, she got a job in the accounting department of Marshall Field’s. When a big sales rush ended, so did the job. After that, the only work she could seem to get was behind the jewelry counter in a five-and-ten in suburban Englewood. During this time she acquired, via a beauty contest, the title of “Miss Englewood.”

That, plus her discouragement about earning so little money where she was, led her to accept when a young married couple, friends of hers, who were driving to Los Angeles, invited her to ride along with them. Her mother, now improved in health, urged her to go. Perhaps, after winning that beauty contest, she could become a movie extra. And if she couldn’t—well, she ought to be able to get a job of some kind.

“I was soon disillusioned about becoming a movie extra. There were fifteen thousand extras registered at Central Casting, and they were trying to cut the list in half. They were not taking any new applications except at the insistence of directors who had definite jobs for newcomers. I not only knew no directors, I knew no one in Hollywood, except the couple with whom I had made the trip. I started looking at the want ads in the papers.”

Brown’s Confectionery on Hollywood Boulevard wanted a girl to wait on the soda fountain trade. Ellen answered the ad. She was offered $12.50 a week, plus tips. (The tips averaged about $8.00 a week.) She took the job, glad to get it. As she says, “I couldn’t live well on that money, but there were a lot of girls living on much less.”

Hollywood being Hollywood, and full of glamorous cocktail bars, you’d
If it hadn't been for burned biscuits, Terry Ray may never have become the glamorous Ellen Drew.

William Henry and Ellen Drew in a bang-up, dramatic moment from "Geronimo," her latest.

never expect to see anybody connected with the movies perched on a soda-fountain stool. Certainly Ellen didn't. She wasn't plagued with daydreams about serving a hot fudge sundae some day to somebody who would say, "You ought to be in the movies." There were too many men who did say just that—to all the girls. "Fresh guys," the girls all called them.

"Then one day in came this man who said it without leering. I've forgotten what I answered. I laughed it off, as usual. He convinced me that he was serious. He gave me his card. He was William Demarest, an actor turned agent. He wanted to introduce me to someone at Paramount. I shook my head. 'I used to have movie ambitions,' I said, 'but I've lost them.'"

"In the eight months I worked there, he came in eight or nine times, and each time he'd bring up the subject of a screen test, and each time I'd shake my head. The last time I added, 'I won't be seeing you any more. I'm quitting at the end of this week. I'm going to get married.'"

If Bill Demarest had walked into Brown's Confectionery and discovered her before Fred Wallace did, perhaps Ellen's story would have been different. But Fred, then a young actor at Fox, discovered her first. They fell in love. And Fred, who wanted to marry her, had definite convictions about a wife's place being in the home. And loving him, she shared those convictions.

A year and a half passed, a year and a half as a housewife. Meanwhile, she also became the mother of a young son, fondly known as "Skipper." (He still has no other name, though now four.) And she and Fred got along very well together.

"But housework and I didn't," Ellen admits. "I tried to like it, but I couldn't. At home all day, I felt sort of lost. Bored and lonely. 'Skipper' eased that feeling. But nothing eased the cooking. (Continued on page 90)
Richard Carlson is more inquisitive than Baby Snooks, as smart as a Phi Beta Kappa key and as talented as a star. Furthermore, Lady Luck is always hanging around.

WHEN they assigned Richard Carlson to play the Scotsman opposite Janet Gaynor in "The Young in Heart," and tried to persuade him that he'd sound more romantic as Richard Carlson or, better still, Carlton Richards, he said, "Carlson's a good name. I'll keep it."

His father was pleased by Richard's decision, and his father's pleasure is important to Richard. But that's not the whole of it. Every man is the product of his background. Not every man is as intelligently aware of his background as young Carlson. He was unwilling to repudiate it by so much as a symbol. He wasn't bent on being an actor, but if he was going to make a name for himself in any field, he wanted that name to be his own. Achievement by any other would smell less sweet.

You can't tell his story except in relation to his family—the father he loves and admires; the mother he teases and adores; his sister Margaret who died a year and a half ago but of whom they all talk as if she were still among them; his sister Ruth who came to New York to write, but met and married a charming Irishman instead; his brother Henry and Henry's wife and their baby Karen. Last Christmas Richard went from shop to shop, seeking the perfect winter outfit for Karen. "It's got to be something with extra dash," he told all the saleswomen. "It's for the nicest baby in the world, and I'm her uncle."

He has just acquired a relative even newer than his niece—his wife, Mona Mayfield Carlson. But we'll come to that later.

His emergence as an actor tickles his family, with his mother and sister giving freer vent to enthusiasm than their men folk. His first Broadway role was the cameraman in "Three Men on a Horse." All he had to do was chew gum and say, "Hold it." On opening night that speech was greeted by such applause from a single pair of hands that the cast was momentarily hushed, and the audience craned its collective neck to spot the disturbance. By that time his sister Ruth had all but crawled under the seat, wilted by the blush of shame she'd brought to her husband's and brother's cheeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlson were visiting their daughter in New York while Richard was in Hollywood, making "The Young in Heart."

"Mother and I," says Ruth, "would brazenly buy all the papers and skitter through them for Richard's name, as we rode downtown in the subway. I'd gasp and Mother'd lean over and I'd point to the spot where it said, 'Richard Carlson has been seen walking hand in hand with Janet Gaynor.' Mother'd make big eyes and I'd giggle, and Dad would sit across the aisle, trying to look as if we didn't belong to him."

Or they'd pause outside the theatre where "Whiteoaks" was playing, with Richard's picture still displayed among those of the other cast members.

"Oh, Mother," Ruth would call on a clear and silvery note. "They tell me this Richard Carlson has gone to Hollywood to make a picture with Janet Gaynor."

"Really? Which one is he? What a nice-looking boy! What did you say his name was? Richard Carlson?"

"I don't know you ladies," said Mr. Carlson severely, as they rejoined him halfway (Continued on page 64)
LANA TURNER is the most exciting girl in Hollywood today. Tomorrow, I prophesy, she'll be as talked about as Hedy Lamarr. If millionaires haven't dangled pearly promises before her yet, there's one sure bet—they will. Lana is one of those rare honeys. She is reminiscent of Clara Bow before Clara made her blunders. Already, at eighteen, she is the outstanding young lady on her studio lot, the foremost candidate there for spectacular stardom. That gives you an idea quickly. She has, in person, more beauty, fire and abandon than half-a-dozen of the other newcomers put together.

You know how frantically movie producers have been trying to manufacture fresh glamor queens to replace the old ones who've hung on so long. You know Ann Sheridan as a fine sample of the current high-pressure transformation stunt. Poor Annie, a Girl Scout by instinct if there ever was one! The pal type, she valiantly attempts to have a destiny. But too often she laughs in public over the tricks employed to prove she has extraordinary lure. Annie's strictly one more phony, as far as genuine glamor goes.

But Lana, now, is definitely no dreamed-up dish. Lana is the authentic stuff, with no effort. Men feel romantic about her in less time than it takes to tell. She once heard somebody mention the Girl Scouts but, by instinct, when she entered her 'teens, she was gravitating toward effective clothes. She knew she would always have a boy friend to build her a bonfire, so she concerned herself with the problem of how to wear a new dress to school every morning. Since, for some reason weird to her, she couldn't have a new ensemble each day, Lana philosophically made the most of being on such a spot. She busily made a habit of taking in a tuck here, and adding on there, and, magically, she managed to look intriguingly different constantly.

It's true she was born in the village of Wallace, Idaho, but she didn't remain in the sticks long. Her father, an accountant, died when Lana was very young, so her mother went to work in beauty salons. An only child, Lana was raised simply, and with no undue emphasis upon her own importance. Until you are introduced to her mother you don't understand why Lana's childish prettiness wouldn't have set her apart. Mrs. Turner, unlike the average overly-proud movie mamas, insists Lana was just like all the other kids. She had no acting ambition for her. It is apparent where Lana gets her calm acceptance of what would seem a trifle startling to most folks. Nothing has phased Lana yet.

The most obvious and the most surprising fact when you meet the curvaceous Turner, besides the honestly dazzling perfection of her features and her figure, is that she isn't paying the slightest bit of attention to the venerable Garbo, Shearer, Crawford patterns for success. Lana doesn't watch them. She has never asked a question about what they did. She never thinks, for instance, of what Joan would have done in a (Continued on page 98)
I LUNCHED with the Hardys the other day. I repeat, with the Hardys, for no sooner had I sat down to the table with them, than Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Sara Haden and Ann Rutherford became cosily the Judge, Ma Hardy, Andy, Marian, Aunt Milly and Polly Benedict.

There was the Judge serving the chicken, saying to Ma Hardy, "This is the part you like, isn't it, Mother?" And there was Ma Hardy reproving Andy because he was not eating his salad, and Andy, getting red in the face, casting a furtive glance around the table, saying edgily, "Aw, Maw, I don't like it."

There was Aunt Milly telling me that it's certainly a relief not to have to play a glamour woman in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" because when she "went glamour" in "The Hardys Ride High" she had to get up too early in the morning to "put on that girdle," and to fuss and worry over make-up and hairdressers.

"You looked wonderful in those clothes in "The Hardys Ride High," dear. Didn't she, James?" Ma Hardy spoke up.

The Judge, a glint of amusement in his shrewd, compassionate eyes, said, "You looked divine, Milly—too, too divine, as Marian here might put it."

"But I know just how Milly feels," Ma Hardy continued. "Before I was Ma Hardy—goodness, was there ever such a time!—I used to play very smart, sophisticated women on the stage. Even my stage name, Gaby Fay, was sophisticated. I had to mind my figure, too. But, now, I can just settle back for Ma Hardy would be the last to care. It's a much more comfortable life, this way," she laughed.

"When I call up my friends I find myself saying 'This is Ma Hardy speaking' and when my friends call me they almost always ask, 'Is Ma Hardy at home?'"

Aunt Milly told me, "I really do feel at home in the part of Aunt Milly, even though I am a married woman and have been for eighteen years. I never did have a home of my own, you know, my mother being on the stage (Sara Haden's mother is Charlotte Walker, long a fame-name on Broadway) and so I always lived in boarding schools or summered with relatives."

Providentially, every member of the Hardy family is almost exactly, in real life, what each member of the Hardy family seems to be. If the circumstances of their private lives differ in some respects from the circumstances of their public lives as the Hardys, that is no great matter. What matters is that their calibre is the same. Fay Holden, for instance, though married for twenty-five years, has no children of her own. But it has been often and rightly said that many a childless woman is more a mother at heart than many a woman with a brood of boys and girls.

Come along for a visit with the real members of this famous family! You'll
You can tell right off that Fay Holden is such a woman.

Take Lewis Stone. Mr. Stone lives on his ranch in the Valley, with its farmyard animals, its truck gardens, his workshop in which he tinkers through many a peaceful hour. "I keep farmyard animals," he said, "because I like the noises they make." Mr. Stone lives, quietly, the non-Hollywood life of a country squire even as the Judge, similarly situated, would live. The father of two grown daughters, Mr. Stone says, "I think I may lay claim to being somewhat like the Judge where my own children are concerned. At least," he laughed, "they never felt it necessary to say, 'Sic it, here comes Dad!'" Like the Judge, Mr. Stone accepts life as it ripens, content with maturity.

JUST A stone's throw away from Mr. Stone, Fay Holden and husband David Clyde are at home on their smaller ranch. "It's terribly rustic" says Fay, "with citrus and walnut groves and all the flowers that grow." Fay does her own gardening and is teaching Cecilia to garden, too. She fusses over recipes and admits that she just loves it when her one houseboy has his day off and she can get into the kitchen for "a good bout of cooking." She would not keep any servant at all if it were not for the considerable time she spends taking care of the young Hardys. Fay, too, is well content with growing older.

Then there is Cecilia Parker, who has been Mrs. Dick Baldwin "just a little over a year." Her little ranch is midway between Lewis Stone's and Fay Holden's, only a very short distance from Mickey Rooney's. Said Cecilia, "We all live in the Valley, all of us Hardys except Aunt Milly, here, and Polly, who isn't a Hardy anyway—at least, not yet." And Marian stuck out her tongue at Polly who promptly returned the compliment. "But all the rest of us, the Judge, Ma, Andy and I live within walking distance of each other. Ma and I are together, in real life, as much as we are in the life of the Hardys. We go marketing together every day. And when I had a birthday last week, Ma had a party for us. Before I was married, Ma and the Judge managed my love life for me. I used to run to them with all our lovers' quarrels and everything."

Mickey, you know, lives on his ranch with his mother, step-father and stand-in. There are farmyard animals there, too, making their homey noises, reminding those who live near them of the sturdy simplicities of life. And Mickey's real mother cooks for him, and waits up for him when he's out at night just as Ma Hardy does.

Sara Haden, while she lives in an apartment in town, is shopping for a ranch "near the folks," but meanwhile makes of her apartment a home for her business-man husband, cooking, putting up preserves, (Continued on page 70)
Pretty Paulette Goddard, whose strong and beautiful teeth are no small part of her flashing charm, has learned to guard them.

M a s s a g e
  gums gently-
  Tongue, too.

Dental floss
  cleans the
  crevices.

Swish mouth
  wash around
  vigorously.

Chewing
  gum is excel-
  lent exercise.

Their smiles are their for-
  tunes, so the stars are
  authorities on the subject—

H O L L Y W O O D ' S  W A Y  T O
L o v e l y  t e e t h

Y O U  M A Y ,  at  sundry  times,  have  been  disposed  to  poke  a  little  fun  at  the  glamour  and  glitter,  the  apparently  one-sided  stories  of  eternal  youth  and  health  and  gayety  that  trickle  out  of  Hollywood  via  the  pens  of  precocious  publicity  peddlers.  But  here's  something  you  can  put  in  your  five  year  diary  and  swear  by,  any  time  you  want  to:  The  gilded  gals  who  stay  the  longest,  go  the  farthest  and  leave  the  most  famous  footprints  in  the  slabs  at  Grauman's  Chinese  Theatre  are  the  ones  who've  learned  to  take  care  of  their  health  first,  last  and  all  the  time.  And,  if  you're  following  their  examples  in  hygiene  as  faithfully  as  you've  copied  their  styles  and  outward  appearances,  you're  smarter  and  more  sensible  than  grandma  may  ever  have  given  you  credit  for  being.

Take  the  matter  of  teeth,  for  instance.  Teeth  are  terribly  important,  not  only  to  good  looks,  but  to  good  health,  and  nobody  is  more  acutely  aware  of  this  than  the  girls  who  live  by  the  lens  in  Hollywood.  Imagine,  if  you  can,  girls  like  Paulette  God-
dard,  Deanna  Durbin,  Jeanette  Mac-
Donald,  Madeleine  Carroll  or  Pris-
cilla  Lane  without  the  flashing  sparkle  of  those  smiles!  Or  picture  their  smiles  without  good,  sound,  beautiful  teeth  behind  them!

"Oh,"  says  someone,  "lots  of  screen  stars  smile  at  you  through  master-
pieces  of  dental  artistry.  You  can't  tell  us  otherwise."

Certainly,  in  Hollywood  as  everywhere  else,  the  law  of  averages  is  still  working.  Right  here,  in  passing,  a  statistic  or  two  may  clear  up  a  lot  of  guessing.  Throughout  America,  where  dentistry  has  reached  its  highest  development,  the  average  person  of  twenty-five  has  already  lost  four  of  his  adult  teeth,  and  the  average  thirty-year-old  American  has  lost  seven  of  what  should  have  been  his  permanent  grinders.  But  we  might  add  for  your  enlightenment  that  the  standard  of  dental  perfection  in  Hollywood  is  much  higher  today  than  it  is  in  any  other  American  community.

One  place  where  these  glamour  lassies  are  undeniably  several  strokes  up  on  the  rest  of  us  is  in  the  care  that  they  give  to  their  precious  bicus-
pids,  molars  and  incisors.  In  that  respect  many  of  us  can  well  afford  to  be  copy-cats.

Teeth  were  well  designed  by  nature  to  do  the  work  cut  out  for  them—  that  is,  to  chew  the  solid  foods  we  eat.  Each  tooth  consists  of  three  sections:  the  crown,  which  lies  outside  the  gum  line;  the  roots,  which  lie  inside  and  the  neck,  where  crown  and  roots  come  together.  The  crown  is  covered  by  a  hard  enamel  and  the  roots  are  covered  with  cementum,  a  sort  of  bone-like  material.  Inside  all  this  is  the  dentine  which  is  a  softer,  more  vulnerable  substance.  And  away  inside  the  dentine  is  a  hollow  space  or  pulp  chamber  where  blood  vessels  and  nerves  hold  forth  in  a  soft,  spongy  substance.

Because  the  jaw  of  a  small  child  isn't  big  enough  to  hold  the  kind  of  teeth  an  adult  is  going  to  need  later  on,  ingenious  old  Mother  Nature  first  gives  us  twenty  baby  teeth  which  start  putting  (Continued  on  page  72)
DEFINITELY DYNAMITE!

Tranquil Frances Dee is really the high-voltage shock of Hollywood

FRANCES DEE would have been perfect as Scarlett! No less an authority than George Cukor, the sophisticate who quit directing Vivien Leigh to wrestle with the cast of "The Women," said so. The only times Frances, herself, ever felt heart and soul in a role was when she was enacting her unpublicized test as La O'Hara. But Frances Dee as that tempestuous, self-willed girl? The eyes and ears of David Selznick were no match for the audacity of the idea. So instead of returning to the screen as the southern siren, Frances was once more cast as "the girl" in a noble drama of the coast guard boys.

Far more than any other woman in Hollywood Frances isn't what she seems to be. On the surface she has succeeded in creating a certain envied impression. She is forever being branded the model for all the modern virtues. Such a pretty thing, and so dignified! Progressing so sanely in pictures! What if they don't consider her sensational? This fall she'll have been married six years to one of the handsomest, most admirable men in the movies. She has two adorable little sons. She lives in comfort.

Astonishingly, Frances, herself, debates upsetting the sedate reputation that has somehow been pinned on her. Because—and this is the first time you have ever read this—all those dull adjectives laid on her with gentle sighs have been appalling misfits!

The truth is that she has all the makings of a prima donna. Contrary to general opinion, she isn't docile; she's unpredictable. She measures her life in emotional big moments, not on any neat little lines in memo books tucked away in efficient desks. Her marriage hasn't lasted thanks to figured-out do's and don'ts. Actually restless, she has no ability for the humdrum. The adventurous streak within her has been kept unknown to the world because she doesn't know how to express herself. She's sure of only one thing—that Joel and the two children are the anchor she needs as a stabilizer in her life.

Once more she is dallying with the daring notion of throwing boldly aside the tranquil front. The actresses who speak up get the spotlight and Frances goes on suppressing her natural self. Only

Joel and a handful of friends realize how she could skyrocket. There is nothing saccharine in her, and there is definitely dynamite. Frances will make a terrific uproar when she learns how to be completely herself.

So far she has been perpetually cast as a passively pretty heroine but, in reality, she could tempt any man and would—if she felt like it. She may seem demure frequently; to date she has held herself pretty well under control. But she is one of those rare women who could wreck important men's lives and enjoy a fine whirl doing so. She has all the urges for provoking fate, instinctively wants to take a chance.

Luckily for Joel, her riotously romantic nature had a bunch someone like himself would materialize. Having been perverse enough to flirt but wait, she still is thrilled with his love.

Substitute excitable for calm, emotional for staid, reckless for cautious, confused in lieu of content, and you begin to suspect what really goes on with Frances Dee McCrea. She's so different from her limited movie personality that it's Frances who's the one in Hollywood who is truly a high-voltage shock.

She can't follow schedules. She tries, once in a while, to stick to some sort of plan she and Joel agree is very intelligent, but she becomes hopelessly balled up before long and muddles through hoping against hope that everything will turn out all right. She and Joel have a home on their ranch, but she would rather rent than build a town house because one place of their own is sufficient responsibility. You can't map her days. She's spontaneous, and always as late as she is sudden and unpredictable.

She has a temper which seizes her and shakes her in stubborn behavior. Two top directors can testify to this. She caused scenes with both of them because she was late and, feminine-like, resented being reprimed. She intends to be on time, but can't get (Continued on page 68)
'ROUND TOWN

Here are pictured hot Hollywood happenings at their candid best

When the "Comedians vs. Leading Men" played their annual baseball game, Shirley Temple arrived with three escorts. The gentleman on her right, Jean Hersholt, needs no introduction, but the other "boys" are the Temple bodyguards. As usual, little Miss T. was the hit of the party.

The lady who's doing all the drinking is called Daisy. Her companions are (l. to r.) Lucille Ball, Warren William and Binnie Barnes. They're interested in the game, but her mind is on refreshment. Daisy evidently believes that leading men can easily make comedians of themselves!

George Burns and Gracie Allen make the rounds of the night spots after a long vacation in New York. It looks as if they're greeting everybody at once. Gracie is rushing the season, what with her smart, early Fall chapeau and beautiful fox jacket. That's a novel bracelet she's wearing.

PHOTOS BY JULES BUCK
Bette Davis with two of the “Seeing Eye” beneficiaries. The handsome dogs look each other over appraisingly.

Claudette Colbert seems to have everything but an escort. Her husband invariably leaves her flat when the cameraman appears. Is that nice?

Eddie Robinson, Harold Lloyd and Mervyn LeRoy comprise an impromptu orchestra. Eddie wields a mean baton—at least it’s silent!

Shirley Ross is fishing the Troc or something out of Hubby Ken Dolan’s eye. He seems pretty brave about it, too. These are one of Hollywood’s “happiest marrieds.” Shirley’s the star and Ken is her excellent agent.
The Gary Coopers leave the Troc after a gay evening. The occasion was a farewell party before they journeyed east.

Baby Dumpling and his pal, Daisy, appeared at the "Comedians vs. Leading Men" game. The young gentleman's real name is Larry Simms and he is a very important member of the "Blondie" cast. Daisy has herself a nice career, too.

Virginia Bruce, Stuart Erwin and Don Ameche stage a last-minute rehearsal for a radio program. Nobody seems a bit nervous, do they? But then, this is truly an experienced and talented trio, to say the least.
Here we have our English cousins broadcasting. L. to r., Greer Garson, Leslie Howard, Vivien Leigh, Ronald Colman and Basil Rathbone. A fine array of talent, huh?

Mary Astor and Kay Francis talk things over at the Trocadero. It looks as if the costume jewelry season is on—and smart stuff, too! A nifty necklace on Kay? Yes, indeed!

Cesar Romero's latest girl friend is Laurie Lane. She's a contract player destined to go places, if talent and beauty count for anything. Mr. R. is a beau-a about town-a.
Meet the Roger Pryors—she’s Ann Sothern, who’s just made that big movie comeback. If you haven’t seen Ann in “Maisy,” hurry! Paula Stone is now Mrs. Duke Daly. Here’s her wedding party. Top row: Johnny Downs, Terry Hunt, Fred Stone, John Payne and Harry Hoit. Front row: Anne Shirley, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone, Duke Daly, Carol Stone and Natalie Draper. A grand wedding party!

Bill Lundigan and Joy Hodges are a new twosome. Here they are attending a preview. In fact, they do the town together.
Jules Buck, our doesn’t-miss-a-click cameraman, gives you gay and social Moviedom.

Chester Morris offers attractive Muriel Campbell a cigarette.

Tony Martin and wife, Alice Faye. Fancy head-dress you have there, Miss F.!

Don Ameche, a veteran, keeps up Ginger Rogers’ morale before a broadcast.

Bob Cobb, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick and James Cagney put on their best faces.

The Nelson Eddys—as grinning a pair of newlyweds as you could find.

Claire Trevor and Virginia Field have a chit-chat over a limeade.

“Isn’t she a beauty!” Anne Shirley and Hubby John Payne shake to make it good.

Joel McCrea and Pat O’Brien study radio scripts. Pat looks a bit nervous!

Robert Taylor takes a lesson in table art from teacher, Joan Blondell.

George Murphy tells Ann Sothern what a knockout she was in “Maisie.”

June Lang and Brian Aherne—a good looking twosome at La Conga.

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Cut-up Jack Oakie and Venita Varden, Mrs. O., have dinner at Cafe Marcel.

A team that'll bowl 'em over—Jane Wyman, Rosemary Lane and Gloria Dickson.

Lee Garlow and Wendy Barrie at a new night spot, The Plantation.

The Eddie G. Robinsons play the horses at Hollywood Park. Buck up, Eddie!

The young Doug Fairbankses answer the call of our cameraman.

Rena, Helen Morgan's daughter, and Jackie Searl hear Helen at Marcel's.

The bets are still on as to whether Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are married.

Stuart Erwin and the missus, June Collyer, have fun at Cafe Lamazé.

Two swell Brits—Madeleine Carroll and David Niven—dine out.

Some smile it takes to keep up with the Allan Joneses. She's Irene Hervey.

Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart—a pair well worth wondering about.

Alex D'Arcy and Arleen Whelan are holding hands these evenings.

Buck up, Eddie!
MYRNA’S FACE VALUE

Know what is Arthur Hornblow’s favorite picture of his wife? Her passport picture, with every freckle faithfully accounted for! Pressed for time after deciding on her recent European trip, Myrna Loy had one of the studio cameramen make a photograph of her. But she had to go through the regular proceedings after all, when notified by the authorities that the studio picture wouldn’t do. Uncle Sam, too, preferred the real un-retouched Myrna.

A CITY SLICKER

For a scene in “Dust Be My Destiny” John Garfield had to milk a cow. He protested that he couldn’t do it, since seeing a cow from a train window was the nearest he’d ever come to one. The director finally won him over on the plea that it was for art’s sake, and a technical director was called in to give Garfield a few lessons. Asked how he got along with the first lesson, the star said, “Oh, I got a kick out of it. Several of them, in fact.” But it wasn’t all hard work on the picture. Garfield and Priscilla Lane had eight love scenes, requiring an average of four kisses per scene. That makes 32 kisses, but each scene was shot on an average five times, bringing the actual kissing score up to 160. Garfield told Pat that his list of advantages of being a movie star was now increased exactly 160 times.

THE TAILWAGGERS

Not so much as a single star sapphire does Bette Davis own to add to her happiness and confidence in herself. Instead, she’s making investments that will bring happiness and confidence into the lives of many people who might otherwise never know the meaning of those words. It is through the Tailwagger’s Guide Dog Foundation, which the star is sponsoring. She has just opened the new home in the valley where the “Seeing Eye” dogs will be trained as caretakers for the blind. The foundation also furnishes room and board for those to whom the dogs will be given, since the new owners must spend a month at least familiarizing themselves with their new companions. Did you see the picture of Bette and the “Seeing Eye” on page 48? Nice?

MYRNA’S FACE VALUE

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THE TAYLORS STEP OUT

With everyone leaving town on vacations, the Robert Taylors are sticking close to home and the new swimming pool. When they do venture out, it is to an occasional baseball game. But after their team won the other day, they were feeling in such an extra special mood that it was decided to carry on to the Tropicadero. Since Felix Young re-opened this popular night-spot, there has been a rigid rule that no one gets within its sacred and expensive portals except in evening dress. But the Taylors decided to test the rule, rather than go all the way home to change from their sports clothes. They marched past the doorman and ran the gauntlet of disapproving waiters, finally gaining a table from the frowning headwaiter. “Whew,” said Bob, “there’s another point in favor of being movie stars, Barbara. We’re squelched, but at least not thrown out.” And they had a swell evening!

BETTE’S BEAUX

Though Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson were seen together several times when he made that recent Hollywood trip, it looks like George Brent remained leading man in the Davis life. At least when she took a few days’ vacation in the mountains, it was to Brent that Bette entrusted the care of her pet spaniel, Tibby. Brent wandered into Grace Hayes’ night-spot one evening, with Tibby tucked under his arm and ran into Harmon Nelson just leaving the place. The two exchanged glares over Tibby’s head before continuing on their various ways.

LAUGHTON’S MAKE-UP

“Busiest man in Hollywood” is Charles Laughton’s rightful title. For the make-up under consideration for him to use in “The Hunchback of Notre Dame” required endless hours of experimentation. For a week during a heat spell, the studio took pity on the actor and allowed him to arrive at the studio at nine at night and be a quinea pig until two or three in the morning. Now, at last, the make-up’s been decided to everyone’s satisfaction, including Laughton’s. He was holding out for something that didn’t make him look like Boris Karloff. But the present make-up won’t make the girls fall in love with him the minute he appears on the screen, either. In fact, according to the actor, it may scare the government out of its ten weeks’ salary.

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are still seen together constantly, but you can discount those matrimonial rumors. “We like each other—VERY much,” says Universal’s million dollar baby, “but neither Paul nor I are developing a sense of Yuma.”

BASEBALL FANS

Hollywood turned out en masse to cheer on the “Comedian Vs. Leading Men” baseball game the other Sunday. Shirley Temple, in a box with her mother and father, found that stiff competition was given her by Baby Dumpling and Daisie, who held out in an adjoining box. And Hugh Herbert garnered considerable attention, too. His actions were so quiet and un-Herbertlike when the teams were warming up, that the players wondered if he was ill. “Shhh,” whispered Herbert, “give me a break. I
Think a type admirer Such side the those Dick time secret ary. long scare puppet Mounties another. her its the con- newcomer a fact protect U. now party place, It's nice Shirley's a the Metro, raised All! were "He's "Susannah C. on Two rumpus didn't date first bright Baldwins the girl premieres the role a talent scout found her singing in a night club, Mary had a regular job by day as a secretary. No, she doesn't pretend to have even been interested in secretarial work, but it was steady work and a girl never knows!

DATELESS ROMERO
Cesar Romero was spotted at the Trocadero the other evening, all alone and looking gloomy. "What have I got to look happy about?" he asked a sympathizer. "I couldn't get a date with anyone." And across the room was Ann Sheridan with John Conti—who looked anything but gloomy about the situation.

GREEN'S EXCLUSIVE
Thinking the exuberant fans at premieres would frighten their English actress, Metro arranged that every precaution should be taken to protect Greer Garson when she attended the "Beau Geste" opening. A publicity man from the studio whisked her out a side door after the picture, and into her car at the curb. The chauffeur put an all-speed ahead and in no time flat the crowds were blocks behind. "Guess that was done pretty well, eh?" beamed her protector. "Well, yes," said Miss Garson doubtfully. "But you know I didn't sit under a dryer three hours this afternoon just for you and the chauffeur to admire my coiffure."

FAMILY FRIENDSHIP
There's genuine devotion between mother and daughter in the Hardy family of the screen. When Cecilia Parker married Dick Baldwin she chose Fay Holden's wedding anniversary as the date, and also asked her to stand up with her. So it was a gala celebration the other day when the date rolled around again. Fay Holden and her husband, Andy Clyde, gave a party to celebrate their silver wedding anniversary and the fact that the Dick Baldwins had weathered one year of Hollywood matrimony. Congratulations to all!

HOORAY! BILL'S BACK!
When Bill Powell reported for work on the set at Metro, he was met by a welcoming party of electricians, cameramen, directors and actors from all over the lot. And there was a wire from Spencer Tracy, on location for "Northwest Passage" in Idaho. "When I was there to extend a welcome in person," it read, "and also have lunch with you. It's your turn to buy it today." Tracy and Powell used to lunch together daily, taking turns at paying the check. That last lunch which the friends had on the studio lot was two years ago. Two years is a long time for any actor to be off the screen, but friends and fans have proved that a Bill Powell is never forgotten.

SHIRLEY FEUDING?
There are rumors abroad that Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Twentieth Century-Fox are having words. Her parents think Shirley should

Bette Davis holds forth on her favorite subject—The Tail-waggers Foundation.
day decided to get an idea of what the boys had gone through by a trial jump. At an altitude of several thousand feet, he took off over the side. Explaining his reactions, Jimmy said, "It was pretty far, all right. For enough down to give me time to make up my mind I wasn't the joiner type."

**NIVEN MAGIC**

Since David Niven has gone into "Eternally Yours" as a magician, he's become so interested in the art of tricks that most of his spare time is now spent in dreaming up new stunts. Even the time necessarily devoted to driving his car isn't wasted by Niven. He has a gadget on the rear end of the machine which leaves people in following cars in open-mouthed surprise. It's a tin mamkin, mechanically operated by the driver, which gives a razzberry and sticks out its tongue simultaneously at drivers when they make errors in traffic regulations. Well, whether you believe it or not, the idea's novel!

![Jeanette MacDonald looks pretty happy after her late triumphant concert tour.](image)

**THE WINNAH!**

Following the last scene of "Frontier Marshall" the director invited the cast and crew to a party at his home. He said it would be a wild one, since the picture had been one of the wildest ever filmed at the studio and he thought the guests needed something quieting after all the gun-fire and Indian massacres. So the high point of the day was a croquet match, with Cesar Romero, who had just finished his wickedest role to date, coming off with the championship.

**MORE ON "G. W. T. W."**

Most welcome news of a "completion party" for a picture came from Selznick studios. On one of the "Gone With The Wind" stages, refreshments were served and all who had worked on the picture were invited to come. Carole Lombard came, anyhow. Said her sense of curiosity drove her to it, since she'd never believe it was actually happening without seeing it with her own eyes. Cameraman Fred Parrish, who had made a record with 6000 stills on this one picture, arrived to take a few more of the party. But Cabelly insisted he put down the camera and relax. "As it is," Gable pointed out, "you'll probably be snap-happy for the rest of your days." We can believe it!

**DON, TY'S STAND-IN?**

At Fox studios, the men on the lot have, bowling teams sponsored by certain of the stars. Other evening when they were planning a tournament, it was found that the Tyrone Power team was a man short. Don Ameche offered to step in and help the boys out. So he donned the team's costume—a coat with "Tyrone Power" written on it—and decided to go ahead of the rest to the alleys for some practice. Two boys waylaid him on the way in, "How about your autograph, Mr. Power?" they asked. Ameche, telling the story, said their faces fell three inches when he turned around. So he autographed their books, "Best wishes always, Ty Power." By his stand-in, Don Ameche. The boys thanked him, and one added "You mean well, anyway, Mr. Ameche."

**SHE'S A SMARTIE**

When Alice Faye had to face custard pies in her pass for "Hollywood Cavalcade," the studio make-up man decided to make her a transparent rubber mask. But Alice said she wouldn't wear it, she would take the pie right in the face like the old-timers. But she wasn't being a noble trooper, she later divulged. Since technicolor make-up is hard on the skin, it can only be applied twice a day. Alice had it all figured out that therefore only two pies could be hurled, instead of the 36 which she had seen arrive from the commissary.

**A PERSONAL APPEARANCE**

After completion of "Hollywood Cavalcade," Alice joined Tony Martin in San Francisco, where he was making personal appearances. She gave thousands of dollars of her services to lucky theatre managers, for she appeared briefly on the stage with Tony at each show. But it was worth it, according to the star, since maybe it will help to squash the idea that she and Tony have again come to the parting of the ways. "Sometimes I think it might be a good idea," mused Alice, "to issue a daily bulletin on our marital state to the public."

**IT'S HEREDITARY**

Now we know where Jane Withers gets all that pep. It's from Grammaw. The nightly-one-year-old lady has returned to her native Georgia, but is already making preparations for another Hollywood filing. Says she'll really make the town hum next time, and has post-aged Edward Arnold to speed up on his rink-song practice or she'll give him an even worse trouncing on her next trip! She's a peppy gal!

**HE'S A LINGUIST**

Nelson Eddy hasn't had a moment to call his own since starting work on "Balalaika." He's been kept busy brushing up on the many languages which are necessary for his vocal numbers. He'll sing "The Volga Boatman" in Russian, "Silent Night" in German and selections from "Carmen" in French. For an Hungarian folk song, he's been practicing that language with Ilona Massey, his leading lady in the picture. Hungarian, according to Eddy, is one of the most difficult languages he's ever tackled. But he wouldn't consider it too difficult to talk to Miss Massey in any language. And, from all reports, nobody would! She's that lovely.

**MEET PROF. FLYNN**

The first evening after his father's arrival in town, Errol Flynn took him out for a look at Hollywood's night life. At the Trocafero several people gathered around the Flynn table, chaired by Professor Flynn, who is Dean of Science at Queen's University of Belfast. Johnny Meyers, who is one of Flynn's constant companions listened in amazement to the Professor's last, clipped English speech, finally leaning over to Errol and asking, "Say, what's your old man giving us—double talk?"

**JOE'S HOME TOWN**

When an usher at the Joe E. Brown broadcast asked for tickets from a family group who wanted to see the show, he found out they had none. They were from Toledo, explained the father, and didn't know tickets were necessary. Joe E. Brown was rushing past them, but stopped and said, "Toledo—Toledo, OHIO? Why, folks, come right in!" He ushered the astounded parents and three children into the front row of the broadcasting studio and then introduced them to the entire audience, saying they were just typical tourists, staying in an auto court," explained Joe E. "But they're not typical at all. Why, they're from Toledo, my home town!"

Ana Louise, once Movietown’s dermisest, is now the gayest in all the night spots.

That's a right, nifty hair wave Dick Powell is featuring this season, don't you think?
town! Small wonder that the Joe E. Brown fans don't forget.

Mae West and W. C. Fields have finally come to an amicable settling of screen play difficulties and have now quietly settled down to stealing scenes from each other, while attractive Hitler says that if spontaneous combustion doesn't occur on the West-Fields picture, he's going to broach the subject with his studio of having the Ritz Brothers and the Marx Brothers co-starring.

**GABLE'S PAL**

Clark Gable is still seeing the girl friend to whom he was so devoted on the "Gone With The Wind" set. She is Cammie King, four-year-old who won the role of Bonnie Blue Butler. From the moment Gable and Cammie laid eyes on one another they were pals, and before long the director found it much simpler to give directions for Cammie's scenes to the star, who would pass the word along to the child. Incidentally, on completion of the picture, Gable was one happy man. He was given a $100,000 bonus check and permission to get a haircut—his first in seven months. Incidentally, did you read "Heigh-ho, Scarlet!" on page 347? Well, you simply must!

**HER SHOPPING SPREE**

Vivien Leigh had another objective in New York besides seeing Laurence Olivier. She wanted to go on a clothes spree. Vivien had been kept so busy on "Gone With The Wind" that she had little use for any clothes except slacks and shirts, which were worn to work and to the occasional movie which she took in for relaxation. Sunny Alexander, the English actress' escort, did all the shopping necessary for the Leigh wardrobe during this time. Vivien didn't buy so much as a stitch in six months, setting some kind of a record among womankind.

**BOYER'S PUBLIC**

Charles Boyer won fans right and left on the Universal lot. While visiting "The Under-Paris" set one day, the yells for "Autograph, please, Mr. Boyer," from the twenty-five children in the picture were louder than the yells which daily greet the ice-cream man.

Irene Dunne, co-starred with Boyer in "Modern Cinderella" is another fan. According to her, the French actor could dramatize a comma.

**REAL FARMERS**

Don't believe for a minute that the Clark Gables aren't serious about their farming. They have just purchased ten acres adjoining their property. One reason for buying up the additional property was that it included a hilltop where tourists hung out for a view of the Gable ranch. But the main reason was that Gable has his heart set on an orange grove, and has already planted hundreds of trees on the new acreage. Dyed-in-the-wool farmers might think that many of the gadgets of the Gable ranch are somewhat fantastic, but both Carole Lombard and her husband swear that the latest improvement is highly practical. It is a sound-proof chicken coop!

**GRacie's in AGAIN**

Gracie Allen won the prize at a recent rehearsal when the cast of the radio show were vying for first place in silly stories. She told about the Chinese student who was so anxious to perfect his American manners that he spent every evening studying an etiquette book. His first opportunity to try out the new set of manners came at a party given for the Dean. When a cup of tea was passed to him, the student said, "Thank you, sir or madame, as the case may be."

**MICKEY'S MOUSTACHE**

Mickey Rooney is the most excited person in town, since hearing that he will go to England for "Yank at Dian." He has plans to surprise the English by a moustache, which will be grown en route. Being ribbed about his plans on the "Babes In Arms" set one day, Mickey said, "Okay, okay, have your fun. But I'll bet anyone here ten bucks that I get off the boat with a moustache. And with no make-up man standing by with reinforcements, either."

**A REEL BREAK**

Are you wondering about the attractive Helen Gilbert, who made such a hit in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever"—her first picture? Her own story is good enough to film—for she was discovered by W. S. Van Dyke, while playing the cello in the Metro orchestra. The director told her she was much too pretty to hide behind a cello and finally persuaded her into a screen test. Now there's talk of her appearing as leading lady in Robert Taylor's "Florian." It all comes under the heading of Too Good To Be True, but Helen's not keeping her fingers crossed. She'd like to be a movie star, of course, but with her musical career and her happy marriage to another musician she was perfectly happy before this prospect ever loomed.

**SNAPPY CHAUFFEURS**

Check it off to rumor that the Gene Markleys aren't as devoted as ever. From the looks of things, Hedy is more smitten with her husband's charms each day. For now that she's finished "Lady of the Tropics," she drives Markley to the studio every morning and appears on the dot of six to pick him up every evening. The best looking blonde chauffeur in town belongs to Frank Ross, Vice-President of Hal Roach studios. The station wagon which brings him to the studio daily is driven by his wife, Jean Arthur.

**WHY, MR. DUCK!**

St. Louis friends report this story on Walt Disney. On a recent trip there, Mr. Disney was approached by a young lady who inquired why Donald Duck had not been properly named Donald Drake. Disney hesitated for a moment, then said, "Well, it's a delicate subject. There was a scandal, you see, and Donald decided to use his mother's name."

**THEY'RE ALLERGIC!**

Seems that every star has developed an allergy in her day—whether actually or for publicity purposes. Jeanette MacDonald can't have orchids around her without suffering hay fever attacks, Martha Raye is allergic to dogs, Deanna Durbin can't stand roses, and so on, ad nauseum. But here's a bona fide allergy, which caused Lya Lys to lose the best chance of her career. She was scheduled as Paul Mun's leading lady in "We Are Not Alone," but was allergic to his moustache. (Continued on page 104)
Una Merkel and Bob Young talk over their careers. Bob's doing fine these days, but poor Una—not so good!

Right, are four important stars on a recent radio program. L. to r., Mickey Rooney, Rosemary Lane, Rudy Vallee and Joan Bennett. There you have thousands of dollars' worth of talent at a glance!

Donald Briggs and Barbara Read are members of the active younger set. They're always featured "among those present" at good parties and previews, which makes them a very busy duo these days.
LADY ESTHER SAYS—

"Join the Revolt against Heavy Creams—and keep your Accent on Youth!"

"Trust to youth to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you'll find a rebellion against heavy, waxy creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!"

"Why cling to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look) . . . waxy creams that leave skin shiny? My 4-Purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your accent on youth!"

"Our rapid, modern living gives your face cream more work—a different kind of work to do. Heavy, waxy creams aren't as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that's why modern girls have swung to my cream as the one cream for their skin."

Life's delightful moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be yours with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin "young skin care." Help it be beautiful always and you'll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.

Lady Esther urges you to make this "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW

For the sake of your own appearance . . . to help keep yourself from looking older than you really are...make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test"!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you're at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, rinse it off well and look at your cleansing tissue.

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 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams FAIL TO GET!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without any harsh pulling 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), Put more accent on your YOUTH!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (48)

LADY ESTHER,
7110 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.)
Hedy Lamarr with Hubby Gene Markey. Wouldn't you like to see La Belle in a talkie instead of a still picture? See how much she and Joan look alike!

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, above left, are being seen once more. For a while it looked as if Woolworth Donahue had cut Mr. W. out.

Norma Shearer entertains Orson Welles and Helen Hayes. How do you like the gent who scared Jersey, the Man from Mars and the hope of the Little Theatre?

Franchot Tone and Loretta Young make an attractive pair. Mr. T. isn't one bit worried about his "Ex's" activities these evenings. He's very gay, too.
Modern Screen

Modess Announces New Comfort for You... "Moisture Zoning!"

Women have always had this haunting worry when wearing a sanitary napkin—"Am I all right?" They've had to ask friends, or seek a mirror to be sure. Could a napkin be devised which would help to relieve that worry?

Women have often had this discomfort—a chafing when walking or dancing—because the moist outer edges of the napkin rubbed against tender flesh. Could a napkin be devised whose edges would stay dry for a longer time?

Scientists set to work to defeat these two handicaps to women's freedom and comfort. Experiment followed experiment. Test followed test. At last, after years of research... a discovery and its perfection...!

Today—Miracle Modess! At any dealer's, you can now buy the new Miracle Modess. Its unique new feature—"Moisture Zoning"—acts to zone moisture—hold it inside the pad. The edges of the napkin stay dry, soft, chafe-free, longer than ever before!

Yes, Miracle Modess is a miracle of comfort! Its downy "fluff-type" filler makes it SOFTER. Its "Moisture Zoning" keeps edges dry longer! And in addition, Modess is SAFER. For "Moisture Zoning" gives greater absorbency—and this, with Modess' moisture-resistant backing, helps you forget to worry.

Today, buy the Napkin of Tomorrow—Modess. In the same blue box. At the same low price.
MODERN SCREEN

Binnie Barnes' Apple Recipes

APPLE GEM PIE

1 (14 oz.) can pineapple gems
1 tablespoon cornstarch
3/4 cup light brown sugar

Turn contents of pineapple can into colander to drain. Add the resulting syrup to cornstarch slowly and stir until smooth. Add sugar and nutmeg. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth, clear and thickened. Cool. Place apple slices in a circle around the outer edge of a pie pan lined with rich pastry. Place pineapple in a circular row next to the apples then fill center of pie with apple slices. Cover fruits with the syrup. Cut 4 strips of pastry about 3/4-inch wide and place across pie to form the spokes of a wheel. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) until done. Serve hot or cold. Delicious served à la mode, with a topping of vanilla or pineapple ice cream.

SOUTHERN APPLESAUCE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening
1/4 cup light brown sugar
1 egg
1 1/2 cups applesauce
1 teaspoon soda

Cream shortening and sugar together thoroughly. Add beaten egg, then the applesauce. Mix well. Fill flour mixture with applesauce and sift again. Add flour mixture to applesauce, stirring thoroughly. Rinse raisins in hot water, drain and dry thoroughly. Sprinkle raisins with reserved flour, add to cake batter together with nuts. Beat well. Turn into two greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) approximately 30 minutes or until cake tester inserted in center of layers comes out clean. Turn out on wire cake rack to cool. Cut together with the following:

Frosting and Filling: Melt 2 tablespoons butter over low heat. Remove from heat, add 3 tablespoons cream, a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Gradually stir in 2 cups confectioners' sugar, more or less, until of right consistency to spread. Divide into 2 portions. To one of these add 1/4 cup chopped nut meats and 3 tablespoons applesauce. When thoroughly blended spread between layers of cake. Cover top and sides with remaining mixture. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, if desired.

STUFFED APPLE SALAD

1/2 cup sugar
1 (3 oz.) package cream cheese
1/4 cup water
1/4 cup red cinnamon candies
4 large firm apples

Cook together the sugar, water and candy for 5 minutes. Core apple generously, peel and place them in the syrup. Cover and cook until apples are tender but not falling apart, turning frequently, so that they are equally well cooked and equally red on all sides. Remove apples from syrup, chill them thoroughly, place in lettuce cups. Moisten cream cheese with cream or milk, working it with a fork until light and fluffy. Add nut meats. Fill centers of apples with this mixture. Top with a dash of mayonnaise or cooked dressing. These apples should resemble tomatoes. If the color does not become deep enough during cooking add more cinnamon candies.

Red cinnamon drops can be purchased at most grocery stores, or red cinnamon hard candy can be purchased at candy stores.

APPLE CAKE PUDDING

8 medium-sized cooking apples
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

Peel and core apples. Cut into eighths. Mix the 1/2 cup sugar with cinnamon and nutmeg. Combine with apples and turn into greased baking dish. Cover and bake in hot oven (400°F) 15 minutes. Meanwhile make cake batter, as follows: Break eggs into a bowl and beat with rotary beater until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, then the salt and vanilla. Stir in the boiling water. Add flour which has been sifted, measured, and sifted again with the baking powder. Fold in flour gently so that no dry flour remains. Spread this batter carefully over the partially cooked apples, return to moderate oven (350°F) and bake, uncovered, 45 minutes longer or until cake tester comes out clean. Serve hot with slightly sweetened whipped cream or with a Hard Sauce or Lemon Sauce. Serves 6 to 8.
Cosmetic Skin spoils a girl's chances of romance!

WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?

Sally asks Irene Dunne

Cosmetic Skin spoils a girl's chances of romance!

It's important to use a soap that's really good for the skin. Why don't you use Lux Toilet Soap as I do?

Lux Toilet Soap removes stale cosmetics thoroughly. It has active lather.

Star of Universal's "When Tomorrow Comes"

Clever Girls follow Irene Dunne's Advice—

I wouldn't dream of neglecting my bedtime complexion care. It's foolish to risk cosmetic skin.

This active lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly—helps keep skin soft and smooth.

It's wonderful to have Bill so adoring! I feel like a queen!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

"I use cosmetics, of course," says lovely Irene Dunne. "But I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly." This gentle soap has active lather that helps guard against cosmetic skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that result from choked pores. Soft, smooth, lovable skin makes a girl attractive—wins romance and holds it. Make Hollywood's beauty care your beauty care, too!
down the block. None of this for him!

"That's all right, dear. We know you. You're Richard Carlson's father. We heard you bragging about him to Mr. Smith for an hour on end last night."

There has always been a special bond between the elder Carlson and his younger son. Richard," says Ruth, "is what the rest of us might have been and aren't."

Her father rejects the notion that any of his children aren't exactly as he likes them. "Just the same," Ruth points out, "Richard was graduated summa cum laude. The rest of us? Summa cum nix."

Richard inherited from his father an absorbing curiosity about life in all its manifestations. From the time he was two and asked who made it snow and was told, "God," and commented appreciatively, "Good for God," he has said, "Why, Daddy?" more consistently than Fanny Brice. He perfumed the house with his chemistry experiments. For three weeks the family laundry had to wait while he built a glider in the basement among the wash tubs. To his mother's terror and his father's delight, the glider actually worked for a moment or two. With a couple of friends he organized the Rock of Ages Insurance Company to insure mothers' thimbles and fathers' watch-charms. With three dollars in the treasury, the company declared bankruptcy and descended on the drug store to gorge itself with ice cream sodas. He shared a passion for music with his sister Margaret, and would stand beside the radio for an hour at a time, helping great orchestra leaders conduct their symphonies.

His greatest passion, also inherited, was for words. His paternal grandfather was a carpenter and itinerant Baptist minister. During the week he built houses, and took Sundays off to preach at the building site. Richard's father is a lawyer, with a reverence for learning in general, and for Shakespeare and the Bible in particular. He commenced to his children a boyhood habit of his own.

"When you meet a new word, look it up, then use it till it's part of your vocabulary. Some day you'll find that swell and 'rotten' aren't enough." Of them all, only Richard took to the idea—with such warmth that when his mother went up to turn out the lights in the boys' room, she generally had to dislodge the dictionary or encyclopedia from under his ear.

From the small town of Albert Lea, Minnesota, they moved to Minneapolis. "My father," says Richard, "saw this brood of kids coming up, whom he had to put through college. So he pulled up stakes and started all over again at forty-five. Courage, I call it."

In high school Richard decided there was nothing worth learning. This was a measure of self-defense. He'd discovered a world of extra-curricular activities which left no time for books. He was class president, head of the dramatic club, editor of the school paper. He played football, he wrote a column called "Richard's Poor Almanac," he fell in love with a black-haired, blue-eyed Irish beauty named Kate and walked home with her every night for four years. "The boy's brilliant," the principal complained to his father, "but he won't settle down." By dint of not working, he managed to squeak through with C's. He had a wonderful time.

By the time he was ready for college, his ambitions had crystallized. He wanted to write. A professorship would give him time for writing. A good scholarly record would help him toward a professorship. To his friends, the notion of Richard's buckling down to work bordered on the fantastic. They said, "Yah!" Richard grinned, and plunged into work with the concentrated energy which is his gift. That he still had some energy left over for non-academic pursuits is indicated by his mother's reaction to a phone call he made from his frat house at eleven one night during his junior year. It went like this:

"May I speak to Dad, Mother?"

"He's in bed. What's the matter?"

"Nothing much. But get him up, will you?"

"Oh, Richard, what have you done now—Henry—she woke her sleeping husband. "It's Richard, Henry. He's got himself into another mess, I know. I can tell by his voice."

Mr. Carlson went to the phone. "Just heard I made Phi Beta Kappa, Dad. Wanted you to be the first to know."

"That's fine, son," his father chuckled.
"I knew you would," As indeed he did.

During senior year he announced his engagement to a girl named Jean. On graduation day he walked off with $2500 in prize money. He decided that the juxtaposition of these two events had been arranged by fate, and betook himself to his father's office. "Dad, Jean and I want to get married and study at the Sorbonne together for a year." The elder man scrutinized him for a moment, then went to the window and stood looking out. At length he turned. "That's a grave decision, son. Let's talk it over."

The upshot was that Richard bought passage for two. Before the marriage could take place, however, the fiancé had soared and made the great adventure impossible. Richard returned to the university for his master's degree. He and Jean drifted apart, and she married someone else. They're still good friends, though. He sees Kate too, for that matter, whenever he passes through Detroit.

By the time he got his M.A., he was fed up with college. His mind revolted at the thought of teaching Freshman English to freshmen who didn't want to learn English. A glittering idea struck him. Since he wanted to write for the theatre, his most sensible course would be to work in the theatre. He took his scholarship money, still intact, talked his father out of another thousand and formed the Minneapolis Repertory Company. The reviews were kind, but the audiences stayed away. Richard went broke as a result.

More for the solace of getting things off his chest than for practical advice, he wandered down to see his friend, Merle Potter, dramatic critic of the "Journal." "Get out of Minneapolis," Potter told him. "If you want the theatre, go where the theatre is—Hollywood or New York."

That night he went to the beer parlor, run by a nice fat alewife named Swanee, where he and his cronies had gathered for the past five years to settle the problems of life. "I'm going to Hollywood or New York," he announced.

"When?" asked Michael Loring, one of the gang.

"Next Wednesday," he said for the sake of saying something.

"I've got a hundred and eighty bucks. I'll go with you." They flipped a coin, and it came out Hollywood.

It took him longer to win his father over. From ten to one-thirty on a Sunday morning they sat in the rock garden and thrashed things out. Point by point Richard met his parent's objections. He wasn't dazzled by the glimmer of the footlights, he wasn't rising to the lure

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Bonita Granville is a busy gal these days—what with growing up and flying from one role to another.
of the Hollywood siren. He was deter-

MINED to write and direct for the

theatre, so he had to go where the

theatre was. Potter had supplied him

with a good line.

At one-thirty Mrs. Carlson refused to

wait dinner any longer. "What have

you decided?"

"I've decided," said her husband, "that

the law has lost a powerful pleader in

our Richard."

"He's decided," said her son, "to stake

me to twenty-five a week."

Hollywood failed to get excited over

Richard. He had a letter to Arthur

Sheekman, who sent him to the Pas-
dena Community Playhouse—an ex-

cellent training ground where you work

for nothing. He directed "Richard II." Oliver

Hinsdell of Metro saw him play Prince

Hal in "Henry IV" and invited him to

join Metro stock. He appeared in a

short, which Mr. Hinsdell was sure would

lead to a contract. It didn't. They were

willing to have him continue in stock,

but that wasn't good enough for Richard.

"I'm taking a bus to New York," he

wrote his father. "All right," his father

wrote back, "provided you agree to go

into something else if, after two months,

you're not earning your living there." He

promised that he would.

ON arrival he phoned a friend who

suggested lunch the next day. The

friend was assistant stage manager for

the Boston company of "Three Men on

a Horse." He asked Richard to pick him

up at the theatre where they were

rehearsing.

George Abbott, producer of the show,

was sitting out front with the leading

lady when Richard walked in. Abbott

eyed the box tweed coat that hung from

his shoulders, spotted the Phi Beta

Kappa key. "There's a nice looking kid," he

said to the leading lady. "Shall I

hire him to keep you company on the

road?"

"Why not?"

"Hey, College," yelled Abbott. "Want

a job? You're hired. Fifty a week."

"Such things sometimes happen.

Fortune smiled all year. He played in

summer stock at Dennis, he played in

"Night of January 16th" and with Ethel

Barrymore in "Ghost of Yankee Doodle."

Meantime he was putting his heart into

a play of his own called "Western

Waters." He found a producer. The

play was to open just after Christmas,

which meant that Richard couldn't get

home for the holidays. His mother was

rather upset, especially after he phoned

them on Christmas Eve, sounding

more than cheerful over the prospects for

his play. On the train east, his sister Ruth

read the reviews. They shimmered her

so that she couldn't eat any breakfast.

She had to steel herself to call her brother

when she reached New York. "I'm fine,

Sis," he told her. "Had a letter from

Dad that restored my perspective. No,

he didn't say much but I read him

between the lines. You're a nice boy,

Richard, but you've had things pretty

much your own way. Won't hurt you

to take a soak in the old sea.

Luck seemed to have turned against

him. His play had failed. Months went

by, and no job. For the first time since

leaving college, he began to consider the

advisability of retreating to an academic

career. Then Ethel Barrymore offered

him a role in "Whiteoaks."

It was while he was on the road that

his own play, though rough though it had been,

bore unexpected fruit. Sidney Howard,

in Hollywood for "Gone With The Wind,"

had read "Western Waters" and thought

highly of it. "If you mean what you say

about wanting to develop new writers," he

told David Selznick, "there's a kid in

New York you'd better hire. He acts too."

Richard got a bid from Selznick. It

wasn't his first movie offer. The scouts

had been after him, dangling the usual

forty-week acting contract. Richard had

turned them down, prompting his busi-

nesslike brother Henry to dub him "Art-

for-art's-sake Dick." He liked Hollywood,

he had no objection to acting. But he

wouldn't give up his dream of writing,

nor bind himself to any agreement which

would interfere with it. Selznick gave him

a three-way contract—to write, act

and direct for six months a year.

HAVING acquired him, the producer

 didn't know what to do with him,

so he turned him loose in the studio

where Richard poked around to his soul's

content. From the story department,

where he learned how to break books

and plays down into synopses, he fol-

lowed the whole fascinating process,

watching directors at work, ambling in

and out of projection rooms, spending

his nights writing.

"How's it going?" Selznick asked him

one day.

"Fine for me. What are you getting

out of it?"

The boss eyed him thoughtfully. "I

wonder why you couldn't play the

Scotchman with Janet Gaynor."

His sister Ruth seemed a typical re-

action to his first screen appearance. She

sat shaking in the theatre, the picture a

blot till Richard's face emerged. When

it faded out, she grew conscious of wist-

pers behind her. "My, he's attractive.

Who is he?"

"Gosh, I don't know. I never saw him

before. But I'll certainly make it my

own.

MODERN SCREEN
business to see him right soon again."

She wanted to turn and gather them to her breast, but restrained herself to a passionate, if inaudible, murmur: 'Thank you, kind people. Thank you for liking my brother.'

Richard met Mona Mayfield two or three years ago. Dark-eyed, ivory-skinned, with a soft Texan drawl, she's pretty as a picture. She'd have to be, for she was a photographer's model.

When they were introduced by Mona's brother-in-law, one of Richard's best friends, they vouchsafed each other a distant "how do you do?" The fact was that the dish had been overdone. Mona had been plugged to Richard, and Richard to Mona, till each was sick of the sound of the other's name.

But to itself, however, the romance bloomed last winter. Ruth's phone shrilled at two o'clock one morning. She lifted it to hear a blissful voice saying: "Mona and I just got engaged."

On her way out west to be married, Mona spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Carlson in Minneapolis. Richard received two letters in the same mail, which set him purring with content. From his wife-to-be: "I adore your father and mother, and I think they like me all right." From his mother: "Mona has taken our hearts by storm."

They were married a few weeks ago in a church at Las Vegas. Their first joint enterprise as man and wife was a wire to the family: "It's all over and official and we're very, very happy. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carlson."

You'll be seeing Mr. Carlson in Wanger's "Winter Carnival." But for a fluke, it might have been "Golden Boy." The port was offered him while he was appearing on Broadway in "Stars in Your Eyes." Selznick and Columbia had agreed on the terms of the loanout, and Richard was crazy to play it, as who wouldn't have been. The only hitch lay in his stage contract, which ran till May 1st. He was due in Hollywood on April 13th. But considering the splendor of the opportunity, he was sure he could get a release. He wired to Bermuda, where the producer was vacationing.

The answer came on April 1st. It was "no." Ruth and Mona were with him. He turned white for a moment, then asked Julian, his Filipino servant, for a Scotch and soda. "Mr. Carlson, sir," said Julian, "it's April Fool joke. It can't be true."

He'd soon rallied sufficiently to comfort his women folk. "Don't take it so hard, children. You know what Dad would say. 'You made a contract. Don't resent being asked to stick by it.'"

"Just listen to 'em!... 'Afraid of a little pan of water, eh?' says Duck-Luck... 'Who's afraid?' says Hen-Pen. 'I just don't like water, the horrid kut-kut-kadacket stuff!'... 'You chicken-hearted coward!' says he... 'You wet smack!' says she...!"

"Oh, stop your nonsense, Hen-Pen—it's swell once you're in! Just hold your nose and shut your eyes... don't you know we'll get sprinkled with lovely, downy Johnson's Baby Powder when we get out? In you go now—KERSPLASH!"

"Look, gang, here comes the Johnson's... hold everything! Prickly heat and chafes won't get much chance at us! And oh-h, boy—when that soft white shower comes down the small of your back, you'll get a thrill right down to your pinfeathers!"

"Didn't I tell you? Everybody likes Johnson's Baby Powder. The talc in it's specially fine, and it helps keep babies comfortable as can be. It doesn't cost much, either!"

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**Modern Screen**

**Definitely Dynamite**

(continued from page 46)

herself ready for anything by clockwork. The first explosion occurred when a famous director had to break a busy day, and she was annoyed when Frances was late for her appointment to discuss an envied role with him. She was tired, so his attitude made her furious. She flung the handbag on the handle, into her car and skidded by the emerging man so fast she nearly ran over him. She drove pell-mell to the back lot and burst into violent tears. Later they apologized to one another.

The other ace director balled her out before a big crowd of extras, but she was a genuine actress, and it was the disconcerting restlessness. Fortunately Joel understands this. In spite of her communistic sense—"One of us has to have some!"—exclaims Frances—he also abhors the prosaic. He wants her to go on with her career. Indeed, she is a born dowager. She always bedecked herself in gaudy gals and when he married her wasn’t, has been so blandly assumed, reverting to the peaceful domestic type. His wife, she believes, has very exciting potentiality, only better restraint.

Frances finally had to hire a nurse to dictate to her two young sons. Before she had, Joel couldn’t pick them up on the spur of the moment and start for the ranch. Oh, Joel’s worse than I am! In the middle of the night he’d start for Timbuctoo, if he didn’t have a contract. I knew it was wrong to be so irregular with them, so for their sakes we hired a proper English nurse."

**She** isn’t proud of being headstrong, but unquestionably she is and it was this trait which moved the move. When she finished at Hyde Park High School in Chicago she was ready for Hollywood, but her parents weren’t. If she is a flapper, she is temperamental enough.

When she spotted at the Paramount Players’ Club, she was discovered byParamount, and she was “discovered.” She was a flapper, a movie star, and she was a flapper and a movie star, and she was discovered.

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**Midol**

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she inevitably arrived late for her expensive lessons, and the venerable old man would groan, "Will you never come on time? You throw my whole day off!" She went back to him for coaching during her recent over-long vacation, contending she must be able to really act when they hire her.

"I say," Frances declared to me, "that there is no spot like Hollywood! I think there is an impression that Joel and I stay away from it, rather snootly. We don't. Both of us love Hollywood and its people. We aren't in pictures just for the money, but because we honestly love the work. I think the finest people in the world are here. It's a vivid place, an alive place! It brings out the best in the best persons and the worst in the worst persons."

Hollywood made Frances more of a flirt than she'd been in college, for awhile. Then it toned her down in the only manner a highly emotional girl can be toned; it gave her stimulating work in which she could have pride. It challenged her to prove herself.

She gambled on leaving Paramount, and security. Her agent implored her not to be so rash. "You can stay on for two more years! It's a sure deal. And they'll crucify you if you leave!"

Frances felt she could do better if she gambled on applying for better roles. The studio was mad at her. For two months, although on her last picture she'd received the best notices ever, there wasn't one single bid for her services.

"I hadn't saved a cent," she confessed. "Mother and I hung onto the house we were renting in Beverly, but we had to let the maid go. I was out of Paramount, expected to immediately get something grand, and nothing happened. I began to do my own work in the house. I kept on going to Kayser, two hours every day; I felt I had to. But I was pretty scared with that unexplainable lull, with no money coming in and no reserve."

The lull climaxed one afternoon when Frances, alone at home, received a telephone call. Her agent had just negotiated a four-picture deal at a salary exactly five times as large as she'd made at Paramount! Her mother was coming up the street from the market, arms full of groceries. Frances ran out, knocked the food every-which-way. "We're rich, we're rich!" she shouted. Exultantly she dialed all her friends who, incidentally, had not forsaken her in the strange crisis. Their loyalty when she was on a spot is one more reason she likes Hollywood. It isn't, she knows, a callous, forgetful town. They all sent flowers, as though she were having an opening at the house.

Her leading man turned out to be Joel. She looked at him warily. She was certain he must feel he was wonderful! But she wound up eloping with him. On location in Washington, D.C., she had a week off and went to New York for her first whirl there. The other admirers no longer had any spell. She long-distanced Joel, "It's marvelous here. I'm on the twenty-ninth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria and it's the most exciting city in the world!" He caught the next plane and they drove through New England on a hasty honeymoon. Last fall they returned east for the first time, bought a car, and drove sentimentally to the same towns.

Mercurial Frances Dee hasn't everything nicely catalogued. She has something inside of her that keeps her in suspense. Aside from being positive she loves Joel, and her two little boys, she is wildly at sea about everything else.
daring socks, and playing her piano, singing, reading. "There’s nothing of the actress about Sara Haden," Lewis Stone told me. "She’s just a girl, she is a child. She’s very fine."

Polly Benedict lives near the studio with her folks. There’s absolutely no doubt about it, the Hardys are themselves, and that’s all there is to it.

"Wahoo!" said Mickey, when I gave voice to this thought. "How right are you! Why, it’s gotten so that I don’t know whether I’m Mickey Rooney or Andy Hardy. Most of the people I know call me Andy. A lot of my mail comes addressed to Andy Hardy. When people ask me for autographs, half of them ask me to sign ‘Andy Hardy.’ When I played in ‘Boys Town’ the studio got thousands of letters asking why Andy Hardy was in an institution for home- less boys. Say," he interrupted himself to ask us, “what’s Andy got that I haven’t got?"

"Why, nothing, dear," said Ma Hardy, soothingly. "You’re just the same real boy, the two of you. That’s all.

"Well," sighed Andy, "it’s sure funny how a character can grow on a fellow. When I started to play Andy I just acted him without thinking about it and I still do. Say!" Mickey’s eyes widened. "I guess I’ve got something here. I guess I don’t have to think about it. I bet Andy and I . . . because me and Andy . . . because Andy is me, or . . ." The usually glib Mr. Rooney waved a help- less paw.

Mickey relaxed and continued, “Any- way, since that first picture, ‘A Family Affair,’ in 1937, Andy’s become bigger and more important than I have. I de- pend on Andy all the time. When I’m not sure whether I should do something, I ask myself, ‘What would Andy do about it?’ And if I’m not quite certain even then, I . . .

‘You ask your father,’ helped Ma Hardy, with a smile for the Judge at the other end of our table.

THAT night, I do, no fooling," said Mickey. "I ask Mr. Hardy for a lot of advice. We all do. I even tell him about my new girls and things like that. Es- pecially, we all ask him about acting, the way ‘certain lines of things’ should be spoken. He’s our ‘Judge’ all right, no doubt about that. We all go to him for advice, for help in real life, just as we do in . . . real life,” finished Mickey.

I couldn’t help notice, incidentally, with what respect Mickey, the future- maker, the wise-cracker, treats Lewis Stone. The girls and Ma Hardy may call Mr. Stone ‘Pa’—Mickey calls him ‘Mr. Stone.’ One feels that Mickey holds Lewis Stone in the same respect, iden- tically, as Andy feels for the wise and kindly Judge (whom he is fortunate enough to have for a father)."

"It’s just like Ma and me," Marian broke in. "I go to her for everything.

“And it’s the same with you, James," broke in Ma Hardy. "Tell about the let- ters you get, the people who come up to you in the street and ask for advice. Why," she said, "you’ve become the People’s Public Adviser, No. 1."

The Judge smiled. "I do get a great many letters," he said, in his temperate way, "especially from fathers and teach- ers, asking my advice about their prob- lems with their young sons or charges. Boys write to me, too. They almost al- ways say either that their father is ‘just like the Judge’ and isn’t it ‘swell’ or that their fathers are not like the Judge and that’s their hard luck. I also get many letters asking for legal advice. Recently I was asked to advise about a title search on property in the middle-west. The papers were actually sent to me so that I might make sure they were in the proper places."

My name was Mr. Hardy’s, and Ma Hardy got new curtains, times being as hard as they are.

If anything else could convince me,” said Ma Hardy, "American women are economical, such letters as these would. They admire my clothes because they are neat and simple and inexpen- sive. They know exactly what it means to buy new curtains, new coats when the old one will do. I consider these letters as tributes to the characters of the Hardys, yes, but also as a tribute to American wives and mothers in general."

"Well," said Andy, briskly, at this point, "far as I can see we might as well call it a day, change our names to Hardy and all move in together. We’re not Hardys just off and on, we’re Hardys both on and off.” His eyes, as he spoke, were fixed meaningly on young Miss Rutherford.

"Just what is the meaning of that re- mark, may I ask, Mister Hardy?” bristled Polly.

"Well,” said Mickey, "the other night I went into the theatre in company with Miss June Adler, a young actress of my acquaintance. There I was sitting with this young lady, minding my own business, when the lights go out and I heard this voice behind me—what is more, I get a pinch behind me, a pinch in the arm such as no lady would give—and then a voice says, ‘Cheating on me, eh, Andy Hardy?’ Well, I don’t ever want to see you again.” Doggone, if it isn’t this Polly Benedict tagging after me. I told Miss Prisener, I said, ‘I thank you a lot of explaining to do on the set of ‘Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever,’ come the dawn.’

‘Not exactly gallant, are you, son?’ reproved the Judge, patting Polly’s clenched fist. Andy flushed, Polly made a face at him. We all laughed."

"Do you think you will eventually marry Andy Hardy, Polly?”

"Well,” whispered Polly, "I’m working awful hard at it!” (Aunt Millie whispered in my ear, her eyes shining, ‘They really have gone on dates together, you know—Ann and Mickey are always together.’)

"Aw,” Mickey was saying, "you know she’s playing in ‘Gone With the Wind’ with Gable.”

"I agree with Gable, silly, just in the same cast," purred Miss Polly.

"Just in the same cast with Gable is
going far enough, Miss," said Andy, darkly.

"Children, children," said Ma Hardy. "Don't mind them," Ma Hardy was saying to me, "it's all in fun. I will say one thing for us Hardys, we really have very nice dispositions. I've never known the slightest unpleasantness in any one of us, not once during all the seven pictures we've made together. We have just as much fun, really, as we seem to have."

Even when actually on the sets, the Hardys are still themselves. Their director, "Woody" Van Dyke, told me, "I'm not directing them. I'm letting them be themselves. They don't need direction, they're folks." The script girl on the set, who has been with them for all seven pictures, told me that she has never once known one of them to go up on a single line. "That's because," she said, "they are all saying things that come natural to them." More than that, they ad lib. They don't have to say their lines just as they are written in the script. So long as what they say carries on the story, they can express themselves freely, in any way that comes natural to them. They all sense, too, the slightest thing foreign to the pictures of the Hardy family as the Hardy family is. Ma Hardy told me, "On one occasion I was supposed to say, 'Run upstairs, now, every mother's son of you.' Ma Hardy would never express herself like that and—she didn't. Another time there was a small scene in which Andy was supposed to comb his hair at the dinner table with no protest being made. We changed that, or rather, added to it, because, while Andy Hardy would do that, one of us would certainly correct him. We corrected him. A line was added to take care of that."

Every bit of the material comes from the common touch of real family life. Everyone, from producer down to prop man, sits in on story conferences, and everyone scrawls marginalia as they discuss the story. Unsung and unbidden, the Hardy family's technical crew draw upon their own family experiences and contribute much of the whimsical humor, the life-likeness which goes into each Hardy picture.

Yes, indeed, it's all a family affair—that's the secret of the famous Hardys.

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Please send me new Woodbury Beauty Make-up Kit, containing generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream, smart attractive metal compacts of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

---

227 CHAMPAGNE (For golden hues)
649 WINDSOR ROSE (For pink hues)

Name:

Address:

WOODBURY

Betty Moran has the personality and talent of her big sister, Lois. Watch for her in "Rome War."
in their appearance when we are along about seven to nine months old and leave us with wide open spaces in our little faces around the tender-age of six or seven years. By the time we get to be twenty-one, most of the thirty-two permanent teeth we fell heir to have put in their more or less eventful appearance—with the possible exception of one or two, whimsically known as wisdom teeth. These temperamental little laggards are apt to appear almost any old time, or just as likely, not at all, for some people's jaws never do grow big enough to accommodate their third molars. Then the condition known as impaction exists. Impacted teeth may press on nerves or other nearby molars, but if they don't, their presence is entirely harmless.

The four front teeth, or incisors, were built to cut your food. The cuspsids, on either side of these, were made to tear and shred it; the bicuspids beyond were grown to break or crush your victuals, and the molars are there to finish the job by grinding.

**NOW, that we've got all that settled, how shall we care for what we have in our mouths?** Strengthening the healthy, beautiful, even teeth is the central problem. What are the foods that help build and maintain strong, healthy teeth? Those rich in calcium, minerals and phosphorus. And which ones are they, did you murmur? Milk and eggs and cheese and butter; tomatoes, citrus fruits (lemons, orange), grapes, citrus, green leafy vegetables and greens, nuts and fish—and, let us not forget it, over again milk, milk, milk, and more milk. If you don't like it raw, there are all those lovely sauces, desserts and main courses, the healthful stuff. But get it you should, not only while you're growing, but to the very end of your days, for milk is the best source of calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin A that ever hit your dinner table.

Dried peas and beans and cod and halibut liver oil preparations are good for teeth, too. So are all foods in which the Vitmain D content has been increased by irradiation. Some hard, coarse foods are absolutely essential to the health of teeth, because they exercise the gums and jaws and bony sockets that hold your teeth. Toast and crusts and ready-to-eat cereals, apples, celery, and other raw vegetables are all just what the doctor ordered.

Sunshine is important, too, because it helps your body produce its own Vitamin D, so essential to sound, beautiful teeth.

Well, so much for diet and such things. Now, what about the dentifrices, mouth washes, brushes and general oral cleanliness? My pets, you've got something there. A dry tooth is a healthy one and a healthy tooth is very slow to decay. The object of brushing your teeth is to remove bits of food that get themselves caught between, around and under tooth surfaces, and to break the gummy deposits that chewing or rinsing can't get rid of.

Your tooth brush should be small, with medium stiff but strong bristles, whose groups are widely enough spaced to allow for the insertion of the dentifrice—whether paste, powder or liquid. It is purely a matter of personal taste—should be mild and free from an over-ridiculous flavor, should stay put on your brushing surface. The temperature of water you use differs with the kind of mouth you have—cold water and a cold mouth, or a hot mouth that requires a hot water rinse. Cold water will maintain the temperature of the mouth, much needed in the treatment of many cases of mouth ulcers, etc., that need control of temperature.

Brush your teeth in the direction in which they grow—up and down, away from the gums, toward the biting surfaces. Heavy, horizontal strokes fail not only to remove all particles of foods, but they also injure the gums and necks of the teeth. To clean the grinding surfaces, brush in an oblique line to the grooves and use a backward and forward motion. And don't forget the inner surfaces. They may at first seem difficult to reach, but are just as important to the health of your mouth of the utmost importance. Concentrate on two or three teeth at a time and brush each area thoroughly.

The directions on your tube or box of dentifrice will tell you how to apply the paste or powder. Some recommend a dry brush, others prefer a slightly dampened brush, but all agree that between times your tooth brush should be hung in a clean, light, preferably sunny place, and used preferably at it to dry the bristles thoroughly.

**GUM** massage is quite as important as tooth cleanliness and can be accomplished with either a brush or your fingers wrapped in clean gauze. And, while you're at it, don't forget the tongue—way back at the end, too—and all the walls and surfaces of your oral cavity.

Petal floss, used once daily, is excellent to clean between the teeth where brushes will not reach. Carefully used, it will break up many deposits of tartar before they have become solid. It will also dislodge food particles that can be reached no other way. Be sure not to jerk or pull the floss too hard lest it cut or injure the gums. However, used with normal care, it can be a decided aid to cleanliness, health and the consequent beauty of your mouth.

And that brings us up to mouth washes and the question of sweet breath. Of course, some unpleasant breath is caused by temporary or points of definite foci infection beyond the mouth, but a considerable lot of it comes from illness, decayed teeth and other oral surfaces. Because of the very delicate nature of the mouth tissues and structures, a strong, powerful disinfectant cannot be used safely as mouth wash. The damage might be irreparable. To attempt any such measures would be sheer folly. However, mild and simple may seem, there are any number of excellent mouth washes available everywhere, and no dressing table or bath-

---

**LUXOR**

"Feather Cling"

The face powder with a light touch!

The modern miss knows that her face powder, like her conversation, should have a light touch. That's why she chooses Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder that sits lightly—stays on smoothly. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that won't cake or streak. Which shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

Also try the New

**LUXOR**

Foundation Lotion

This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, dewy foundation for a natural look—original "petticoat" effect—make-up 55¢. Luxor Lab., Chicago, Ill.
“Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry?”

Grannie shows Millie a modern way to raise her child

1. GRANNIE: Lad's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough! A body would think you had a grudge against the child.

2. GRANNIE: My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.

3. GRANNIE: He said it's wrong to make children take anything they don't like. A child should get a pleasant-tasting laxative...

4. GRANNIE: Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be too strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only for children. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.

5. GRANNIE: He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's SAFE... How about getting a bottle now?

6. MILLIE: Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without a peep?

GRANNIE: You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

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Please send me free gift package of the overnight treatment for blackheads and large pores. I am enclosing a 3c stamp to cover postage.

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MODERN SCREEN

CASTORIA

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children
“It’s Quilted”

that’s why
women choose
FI BS*
THE KOTEX*
TAM PON

THE ONLY TAMPON
THAT’S QUiltED—
HERE’S WHY...

Special “Quilting” makes Fibs the ideal internal protection...keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.

The rounded tip makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!

MADE OF CELLUCTION
(tampon)
—ABSORBS FASTER
THAN COTTON!

This Surgical Celluaction (not cotton) absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why leading hospitals use it. Thus Fibs provides utmost security.

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PRODUCT...SO IT
MUST BE GOOD!

Kotex Products merit your confidence. Yet with all its exclusive features, Fibs cost only 25c for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

MODERN SCREEN

GARY’S GOOD COMPANION

(Continued from page 33)

what he gets paid for. Not me. Anyhow, they get a kick out of kissin’ him.” Which makes it Coop’s turn to squirm.

It’s almost as if he can’t get Slim to talk about Gary as it is to get Gary to talk about himself. Coop mightn’t like it.

“Jeez, he’s a good scout, Coop’s wife. I’d know it if I never laid eyes on her, because if she wasn’t he wouldn’t like her. He don’t go round with people unless he’s a good scout then, an’ he likes ‘em just as well now. That’s all I know.”

H edges away. You take hasty stock of your tricks and decide to try the waterworks. You pull your mouth down and wonder how the hell you can make your eyes look misty with unshed tears over the story you’re not going to get. It seems to work. Slim gains unwavering at the story’s finish.

“Well, I don’t want to make you feel bad. Go ahead, ask me a couple of questions, an’ I’ll see what I can do. Only don’t look as if you’re going to cry.”

“Sure, I guess I know the guy as well as anybody does, but I bet we don’t average more’n five words a day. Say, Coop’s not the kind you go askin’ questions of, like ‘what’s on your mind an’ how did you sleep last night.’ He’d think I was crazy. Anyhow, where’s the sense when I know how he feels just by lookin’ at him.”

You suggest that the daily five-word average doesn’t hold good on the hunting trips they take together. He vetoes the suggestion.

“No, we don’t talk any more on hunting trips than any other time. We just get caught up, hurt, why talk about it? We get up at three or four in the morning—you can’t hunt lyin’ in bed, you know, nor yet in a sleepin’ bag. Coop cooks the breakfast—steak an’ beans or something. I carry water an’ wood an’ wash the dishes. Does he like cookin’? How do I know? He’s never asked me, an’ he’d like it all right, or he wouldn’t do it. He doesn’t have to, that’s a cinch. Sure the stuff tastes good. If it didn’t, I’d cook it myself if I can’t better.

“Well, then, after breakfast, we take our guns, he goes his way, I go mine, an’ we hunt. Lunch?” A thoughtful gleam lights his eye. “Yeah, the whistle blows at noon, an’ I yell, ‘youoo, Coop, an’ he comes trottin’, an’ we fetch out the lace napkins an’ the mushrooms on toast, then we play bridge with a couple of Idaho bears for partners. No offense, ma’am, but a cowboy never eats lunch.

“Just get back about eight, an’ one of us might have a deer an’ one of us mightn’t. Or both of us mightn’t. Then we feed on bannock an’ sourbelly, an’ turn in. Coop may go to sleep at the same an’ say it’s a nice night, but we both be asleep before he gets through sayin’ it.”

Sandra Coop gets to be rather a socialite. Slim doesn’t know her in that capacity.

“It’s this way,” he says. “Some women are all the same. They get caught up in a matter where you take ‘em—huntin’ or any place else. Coop’s wife is okay. She can ride an’ hunt an’ shoot an’ do everything. She gets along on some of the hunting trips, an’ I never heard her squawk or act otherwise than as if she was havin’ a whale of a good time. An’ she wasn’t puttin’ on, either. Women believe they can enjoy herself in the hills for a couple of hours an’ get away with it, but not for days at a time she couldn’t. Of course, we talk tough enough to rag a country, then she doesn’t go. Too hard on a woman.

“Yeah, she’s a good scout, Coop’s wife. I’d know it if I never laid eyes on her, because if she wasn’t he wouldn’t like her. He don’t go round with people unless he’s a good scout then, an’ he likes ‘em just as well now. That’s all I know.”

Special “Quilting” makes Fibs the ideal internal protection...keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.

The rounded tip makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!

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Kotex Products merit your confidence. Yet with all its exclusive features, Fibs cost only 25c for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

“Yeah, I guess he don’t need me right now. Looks like he’s relaxin’. Relaxes easy, that guy. Sign of a good disposition, so they tell me. He’s got that all right. I never saw him real mad but about twice.

“Yeah, I couldn’t tell you what about. None of my business.” He was too polite to add, “Or yours, either.”

I CAN tell you this, though. When he gets as mad, he gets awful mad—like if somebody takes advantage of him, it gets under his skin. He don’t storm around, like some. He gets mad way down inside, it changes the whole expression of his face. Then you just want to keep out of his way, that’s all, for there’s nothing you nor anybody else can do. He goes about his own way of fixin’ it up, an’ then when it’s fixed, he forgets it. No nine-day grousches for Coop.

“I’d certainly hate to have him mad at me, nestle. I don’t know if I’d know of. If he was—I’d sure feel like leaving the country. Why wouldn’t? Even my own relations used to be the things for me Coop has. If there’s been one guy after my job in all these years, there’s been a dozen, but he kept it for me. Well, you might say, what’s so wonderful in that, why should he fire me if I fill the bill? Sure, but you don’t know the heat they sometimes put on, and Coop didn’t always have as much say as he’s got right now. But he’d go to bat for me when he wouldn’t for himself, an’ not in a way to make me feel any obligation either. No, sir, not Coop. Way that son-of-a-gun acts, you think I was doin’ him the favor.

“Most of these gals, they do little things for you, they’d like you to get on a soap-box an’ tell the whole world. If Coop wants to give you something, you wake up and find it in your bed. Sometimes, like when you’re a fish out of water, you pull your head from under your bed. You wouldn’t even know where it comes from, except you know there’s only one place it could come from. You can’t even put it there. Try to pass it off as ‘Thanks, Coop,’ an’ he walks away. Says he don’t like speeches. Once a guy asked him if he liked thanks. Coop, was a speech. Coop said, ‘Any-thing’s a speech that don’t need sayin’.”
This cute trick is June Preissler, who with Pinky, her pet Pekingese, makes her debut in "Babes in Arms."

You inquire about their catalogue collection and its ultimate purpose.

"Those are to look at an' dream," Slim explains. "Sure, that's right. It's like this. Suppose you wanted to be a snake-charmer, an' what do you have to do for a livin'? Write? O.K. Then you'd spend your spare time readin' books about snakes, an' maybe goin' to the zoo.

"Well, Coop likes everything to do with outdoors, but bein' in the movies, you can see how he'd have to spend considerable time cooped up. So he takes it out in circulaires.

"Say, that's nothin', what you saw. His desk an' his leaving table's jammed full—with high-speed bullets an' harmonicas an' bags of Bull Durham to take up the slack. If he spies any make-up, he chuckles it out, an' sticks in another batch of circulaires. We know every gun that's made, every bird that flies, every saddle that's ever been built, every dam cowranch between Mexico an' the Canadian border, how big they are, what they raise, an' when the last calf was dropped. Sure, he'll never stock any game birds an' you'll never charm any snakes neither, but there's no law to stop you from studyin' out how you would if you could.

"An' anyhow, it's not all dreamin'. For instance, did you see that saddle in his dressin' room? Some baby, huh? He didn't copy that from the circulars, no sir. But he doped out what was wrong with the ones he found there—for him, you know, they might be all right for somebody else. Then he took pencil an' paper an' went to work figurin' out a saddle he liked. He's got four now, but they don't suit him. He was workin' on this for a week, an' it took about a month to build. It's original all the way through, only one of its kind. Except—I woke up one morning an' found the exact duplicate by my bed," says Slim, his eyes sparkly.

"Well, now he's improvin' on it—buildin' one lighter for huntin' an' ridin' in the hills. Time he gets through, he'll be the best saddle-designer in forty states. Not bad for a cowboy.

Lunch is called. Slim's eyes turn toward Coop, rising from the bench to his feet.

"Well, you oughta have enough there for a book now, ma'am. Sorry, I can't invite you to lunch, but I don't guess you'd like what we're havin', anyhow.

"What?" you call after him, for he's already on his way.

"Couple of catalogue sandwiches an' a glass of milk."

Then he joins the other tall figure, and together they lope off toward their midday daily fare of bread and dreams.

NO LONGER "SHY"

Now Betty's so popular

Made Over by Romance Make-up!
(1) No Shiny Nose Worry
(2) Powder now Dramatizes her Coloring

Fear of Shiny Nose often cramps a girl's style. Unnecessarily!

Science explains: "Oily nose is often increased by germ activity." But Woodbury gives you a face powder of germ-free purity. Gossamer-fine—it stays on! Doesn't give you that "powdered look", either—because Woodbury's 3 shades cleverly dramatize your own coloring.

From the Paris Style World—Mme. Suzy suggests the new Woodbury "Champagne" shade for gold-toned skins. The newest glamour shade, "Blush Rose" is for pink-toned complexion. Face your world with a charming face—wear Woodbury Facial Powder, like thousands of lovely girls. Enchantingly fragrant! $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c at beauty counters. And, for extra sparkle, add Woodbury Rouge and Lipstick.

Woodbury
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MAIL FOR NEW 4-PIECE MAKE-UP KIT:
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 909 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario)

Please send me new Woodbury Beauty Make-Up Kit containing smart, attractive novelties compact of exquisite Woodbury Powder Puffs, Powder Brush, Lipstick, full-size mirror, and罐can of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 50c to cover postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

| CHAMPAGNE [ ] | BLUSH ROSE [ ] |

| (For golden skin) | (For pink skin) |

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
planting in digging around in her flower and herb gardens. Oh yes, she's one of Hidden Valley's most ardent horticulturists, believe it or not.

She really knows the proper time to plant petunias, how to prune a tree and all that sort of thing. On the matter of herbs, she's just this side of being a specialist. If you happen to be one of her friends and confide that you feel a bit goutish, she knows just what slender little leavens to put out of your garden to brew into a tea that will make your pain disappear in three days.

Mainly, though, she encourages the luxurious and delicate herb garden for the purposes of culinary experiments. Superb food is the watchword in the Loy-Hornblow household, and since the chef is Raymond and the cook is French, the cuisine is never lacking in variety or imagination. If it were, Myrna would fix matters with her, Hell no! A little onion, a thread of thyme, a speck of tarragon, marjoram or basil—these under her guiding genius would change prosaic soup, salad and roast into epicurean masterpieces.

I remember with a certain nostalgia the delicate madrilene consumed so I served the day I lunches with her on the studio lot. We ate in the imposing bungalow originally built for John McCormack and then turned over to Myrna. She described it as "pretty swell—elegant" but vowed she wouldn't let it cramp her style.

It certainly didn't. She mixed a green salad with a home-made dressing that would have made Oscar of the Waldorf livid with envy. Her special orgy," she said. "I adore mixing salads, Arthur, on the other hand, specializes in crepe suzzettes."

(At this juncture Myrna accidentally dropped the wooden salad spoon into the dressing and it splashed a large drop of oil on the pink taffeta dressing gown she was wearing. She cast an eye in my direction and merely said: "Just pretend you don't see it" and went on blithely mixing more greens.)

Arthur is Mr. Hornblow, her distinguished husband. He is not only a successful producer but a man of meticulous taste, judgment and discernment in all matters, whether they happen to be his books, interior decorations, music, food, or the flower which he invariably wears in his lapel. The latter is usually chosen by Myrna from their garden as Myrna's home is a source of infinite joy to her, Mr. Hornblow, their families and friends. The best description I can give you of it, as well as of Myrna and her husband as hosts, follows. These words were expressed to me recently by a young man who is a friend of the Hornblows:

"There is no air of stiff formality about their home. If anything there is a leaning backwards the other way. The house has only two bedrooms! Imagine one of Hollywood's biggest stars having the nerve to build a house with less than six sleeping quarters, guests, dormitories, and servants halls!"

"Dinner always has an accompaniment of soft Spanish music. The guests usually number six or eight and are chosen with design and discretion, which means that they're pretty good at giving you one or two ideas in the right direction. The only thing you're never forced to do at Myrna's is play games!"
OUR MOVIE QUIZ

(Answers on page 97)

1. Which “Dead End” kid is married?
2. What actor received Academy awards for his performances in “Come and Get It” and “Kentucky”?
3. What picture was based on the revelations of a spy ring in this country?
4. Who recently made a trip to London and Paris in the interests of Sam Goldwyn, the Producer?
5. What gentleman kills distasteful scenes in pictures?
6. Who is responsible for the remark, “Woo, woo”?
7. What former Brooklyn girl with no screen experience won the leading feminine role opposite the star once selected as the “typical American man”?
8. Who is it whose real name is Eddie Anderson and who scored heavily in a famous comedian’s picture?
9. Whose brother is one of the best sound engineers in Movietown?
10. What child star, known as a tomboy, recently received her first screen kiss?
11. What do the movie folks call the gold-plated statuettes presented to stars?
12. What blonde was voted top-ranking box-office star for the fourth time?
13. Are Joe Yule, Jr., and Mickey Rooney brothers?
14. What columnist appeared in a recent film?
15. What have Fred Astaire and Tommy Wonder in common?
16. What two stars are famous for their large mouths?
17. What female star does not use a surname?
18. Who wrote the story “Trade Winds”?
19. What does the director call to indicate the end of a scene?
20. What famous musician made his screen debut recently?
21. Who composed the song, “Have A Heart”?
22. What star dropped pictures and then made a sensational comeback in the Theater Guild Production, “The Philadelphia Story”?
23. What famous socialite will soon have her name on the theater marquees?
24. What are movies called in England?
25. Who is the little lady pictured below?

MODERN SCREEN

16 DIFFERENT SHADES... FROM ONE SINGLE TANGEE LIPSTICK

Tangee’s Magic Color-Change Principle Proved on Blondes, Brownettes, Brunettes, Redheads

DO YOU KNOW the most becoming shade for your lips...the shade that blends most naturally and beautifully with your own complexion? Thanks to Tangee’s magic color-change principle, you can have your individual shade—just by applying Tangee to your lips.

Orange in the stick, Tangee “magically” changes to your most becoming shade of rose or red. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee contains no “paint”. Its transparent cream base helps make lips soft, exquisitely smooth and alluringly lovely. Get Tangee at your favorite cosmetic counter today. Notice how it magically changes color on your lips...how it seems made for you alone!

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

SEND FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Little Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City...Please rush “Miracle Make-up Set” of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also send Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). (In Canada) Check Shade of Flesh # Rachel # Light Rachel Powder Desired Peach # Dark Rachel # Tan

Name: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
City: __________________ State: _______

MM169
“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, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store today!

Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing new WinX is guaranteed to be the finest you’ve ever used. If not more than satisfied, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WinX Lipstick!

WinX Lipstick gives your lips glamour...makes them appear youthful, moist...the appeal men cannot resist! Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and stays on for hours. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WinX Lipstick with the harmonizing Mauve WinX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WinX Lipstick, at 10¢ stores, today!

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WinX Lipstick with WinX Eye Make-Up!

CHECKING UP ON CHIPS

(Continued from page 37)

do with $675. But the play ran for ten days and then quietly folded up and died, and young Robert Donat, though a popular figure in Lancashire and the Midlands, found himself jobless and almost penniless in a great and strange city.

When he had literally reached his bottom dollar, a stage producer offered him a three-year contract. He was just about to accept it when his wife, red-haired and a fighter, said "No! If you're worth that to him, you're worth far more to yourself." So Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donat came perilously near to starvation.

Bob had always been a serious boy, but that was because a plan had to be evolved and followed, to lift him out of the sooty desolation that was Withington. If, even now, you find him looking serious at times, for no apparent reason, he is probably thinking of those nightmarish months when the plan seemed to be miscarrying completely and there was not enough to eat.

He had plenty of fine roles to play, it's true and plenty of successes, if popular acclaim and much laudatory notice in the public prints count as success. But he did not seem able to strike the long run which was so important, and which was to put the family fortunes on a sound basis. One after another the plays came off and each time, before the next one, he had a "resting" spell which consumed his laboriously stored savings.

Nine times this happened, until he was sick at heart and began to feel he was a jinx or Jonah or something equally unhealthy. But he kept his independence of spirit and it stood him in good stead when, on the strength of a particularly fine stage performance, he was offered a chance to go to Hollywood to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Smiling Thru." He declined. Although everyone (except his wife) said he was crazy, he declared that as he had had no film experience, it would be suicidal to go straight into a responsible role, which, if he fumbled, might mean the end as well as the beginning of his screen career. He first must start, he said, in a smaller part, in which he could learn the technique as he went. And he was hungry when he said it. That is the more romantic side of Robert Donat—his adherence to a lost cause until it is no longer lost his refusal to compromise with failure, his gallant disregard of the dictates of his stomach.

After innumerable unsuccessful screen tests in England—unsuccessful partly through lack of sympathetic direction or photography and partly because you can't make successful tests on an empty stomach—Alexander Korda gave him a chance in a supporting role in a film of Oxford University life called "Men of Tomorrow." This opus was not remarkable for its faithfulness to University life; but it gave a strong hint of the screen capabilities of two of Korda's discoveries, Merle Oberon and Robert Donat.


After that he played with great success in the stage play "The Sleeping Clergyman," which actually enjoyed a long run, and at the end of which, in the early spring of 1934, he withdrew to Cornwall for a well-earned holiday.

Korda summoned him back to London. "Like to go to Hollywood?" he asked. "I've been authorized to make you an offer. The film is 'The Count of Monte Cristo.'"

"What part?" Donat asked, conscious of his lack of experience, and expecting to be offered a supporting role.

"The Count of Monte Cristo."

As all the world knows, he accepted it, scored a great success and returned to England to star for Gaumont-British in "The Thirty-Nine Steps," and for Korda in "The Ghost Goes West."

Then followed a curious period in his career. Having now reached an enviable position in the film world, in which producers on both sides of the Atlantic were clamoring for his services, he apparently had great difficulty in making up his mind which offers to accept. It's understand-

Virginia Peine and George Raft, whose romance is of the on-again-off-again type, have made up once more, so everybody's happy!
able, of course, that a man who has known poverty and the gnawing of despair, hunger and disappointment should carefully nurse the success that has come to him at last. But there were many, unaware of that early struggle, who were puzzled.

He was announced to play in "Captain Blood," "Peter Ibbetson," "Anthony Adverse," and "Sabotage," but instead, Errol Flynn, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, and John Loder played in those films.

To do Donat justice, he was a sick man when his appointment to play in "Sabotage" was cancelled. It has been hinted that, after the contract was signed and delivered, he saw the chance of appearing opposite Dietrich in "Knight Without Armor," and plain stalled. But this suggestion is liberally disproved by the fact that no sooner had he been safely inducted into the Dietrich production, than he again fell a victim to his old enemy, asthma.

Certainly no one would suggest that he was stalling, then—no one, at any rate, who saw him at his first meeting with Dietrich. He was like a man with his head in the clouds and his feet set on a golden path. If you had offered him anything in the world in exchange for the chance of playing opposite her and being directed by Jacques Feyder, you would probably have received a polite "No, thank you."

No, there has certainly been nothing faked about his periodic illnesses, which have come very close to wrecking his career. Perhaps that stalking enemy, combined with the dour influence of Withington and the memory of his ownzero need, has made him prudent and farseeing. Without those counsellors of prudence, it would be easy for Bob to throw his bonnet over the windmill, for the blood of adventurers runs in his veins—Italian, French, Polish, and English blood.

The family name in its present form is derived from Donatello. In mediaeval times his ancestors owned vast fig and olive groves on the shores of the Mediterranean. A later hardy Donatello adventurer went to Germany, and another to France (where the name became Donat) and thence to Poland. All this transplanting has put a streak of cosmopolitanism into the Donat blood, which should serve him well in an international medium like the screen.

Another valuable quality is his sense of humor. When he was working in "The Thirty-nine Steps," his director, Alfred Hitchcock addressed him jocularly as "Doughnut," and the electricians and carpenters took up the name amongst themselves. Bob gave no sign that he had heard them, but on the last day's shooting he provided a large box of steaming hot doughnuts for all hands.

Bob does not want to go to Hollywood. In fact, he turned down an offer by M-G-M for nine years filming at $325—$000 a year, because he did not care to be away from the stage long. But now he has signed a four-picture contract with them at about $150,000 a picture. The first two, "The Citadel" and "Good-bye Mr. Chips" were made at Denham, England. The third has not been definitely selected as yet.

Robert is happily married, with two bonnie children—Joanna, aged 8, and John, 5½—and a beautiful home in the Chiltern Hills, in Buckinghamshire. He has always ordered his life that his leisure is his own, his tastes are simple, his affections strong, his future assured. For the rest, he has great sincerity, a rare sense of artistry and a technique faithfully acquired in a hard school.

In "The Count of Monte Cristo" he had a magnificent line: "The world is mine!" You see what I mean? Surely you do.

Neglected Hands often Look Older—Feel too Coarse for Love. Take Steps that Help Prevent This!

Anne's pretty hands were getting unattractively harsher and coarser. Sun, weather and water tend to dry nature's softening moisture out of your hand skin, you know.

But—wise girl, Anne! She began to care for her hands with Jergens Lotion.

Jergens supplements nature's moisture. Quickly helps give back delicious softness, even to neglected hands.

Many doctors help roughened skin to lovely smoothness by using two ingredients Jergens Lotion gives you. Jergens actually helps prevent unromantic roughness when used faithfully. No stickiness. No wonder thousands of grateful women swear by Jergens! Start today to use Jergens Lotion. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00, at beauty counters.

Hands are more romantic when Jergens supplies beautifying moisture for your skin.

New Beauty Aid! Jergens all-purpose-Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against drab, dry skin.

FREE!...PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—entirely free—how Jergens furnishes beautifying moisture for the skin, helps give your hands lovely softness. Mail this coupon today to:
The Andrew Jergens Co., 3654 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
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Name:__________________________
Address:__________________________
City:__________________________State:__________________________
WHAT IS YOUR SMILE LIKE?

George Remoort, a Director of the Republic Pictures, "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile"—but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth.

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, your smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists—it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods—helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

DENTYNE'S SPICY FLAVOR IS A WINNER!

You can’t help being won by Dentyne’s temptingly spicy taste! A flavor straight from the fragrant spice-groves of the Orient. Rich—long-lasting—delicious! You'll like Dentyne’s unique, flat package too—slips so smoothly into pocket or purse. Just try Dentyne!

THE NEXT person who calls me a lady," declared Irene Dunne, with a menacing gleam in her Irish blue eyes, "is going to let himself in for a libel suit!" Yep, it’s getting to be too much of a good thing. It’s getting to where it’s no longer a compliment. It makes me sound like a pain-in-the-neck, a spoiled-sport, a killjoy and Graduation Day at a Young Ladies’ Finishing School, to which, incidentally, I’ve never been. Was too busy earning my living, as a matter of fact, to go in for French or embroidery lessons."

Icy Irene, as well-meaning writers have dubbed her, was busy hurling lingerie into a trunk, while a very competent-looking maid stood by with an expression of dismay upon her very competent-looking features. Miss Dunne, you see, was getting set for her first vacation in months.

You may have heard that Irene Dunne has been married for nine years to a successful New York dentist, Dr. Francis Griffin, but we’ll bet you’ve never known of any married couple treating each other with the formal deference this pair does. Emily Post, who wrote the Book of Etiquette, would surely feel that she had a couple of worthy disciples if she saw the Griffins in action.

"Darling," said Irene to Dr. G., right while we stood by as witnesses, "would you prefer to dine at the Waldorf or the St. Moritz this evening?" And Darling answered right back at his beautiful wife, "You know, Sweet, that that is entirely up to you. And, whether or not it may seem strange after years of marriage, it all sounded very much on the level and nice to hear."

"Perhaps," confided Miss Dunne, "that the fact that I'm civil to my family and show up as much consideration to them as to acquaintances, has given me this lady reputation. Well, if it is, I'm afraid it's a little too late to fix it up. I've just got to be polite. Anyway, shouting and throwing things takes too much out of one and I'm an indolent person by nature. Truly I am."

And the above statement should tend to refute the stories that this lovely lady can and does speak her mind on the set when things don’t go as she thinks they should. And that, if mere speech doesn’t suffice, she goes into a little action which the cameras are not permitted to record.

"I'm on my own now," she continued. "That is, cinematically speaking. It's best, you know. You may not have the power to select your own stories that way, but you certainly can reject them. And you do have a say as to the principals in your supporting cast, too. However, I usually give in on that point, especially since, long ago, I didn't want Randolph Scott in "Roberta." He even-
tually got it though, and when the picture was completed, he had done an excellent job and we were fast friends. He’s so handsome and very sweet. Yes,” she reminisced, “if I’m a nice lady, Randy’s a nice gentleman.”

When “Roberta” was finished, Irene Dunne decided to build a home in Hollywood. Before that she felt that any possessions anywhere would tie her down and, while she doesn’t get the wanderlust often, when she does, she likes to pick up and go places and see things.

The house, she claims, is quite small, but it has a secret stairway leading to her upstairs sitting-room. A panel conceals it from view and you’ve gotta know the ropes—or the panel—in order to make the grade upstairs. Sounds mysterious and I’m early Tudor—eh, wot?

“I adore comfortable surroundings because I’m home so much. Maybe that, too, accounts for my lady-like reputation. Once in the traditional blue moon, I attend a night club. That comes in the nature of an event and not a habit. I really should be the answer to a press agent’s prayer, for I naturally love books and pictures and playing golf and all the innocent amusements that bore many of the more colorful picture personalities.

“I watch my weight, too, and I’ll bet you won’t get many of them to admit that. Why is it that many women who have divine figures like to pretend that they’re God-given? Goosh, I haven’t had a potato since I played in ‘Cimrnon’, my first picture assignment. I have a massee, too. She sort of ponders me in a not-too-mild way. Well,” Irene remarked resignedly, “it’s all in a good cause—my career.

And to think we had always heard that Miss Dunne wouldn’t talk! Truly, frankness seemed to be the motif of her entire conversation. She had a good one to tell on herself, too, which is the acid test of a sense of humor.

Scenes as if the Ladies of the Press in New York tendered the Lady of the Screen a luncheon at the very conservative Plaza Hotel. Miss Dunne decided, since it was a gala occasion, to go gay. Going gay for Irene Dunne means ordering lobster. She did. An hour after the shell fish had become a matter of memory, Irene stood up from the table swayed forward and staggered to the door. Her press agent accompanied her.

In the waiting taxi, she passed out, but before doing so, had time to gasp, “Don’t tell my husband I ate lobster. I promised him I’d never—”

The honor-bound p.a. delivered the star into the presence of her anxious husband, who wanted to know what had gone on, where they had been, what they had eaten and all the harrowing details that led up to the pass-out.

“All she’s had,” valiantly fibbed the press agent, “was a little lamb stew at the Hotel Plaza.”

Dr. Griffin looked skeptical, to put it mildly. “It’s a heck of a place to order lamb stew,” he commented. Whereupon his wife opened her lovely eyes and said, “It was such an elegant lobster, while it was going down.” Hub, who said that there is honor among stars!

Anna-hoo, the story proves at least a couple of things. One, Irene cannot indulge in lobster and two, she stands a little in awe of her husband who says, “No lobster—but ever!”

Irene plans to stay in pictures as long as the fans want her and, from her recent succession of successes, it looks as if she is to be with us for some time. She has been in the movies for five years and during that time has had five major hits with several minor ones scattered pleasantly among them.

After the screen, she can always return to the musical comedy stage and light opera, where she was very much at home until the Celluloid City beckoned her.

The target of almost anything else except sing and she is truly fortunate in having an individual type of cameo-like beauty to offset her natural talents. Her large film audience consists chiefly of men who set her up as an ideal. As one man recently explained, “Her appeal is provocative, yet definitely lady-like. There is nothing ‘hotcha’ nor sex-appealish in the Dunne make-up, which is a rare relief in these days of artificial beauties.”

Miss Dunne is clothes crazy, but wouldn’t be caught admitting it. Everything she wears looks as if it were casually purchased and more casually worn, but, believe us, there is plenty of time and thought put into each garment and accessory. She goes in for dark colors and conservative lines, which is a reason for her ultra-smart appearance at all times.

When she appears on the radio, she turns the extra money over to charity, though no one hears about it. She takes herself lightly and her work seriously. She is pleased to everybody and if she encounters a bore, she may make a mental note never to see him again, but while he is in her company, he is treated with the utmost courtesy.

Irene’s life is well ordered. Nothing is hit or miss, haphazard or nonchalant. While her work may not be inspired, it is always thoroughly and very competently done. She is known as “even box office” among exhibitors, which means that, while she may not actually bring people to the theater, once in they are so completely pleased that she has collected them for her fan following. But is she a lady? We think so!

Career girl in the Movies... Catharine Hilde says how Lux helped her win success...
**ACROSS**

1 & 7. First and last name of our star
13. Opposite Ronald Reagan in "Hell's Kitchen"
15. G-man in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
17. Sisters in "Daughters Courageous"
18. Part in a motion picture
19. Actor Walter - - - - -
20. Always
22. Indian
23. "Oomph Girl"
24. Dead pan comedian
26. Nevertheless
28. Sheep
29. 101, Roman Numeral
30. Our star was in "The Devil Is A - - 9"
31. Monster in "Son of Frankenstein"
33. Star of "Hollywood Cavalcade"
35. 1 across was in "- - - - of Culver"
36. Bring upon oneself
38. She's in "Cafe Society"
40. "Ninotchka" is her next
42. Comic with "rubber" legs
43. Boy
44. " - - - - , My Darling Daughter"
46. 1 across never gets these
47. Dead End Kid in "Angels Wash Their Faces"
48. Norse goddess
49. Anything woven
51. Color
52. Caught sight of
54. Niche
56. Beverage
57. Vegetable
58. 1 across was in "White - - - - - s"
61. Glamorous stars wear this
65. Fuss
66. Trap
68. Some
69. Lair
70. " - - Of Washington Square"
72. He's in "Beau Geste"

**DOWN**

74. Knack
75. Measure of length
76. Male lead in "The Old Maid"
78. Heroine in "Man of Conquest"
82. " - - - Winds"
83. Article
84. Period
86. Mentally inclined
87. Newcomer in "Sergeant Menden"
88. Male lead of "St. Louis Blues" Init.
89. Free
90. "To cut grass"
91. Organ of sight
92. "The - - Wife"
93. " - - - Us Live"
95. - - Gaynor
96. Cereal
100. Storm at
102. Given quantity of medicine
103. Talented actor in "Jubilee"
105. Where our star's films are shown
107. 1 across' girl friend in "That Certain Age"
108. Popular character star

23. A tune
25. Go astray
27. Dress up
30. "The - - Never Sets"
31. Our star was "Peck's"
32. Cuning
34. Seize
37. Pen
38. Birth state of 1 across abbr.
39. Star of "Calling Dr. Kildare"
41. Was born
43. Rich man in "Midnight"
45. Snake
48. She's in "Winter Carnival"
50. With 1 across in "The Champ"
53. Actor in "Tarzan Finds A Son"
55. Rotating piece
58. Heroine in "Union Pacific"
59. Ornamenting
60. Jimmy Durante's famed feature
62. Mental picture
63. Unnecessary
64. Understanding
67. Kind of dance
68. Noah's boat
71. Conclusion
73. Bari
74. The Wonder Dog
75. Cook with fat
77. Brother of "Big Town Czar"
79. Direction
80. Newest Western sensation
81. Suggestive
82. Director - - - Garnet
85. Genevieve's her first name
87. Husband of Shirley Ross
90. Impassable
92. Bird
94. Dress up
95. Character actress: Pauline - - -
97. " - - - - - - are Island"
101. Exclamation of triumph
102. Dolores - - - Rio
104. Musical note
106. "Invitation - - Happiness"
**Career**

“Career” is the picture Jesse L. Lasky provided as a training ground for the winners of his “Gateway to Hollywood” radio contest. The feminine winner of the contest, Alice Eden, is adequate enough in a role that requires very little in the way of talent, but handsome John Archer turns in a performance that shows remarkable ability.

Both new players are part of a deeply moving story concerning a small Iowa town peopled with ordinary but wholesome characters who little realize the drama in their lives. Dependable as always, Edward Ellis portrays one of Pittsville’s leading storekeepers. His son (John Archer) is in love with Anne Shirley, daughter of the town banker (Samuel S. Hinds). Anne Shirley’s brother, Maurice Murphy, is the spoiled and rum-swilling son of wealth, and he’s in love with Alice Eden, daughter of the town drunkard (Leon Errol).

There’s a great deal of homespun philosophy narrated by Fletcher Wiley, but this does not detract from action or sentimental qualities. Anyone who has ever lived in the midwest will feel rushes of homesickness during many typical holiday-time scenes, and others will wish they had known these experiences. Other players contributing good support are Janet Beecher, Raymond Hatton, Harrison Greene, Hobart Cavanaugh and Charles Drake. The picture was directed by Leigh Jason.—RKO.

**News Is Made at Night**

This is one of those breezy newspaper melodramas where managing editors, reporters and office boys turn into better mystery detectives than even the police department itself. Literally the “News Is Made At Night,” and there’s never a dull moment, including the last one when managing editor, Preston Foster, decides he wants reporter, Lynn Bari, for keeps.

The story is about the managing editor’s determination that a condemned murderer who is going to be executed within 48 hours is not really guilty. At the moment, Lynn Bari is pesterling him for a reporter’s job on his paper, but he won’t have women on his staff. She gets into a blackmailing spot, and he’s forced to give her a job—at least until the murder is cleared up. Russell Gleason, playing the role of the publisher’s son, is excellent in one of his best screen roles to date. In his father’s absence, he attempts to tell Editor Foster how to run the paper, and his comedy relief adds much to the entertainment. Eddie Collins, as usual, is good for a laugh whenever he makes his appearance as Foster’s butler.

There’s very good support offered by such players as George Barbier, Minor Watson, Paul Harvey, Charles Halton, Richard Lane, Paul Guilfoyle and old-time star, Betty Compson. In fact, this capable line-up enhances the picture’s value. Directed by Alfred Werker.—20th Century-Fox.

**Stronger Than Desire**

“Stronger Than Desire,” not making any pretense of being a “super-colossal,” turns out to be one of those pleasant surprises. The story is a familiar domestic problem, but an unexpected climax gives the picture good entertainment quality.

Successful lawyer, Walter Pidgeon, is so busy being a success that he doesn’t have time to provide other than material luxuries for his wife and baby daughter. He frees spoiled debutante, Rita Johnson, from a manslaughter charge then can’t get the affectionate darling off his hands. Wife, Virginia Bruce, misunderstands, and sets out to do a little flirting of her own. This leads to blackmail and a shooting which she manages to cover up, but during the trial her conscience drives her to reveal the truth. Resulting courtroom scenes are highly dramatic, giving both Walter Pidgeon and Virginia Bruce opportunity to display their talents to advantage. Ann Dvorak turns in a remarkable characterization as the blackmailers neglected wife. She is an excellent actress and it’s good to see her again.

Additional acting honors are divided between Ilka Chase, Lee Bowman, Little Ann Todd, Richard Lane and Ferike Boros. Direction of the picture is so forceful that ex-actor, Leslie Fenton, is deserving of special mention.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

(Continued on page 102)

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**Seductive Fragrance THAT CAPTURES LOVE!**

Be a gay enchantress! Lift up your spirits... lure Love to your heart... with Park & Tilford GARDENIA Perfume. This true fragrance of Gardenia flowers makes you the one girl men always remember! Drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Tempting, pulchritudinous glamour is yours—when you use Park & Tilford vacuum-sifted “Texture of Youth” Powder. Park & Tilford Rouge and Lipstick shades are ultra-fashionable... for that enticing look! Guard daintiness with the double-acting liquid Park & Tilford Perfumed Deodorant!
MODERN SCREEN

Is your idea of Movietown a place of pink palaces?

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

A LETTER on my desk from a swooning young relative in the East exclaims, "Oh, lucky, lucky you! You can walk right down that glittering Hollywood Boulevard and meet the motion picture stars shopping and having lunch. You may even talk to some of them. Oh, lucky you!"

I talked, a year or so ago, with a young bond salesman in Philadelphia. "How do you picture Hollywood?" I asked him. He became dreamy at once. "I think of Universal City with lots of big, pink stucco houses on hillsides, swimming pools and people in gay sports clothes, drinking and dancing and playing games. I think of limousines with the world's loveliest women in evening clothes and on they came if right moving but you get the general trend of his remarks, don't you?"

A novelist friend on Long Island remarked, "I love to think about your Hollywood because I hope it is as fantastic and as amusing as I think it is." (She had seen "Once in a Lifetime" and similar operas, but she had not seen Hollywood.)

I talked with a brakeman on an Eastbound Santa Fe "Chief." "Lots of picture people ride on this train," he informed me, with some pride. "They all have drawing-rooms and stay out of sight, that's so they can go right on and on makin' whoopee, I guess."

Well, puncturing illusions is always a sad business and I didn't tell that brakeman that about 80% of the people on that train are salesmen trying to sell their wares. I didn't tell him that Jeanette MacDonald, who emerged not too long ago from a drawing-room for a breath of air, wearing a magnificent fur coat, was spending most of her time in her berth nursing, rather anxiously, throatlessness to that lovely and valuable voice of hers.

There was a writer from Paramount whose typewriter vied with mine through those three days in the club car. And three solemn Russian gentlemen, under contract, I believe, to Metro, con- ferred earnestly and constantly and collected dozens of sheets of paper penciled notes.

Not a whop in the entire trainload. My Philadelphia friend was devastated when I admitted reluctantly that Universal City is actually a large, rambling, gray, rather dingy manufacturing plant with nary a pink stucco palace nor a swimming pool and that there are signs tacked up all about bearing the brusk admonition, "Let's make pictures!" Most of the people you see there, with the exception of actors in costume, wear slacks and are dry. There is an atmosphere of swarming activity like that of a hive of extremely industrious ants.

There are, of course, limousines to be seen, occasionally containing lovely ladies in evening clothes, but most of the stars drive themselves to work in modest cars and the tendency, nowadays, is to have even the limousines as inconspicuous as possible. There is probably a practical reason for this. Fans and autograph hunters, recognizing a star's car, have been known to swarm all over it, ruining the paint job and some times even reaching inside to pull off wips of the beautiful lady's garments or buttons from her escarap coat. Norma Shearer not long ago traded in a rocco imported car for an inconspicuous and sheltering domestic model. And Gary Cooper (after his marriage) had his famous yelow and black and chromium open job repainted a dull and dignified gray.

As for the Boulevard, I am obliged to tell you every evening of the limousines that I traversed its length four times only yesterday on various errands and not a celebrity did I so much as glimpse. But later in the afternoon, at a large open-air market in Brentwood, I encountered Myrna Loy, hatless and wearing a blue, sheer house-dress, buying new poinsettias, watercress, tomatoes, marketing right shrewdly, too.

Not that actors have ceased to appear in the glittering palaces. If you know where to look and can afford to pay the prices they ask for meals, there are numbers of smart restaurants and "clubs" where you can see lots of them, done up in their best bibs and tuckers, eating their cottage cheese and pineapple. As a matter of fact, to be seen don't be shy about staring. And don't be alarmed if some of the girls appear to be suffering from serious anemia. There are many news photographers lurking about these places and since a certain type of make-up photographers better than most others, you will find most of the ladies wearing dead white pans, heavily shadowed eyes and a splash of maroon where the mouth should be. Business is business or, if you want work at your job all the time in Hollywood.

Freddie March says that is the hardest lesson an actor has to learn in Hollywood, that he works at his job all the time. That is not only what he does on the set that counts but what he eats, how much he sleeps and exercises, where he is seen and with whom, what he reads and thinks, how he spends his leisure moments... all these things have definitive and important bearings on his job.

So, when you see them being oh so gay at the Vendome, the Derby, the Ambassador, the Russian Eagle or the Beverly-Wilshire, when you see them at the tennis matches or the polo games, running themselves at Palm Springs or yelling their heads off at the Hollywood Legion fights, they may be enjoying themselves but they are also working quietly and at the races they are wearing dead white pans, heavily shadowed eyes and a splash of maroon where the mouth should be. Business is business or, if you want work at your job all the time in Hollywood.

If you are patient and persistent you may possibly glimpse even Garbo at the puppet shows in the Mexican quarter or, if you want to take a long drive you may catch up with Clark Gable at mid-
Well, just guess again

night at a certain hot dog stand at the edge of the Mojave Desert, having coffee and doughnuts all by himself. You have to know where to look. That's all.

More and more of Hollywood's frolicking is done behind closed doors. There are a number of small “clubs” which are really restaurant-bars whose proprietors will not admit anyone who is not in pictures. There, if anyone imbibes too much and pokes a producer in the nose, the story will not get into the papers. They don't have to pose for photographers or work at being glamorous. The gals can wear slacks and everybody may behave like ordinary people. It's very comforting.

Even the premiere with spotlights and loud speakers and radio broadcasts and masters of ceremony (Conrad Nagel or Eddie Cantor) and crowds outside standing on soap boxes to watch and listen while Miss Irene Dunne said, “Hello everybody!” into the microphone is practically a thing of the past. Now-a-days we have the verra, verra exclusive preview a few days before the opening of an important picture. These are held in the day time, attendance is by invitation only and they are NOT announced in the papers, believe it or not.

People acquire large houses, barricade themselves behind corps of protecting secretaries and servants and private telephone numbers... and then they buy yachts or ranches or rent bungalows to get away from the large houses! Ronald Colman never has gone in for swank, and, since he’s married, he and his wife are seldom seen around. Colman, Freddie March, Joel McRea and any number of other luminaries have ranches with nary a telephone among them. There is a new and thriving week-end resort not too far from Hollywood reached by carrier pigeon. But please don’t think from the somewhat lugubrious foregoing remarks that (Continued on page 96)

True, there were the days when Carole Lombard used to throw a mean party. But Mrs. Gable is a rancher now.

Ronald Colman never has gone in for swank, and, since he’s married, he and his wife are seldom seen around. Colman, Freddie March, Joel McRea and any number of other luminaries have ranches with nary a telephone among them. There is a new and thriving week-end resort not too far from Hollywood reached by carrier pigeon. But please don’t think from the somewhat lugubrious foregoing remarks that (Continued on page 96)

N.R.G. is energy—the pep and power to get going and keep going at work or play.

Baby Ruth — the big, pure, delicious candy bar is rich in food-energy because it’s rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Enjoy a bar of Baby Ruth today — and every day. It’s fine candy and fine food!

CURTIS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

RICH IN DEXTROSE FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR

85
**Nights**

The price of film fame is

my dentist's office where Shirley was having her porcelain caps refitted. Think of it—not being able to go to the dentist with the company of a man with a gun!

Of all the movie stars threatened by kidnappers, the most prominent was Miss Dietrich. Mrs. West, according to Harry Dean, Special Investigator for District Attorney Payson Torrance said, "Miss Dietrich was married to the West case, donning a blond wig, false eyelashes and a pair of Ma's own silk lounging pajamas to masquerade as the star in trying to trap the extortionist. She was also head man in the famous Dietrich scare!"

She declares:

"Marlene was so frightened she immediately hired not one but three bodyguards at ten bucks a day to protect her, although she also had special operatives training her every week.

"Mrs. Dietrich was one of our more interesting cases and although we never made an arrest, we had definite theories as to the identity of her extortionist. We figured that the writer was not after money, but wanted publicity! How could he (or she) get it in this way?"

Well, listen and I'll tell you a story which has never been printed to the best of my knowledge.

"At the same time Miss Dietrich received her threatening letter, a woman of German descent, recently arrived in Los Angeles from Chicago, received an identical threat to pay $25,000 or else burn small boy, a puppy, and a dog with curly hair, about the same age as the Dietrich child, would be snatched.

"Both women reported to us about the same time. Naturally, the similarity in cases was noticed. The notes were compared. Their phraseology was much the same, the handwriting was identical.

"Miss Dietrich heard, in the course of events, the plight of her fellow countrywoman. Her sympathy was evinced. When the woman asked to talk to her, she agreed. Long conversations on the phone between the two of them ensued. Eventually, a letter was written for the woman to visit Marlene at the studio. She arrived, bringing her small boy, dressed up in a German sailor hat and black clothes. It was obvious from her actions and conversation she wanted to get him in the movies, and she hoped to enlist the Dietrich help.

"Well, as I said, no arrests were ever made. No proof could be obtained, but after we had spent considerable time grilling the woman about her life and plans, she became frightened and decided to return to Chicago. Nobody has since threatened Miss Dietrich.

"Dictaphones play a big part in most arrests of would-be extortionists. They were called into use when Joan Crawford shook in her slippers from terror at the sudden appearance of a youth who insisted in ominous phrases that he must see her to tell her something of vital importance.

"Miss Crawford called the District Attorney's office in Los Angeles and set up dictaphones and hid themselves in an adjoining room while the shaking and quivering Joan received the personable youth in her dressing-room. It turned out he was harmless—just wanted her to
get him a movie job. Did he get it? I should say not. After being grilled by detectives, he was the most thoroughly scared youth in California and he'll write no more insistent notes. Joan? Well, she recovered too.

Constance Bennett handled an extortion demand in a typical Bennett fashion—quickly, and showing no nerves. Two men arrived on her front doorstep one night and pushed by the butler.

When Constance swept downstairs to see what the commotion was about, the pair informed her with polite impudence that they had come to save her from a blackmail plot; that they knew a man who was in possession of information about Miss Bennett which would precipitate an ugly scandal if released. Did not Miss Bennett wish them to take steps to stop this? Could she afford bad publicity?

Connie sized the men up with a cool appraising look.

"Certainly not," she replied, "and I do appreciate your coming right to me. If you will just sit down, I will call my friend, the Beverly Hills Chief of Police, and let you tell your story to him. I am sure he will be glad to hear it."

The men demurred. They did not think this necessary. They could handle the matter quietly.

Connie started for the telephone. The men remembered an appointment and left hastily. That was the last of them—frightened off by a beautiful Bennett.

Crackpots or psychopathic cases, says Investigator Dean, are to be feared more than gun-toting, hardened criminals. You never can tell what a crazy man will do.

Ida Lupino had a terrifying experience with a crackpot. He was a Northern California carpenter who, with his tool kit, hitch-hiked south to Hollywood to warn Ida that her marriage to Louis Hayward was something of which the gods disapproved heartily.

He wrote her something like this: "You must not see any more of that man, Louis Hayward. He is persecuting you although you don't know it. I will kill him and I will also get you out of this world in which you are so persecuted."

Imagine how that made Ida feel. Obviously, the man was crazy, but his mental condition probably didn't affect his strong right arm and wouldn't deter him from whamming Ida over the head.

A guard was thrown around the house and in due time, when Mr. Psychopathic Case showed up with his carpenter's tool kit over his shoulder—all ready for some kind of work—authorities grabbed him and carried him off.

No number of threats keep the stars from going on with their jobs—jobs which toss them in the limelight and subject them to more risks than the ordinary individual going about his work.

I stood on the corner of Hollywood (Continued on page 96)

**They thought Betty would never be a bride**

**Betty will be left on the shelf if she doesn't watch out!**

**Doesn't she realize men run from "B.O.?"**

**Why, those women were talking about me! They were saying I needed lifebuoy. I'll never risk "B.O." again!**

**The happy ending**

It was a happy day for me when Ted proposed. I certainly fooled those two who said I'd never be a bride!

---

**I KEEP MILLIONS LOVABLE SAFE FROM OFFENDING**

- Like women everywhere, Betty discovered it pays to keep lovable with Lifebuoy! Her daily Lifebuoy bath not only stopped "B.O."—it made her more sure of herself, gave her a new kind of charm and poise.
  - Lifebuoy's different; contains an exclusive ingredient.
  - Its lavish lather is lively and refreshing. Why should one risk offending when it's so pleasant to play safe!
Miriam Hopkins is a successful southern gal who, through thick and thin, has kept her eye on the top rung of the ladder. She may not be popular personally, but professionally—yes, indeed.

THE LOWDOWN ON A HIGH-UP

She knew what she wanted and, what's more, knew how to get it! But then, Miriam is smart

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

If you knew what you wanted out of life, could you attain it? Few of us realize just what we desire, and if we did, few could fulfill that wish.

Miriam Hopkins is an exception to this rule. From the time Miriam was a very small girl living in Savannah, Georgia, she knew she wanted to be an actress. At the age of ten her desire to get what she wanted was often mistaken for stubbornness. 

But at that early age, Miriam was so entirely wrapped up in herself that she found her young mind busily working out methods to attain these childhood dreams. She has retained this fight for success to this day. Although she has worked hard both on the stage and screen—and there were many unpleasant periods for Miriam—never has she let anything or anyone stand in her way to reach the success she now enjoys. To some people this may seem hard and unkind, but to Miriam it was the only way to reach the top.

She has not made too many lasting friends in the years she has been in the theatre and pictures, for not many people could understand the way she went after the things she wanted. But the few that did have taken the trouble to understand this trait in Miriam's character realize that her work comes first and they respect her for her willingness to stick to her goal. Often puzzled, however, many of her most intimate friends find it difficult to understand the thoughts behind many of Miriam's decisions.

Like most of her sudden decisions, Miriam's frequent displays of extravagance and conservatism are often criticized by the people nearest to her. Although she does not have a reputation for giving elaborate parties, she maintains a house in the swanky Sutton Place section of New York City, an estate in Bel-Air, California, which she recently bought and has completely rebuilt. In London, Miriam's friends can expect to find her living in the fashionable Grosvenor Square section of the town.

Other sudden spurts of extravagance are typified by her many telephone calls from Hollywood to London. A London call from Miriam might be a little Myn- fair gossip, or a choice joke she has just heard. Conservative in other respects, Miriam is very careful over how much she might spend for a small item in her wardrobe. Carefully chosen and always in good style, her clothes and jewelry never seem extravagant. Maybe this accounts for her wardrobe never appearing as dramatic as most stars.

One of Miriam's hobbies is to have her fortune told. She will sit for hours listening to some obscure palmist and the price is never too high if she can be given some insight about her future. Often she will drive for hours to reach some new seeress she has recently heard about. She is also a great believer in Numerology and she sits by the hour pondering over numbers she has come across during the day.

LONG before Miriam had any idea of buying the late John Gilbert estate, she rented a beach house at Santa Monica. Her main reason for taking it was to give Michael, her adopted son, the house a perfect place for him. The sandy lawn was enclosed by a high board wall and Michael could play in absolute safety. Miriam bought him a St. Bernard for a playmate, but Esope did not fancy his sandy home and was always on the run.

Miriam is completely devoted to her son and it amazes her friends to see how quickly he has copied her pretty mother's mannerisms. He does not look unlike her, with his fair skin, big blue eyes and blonde hair. Michael is called Mike by many people, much to the displeasure of Miriam. Miriam has given much thought and made many plans for his future. Many people tell Miriam that he will spoil him, but she laughs and says, "I love to see him happy and I can spoil him for a few more years, when he must realize that life is not all play."

When Miriam visiting London, her presence in theatrical and Mayfair society is in great demand. Always admired for her acting, English people also find her unconventional mode of living and quiet but definite sense of humor pleasing.

Two years ago, when in London, she was asked to attend their annual theatrical garden party. This event, sponsored by members of the London stage, is one of the outstanding spring social events, always patronized by some member of the Royal Family. Miriam was very gracious and arrived at the lovely "Queen Mary Gardens," where the party is held. There were many notable English personalities present and also several famous American movie stars. Miriam's job, with the other stars, was to sign autographs which were sold to anyone who cared to add them to their collection. La Hopkins was so charming and gracious that her autograph was sold in great quantities, adding many shillings to the English Actors' Fund, and establishing her more firmly in the hearts of the English, thus raising her English box office appeal.

Miriam enjoys going to the theatre in London, as she always dresses, and she is a great believer in evening dress. When in London working on a picture, she spends most of her week-ends in Paris. When you go to Hollywood, you will seldom see Miriam Hopkins. First, she spends every day she can in New York in her Sutton Place home.

She enjoys life more in the east than in the west. When in New York the people she will see are most likely to be of the Social Register. Miriam seems to find in this group much more fun than she would with the Hollywood set. Second, Miriam is none too fond of cafe and night club life, and she dislikes being photographed in public. In fact, she insists that she is not. One night she was sitting in one of Hollywood's clubs when a camera man spotted her. But La Hopkins also spotted him. So the poor man
George Brent and Miriam Hopkins appear together in "The Old Maid," with Bette Davis as "the other woman."

had to break his photo plate and there was no picture.

On the other hand, Miriam does not mind having her picture taken if she has on screen make-up. She feels that unless she is properly made up she will not photograph to advantage. This is quite true, for she is freckled and her eyebrows and lashes are very light, so unless they are made up, her expression is pretty blank. She hates large parties and has a knack of slipping in and out of a place without anyone noticing her. Although, if she is spotted, she can easily become the center of attraction. If necessary she can turn her charm on and off like a light. Yet very few people ever see the light on. But since the motion picture industry is in Hollywood, Miriam is forced to spend most of her time there. She has always been her own greatest teacher and is able to establish each new role with the same casualness as her daily mode of living. After seeing Miriam Hopkins in a picture, one realizes that she has portrayed a very natural and convincing person. One of the greatest assets to her acting is her speaking voice. Although she has not lived in the South since she was a girl, she still retains much of the southern softness in her voice.

Miriam Hopkins' performance in "The Old Maid" is said to be so fine that her cinematic bids will be boosted sky high upon the picture's release. She has not been seen as frequently as she used to be, simply because she has been pretty demanding as to salary and roles. If that is a fault, it is perhaps a wise one. For, many stars have suffered because they have been forced to take mediocre parts. Miss Hopkins, consequently, has waited for what she considered something really worth-while. She has it now.

Miriam and Director Fritz Lang attend "Four Feathers" preview. 'Tis said that Mr. L. will direct the star's next.
A NASTY JOB MADE EASY—

27 YEARS AGO!

Sani-Flush

Cleans Water-Closet Bowls

Sani-Flush has made one of the tasks you used to dread simple and easy. It cleans the closet bowl—and does it without any drudgery on your part. Like a little Sani-Flush regularly. Keep the closet bowl sparkling clean.

Connect Injere
Plumbing Connections

This is a reprint of an old, old Sani-Flush advertisement. This scientific formula was discovered 27 years ago. It is still the easiest and best known way to clean toilets. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) See directions on can. At grocery, drug, hardware, and 5c- and 10c stores.

MODERN SCREEN

Here are "the Women." And you'll have to admit that you'd travel a long way before you'd meet as handsome a trio as Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford at one sitting. Further, can you imagine the histrionic competition in this picture? You're right! It was sump'n'. And so, we can hardly wait to see it, can you? The private reviewers claim that Miss Russell does plenty of scene stealing. We shouldn't be at all surprised!

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NOTHING TO BUY! GIRLIE LADIES! Send Name and Address. Charming Watch or Big Cash Commisison. Send No Money. Given for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE Big Colored Pictures with our famous White Cloverine Salve used for burns, sores, chaps, etc., which you easily add to friends at the next party (pictures FREE) and reselling as explained in catalog. OFFER SATISFACTION. On offer for returning only 25 colored bits yr. Send for Salve and pictures. postage paid.

WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 12-12, Tyrone, Pa.

CINDERELLA CONFESSES

(Continued from page 39)

That was one thing I couldn't conquer. I not only kept burning food; I kept burning myself. I'm ashamed to admit it, but that's the way it was. And I had to cook, because our budget didn't allow us any kitchen help. I began to think of going back to work, just to be able to have someone else do the cooking.

"From the first, Fred was sympathetic about how I felt, but he thought I'd get over it. I thought maybe I would, too. Instead, my cooking became worse. I'm not joking. Finally, one day I gave up and Fred said understandingly, 'I guess your place isn't in the home.'"

"I looked up Demarest. I said, 'You used to think I should be in pictures. Do you still think so?' He said, 'Yes,' and took me down to Paramount for an audition. And they signed me to a stock contract. I didn't think they'd have signed me if I hadn't been willing to take a cut in salary. The usual starting salary is $75. I started at $50.' That was in May, 1936.

"The contract was for seven years, with options every six months for the first two years, then options every year. Contracts like that let studios out cheaply and quickly if you don't click. And if you do click, they have you where they want you—unless they feel like tearing up your contract and giving you a new one. But there isn't much to feed your hopes in a stock company.

"There are fourteen or fifteen of you in a company. But not the same fourteen or fifteen for very long at a time. The faces keep changing. New ones appear, and others disappear, without ever getting a chance on the screen. Once in a while they get 'bit' roles, but those don't count. Nobody is going to notice you as a dress extra, or get any idea of what you can or can't do. I know. I played 'bits' in eleven pictures before 'Sing, You Sinners.' And that break didn't come from any of them.

"I was in that stock company for two years, and in that time I saw a steady stream of young hopefuls come and go. The only explanation for my lasting is that I signed on at a low salary and I didn't ever get a raise.

"When I signed, Phyllis Loughton was the talent coach. She was very helpful. I learned about self-improvement from her. That's something else about a stock company. Your life is a daily barrage of criticism. I had to learn all over again how to walk, sit, light a cigarette, open a door, and countless other things, all in the cause of greater poise. It wasn't easy.

"I had to learn how to have control of myself—in every gesture, every facial expression, every inflection of speech—no matter how nervous or upset I might be. I had to learn to seem at ease when I wasn't. I had to learn how to place my voice to milk the last bit of meaning out of a line. My transformation into an actress wasn't simple and miraculous. It was long, hard work.

"Meanwhile, I had to pose for leg art and not let anyone think I was embarrassed about it. I had to face the fact that this was the only way an unknown could get her picture in the paper, which might somehow, sometime, lead to a movie break. We fed our lean little hopes on such things—fantastic as they were.
"Oliver Hinsdell succeeded Phyllis Loughton. He believed that one way to make professionals out of amateurs was to put them on a stage in front of an audience. He had us do a scene from some play every two weeks in the studio Little Theatre, with producers and directors for our audience. I don't know how many we did—a dozen, at least—before we did the scene from 'Golden Boy.'

'I played the little trollop from Brooklyn. I had to yell and scream and otherwise be volcanic. They hadn't expected I could. Once I had asked Artie Jacobson, Wesley Ruggles' assistant, if he couldn't help me in some way. His answer at the time was, 'Not till you're an actress.' That afternoon, he came backstage and said, 'You're ready to meet Mr. Ruggles now. And he's looking for a new girl for the lead in 'Sing, You Sinners.' I met Mr. Ruggles. That was a Friday. He gave me a script and asked me to come back Monday and read a scene for him. On Tuesday I had a silent film test and on Wednesday I got the role.

'Right after that, Frank Lloyd, who had also been in that Little Theatre audience that Friday afternoon, picked me for a role in 'If I Were King.'

'I didn't think, 'Cinderella, thy name is Terry Ray!' What I thought was, 'At long last—a chance!' Ironically, when my big thrill came, I didn't get the full spice of it. I had been tested for so many roles I didn't get that, when I actually got one, I had used up part of my excitement.'

'It was St. Patrick's Day that the Front Office called her in to tell her that, while giving her a new life, they wanted to give her a new name to go with it. 'They picked 'Drew' out of the telephone book. Then, because I was Irish and it was St. Patrick's Day, they decided on 'Erin' for a first name. I was 'Erin Drew' for two weeks. Then the New York office thought the 'Erin' part sounded phony. They substituted 'Ellen.' I didn't like 'Ellen' at first, but now I do.'

'Most of the people who knew her when still call her Terry, but her husband calls her Ellen. And when 'Skipper' feels like being real cute, he will say, 'Hello, Ellen Drew.' Speaking of 'Skipper' and names, Ellen thinks that she and Fred are on the verge of giving him a Christian cognomen.

'We're rather inclined toward 'Michael,' which isn't the name we'd have chosen if we had named him when he was born, before he had a personality of his own. He'll be called 'Mike;' of course.

'When Mama has to work, a girl takes care of him, when he isn't in kindergarten school. And, very definitely, Mama's cooking days are over. 'We hired someone the first week I went to work,' Ellen says, with a chipper smile.

'They live in a small rented house, miles from the swank of Bel-Air. They "hope to build next year." They'd like a small ranch among some rolling hills. They're demon horse-back riders. Aside from swimming, badminton is Ellen's other form of exercise, as she has such a terrific time keeping her weight up. Her one hundred and ten pounds are spread very scenically over five feet, three and a half inches.

'She has a dimple in her chin. Her mouth is what the character analysts call "generous." ("It's a little too generous in the lower lip," she says, self-critically.) She has a quick, friendly smile, grey eyes with an Irish sparkle, and a pert nose with an Irish tilt. Her hair is light brown. And there you have, to date, the salient statistics about Ellen Drew, who says, "Please—I'm no Cinderella."

Jeffrey Lynn's a gross-cutter as well as a rug-cutter. He's mowin' it down on his San Fernando lawn.
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**HOLMES & EDWARDS**

HEIGH-HO, SCARLETT!
(Continued from page 35)

existed between herself and Clark Gable. "Who could quarrel with Clark Gable?" she asked. "We got on well. Whenever anyone on the set was tired or depressed, it was Gable who cheered that person up. Then the newspapers began printing the story that Gable and I were not getting on. This was so ridiculous it served only as a joke. From that time on the standard greeting between Clark and myself became, 'How are you not getting on today?'"

Because everyone was curious to meet the woman who was playing Scarlett O'Hara, she received many invitations, but accepted few of them.

"I did meet Norma Shearer," she told me, "and she was very gracious. Even before I met her, she sent me a wire congratulating me on being chosen for the role of Scarlett."

There was no congratulatory wire, however, as has been reported, from Paulette Goddard, who was considered the likeliest candidate until Vivien came along so unexpectedly.

Though she made no new friends in Hollywood, Vivien did renew one of the greatest and finest friendships in her life, with Laurence Olivier, the English actor who played Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights."

These two handsome and dynamic young people have been rumored to be in love with each other. And if a novelist were trying to choose a hero and heroine for a tale of romance, he couldn't do better than to choose the violent Englishman with the shock of dark hair and the tiny girl from Darjeeling, India, whose eyes are greener than tea. They would make a grand story.

These two together—and they were constantly together in Hollywood—is enough to cause romantic rumors. They are as like each other as Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler were. Both are theatre people, and both are equally determined that regardless of what laurels they gain in Hollywood, they will continue acting on the stage part of the time.

Laurence Olivier is the more explosive of the two. The violence you sense in Vivien Leigh is a suppressed violence. But Laurence Olivier, in the past, has not hesitated to express his contempt for Hollywood. He has said with ill-concealed impatience, "No actor, you would be here at all if it were not for the money there is in it."

YOU won't catch Vivien making a crack like that. If you ask what she thinks of Hollywood, as I did, she will flutter her long lashes helplessly and say, "But I really didn't see Hollywood. I spent five months working in 'Gone With the Wind,' with only five days off, and during those days I was too busy catching up on my sleep to get any reaction to Hollywood."

They both have a touch of the devil in them. When Laurence was in a small English company, where wreaths were used to hide the holes in the backdrop, he once tore the wreaths down in the middle of a scene. What was exposed to the horrified public of England was plainly scandalous—women behind scenes in the company dressing-rooms, in various stages of dress and undress. Laurence was promptly fired.

Again, you wouldn't catch Vivien indulging in any such obvious tactics as this. But the touch of O'Hara in the girl comes out in other ways.

Take, for instance, the matter of her first role in a small picture. It seems that somebody's sister's husband was writing a motion picture script for Cicely Courtelidge, the English musical comedy star, and promised Vivien a small part in that. When she came forward to claim the role, she discovered that she wasn't really getting a part at all, but instead was expected to play one of many school girls. Those girls wouldn't even have a line to say. Vivien was bitterly disappointed.

But she must have brightened up later, when she learned that there would be six special girls, each of whom would have about three lines.

"I squeezed myself in among the special girls," she told me, "instead of just appearing with the others." When I asked her how she managed this feat, she said, "I just squeezed myself in."

Laurence has been known to antagonize interviewers by telling them out and out that he is allergic to them. Vivien just outwits them. If you ask her a question she doesn't want to answer, she tells you wistfully she really wishes she could remember, but her memory for personal things is outrageously bad.

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win exciting new beauty with MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP!

Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick,
Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!

My, what it does for a girl—this wonderful discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied women of every age and coloring and found that eye color is related to the color of your skin, your hair—that eye color is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are right for you.

So now, whether your eyes are blue, brown, hazel or gray—the makers of Marvelous have blended cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. They have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick for you, keyed to the color of your eyes!

You'll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin . . . the soft, natural glow of your Marvelous Rouge . . . the lovely, long-lasting color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately, of course (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for perfect color harmony, use them together. At drug and department stores, only $5.5c each (65¢ in Canada).

Send for sample Makeup Kit mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are right for you!
And then there was that memorable interview with the reporter who asked her if any of her mother's people had ever settled in the South. "No," she admitted. "Have you ever been in the South?" the reporter went on.

Vivien got the idea. "No," she said. "But maybe this will help you. My last name is pronounced just like that of General Robert E. Lee."

Oh, yes, they're a lot alike, this Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. They even have similar backgrounds. Laurence is the son of an English priest, descended from the French Huguenots who fled to England to escape persecution. Vivien, you'll remember, is also of French descent. Both Vivien and Laurence are fond of French foods and wines. But before you begin getting ideas about them, it's only fair to say that at the present time Vivien is married to Leigh Holman, a prominent English lawyer who is as fair as Laurence is dark. And Laurence Olivier is married to Jill Esmond, an English actress with whom he came to America a number of years ago, and with whom he scored a Broadway success in the stage play, "The Green Bay Tree." Vivien has a daughter, and Laurence has a son.

Rumor has it that Vivien Leigh is estranged from her husband, and that Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond have come to the parting of the ways. The rumor mongers would have you believe that it is only a matter of time before Vivien and Laurence are divorced from their present mates."

TF that's true, then Vivien is indeed in a spot more dangerous than any in which Scarlett O'Hara ever stood, for right now Vivien's career is so important to her that it is questionable if she will risk it for anything, no matter how much she loves him.

The friendship—or romance, if you accept the rumors—between Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh began a little over two years ago when they were both cast in the English picture, "Fire Over England." Vivien was playing her first important role on the screen, as a lady in waiting at the court of Queen Elizabeth. What more natural than that Laurence, with his wealth of experience on the screen, should find the ambition of this young woman, with the face like a flower, touching and should try to help her in every way he could? With his help and encouragement, she made good. Afterwards, they appeared in several plays together. When Laurence Olivier, who had distinguished himself in Shakespearean plays at the old Vic Theatre in England, was asked to play Hamlet in ancient Elsinore Castle in Denmark, the original scene of the tragedy, she was chosen to play Ophelia.

In the love scenes they clung together like two people who could never let each other go. Laurence's face was dark with brooding, and his eyes wild with a hopeless passion. There was a bewitching, haunting quality about Vivien's performance.

At that time she was an experienced stage actress. Because of her eagerness to act, she had burst through the cocoon of her early training in conservatories in England and Italy, where she moved like a small but vital young ghost through the simply decorated rooms with their medieval walls. Even then the knowledge that she wanted to act was stirring in her, and she would whisper to Maureen O'Sullivan, her classmate, "I'm going to be an actress some day. Watch and see."

In the convent in Italy the restraint under which she was put was even greater than in the English convent. She learned that it was not considered decorous to wear pajamas; instead she was poured into long linen night dresses especially made for the students, and when she went swimming in the last afternoons, she had to wear specially made bathing suits which had so much calico on them that it was all she could do to keep from sinking. I felt as if there were tons of lead weighing me down," she laughed. And no doubt, she felt as if those ancient traditions were also weighing her down.

Still, her resolve to act was a bright, shining almost tangible thing. After years of formal education, when her parents asked her what she wanted to do next, she didn't hesitate. I want to become an actress. I'd like to go to a good dramatic school."

They sent her to the Academy of Dramatic Art in London. Certainly she didn't mean to fall in love. But living the quiet, constrained, sheltered life she had all during her girlhood, was it any wonder that she should be swept off her feet by anyone so good-looking, so worldly-wise, so altogether charming as Leigh Holman, the fair-haired young barrister? They met at a hunt ball in South
Mickey Rooney and Ann Rutherford play together both in and out of the "Andy Hardy" series.

**IF YOU'RE ASHAMED OF YOUR SKINNY FIGURE**

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TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR, See your local newspaper for exact time and station.
Hollywood is Real
(Continued from page 85)

Mercolized Wax Cream is the complex lightener that aids, hastens and supplements the natural activity of the skin in flaking off dull, lifeless, over-pigmented superficial skin. You then see revealed the smoother, softer, lovelier skin—your own natural complexion. Get a jar of Mercolized Wax Cream today and try it.

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Buy a large tube of 5c 10c stores 10c

Hair that has been abused... made Soft and Lovely again

* Don't put up with “apology” hair any longer. Nobody believes you when you say, “I can't do a thing with my hair.” Because thousands know you can! Just a few simple treatments at home will work wonders with hair that’s been abused. You can restore natural softness by using the same methods professional hairdressers use... the alkali-free, latherless Admiration Oil Shampoo.

Don't confuse Admiration with soap shampoos. Admiration Shampoo contains no alkali or harsh chemicals. With a single application, the film that hides the beauty of your hair is washed away. Unruly hair is left soft and manageable, it sets beautifully after washing. Ask your druggist for Admiration Oil Shampoo. There are two types...

...“no-lather” in the red carton and “lathering” in the green carton. Use either and see the new luster in your hair—the new spring in your curls. Admiration Laboratories, Harrison, New Jersey.

MODERN SCREEN

Hollywood is Real
(Continued from page 85)

Hollywood has lost all her fantastic aspects! Joan Crawford does drive that black and chromium roadster... not along the Boulevard. Alice Brady did take five dogs to a pre-view and the subsequent dinner at the Ambassador. There really is a men's club in Hollywood to which no one without at least three inches of chest whiskers is admitted. Some of our biggest stars have belonged to it temporarily. There are club rooms and the members amuse themselves with checkers games and beer.

Bill Fields did start to juggle plates and knives and forks in a small restaurant, to the proprietor's horror, as a protest against slate whiskers. Honestly and truly, Anna Sten shot baby chickens in her living room and a jack rabbit actually lived in a box on the balcony outside her bed room. (It had a most unpleasant disposition and was polite to no one but Anna.) Hollywood's creme de la creme really did slide down things at Carole Lombard's beach concession party that time, with resultant, painful bruises. And, speaking of bruises, the Countess di Frascati, frankly going up and down stairs for days after she arrived at a party riding on a camel. I really did see a lady, wearing red satin pajamas, taking a huge Dalmatian for his exercise in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel.

What I am getting at is this. Hollywood still had her idiosyncrasies, always will have. But they are not as apparent to the casual passer-by as they used to be. The whole atmosphere of the place is changing. The making of pictures is no longer a glorious romp. It is a serious and some times heart breaking business. The present generation of actors has been sobered and is treated by the spectacles of former big shots taking nose dives to ignominious ends. Clara Kimball Young who made, and spent, a million. Francis X. Bavier, who was practically bankrupt when he died. More recently Noah Beery who, after years of successful work upon the screen, found himself nearly penniless.

Sables and orchids and solid gold plumbing are no longer considered necessities in Hollywood, although they have not entirely disappeared. Hard work and investment in government bonds are becoming downright fashionable.

When I first met Alison Skipworth I asked her how, with her ripe experience of stage trouping, Hollywood impressed her. Was she amused or irritated by it? "I see nothing fantastic or amusing about it," quoth Miss Skipworth. "Hollywood is filled with earnest, talented people, working hard and more intensely than do anywhere else in the world. Some of them are doing fine things. All of them are striving to do fine things. Hollywood is an agonizing commitment!"

Hollywood still glitters in spots. It still cuts capers which make you wonder whether you are living in some Lewis Carrol land of fancy. But Hollywood works at its job now... and fantasy gives way gradually to reality. And perhaps that's as it should be.

NIGHTS OF TERROR
(Continued from page 87)

Boulevard and Vine Street one evening shortly before Christmas. A man with a large red cocked hat and a big red coat, who seemed to be following a man with a baby carriage, was watched by the Santa Claus parade wind up the street. In the first float, sitting beside Old Nick himself was Jane Withers—smiling, bowing and waving to the folk on the sidewalk. She looked as if she were having a grand time.

The woman who stood next to me with her own little girl by her side, said, "My, aren't her parents lucky to have a child to make all that money for them!" She worked for it for quite a number of years," I replied.

"What of it?" said the woman. "She's got it all now and nothing to worry about!"

Nothing to worry about. Behind Jane, covered by a mass of red hounding, crouched into cramped positions, but still on the alert, and with their hands on their gun holsters ready for the draw, were two husky bodyguards. What the petulant mother who envied Jane's parents didn't know was of the danger that even then confronted the small star. Of the sleepless nights Mrs. Withers had spent, wondering, worrying, fearing that the "finger had been put on her daughter, but she refused to show the contents of the extortion note which read: "Have $5,000 ready and wait until you hear from us. If you don't get it, we don't tell police. If you do, we will get Jane. You know what will happen if you talk too much. We will take her for a ride. (Signed) "Ace."

And, yet, because her job demanded it, Jane rode down Hollywood Boulevard that night in full sight and gun range of anyone who wanted to take a pot shot. Nothing to worry about—!

A few weeks after the Santa Claus parade, the man who wrote the letter to the kid, who is a singular one to Freddie Bartholomew asking $25,000 or it will be just too bad for Freddie, walked into the Los Angeles police station and handed himself up. He signed a full confession and inside of three days was on his way to prison to serve a twenty-five year sentence. Yes, he was caught and sentenced, but he'd done his work—frightened Mrs. Withers and Aunt Cissie so that they will never sleep quite as soundly again.

Shortly after her marriage to Roger Pryor, and when Roger was in Chicago, Ann Sothern received a series of strange phone calls. Her telephone would ring. She would answer and no one would answer her, although she had the strange feeling that someone was listening. This happened seven times before she notified authorities and was informed that often this was the way burglars checked to find where people were, before they struck. Very, very, not at all sure of this, she decided, Ann installed an alarm system, bought herself another dog and left word that one of the servants was to stay on the watch. As a result, Al Jolson was the victim last year of a telephone fiend, who called him in the dead of night, and informed him that Tony Reali, who was in the hospital for a minor operation, had died suddenly. Imagine his feelings, until he found out the truth. What an experience!
SUNNY SIDE UP
(Continued from page 31)

for them. Last year I not only didn't feel like working but I couldn't have worked if I'd felt like it. Last year everything was upside down. I was up-set and unhappy about everything. "This year everything is right side up. Now I feel well. Now I am free of my RKO contract. Now I am free-lancing. I am-terribly happy about it." "Up to Pacific." I love my part in "Golden Boy." I like the script of my next picture at Paramount.

"I want to feel really free again. I don't want to be tied down to the responsibilities of the two ranches, mine and Bob's. I don't want us to settle down and that settling down business is more dangerous for men, I believe, than for women. Out there, it's too easy to come home, get into old clothes (you know, the blouse and all) and then say that it's too much trouble to drive back into town again. We want to go places and do things. At least, we want to be where Bob's ranch, keep the horses there and use it for week-ends. But we'll have a place in Beverly Hills where we can stay when we're working.

WE haven't any plans," said Barbara, flippantly, positively flippantly, I assure you. "The only plan we may be said to have calls for our being together as much as possible. As it is now, I leave the ranch at 5:30 in the morning in order to get to the studio, get my make-up on, be on the set in time. Bob, not having to use any make-up, doesn't have to leave until 7:30. Result: we never have breakfast together, seldom lunch together, though Bob has rushed over here to Columbia a few times to lunch with me. Only sure date we have is for dinner and that's at odd hours.

"But as I was saying, the plan is that we haven't any plans. We haven't planned where, or even whether we can have a permanent home. We haven't planned for a family, one way or the other. We might take another child, we might have a family of our own. We haven't bought a single new thing since our marriage, not even a piece of furniture. Why, I didn't even paint a turquoise sea. I got married in a little blue dress which just happened to be new. When we got half way to San Diego I realized that I'd forgotten my hat! I had to borrow Holly's (Holly is my secretary and good friend) to get married in.

"Not that I was too haphazard about it, don't get me wrong. We didn't, for instance, get married on the spur of the moment, as has been said. People asked us why we pulled a fast one, a surprise. But we didn't. They must have forgotten that 'way last February we said that we'd be married sometime in May. Well, we were married sometime in May. And I did conform to sentiment, too. I wore 'something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue.' Old shoes, the dress was new and blue, the hat was borrowed and there was I, the old couplet come to life.

"I am sentimental about all that," confessed Barbara, again confusing me. "I must confess that I always have remembered all of our anniversaries, such as the anniversary (announced and commemorated each month) of the day we first met, the music we first danced to, the first flowers Bob ever sent me (they're pressed in the family album at home). You needn't look so distraught, it isn't a change in me to be sentimental. I've always been a sentimentalist, at heart. But I've never dared to admit it before, that's the change. For unless you're happy and feel secure in your happiness, it's a dangerous thing to admit to sentiment.

"Anyway, we haven't any plans. I know that if you make plans and they don't work out, they break your heart. So we haven't any and don't intend to make any. 'Plan' has nothing and be prepared for everything—that's the Taylor motto. I'm so thrilled, so absolutely happy right now, this very day, this very hour, that I'm simply not concerned about the next hour or the next day. Never did I think I'd live to see the day

(Continued on page 103)

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similar situation, to get ahead. It would not occur to her to copy. She never plans to get into pictures. She didn't scheme and study. She hasn't suffered, nor outwitted an inferiority complex. Lana mixes among ordinary people. She isn't afraid of ordinary people. She has an innate poise. When she was dancing in a grammar school performance she broke down and sobbed. Without batting one of her big blue eyes, she switched into a toe dance which didn't involve the hurt heel.

Never, ever, of an inhibition nor, so far, of a consequence, she has never experienced a worry. This is rather hard to believe at first, but her objective was, apparently, to have a good time. She expects to live vividly, to be kind when she can be, and she is so full of young ideas that she makes you wonder how any other goal could seriously appeal to anyone.

Lana was happily having fun, when, at fifteen, she found herself in the movies. She and her mother resided in several inland California towns before settling in San Francisco. Mrs. Turner persuaded a San Francisco friend to share their apartment with them, so Lana would be looked after when she came home from school after a day at a convenient, Lana returned to a public school as a junior high student. She was so exuberant she was elected girls' yell leader.

The other facet of her youth happened the same year. She set forth alone on a trip half-way across America. She was fourteen and it was summer. Lana did not have any money, so I think over. Her objective was, apparently, to have a good time. She expects to live vividly, to be kind when she can be, and she is so full of young ideas that she makes you wonder how any other goal could seriously appeal to anyone.

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Looking at this striking new yellow-and-black package, when you worry lint that is easy to use, dries in a jiffy, and leaves your hair soft and beautiful. Tried and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau—your guarantee of quality. Ask for Dr. Ellis' Wave Set—"Green" or "Clear"!

LOS ANGELES, and missed the train north. didn't know a second of it, and the news didn't leave until morning. I just went to the travelers' Aid again. They took me over to the Y. W. C. A. for the night. When I thought they were going to let me out, I certainly hated to get up so early. 'How do I get over to the station?' I asked. They said me a subway car. I was so mad, having to lug my luggage in a street car. But when I got home I dragged my poor mother off; I just had to stop in at Jack 'n' Jill's. That was the drug store where all the kids collected was so disappointed when they weren't there that night that I just cried and cried."

Half the time Lana is thoroughly naive, and so amusingly frank and good-humored that you laugh with her as she tells on herself. Then you are conscious of her beauty, of her after-she signed, and of the smart way she wears her attractive clothes.

Her mother learned of a better pecular job in Hollywood. They entered their only motive in coming where the studios are. Lana enrolled at Hollywood High, and didn't enjoy it because classes began at a boring time. She had celebrated her fourteenth birthday, and had been at Hollywood High only two months, when she was selected for the new film. Temporarily disgusted with the intricacy of typing, Lana was cutting the class to have a coke at the street drug store fountain. The publicity of Hollywood's leading movie trade paper had noticed her in there before, and this day he gave her a card which he explained to Zeppo Marx, the agent brother of the acting Marxes. She should, he maintained, be in pictures.

THE "you oughta be in pictures" inscription was just a line to Lana, but a visit to the Marx office would be a swell excuse for asking classes all the following day. So next morning she trotted over to call on Zeppo. En route she kept forming a spitcurt on her brow, why should anyone in a street drug store fountain be anywhere? People aren't supposed to be there for ages, and hasn't worn one since that day.

She was so evidently photogenic that Zeppo took her out to Warners. The casting director wasn't a great deal more than lukewarm, so she was guided in to see Mervyn LeRoy, who was seeking a new leading lady. The clever little producer recognized her potentialities. "But I promised Zeppo not to admit I was only fifteen," she said before the camera was acting a lead. Lana, who'd never bothered trying out for a junior high play, who'd only bothered to have fun, skipped the customary training that was cut.

I questioned her as to what she did with her first paycheck. "I really didn't know what to do with my first paycheck," she said. There were a few bills to pay, and I'd get along. Lana bartered for the desire to be a business woman about her career. Her mother officiates in that capacity, and when Lana marries she'll let her husband do the budgeting. "When I earn more money," she revealed, "the first thing I'm
going to buy is a limousine. Then I want

to send my mother on a trip, and build

er a house. After that I'll quit work-

ing.

When Myrna LeoRey left Warners for

M-G-M, Lana went along and Metro

realized her valuable assets could make

a mint for them. Each time her option

has been taken up, Lana has moved to a

more expensive apartment, until now she

is at home in a swanky building over-

looking the elegant Sunset Strip. There

are stars to the right and left of her, and

a wonderful swimming pool for the

tenants. She wants to take flying lessons,

but Metro shakes its head sternly.

"I suppose," I said, "that you are

studying with the studio drama coach."

(We were lunching in the commissary

on the lot. Lana eats whatever she wants

and her figure remains superb. She

hasn't adopted caviar tastes, either. After

asking me to suggest something, she de-

cided on a chow malt, a tuna sandwich on

rye, and a huge piece of chocolate layer

cake. But first she begged my permis-

sion to get rid of her gum, under the

table. "Otherwise," she remarked

ernestly, "I'll have to swallow it!"

A languid look filled her beautiful big

blue eyes at my mention of the drama

coach. "I should be studying with her.

But I haven't started—yet."

Her candor hit even more of a new

high when I wondered if she and her

handsome boy friend, a Hollywood at-
torney of twenty-seven, had marriage in

view for the near future. For two years

Lana has been going steady with Greg

Bautzer. Neither her mother nor her

studio wishes her to marry this young

But she's no puppet! "Yes, I've thought

of getting married. A lot. We've eloped

a number of times. But we got

into fights instead. Sometimes I can't get

to sleep for hours after Greg's aggra-

vated me."

The more indifferent a man is, the

more fascinated Lana is liable to be.

Greg was aloof, she declared. "We car-

ried on the most terrific flirtation this

town has ever seen before we ever spoke.

I saw him everywhere I went. Finally

I had to smile, so then he broke down.

We were introduced. Still he didn't ask

me for a date. However, a girl I know

was to be guest star at the Biltmore

Bowl, and she invited me to join her

party and invited Greg as my escort. He

answered, 'Certainly. Only I was hop-

ing she'd call herself!' When I heard

that, I muttered, 'Wait a minute, do they

all call him first?'

"When he drove me downtown that

night we instantly got into a glamorous

conversation. He began by announcing

he'd never fall in love or marry again.

I thought, this is where Turner steps in,

this is my opening scene! 'That,' she

amplified, 'was away back during the

Big Apple. And in three weeks things

were going too calmly. That wouldn't

do, so I broke off, and went with some-

one else for a month.' Then she re-

conced, and it's been kisses and quarrels

ever since. With accent on the former.

"I can't lie to the man. Back during

the Lambeth Walk I tried it. Greg was

east on business, and I did step out

with someone else. I took the precaution

of renting a black wig, as disguise. But

the papers got it, and when Greg re-

turned he gave me the devil." She shud-

dered contentedly.

Lana is one aspiring actress who adores

night clubs and says so. Fortunately,

Greg is an excellent dancer as well as a

prospering lawyer. She is very proud of

his progress. 'I'm always there at his

office when I have free time, talking

Remember Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels?

Well, they're back from London for a

Hollywood holiday.
ARE YOUR TEETH HARD TO BREYTN?

Want to see the difference one week’s time can make in the appearance of your teeth? Want to see a flash and sparkle in place of that old dingy look? Then brush your teeth with Iodent No. 2. At the end of seven days—you be the judge. See your teeth gleam bryter or your money back. Iodent No. 2 is a special dentifrice—especially made for hard-to-bryten teeth. Iodent is safe. Made by a Dentist. Change to minty Iodent tooth paste or powder today.

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I’d like to try Francisca Gaal Perfume. I enclose 10c.

MODERN SCREEN

about styles or the races to his secre-aries. We’re having more fun until he comes roaring in and shoves me out, but fast!”

They weathered a crisis when he forgot about her parking ticket. "Greg forgot to appear for me, and I had to go down to juvenile traffic court! That was the week before my eighteenth birthday. I was all decked out in my silver fox and asked the judge what would happen to me. The judge, the Hon. Mr. Greg. ‘You’d better get a lawyer, young lady!’ the judge barked. ‘I’ve got one, somewhere.’ I replied. And when I caught up with Greg was he sorry!”

When they aren’t rambouling at La Conca, they’re playing tennis at the Westside Tennis Club or hitting on roller skates at a public rink.

Lana’s case illustrates more that sex appeal and hundred per cent femininity are still the surest way for a woman. She hadn’t diligently prepared for this break. They didn’t give her the traditional Hollywood treatment for beginners; no one had to show Lana how to stand or walk interestingly. She got that down pat, on her own. The studio’s fashion experts, especially that new amateur Crawford, grin with glee when Lana enters their domain. She buys glamorously, without any instruction, and her every fashion spreads in the ideal manner. The studio’s costume king has little to do, because Lana instinctively knows how to make the best of it. She’s been made a golden blonde, but she didn’t scream in haughty indignation at the bleaching, as a young import from the theater do. At fourteen Lana marched down to a beauty parlor herself and had her brown hair died a brilliant red. So if it’s red hair, or blonde, why not, she muses, be blonde?

She is driving a bright red car and she’s knitting a striking green sweater for her pet Pekingese between scenes in her newest picture. Lana describes herself as "strictly Hollywood." That’s why she stands out above the crowd.

THE HAPPINESS BOY

(Continued from page 29)

Recently, when he appeared in "The Three Musketeers," a new legend grew up that Don was one of the greatest fencers who had ever come to Hollywood, and that if he had lived in the time of D’Artagan, he would have put all the fencers of France to shame. His fencing teacher is supposed to have said that until Don Ameche came along, Douglas Fairbanks was the best fencer among the actors, but that Don Ameche had outstripped even Doug Fairbanks.

When this was mentioned, Don turned slightly red. It is news to me, he said, "I studied fencing for three years. To become an expert fencer requires at least three years."

Don and Tyrone Power are said to be rivals. Their feud is supposed to have started when Tyrone first came to Chicago at the time of the World’s Fair and applied for dramatic roles on the air. Every time he asked for a role, he was told Don Ameche had been selected. Finally he was given a small part in a radio play which was to be the actor’s first big part. But even that didn’t help Tyrone, for while Don continued to be the most sought-after dramatic actor on the air, Tyrone became more and more popular than Don was.

Today Don is extremely popular at the box-office, but Tyrone is even more so. Don was announced for Sonja Henie’s last picture, "Second Fiddle," but Darryl Zanuck dropped his idea. Don got out of the cast and put Tyrone in.

"Tyrone and I are the best of friends," said Don. "I’m not at all hurt when I’ve been considered, and I know Tyrone isn’t hurt when I’m put into a part for which he’s been considered. We’ve often laughed about our ‘feud.’ Don and I, if he objected to such stories. Many actors do resent faked items but Don is merely amused. ‘There must be a demand for such stories,’ he said, ‘or the newspapers wouldn’t print them.”

You would imagine that all the myths that have been published about Don Ameche were intentionally or unintentionally dramatic ever happens to him, yet that isn’t true. In some respects his life has been ultra-dramatic, but he talks about it all out of the same offhand, offhandedly. He plays his big moments off the screen, just as he plays scenes on the screen, without a trace of him.

LET’S look at the record. He was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, the son of an Italian father and a mother in whose blood ran the strain of many nationalities. When he was fourteen, Father Sheehy, a man who is still his friend, introduced him to Honore Pren- dent, who underwrote for these years, they were madly in love with each other. "Of course it’s only puppy love," their parents said. "It isn’t possible for two people that young to know their own minds."

Don Ameche was sent off to a university. It wasn’t until many years later that he met Honore again, and found it hadn’t been puppy love after all. With Honore to encourage him, he acquired a firm faith in his own destiny. Gambling on that faith, he purchased the rights to "Peking and took a test for M-G-M. The test was so bad that the director told him, "Look, I hate to give advice, but you’re a nice guy, and I’ll break for you.

Honest to God, if I were you, I’d stay with radio, where you’ve got a name and a reputation. If you go into the movies, you’ll ruin that reputation. You have a funny chin and you’re not the handsome hero type."

Completely discouraged, Don went back to Chicago. That agent, who was a friend of his, upon hearing about the failure of his movie test, said, "It doesn’t prove anything. Plenty of actors have flopped in big test and then made good. Twentieth Century-Fox wants to test you at their expense.” This time Don’s test was successful. He was assigned a dual role in "Sins of Man." For one role he was the brutte self, for the other he wore a blonde wig.
Recently when Tyrone Power was elected king of the movies in a newspaper poll, Don Ameche and Henry Fonda worked out a plan to rob the new king. When Tyrone came down to the studio commissary that day, he found a huge throne awaiting him with his name in large letters across the back. Grouped around the throne was a staff of courtiers, all bowing and adoring. One man who came up to take the order was dressed in regal attire, and addressed Tyrone as "Your Majesty." By the time he left the throne for dinner, there wasn't the slightest danger that Tyrone would let the new honor go to his head.

Every month Don is enthusiastic about something else. This month it is golfing. Another, it is horseback riding; a third, it's swimming. Right at this moment it's brood mares and baby colts. Don and Chester Lauck have a racing stable near Hollywood, where they breed their own colts, more as a hobby than for profit, and Don will talk about colts for hours to anyone who will listen. When one of his horses wins, he is in seventh heaven. When one loses, he shrugs his shoulders. He is a good loser.

H e is very moody, on the heights one day and in the depths the next. Any sad story or hard luck tale depresses him, and he will appear depressed all day. He very often forgets appointments and often shows up at the wrong place. He has gotten into innumerable jams through his inability to remember appointments. But when he does remember them, he always arrives on the dot. That's the result of his radio training.

When he answers the phone or calls up a friend, he never says, "This is Don Ameche." No, first he must pretend to be an Italian, a Chinaman or an Irishman.

Not until he has thoroughly confused and bewildered his friends, will he admit who he really is.

He dresses formally, and prefers a simple picnic to an elaborate banquet. In Hollywood, where a star never speaks to a featured player, and a featured player never speaks to a bit player never speaks to an extra, Don pals around with Bob Melton, a stand-in.

He hates to dress up in formal clothes. Once he was invited to a formal dinner by Chester Lauck, who is Lum of the famous Lum and Abner radio skits. "You mean, to have to wear a dinner jacket?" he asked.

"Yes, and a silk hat and white tie." "You know how I hate them," groaned Don.

"You shouldn't," said Chester. "If you only knew how grand you look in tails, you'd love formal dinners.

"All right," said Don. "I'll come."

When Don and Mrs. Ameche arrived, Chester Lauck breathed a sigh of relief. He'd half expected Don to pull something. But there was Honore, in a stunning white gown, with an ermine wrap. And there was Don, looking grand in a topcoat and silk hat. Of course it was just like Don to be carrying an awkward-looking package in his hand. For a moment Chester wondered what the bulky package could possibly be.

As he helped Don off with his coat, all the men said it was party time. For under the topcoat, Don had on nothing but a bathing suit! As they all looked on, Don calmly began unpacking the awkward-looking package, which turned out to be a picnic lunch, containing sandwiches, hot dogs and a soft drink. Then Don sat down on the floor in the living-room, and very much at ease, proceeded to dispose of his picnic lunch, while the other guests filed into the dining-room.

It was while he was playing the role of the Indian in "Ramona" that the most unfortunate part of his Hollywood career occurred. One day, while swimming out at La Jolla, Don felt something suddenly sting the bottom of his foot. On having it examined he found that he had been stung by a sting ray, and that he would probably be in some pain for several days. The next day he was sitting in a chair on location with the company at Warners Hot Springs and discussing the incident. "All I need now," he said, "is for a ratlesnake to come along and bite me." Suddenly he saw a snake edging along the side of his chair, and was almost transfixed with horror. At the same time out of the workmen saw the snake and killed it.

"That sounds as if it couldn't possibly have happened," I told Don.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's true," he said.

Another dramatic thing which happened to Don was his appearance with Mae West in the famous broadcast in which Mae shocked the country by playing Eve to Don's Adam, in a very suggestive manner. In one scene Don was supposed to kiss Mae's eyes and lips. Then there was a moment's silence. It was broken by Mae's voice saying in sing-songly, "Oh, so that's what you want!"

"How did you happen to appear on that broadcast?" I asked Don. "Did the script read all right?"

"I suppose," said Don thoughtfully, "it didn't, but none of us realized it. I just didn't think. It did not occur to me that a burlesque of Adam and Eve would give offense to many people. If it had occurred to me and I had had any chance about the matter, I certainly would not have appeared on that program. Of course, as a matter of fact, I have no choice about the lines I read. But if I had realized that the script might be offensive, I should certainly have said something to the director about it. Nearly always when an actor does object to a line, the director will have to try it changed. That is the only way to get anything like that ever happened to me," said Don gravely. "I hope nothing like it ever happens again.

The silliest of the legends about Don is that with success he becomes a dull, prosaic person, without a spark of fun in his wake-up. The opposite is true. When it comes to playing practical jokes, he is the holy terror of the Fox lot. "At one time or another," he confessed, laughing, "I've sneaked the dressing-room of almost everyone on my lot. I throw all their belongings on the floor. I tear up all the lamps and fling the contents of the make-up kits about the room."
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ROLE in "Union Pacific." You will see him next as one of the brothers in "Beau Geste," soon to be released. Preston is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. You can write him in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Helen Brown, Newark, N. J. We agree with you that John Garfield is one of the most popular picture personalities of the year. His real name is Jules Garfinkle and he was born in exercising City, N. Y. March 4th, 1914, of poor parents. He received his education at the Theodore Roosevelt High School and the Angelo Patri School for Boys. His start came at the age of fifteen when he got a stage role in "Lost Boy." Innumerable stage assignments followed and it was his performance as "Golden Boy," a Group Theatre production, that brought him to Warner Brothers' attention. He got off to a fine start in the company of the Lane Sisters in his first movie assignment, "Four Daughters," and has been kept very busy ever since. His last picture was "Daughters Courageous," and he will soon be seen in "Dust Be My Enemy." John is married to Roberta Mann, a non-professional, and they have a baby. You can write him in care of Warner Bros, Burbank, Cal.

Roo Steele, Baltimore, Md. Henry Fonda was born at Grand Island, Nebraska, on May 16th. He graduated from the University of Minnesota in the class of 1919 with a degree in journalism and various other writing courses. When he was unable to find a newspaper job, he became a sales manager and printer for three years in Omaha. Then he went to New York hoping to find professional stage work. After some time in a summer theatre, he understudied in several plays in New York. His first break was in the stage version of "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and the movie of the same play was his first Hollywood role. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His hair is black, and his eyes blue. You'll see him next in "Drums Along the Mohawk" with Claudette Colbert.

Mrs. Al Struth, Niagara, Ws. The two brothers in Barbara Stanwyck's picture "His Brother's Wife" were played by Robert Taylor and John Eldredge.

Rita Bartlett, New York City. Gene Reynolds is thirteen years old and five feet, five inches tall. He has hazel eyes, brown hair and weighs eighty pounds. Before he entered the movies three years ago, he posed for commercial posters, advertisement photographs and commercial motion pictures. His latest picture is "They Shall Have Music."
when I'd hear Stanwyck make this profession of perfect happiness. It couldn't be more revolutionary if Garbo talked! "Bob is keen about his work," Barbara was going gaily on. "You know how crazy I am about mine. Talk about our work at home? Of course we do. Why not? Next to each other, next to Dion, it's the main interest in our lives. I'm interested in everything Bob does, as he is about everything I'm doing. We discuss the scenes we've done or are going to do, but we never talk about what we may be doing next year, five years from now. How does anyone know what they'll be doing or what they'll be doing next year?" "Perfect happiness. No plans. That's why there isn't anything much to say, nothing to plan. Did you ever stop to realize that when you're really happy, you don't talk much? It's because when you're happy, you just don't seem to have anything to say. It's the same about plans. It's only when you are unhappy or dissatisfied that you make plans, plans for changing whatever conditions are making you unhappy. You don't make plans when things are perfect as they are. Why should you? You don't want to change anything," I said Barbara, this new, merry, shining Barbara Stanwyck. "I don't want to change anything now. For the first time in my whole life I'm completely, absolutely happy. And if there is anything to add to that, it's on the other side of Heaven—and I can wait." I murmured, "Well, marriage has certainly turned you upside down, Miss St!" Barbara laughed, that new, bright, ringing laughter which seems, for the first time in her life, to well up from her heart... "No, right, side up" she told me. "Sunny side up!"

"Wuthering Heights"

Never before have I seen a picture which impressed me as deeply as "Wuthering Heights." For weeks after seeing it, I found myself thinking back over its exquisitely portrayed characterizations and subtle shadings of moods.

The contrast it presented after a cycle of hilarious comedies was refreshing—it gave one something to think about after he left the theatre. A love so powerful that it swept all before it was not a new story, but was presented in a new way—cruefully and tenderness all at once. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier, who were magnificent and really did the story justice should be in line for the Academy Awards. So should the director and photographer for their beautiful work. "Wuthering Heights" is a gallant tribute to the genius of Emily Bronte and to the art of motion pictures.—Mary Slaughter, Philadelphia, Pa.

Allan Jones

Do you realize that Allan Jones has never made any pictures since "The Firefly"? I think that's a shame because he's doing a fine acting and a very versatile singer. I feel sure he deserves to be starred. Please give him a break because he is too good. He is one of my favorite so I think I have a right to complain. Won't someone do something about Allan Jones and make me and other Jones fans happy? Isabella Capostaci, Toronto, Ont, Canada.
What a Relief!

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The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Get bloat out of your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, stuff and the world looks punk. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, easy ingesting, making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

**GOOD NEWS**

(Continued from page 57)

DID YOU KNOW?

That Zorina's real name is "Bridgit" and she hails from Sonja Henie's home town of Oslo, Norway? That while Andabelle was in her native France honeymooning with Tyrone Power, she sent gifts of the country's best perfume to all the girls in the studio wardrobe and make-up departments? That Alice Faye's birthday present to her hubby Tony Martin was a colossal diamond and star sapphire ring? That Errol Flynn and Fred Perry are plotting a nationwide exhibition tennis tour? That Kay Francis really is going to marry the German Baron Bornekow and soon? That Wayne Morris and his bride (Bubbles) spent their vacation at Fowcett's Lodge, Minn. just to be near Wayne's kid brother, who's now one of the most publicized bell hops in America? That the studio make-up departments have to fluff dusting powder on bold heads to cut down the shine for the camera? That the Basil Rathbone "Bus Service" was started during filming of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"? The actor filled up his station wagon with members of the cast every morning on route to the studio. That Eddie Norris and Margaret Lindsay are really a serious romance, and her young sister Jane Gilbert has fallen for Hedda Hopper's son DeWolf, Jr. And that the damper's been put on the Eddie Albert-Jane Bryan amour? He's dating Helen Wood and she's seeing the night spots with Bill Lundigan? That Donald Crisp is including Germany in the itinerary of his European tour even after that stirring performance in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"? That Myrna Loy had a tough time dying in "The Bells Came"? It took 10 days with Myrna vowing she'd please the director if she died in the attempt. That the handsome young boy visiting on the set of "Our Neighbors—The Carters" with Fay Bainter is her son Regg? That Martha Raye says she's going to let her hair go "au naturel" as soon as she finishes her "blonde" role for "$1000 A Touchdown"? That "Golden Boy" William Holden has hung up his gloves and tucked away the violin, and is now hitting his finger nails awaiting public reaction on his first picture.

ANN'S ECONOMY NOTE

One of the best-dressed girls in the younger set is Ann Rutherford. In spite of just inheriting a not additional income from an aunt, the dark-eyed actress believes in sticking to her economic clothes budget. Here it is. Girls. A good-looking suit for daytime wear, a black crepe dress for afternoons and informal evenings. And five hats to go with each costume. Before you, say five hats aren't your kind of economy, consider more of Ann's advice. Make 'em! With a fifty-cent felt shape, blocked with the aid of your own nimble fingers and the kitchen teakettle, and adorned with a bunch of flowers from the five and ten, you can have chapeaux that will leave the other girls drooling with envy. Ann even wore a Rutherford original in a recent picture—so it can be done.

ROMANCE NOTES

Ken Murray has fallen head over heels for Mary Healy. Joan Bennett still thinks Wooly Donahue has that certain something, but she's dating Lee Bowman and Walter Wangen—with emphasis on Wangen. Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan continue to be the town's warmest romance. Aileen Whelan is back with Alex D'Arsey after everybody thought that was all over. Ann Blyth's been out with Cesar Romero on the good friends list and has given her heart to radio announcer Mike Frankovich—at least until ex-husband Mr. Joseph comes back to town. Andrea Leeds prefers Bob Howard and Rita Johnson is smitten with Lin Howard, and we mean smitten. Both are of the "horsey" Howard family.
A bevy of beauties snapped at the beach. Gale Page and the Lane sisters—Lola, Rosemary and Priscilla—are the comedy quartette.

owners of Seabiscuit, Ligerati, etc. . . . Virginia Field is dividing her time between young Hal Roach and Richard Greene . . . the Ann Sheridan-John Conti romance looks like wedding bells in the near future . . . Mary Beth Hughes is consoling Tom Brown's heart these days . . . Bonita Granville is sporting Bobby Jordan's school pin over her heart . . . Baby Sandy has all of Hollywood wrapped right round her little finger . . . the Chuck Leavacs (he's Lum of the Lum and Abner radio team) are buying baby clothes . . . Odds are ten to one that Connie Bennett will marry Gilbert Roland after she gets that divorce from the Marquis De La Falaise in Paris . . . Rochelle Hudson is keeping her new romance a secret, but friends say she's planning marriage soon.

A NEW PHOTO!
At the Trocadero the other evening, Marie Wilson borrowed our photographer's camera to take a picture of her escort, Nick Grinde. Joy Hodges wandered past just then, "I wouldn't do that, Marie," she said seriously, "the Screen Actor's Guild will be after you. You don't have a photographer's card, you know." Marie dodged the camera like a hot cake, and Nick Grinde put his head in his hands, moaning, "Don't tell her that," he said, "Don't tell her ANYTHING." "Don't you worry, Nick," put Marie at this point, "Maybe I can get a card."

SHORT SHOTS
Jeanette MacDonald's birthday gift to her mother was a season ticket to the Hollywood Bowl symphonic concerts . . . Joe Penner has joined the race track crowd and has seven races in training for the Santa Anita season . . . Richard Greene gained 16 pounds while he was in the hospital recuperating from that tonsil operation . . . Jimmie Cagney was practically shell-shocked after the first day of shooting those old-time firearms for "The Roaring Twenties" . . . Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were that curious to meet Hedys Lamarr, and stared like a couple of the towns best tourists . . . One of the funnest sights in town is the wide circle Dr. Joel Pressman cuts when the photographers start flashing bulbs at wife Claudette Colbert. He doesn't like the ribs he gets from his professional pals . . . Anita Louise lets her finger nails grow to an inch and a half, and gives them a new paint job daily . . . Wally Beery and daughter Carol Ann have had all the tourists gaping at the night clubs. Daughter has a real ermine wrap and a frilly party dress that continually takes all the attention away from the glamour girls . . . Capt. Frank Morgan slipped on a wet deck and broke three ribs. The director on his picture has ordered no more week-ends on the yacht . . . Martha Raye says she likes wearing screwy hats.

SEEN ALONG SUNSET STRIP
Garbo in the back seat of her ancient limousine studying her script for the next day as the chauffeur supervises filling of the gasoline tank . . . Grace Allen handing nutburgers into the back seat to little Sandra and Ronnie who watch mama Grace with big eyes from behind voluminous white paper napkins tucked under their chins . . . Joan Blondell on the sidewalk getting a big greeting hug from Bing Crosby when she pays a visit to the crooner's very informal office which nestles next door to Brother Everett's swank agency . . . Paulette Goddard climbing out of her shiny town car and stopping to pull on her heel-less slippers as she pays her weekly visit to Margot's Beauty Shop which she owns . . . Joe E. Brown depositing the weekly pay check at the bank and grinning broadly at every one who turns to stare . . . George Raft parking his maroon roadster in front of his tailor's and waving to a beautiful blonde.

LINIT makes your CURTAINS stay clean longer
Linit is the modern starch . . . it penetrates the fabric instead of merely coating the surface . . . it restores the original dressing that made them so pretty when new. Keep your curtains lovely with Linit.
Misch Auer, ever the prankster, slips a piece of ice down Shirley Ross’ back. Shirley doesn’t look too grateful for the cooling off and we can’t blame her.

A FISH STORY

Edgar Bergen often uses his own experiences to liven up the radio routines on his weekly programs. But it’s not likely that Charlie McCarthy will have much to say about fishing for some time. Bergen’s been deep-sea fishing every Saturday for the past four weeks with his pal, Don Ameche. Between them they have caught exactly nothing.

JUDY’S DATE

That six weeks’ personal appearance tour did Judy Garland a lot of good professionally, but not socially. She hasn’t been able to have a single date since returning home, due to making up her school-work. She couldn’t even graduate with her class from Beverly Hills High School. With her daily work at the studio in “Babes In Arms” and all her home-work at night, Judy was easily the busiest girl in town. But her final exams have been passed with flying colors and now that the diploma’s in the top dresser drawer and the picture’s in the cutting-room, Judy’s a free woman and making up for lost time. A No. 1 date in her opinion is Artie Shaw.

EUROPEAN VACATIONS

War scares can’t stop Hollywood stars, once they have their minds set on European vacations. Edward G. Robinson is taking his wife and son, Manny, for a trip abroad. Madeleine Carroll has left for France and her new chateau, George Raft and Mack (the Killer) Gray are enroute, Norma Shearer is going to spend a month in Cannes with the Charles Boyers, Cary Grant is in London with Phyllis Brooks, who may be Mrs. Archie Leach by now and Gene Autrey is going to show the folks abroad what an honest-to-goodness cowboy looks like.

CITIZENS ALL

Becoming American citizens is the aim of foreign glamour girls these days. Marlene Dietrich recently crashed headlines when applying for citizenship papers and Sonja Henie has announced her intentions of following suit in the near future. Hedy Lamarr has just revealed that she quietly obtained her first United States citizenship papers six months ago, under her real name of Hedwig Kiesler.

HONOLULU COMMUTER

The Paul Munis are planning to buy property in Honolulu and settle there permanently. If they do so, John Halliday will have to share his title of “Honolulu to Hollywood Commuter.” On the set of “Intermezzo” he disclosed that he has just sold his Hollywood home and will keep his island place as his only residence from now on. Halliday’s spending all his spare time trying to sell Hawaiian real estate but to date the Munis are the only ones interested in commuting 2566 miles for studio calls.

Paula Stone made one of the prettiest brides in Hollywood history, at her recent marriage to Duke Dalry, the orchestra leader. Just before the ceremony, it was found that she had something old and something blue but she hadn’t borrowed a thing and couldn’t go up the aisle flaunting tradition like that. So Anne Shirley, one of the bridesmaids, and Paula exchanged shoes on the spot. Anne admitted that she was glad to get her slippers back, because the bride’s foot size put her own to shame. We can’t report on who carried the bouquet because Paula sent it to her mother in New York. Mrs. Stone had been unable to attend the wedding, but got a long and garbled account of it when all the bridal party long-distanted her from the reception.

ANDREA’S “EXPRESSION”

After the preview of “They Shall Have Music,” a girl was overheard saying about Andrea Leeds’ performance. Her companion wasn’t so enthusiastic. “She was good in ‘Stage Door,’ all right,” he admitted, “but I’m tired of that ‘going up the staircase’ expression.”

DICK’S BACK

Richard Greene fans will be glad to hear that he is back at work again on the set of “Here I Am A Stranger.” Production was held up five weeks awaiting his recovery from a serious automobile accident, in which the English actor suffered a badly injured knee cap. Dick is still wearing an iron brace on the injured knee, which prevents him from standing over half an hour at a time in front of the camera. But it doesn’t prevent him from doing the night-spots almost every evening with Wendy Barrie. They have to enjoy their swing music from the sidelines, but Wendy’s satisfied with the situation.

Deanna Durbin, Jackie Cooper and Helen Parrish, a trio of youthful players, stage an informal get-together. They’re certainly attractive youngsters.

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As independent tobacco experts like Earl Forbes point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these tobaccos, better than ever, are in Luckies today. So Luckies are better than ever.

Try Luckies for a week. Then you know why sworn records show it among independent tobacco experts, auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO
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A thrilling new enchantment is brought to you by Irresistible Red Oak make-up... whose rich shade was created to bring out the beauty of your coloring and match your fall and winter costumes! — Wear it with green—it's dramatic! Wear it with brown—it's exotic! Wear it with black—it's exciting!

Remember — there are other fashionable Irresistible fall shades for your make-up wardrobe, too! And — there's an Irresistible rouge and face powder designed to match each lipstick shade all scented with the same haunting Irresistible Perfume that you adore.

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Her evening frock said "Stop and Look" but her lovely smile added "Stay"

Your smile is precious, priceless—it's YOU! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage

Don't ignore the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

ANY MAN with an eye for beauty will always admire the girl in a glamorous gown. But how soon he turns away if her smile is dull and dreary!

For a girl can be dressed in the latest fashion and still win pity instead of praise—if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush"—if she lets her smile grow dingy.

Don't let this happen to you! Don't risk your looks—the winning appeal of a lovely smile—by neglecting the proper care of your teeth and gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a danger signal. Heed it promptly!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. It may mean nothing serious. The chances are he'll tell you that modern, soft-cooked foods are depriving your gums of vigorous chewing—denying them enough healthful exercise. He'll probably suggest "more work for lazy gums" and, as so many dentists do, he'll often add, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to keep teeth clean and sparkling but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the lazy tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—a smile that wins admiration!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
"Camay is so gentle— it's a Real Treat for My Skin!"

SAYS THIS LOVELY OHIO BRIDE

Camay’s lather seems different to me...for while it’s thorough, I find it’s easier on my skin than the other soaps I’ve tried. Each beauty cleansing is a treat—and leaves my skin so gloriously fresh!

Middletown, Ohio (Signed) HELEN ANDERSON
August 1, 1939 (Mrs. Townsend G. Anderson)

BEAUTY-ROMANCE! When a girl has bob—doesn’t it seem wise to follow her beauty advice? Charming Mrs. Anderson says, “Camay helped me keep my skin lovely—Camay can help you!”

Camay has that priceless beauty cleansing combination of thoroughness with mildness. It gets skin completely clean...is gentle, too. Time and again, we’ve tested Camay against several other famous beauty soaps on many different types of skin. Repeatedly Camay proved definitely milder! Try Camay for your beauty bath, too! It helps keep back and shoulders lovely—is a fragrant aid to daintiness. And Camay’s price is amazingly low. Get three cakes of this fine soap today—use it regularly!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
A PROPHECY: "Here's the Greatest Fun and Music Entertainment You Ever Saw!"

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with CHARLES WINNINGER · GUY KIBBEE · JUNE PREISSER · GRACE HAYES · BETTY JAYNES · DOUGLAS McPHAIL · RAND BROOKS · LENI LYNN · JOHN SHEFFIELD


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...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.
ANOTHER SHIRLEY

Her name is Ross, and when it comes to talent, she is right in there gaily singing

SHIRLEY ROSS, after five years in the land of stars, is at last coming into her own cinematically.

Three years at a major studio didn't help further Shirley's career, but as she said, "I didn't do much in pictures, but I learned a grand game of golf!" And, after two years at her present employer's emporium, Shirley has at last the opportunity to make fans Ross conscious.

Smartly attired and looking more the pet model of some French couturier, than the excellent comedienne she is, Shirley laughed as she confessed her weakness, "Now don't let me tell you the story of my life! Once I'm off on that, I'm good for a couple of hours at least. I love to talk, so if I get wound up just give me a poke under the table and change the subject.

"Y'know," she continued in a strictly confidential vein, "I just can't seem to get my pictures in these movie magazines. Do you suppose they're as bad as I sometimes think? Of course, my eyes may be too big for pictures," she chided, "but I'm not silly enough to use it as an excuse!"

Reticent though she admits herself to be, we managed, with one little question, to get Shirley started on her early training. For, a gal who was born in Omaha and reared in the sunny climes of California, needs a little schooling to combat the elements!

"All my life," Shirley confessed, "I'd wanted to go to a small school where you do the things that make college life fun. But, not me! I end up at U.C.L.A. where there're about seven thousand other inmates!

"As a result, I lost interest and played hooky. I'd fixed myself up with courses in music that I knew backwards. All I had to do was take examinations. When I cut classes, I'd look for a job. I finally landed one, on a commission basis, at the Roosevelt Hotel. Some weeks I'd get a dollar seventy-five, but often it was "thanks for the memory!" I'll never forget Gus Arnhem. He played there at the time.

"He doesn't have an orchestra regularly any more. But, each time the Orange Festival rolls around, they call Gus. He gets fourteen quick men on the phone, and leads his band. Gee, I'll never forget those days. That was when Mother thought of nothing but my becoming a concert pianist. And me at the Roosevelt! What a shock when she found out!

"Her baby entertaining in a night spot? Unthinkable! But, little Shirley had the fire of ambition burning in her soul. So much so, in fact, that I had visions of playing before great audiences whose applause was deafening at the close of each of my dream concerts. Wasn't long before I realized what a tough job I'd chosen. The thing that did it was one night when the orchestra (Continued on page 73)
A ROARING ERA becomes A ROARING HIT!

Here's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before!

America at its maddest! America at its merriest...

the land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday

of the hotcha — the shock-crammed days

G-Men took ten whole years to lick!

By far the biggest of all

Jimmy's big hits!

JAMES CAGNEY - PRISCILLA LANE

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

THE ROARING TWENTIES

Humphrey Bogart • Gladys George

Frank McHugh • Jeffrey Lynn

Directed by Raoul Walsh

Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen

From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger
Golden Boy

“Golden Boy” rates raves on several counts. Besides action and suspense to recommend the story, it has a stirring and heart-warming philosophy that will provide food for thought long after the picture has faded from the screen. First and foremost credit is deserved by Bill Holden, the widely publicized “Golden Boy” who here makes his screen debut.

His acting has strength and sincerity, and the versatility shown in his characterization of the boy, who is torn between a love of music and the desire for fame and fortune, should mark Bill Holden as the “find” of the year. A truly beautiful performance is that of Lee J. Cobb, as the boy’s father. Rarely indeed does a movie audience have the opportunity to see such fine acting as Mr. Cobb’s. Then there is Barbara Stanwyck, who is perfectly cast, and the sympathetic insight which she brings to the role makes it a standout.

Adolph Menjou, as a fight manager, is very good. Joseph Calleia’s performance could have been improved by some judicious soft-peddling. Except for the abrupt ending which is somewhat unbelievable, the picture is very good film entertainment. Directed by William Manderson—Columbia.

(Additional data on Wm. Holden on page 12).

The Wizard of Oz

Audiences will fall under the spell of “The Wizard of Oz.” Just as does Dorothy, the heroine of this story, when a Kansas tornado blows her into the wonderful land of Oz. Remarkable technical effects and beautiful photography create an air of sheer magic throughout the picture.

Judy Garland, as the Kansas farm girl whose adventures have been enjoyed by two generations of “Oz” readers, makes a thoroughly believable and lovable “Dorothy.” The good and beautiful fairy queen is well characterized by Billie Burke, while the loathsome Old Witch is expertly done by Margaret Hamilton. Dorothy’s pals, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman and the Cowardly Lion—are played by Ray Bolger, Jack Haley and Bert Lahr. So sympathetic are the portrayals that when the Scarecrow finally gets a brain, the Tin Woodman a heart, and the Lion gets over his timidity, there’s rejoicing by everyone in the audience.

Bert Lahr’s performance of the King of Beasts is the highlight of the picture. Others in the cast who give excellent accounts of themselves are Frank Morgan, as the Wizard, Charley Grapewin and Clara Blandick as Dorothy’s aunt and uncle.

The entertainment value is due not only to clever handling of the fantasy but also to the heart-warming aspects of the story. Directed by Victor Fleming—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

(Ray Bolger biography appears on page 12).

The Old Maid

Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins with the assistance of Jane Bryan, George Brent, Donald Crisp and Louise Fazenda turn this picture into a memorable account of a family tragedy during the Civil War era, and each performance is praiseworthy.

Fans will applaud the transition made by Bette Davis from the gay, light-hearted girl into a sharp and critical old maid, but Miriam Hopkins comes in a close second on the acting honors. The Hopkins performance, with Academy Award winner Davis for competition, is never overshadowed and she gives depth to a difficult role. The story concerns the lives of the unwed mother (Bette Davis), known to her child as “Aunt Charlotte,” her sister (Miriam Hopkins) who loves the child because she’s the daughter of her spurned lover, and the subsequent turmoil caused in the life of the child. Jane Bryan gives an interpretation of her role that is well-nigh perfection.

George Brent, in the romantic lead opposite Bette Davis, has little opportunity for his usual good acting. Donald Crisp is splendid as the family doctor, counselor and friend. James Stephenson, Jerome Cowan, William Lundigan and Cecilia Loftus complete the cast. Edmund Goulding directed—Warner. (Cont’d on page 15)

(Additional data on Jane Bryan on page 15)
LADY ESTHER SAYS—

"To keep your Accent on Youth—
Join this Revolt against Heavy, Waxy Creams!"

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... yet, 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,
7110 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 One.)

9
TIME was when the editor of a department such as this—
dealing as it does with the favorite dishes of movie
celebrities—concerned herself not at all with culinary
specialties prepared anywhere east of the California State
Line. But, so air-minded have our cinema stars become that
the flight from west to east coast and back again is looked
upon as a fine jaunt for a week-end. And, as a result, their
tastes as well as their travels must be viewed from a more
national angle.

Most delectable of these recent New York visitors was Walter
Pidgeon, who as is his custom I understand, arrived without
benefit of press agent, registered in at the Hotel Gotham and
proceeded to do town. Doubtless the
fact this Fifth Avenue
hostelry is the head-
quarters of the British
Club is one important
reason why Canadian-
born, English appear-
ing, Mr. Pidgeon
chooses to stay there
while in Manhattan.
But to the Gotham's
steward and chef
should go some of the
credit—as you will
agree after tasting
some of the same
things that Walter or-
dered and enjoyed
while there.

However, unlike our
star, you will not have
to pack an airplane
bag, nor become a visiting Gothamite, in order to enjoy these
extra-special foods. Not that that wouldn't be a fine idea but
most of us would also like to know how to prepare these
tempting dishes in our own homes for our own "star boarders."
So, on page 78, you will find recipes for menu delights which
not only have had Mr. Pidgeon's enthusiastic endorsement, but
also can boast of that certain indefinable something which sug-
gests their chef-inspired origin.

Because so many dishes owe so much of their distinction to
the sauces that accompany them, I'm glad to say that these
are an important feature of every dish given here for you
to try. As a result of leading questions as to just what Walter
Pidgeon liked with fish, on salads, with vegetables, with meats
and as accompaniment to a dessert, note the menu below,
which incorporates the Pidgeon favorites.

Does it sound too dressy, too difficult for your modest
capabilities? Not a bit of it. Starting off with the first course
there is, on our recipe page, a Cocktail Sauce—highly seasoned
as it should be and served icy cold over a suggested combina-
tion of oysters, shrimps and crab meat. Even those of you
who live inland can start your meal in this fine fashion, you
know, by using canned and quick-frozen sea foods.

The main course dish derives its inspiration and name from
the Gotham's Swiss Grill. Note the suggestion of adding
Hollandaise at the very last of this recipe. This is not strictly
necessary, I discovered, when I tried it both with and without.
However, I was glad to learn how chefs make their Hollandaise
—a sauce which is a terror for most housewives! But it goes
so well with so many things that you really should know how
to make it too. You'll notice it is also called
for as a cauliflower ac-
companiment—in fact
the maitre d'hotel as-
sured me that they
wouldn't think of serv-
ing cauliflower without
a side-order of this
golden dressing.

The Lorenzo salad
dressing that goes with
the Mixed Greens is
nothing but a novel
version of familiar
French Dressing; but a
mighty fine one it is!
Use it not once but all
year, with this par-
ticular combination
and with others.

Finally we come to
the dessert and here,
two sauces are given.

Haven't you often wanted to know how to make a really
successful sweet soufflé? Well, here you have easy directions
right from the large and efficient kitchens of a Fifth Avenue
hotel. Small wonder that I feel safe in predicting that you
will be as enthusiastic over this and the various other items on
the menu as was the popular star whose food tastes we are
featuring—and applauding!

GOTHAM DINNER
Sea Food Cocktail
Veal a la Suisse
Parsley Potato Balls
Cauliflower, Hollandaise
Mixed Green Salad, Lorenzo Dressing
Chocolate Soufflé, Sauce Speciale
Coffee

Flash! Walter Pidgeon heads east to enjoy a delectable New York dinner
I wished the floor would open up and swallow me!

Wednesday, September 6th

We were playing "tell-the-truth" at our Wednesday club meeting. It was Joan's turn and they asked her whose wash line had the worst case of tattle-tale gray in town. The next minute, I wished the floor would open up and swallow me. Joan was pointing straight at me!

Thursday, September 7th

I swore I'd never forgive her—but the very next day Joan dashed over with a peace offering. She said she hated to hurt my feelings, but it was time somebody told me to quit using lazy soaps that don't take all the dirt out of clothes. She said her washes looked messier than mine till she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap—and she gave me some to try.

Wednesday, September 27th

Well, the club met at my house a few weeks later—and am I glad I tried Fels-Naptha! I'll tell the world there's nothing like its grand combination of rich golden soap and gentle naptha for getting clothes honestly clean! My linens and things looked so gorgeously white, the girls were simply dazzled! You bet it's Fels-Naptha and me for life—and no more tattle-tale gray!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!

Tune in Hobby Lobby every Sunday evening. See local paper for time and station.
Instead of coating your lips with greasy artificial paint, Tangee uses the natural tint of your lips as a base. Orange in the stick, it actually changes when applied, to the shade of rose or red most becoming to you—gives you the warm, soft, alluring lips Nature meant you to have.

Try Tangee today. See in your own mirror what smooth, tempting loveliness Tangee—and only Tangee—can give.

Try Tangee today, too, for special occasions. Its creamy smoothness gives your lips dancing, exciting color—yet never looks painted.

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK

Try Tangee Thoroughly, too, for special occasions. Its creamy smoothness gives your lips dancing, exciting color—yet never looks painted.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one TANGEE. Don’t let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural.

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Loft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City—Please send "Miracle Make-Up Set" of ample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Blush and Tangee Powder, I enclose $1.00 (stamps or coin). (Be in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

Pack Light Dark Peach, Peach, Peach, Peach

Name .

Street.

City . State . MM119

HERE ARE THE BIOGRAPHIES OF THE STARS WHOSE PICTURES

WILLIAM HOLDEN: Yesterday he was a college student, to-day he is a star. To go back some, Bill was born in O’Fallon, Ill., on April 17th, 1918, of non-professional parents. His family moved to California when Bill was a small child. Here he attended public and high schools with a dramatic career in view. Upon graduation from high school, Bill registered with Pasadena Junior College where he studied dramatics and various other courses, carrying off nearly all the honors in his class. While attending college, he became interested in the Pasadena Community Playhouse and appeared in several amateur plays. At school he received an assignment as the senior Curie in a play called "Manya." This production was quite successful and so three of the "Manya" players were asked to take screen tests. Holden was one of the three. About this time, Director Mamoulian was searching for the "Golden Boy" for his picture of the year and, while going through thousands of screen tests, came across Holden. He immediately sent for him, gave him another test and the contract was signed. Holden was very, very lucky. Surprisingly, William can both play the violin and box—a hopped-for qualification for the "Golden Boy" role. He resides in California with his parents and two younger brothers. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. His favorite dish is anything his mother cooks, and his most prized possession is a clipping from a college paper with his picture and a little story about him as being in line for a great future as an athlete. Address him at Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Cal. See the review of "Golden Boy" on page 8.

JANE BRYAN: Jane is one of those destiny girls who had none thrust upon her. Her real name is Jane O’Brien—a name which she changed for picture purposes—and she was born of all places—in Hollywood, California, on June 11th, 1918. Her father is an eminent attorney and, oddly enough, there is nothing in all her family background to indicate the strong predilection for the stage which she showed from school days. Jane was educated in grammar school, the Marymount Convent and University High. Her yen for the stage cropped up during her school days when she played the title role of Puck in a "Midsummer’s Night’s Dream." And, before long, Old Lady Fate led her toward the stage. She joined Jean Muir’s Theatre Workshop in Los Angeles and learned all the essentials there. The Bryan gal is witty and showed unusual acting ability and later was awarded the feminine lead in the stage play, "Green Grow The Lilacs." Her appearance in this brought her immediate success and a nice movie contract. Since her screen career has begun, Jane credits Bette Davis as being the most helpful person around the studio to coach her in acting and screen technique. She also feels that the training she got at Jean Muir’s little theatre is wholly responsible for her instant success. Jane keeps her mother company in the Adolph Zukor and wells, and she has an early memory of the family’s last car, to which she and her three brothers. It was, however, a small car, grey and brown. She has a huge library of her own which she is very proud of. Jane is now currently appearing in "The Old Maid" with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins and George Brent. You can write her in care of Warner Bros., Burbank, Cal. You’ll find a review of "The Old Maid" on page 8.

RAY BOLGER: He started out to conquer the world with vacuum sweepers, but his ability as a salesman was hampered by his awkwardness. Ray was born in Boston, Mass., and as an infant showed rhythm in his feet. He was educated at the Oliver Holmes grade school and the Dorchester High School and, during Morn auburn,” Ray Bolger is over six feet tall, thin and has sandy hair. He’s modest as to his talent. He has not only danced all day long at the studio, but he then takes a busman’s holiday and spends the evening dancing with his wife, for fun, of course. Ray’s favorite sport is golf and he also plays the guitar and sings. He’s been happily married for eleven years and answers to the nickname of “rubber-legs.” He isn’t particularly interested in clothes, after all, but he’s glad to go to any place to write him at M-G-M, Culver City, Cal. See the review of "The Wizard of Oz" on page 8.

MODERN SCREEN
No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—

**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!

---

**Mum is First Choice in Hollywood**

**Screen Stars Know Mum Prevents Odor In Advance. Mum Makes You Sure of Your Charm.**

**To Herself:** It's hours since I've had my bath, but thanks to Mum, I know I'm sweet.

Important to You—Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary purposes because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

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**Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration**

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**Dear Readers:**

You've been swamping us with requests for information of the stars appearing in ★★ and ★★★★ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. And so, we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual. If you desire a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 145 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.
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 rough 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!"

I started the Dentyne habit then and there! It's fine for my teeth. And that flavor's delightful! "Sugar and spice"—a rich, tempting spiciness that takes your taste by storm. Always fresh and luscious. Notice how handily Dentyne's flat package fits into your pocket or purse. Try Dentyne today. It's great!

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

ACROSS

1. Star of "The Chicken Wagon Family"
2. The star pictured played in "...
3. One of the "Daughters Courageous"
4. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips"
5. "Fast...Loose"
6. Afternoon party
7. "Dinner At...Ritz"
8. "The Gorilla"
9. Motion picture stage
10. "Blondie"
11. "---an Bing, comedian"
12. Exist
13. "---of居 dwellings"
14. Merit
15. "...n sings this"
17. Directs
18. Choose
19. Leaped
20. Gaelic
21. Without flavor
22. Busy insects
23. A short jacket
24. Comic in "Unexpected Father"
25. Lair
26. "Wings Of The M---ing" starred 75 across
27. He's in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
28. Use
29. "It's A Wonderful World"
30. Heroine in "The Man in the Iron Mask"
31. Hawaiian dish
32. Dead-pan comic
33. "...dom Ring"
34. God of war
35. With John Garfield in "Dust Be My Destiny"
36. Lovely star pictured above
37. Held
38. Worships
39. - --- Borden
40. Opposite "Lady of the Tropics"
41. Conjunction
42. Ogle
43. "Bachelor Mother"
44. Is indebted for
45. Shirley Temple's birth-month
46. One of the "Little Women" played by Jo.um Bennett
47. He roars for M-G-M
48. Wigwam
49. Metal
50. "...of The Lonesome Pine"
51. Bobby Breen's producer: ---Lesser
52. Ever: poet
53. Perhaps
54. Row of church seats
55. heroine in "The Sun Never Sets"
56. Gown designer for Warners
57. Visualize
58. Desires

DOWN

1. Comedienne in "Good Girls Go To Paris"
2. Article
3. Dumb comic in "Calling Dr. Kildare"
4. Atmosphere
5. "It".
6. She's in "On Borrowed Time"
7. Sonja's aunt in "Second Fiddle"
8. Star of "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation"
9. Girl's name
10. initials of the star who played "Cambi"
11. Point of the compass
12. Male lead in "Unexpected Father"
14. Trend
15. Sea eagles
16. Angry
17. He is in "Tailspin Tommy"
18. Ronald Reagan smokes one
19. Nevertheless
20. Divide away
21. Juice of a plant
22. Hen's name
23. "...
24. Entrance
25. "...tale"
26. "...a family"
27. "...
28. "...
29. Barrels
30. Beauty in "Midnight"
31. Heroine in "Coast Guard"
32. Send out
33. By birth
34. Wife of Clark Gable: init.
35. More unusual
36. Our star's real name: Suz...Charpentier
37. Salt
38. Of the Charlie Chan series
39. Rochester in "Man About Town"
40. Small portion
41. "...Arden"
42. "...Arden"
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53. "...Arden"
54. "...Arden"
55. "...Arden"
56. "...Arden"
57. "...Arden"
58. Piece out
59. Our star was in "Under The...Robe"
60. Deduce
61. Annoy
62. Number
63. Friend
64. Make a speech
65. Heaven
66. Glamor girl: "...
67. Take as one's own
68. Male lead in "The Gorillas"
69. One of "The Women"
70. Across was in "Bridge...Suite"
71. Large
72. Bad
73. Uninspired consonants
74. Fled
75. He recently married our star
76. Woody plant
77. Measure of length
78. "...the sixty"
79. Soon
80. "...of Walt Disney's comic dog star"
81. Preposition
82. "...of the Fifty-six"
83. "...of the Fifty-six"
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Nurse Edith Cavell

A powerful message against war and hatred, "Nurse Edith Cavell" is a timely and engrossing picture offering. Anna Neagle, the English star, portrays Nurse Cavell in a beautiful manner. The characterization is noteworthy for the understanding with which Miss Neagle has invested the role of the calmly courageous nurse.

Important roles are taken by May Robson and Edna May Oliver. As two women who aid Nurse Cavell in her "underground railroad" service for getting wounded soldiers out of the country, they give excellent accounts of themselves. Another worker for the cause is Zasu Pitts, a Belgium woman who runs a river barge and is able to sneak soldiers across the frontier. As always, Zasu Pitts leaves little to be desired in the way she tackles an assignment. Producer-director Wilcox has managed to make every character credible, even to the minor roles. Noteworthy is the performance of Rex Downing, who plays the grandson of May Robson and who is called upon to testify at the trial of Nurse Cavell. Lionel Royce, as the German official who is responsible for the unjust proceedings, makes his role a stand-out, and George Sanders, H. B. Warner, Mary Howard and Sophie Stewart are also highly commendable.

The fact that the story is based on actual events adds to the tremendous suspense of the picture. From the opening sequence through the inevitable death scene of Nurse Cavell, every audience will be spellbound with the picturization of the unnecessary brutalities of war. Again the director is to be commended for sympathetic characterizations which some of the enemy soldiers show and which brings a genuinely humanitarian note to the picture.

Directed by Herbert Wilcox—RKO.

**** Fifth Avenue Girl

"Fifth Avenue Girl" is commendable screen fare, but it doesn't come up to the excellent treatment afforded by Ginger Rogers' "Bacheloret Mother." Director Gregory La Cava has gone to great pains to contrast the trials and tribulations of today's poverty-stricken and ultra-wealthy classes. The result is a story that provides considerable food for thought as well as hilarious moments. But the clever situations and brisk dialogue, which get the picture off to a spirited start, give way to trite sequences that make the story pall long before the climax.

This is in no way the fault of Ginger Rogers or Walter Connolly, however. They give excellent characterizations, with Ginger in the role of a girl down to her last five dollars, who is befriended by Millionaire Walter Connolly. Though he's been able to provide them with all the comforts of life, Connolly's family regard him as pretty dumb. So the astute gentleman takes good-natured Ginger Rogers into his home to show up his spoiled wife (Verree Teasdale), his daughter (Kathryn Adams) and his pole-playing son (Tim Holt). Another important character is the chauffeur (James Ellison) who loathes the possessions of the rich, but finally decamps with the daughter of the house. With

New Rose Shades are "Clare-Proof"... shine-resistant... because they reflect only the softer rays

DEBUTANTE "lovelies" are giving half the credit to Pond's new rosy "Clare-Proof" powders! Even under bright lights, over their after-the-dance bacon and eggs, clever debs can still look heartbreakingly sweet and romantic—with one of these new rosy shades.

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Send for free samples today of Pond's 3 glamorous, shine-resistant Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream, Rose Brunette. Pond's, Dept. 9NS-PI, Clinton, Conn.
the exception of Ginger Rogers, Walter Connolly and Franklin Pangborn, as the butler, the performances are really only passing fair. Directed by Gregory La Cava—RKO.

★★★ Sherlock Holmes

Guaranteed—not one dull moment! This latest picturization of Sleuth Holmes’ activities has enough thrills, chills and suspense to satisfy the most avid mystery-story fiend.

It’s full of hokum—but such suavely presented hokum that any audience will take it and love it. The role of Holmes is again in the capable hands of Basil Rathbone, who seems to have such an elegant time himself snuggling out in credible clues, that it would be an impossibility for any on-looker not to join in the spirit of the fun. Nigel Bruce as the blundering, sardonic Dr. Watson is another happy choice. In the cast this time are also Ida Lupino, Alan Marshal and Terry Kilburn.

A murderous gentleman, George Zucco, determines to perpetrate a crime that will make Sherlock Holmes the laughing stock of London. Nothing could induce us to tell you the maniacal plans which Mr. Zucco conceives, but we can tell you this—he doesn’t outwit the Holmes’ super intelligence for very long. There’s a reason, too, to give the customers their money’s worth. Ida Lupino is the beautiful heroine who is shadowed by the fact that she will meet death any moment in the same gruesome manner which ended the lives of her father and brother. In short, “Sherlock Holmes” is a blood-curdly order of mighty good entertainment—if you can take it!

Directed by Alfred Werker—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ Four Feathers

A colorful and engrossing story of high adventure, “Four Feathers” will find both young and old among its admirers. The picture was made in England and is a credit indeed to its producer, Alexander Korda, and Director Zolton Korda. Besides the intensely interesting story, a capable cast and beautiful photography are further recommendations for this film. Technicolor shots in this have not been surpassed by anything on the screen.

The story deals with Lord Kitchener’s campaign to win back the Sudan for the Empire, and into that exciting bit of history has been woven the story of a young Englishman who is branded as a coward when he refuses to go with his regiment into the Sudan. His three pals each send him a white feather, and the fourth badge of cowardice is given him by the girl he had planned to marry. The young man then proceeds to prove his courage by going to Egypt, having himself branded so he can pass as a native and finally becoming the hero of Khartoum and the talk of London. The harrowing adventures which befal him as he makes the perilous trip to the Sudan keep audience interest at truly fever pitch.

In the cast are Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, John Clements and June Duprez. But there are strong performances by all in the cast, and the plot moves at a thrilling pace. Directed by Zolton Korda.—United Artists.

Honey: BEAUTY ADVISOR

★ ★ ★ Stanley and Livingston

A powerful picture has been made by 20th Century-Fox from the famous story of Stanley and Livingston. Spencer Tracy’s portrayal of the reporter who is sent to find Livingston ranks with the best screen performances of all time. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in the role of Livingston, acquires himself admirably, while Henry Travers, Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan give highly commendable characterizations. Nancy Kelly, as the romantic interest, in the story, has her best role to date and handles it with distinction. Richard Greene, as her fiancé and later her husband, is quite satisfactory.

No small part of the picture’s interest lies in the authentic African background, which was photographed under the technical direction of Mrs. Martin Johnson. The matching of sequences filmed in Hollywood is so smoothly accomplished that one is never conscious of the technical tricks employed for the breathing effects.

From the time Tracy receives his assignment to track down Livingston, the missionary who has disappeared into the Dark Continent, there is never a dull moment. The almost insuperable obstacles which are in the reporter’s path, the final discovery of the missionary and the heart-breaking reaction of the public to Stanley’s news on his return to England, make a story which is full of suspense and is completely engrossing. The deft handling of the spiritual quality of the picture is another strong point in its favor. Indeed, here is a picture that can be reeived time and again to everyone’s complete satisfaction. Directed by Henry King.—20th Century-Fox.

HONEY

BEAUTY ADVISOR

ON, HONEY... YOU'RE JUST THE PERFECT GUY. WHY? BEAUTY ADVICE QUICK IRONICALLY, YOU'RE QUITE CUTE. LAST NIGHT TOLD ME TO DANCE. HEY! HOW ABOUT CUTTING IN ON ANY DATE? WELL, THAT'S WHAT'S WORTH, CAROL.

LAST NIGHT TOLD ME TO DANCE.

HEY! HOW ABOUT CUTTING IN ON ANY DATE?

WHY, HONEY... THIS HANDS IS THE MOST SOOTHING HAND I’VE EVER USED.

NEXT DANCE

GRAND AS A POWDER BASE. EXTRA-CREAMY, EXTRA-SOOTHING.

WHY, HONEY... THIS HANDS IS THE MOST SOOTHING HAND I’VE EVER USED.

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS

BURNS AND ALLEN

Columbia Network Coast to Coast
First Show: 7:30-8:00 E. S. T.
Rebroadcast: 10:30-11:00 E. S. T.

YESTY! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps dry, chapped hands feel smoother. It’s extra-cream, extra-soothing! Every soothing drop brings comfort to war-abused skin. Coaxes back the dainty look-and-feel that hard cleansers, hard water, cold weather, and housework take away. Makes hands look nicer, feel better right away! Now contained 2 vs. 1 oz. BR. 20 D. D. 10 in. 1 oz. at all good counters. New! Hinds Hand Cream. Ask for it too.
Hotel for Women

There’s plenty of pulchritude and lots of laughs to recommend “Hotel for Women.” You may be unfamiliar with many of the names in the cast but having seen the picture you’re not likely to forget the line-up of newcomers. First and foremost is Linda Darnell, whose screen debut is marked by an extraordinary performance. She’s prettier’n the proverbial picture, too. There’s Elsa Maxwell who will never win any beauty contest but will garner many fans as a result of the excellent screen personality she shows in this picture. Then there are Jean Rogers, June Gale and Katharine Aldridge, all comparatively new faces to movie audiences, and each one of these girls gives a commendable account of herself. Lynn Bari has her best role to date and Ann Sothern gives another one of her swell performances. Jimmy Ellison is the lucky leading man in this bevy of beauties and handles the assignment nicely. But another gentleman in the cast, John Halliday, steals the acting honors in every scene in which he appears.

The interesting plot concerns a New York hotel where working girls live. The many types assembled under one roof and all their trials and tribulations make a lively, colorful and always entertaining story. Directed by Gregory Ratoff—20th Century-Fox.

In Name Only

Thanks to a capable cast, this picture has turned out to be passable entertainment in spite of the mediocre story. Supposedly based on that excellent novel, “Memory of Love,” the script turns out to be something that its author would never recognize. But movie-goers won’t have any trouble that way. From the first scene to the last it will be familiar—that old, old story of a man in love with another woman, a wife who doesn’t understand him, and what to do, what to do!

Cary Grant is the gentleman in the case, Carole Lombard the girl he wants to make his wife and Kay Francis the woman who unfortunately already occupies that position. Cary Grant can always be depended upon to play the handsome hero with zest, and this role is no exception. Carole Lombard looks lovelier than ever and in several tensely dramatic scenes she rises to the occasion in a noteworthy manner. But we wish Miss Lombard would kick up her heels and have a swell time like she used to do in the good old days before she felt called upon to prove her versatility. Kay Francis draws a rather thankless role, but carries it off satisfactorily.

Helen Vinson, Charles Coburn, Katharine Alexander and Jonathan Hale are others in the cast worthy of comment. Directed by John Cromwell—RKO.

Dust Be My Destiny

The melodramatics are laid on pretty thick in this picture, but it’s good entertainment in spite of the heavy accent on tough prison life. Priscilla Lane comes through her first serious role showing definite acting talent, but John Garfield, still the cynical, embittered character, doesn’t fulfill the promise he gave of great ability in earlier pictures. The boy and girl are fugitives from justice, on the "lam" because the police think Garfield killed the county work farm superintendent, father of Priscilla.

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!
The romance of Hollywood from bathing beauties to world premières!

IN TECHNICOLOUR

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.
"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 schoolday 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 whammmmmmm! 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.
Propinquity! Everywhere that Bette goes, George Brent is sure to be!

WILL BETTE WED BRENT OR HER "EX"?
WELL, I can say that I haven’t been a fool on two counts, anyway,” said Bette, “for if I were planning to marry George Brent or if he were planning to marry me, whichever way a gal speaks of such matters, we’re not coy people and we’d say so!

“Likewise, if Ham and I had any plans for what people are pleased to refer to, so very brightly, as a ‘reconciliation,’ I’d say that, too. I’ve never been known for my shy evasions. I say what’s on my mind. Why not?

“I’m saying what’s on my mind now: George and I are not contemplating matrimony. Ham and I are not planning a ‘reconciliation.’ Which adds up to this: If ever I’ve been a fool, it’s not been the quivery, quaily, hide-my-head-in-the-sand species of simpleton, anyway.

The newspaper columns, the airwaves, keep up a constant chirping about how George and I will be married in October,” continued Bette, with rare relish. “Well, Ham and I don’t get our final decree until December. Hence, should I marry Brent in October, I would be a bigamist. And I’m not such a big fool as that!

“I’ve also read, with morbid interest, that George has bought the ‘little bride’ (me—don’t you love it?) a several hundred acre ranch somewhere near Eureka! If George has bought a ranch somewhere near Eureka, he has done so without consulting his friend, Miss Bette Davis. And if, having bought a ranch at all, he has bought it for the ‘little bride,’ that little bride is not, to the very best of her knowledge, this same Bee-tie Davis!

“As for the reconciliation rumors—no! I did go out with Ham a couple of times when he was in Hollywood last summer. Which was a mistake on my part, I suppose. Maybe this was one of the instances where the question, ‘Have you been a fool?’ should be answered in the affirmative. Anyhow, I just went—Ham and I, and a couple of other couples. I never gave it a thought. I never think that people will pay any special attention to me, where I am, or with whom.

“We’re still friends, Ham and I. And this in spite of the fact that a few years ago I gave out a story which stated that I did not believe in ‘friendly’ divorces; that I did not, indeed, believe that there are such things as friendly divorces. I said, if I remember correctly, that people do not divorce, if the truth be known, unless they hate each other’s innards, unless they are fighting, eat and dog, tooth and talon, claw andfang.

WELL, THAT’S one of the times when I was a fool. I didn’t know what I was talking about. I still say that people don’t divorce if they are all coy and chummy and ‘at one’ about everything. But I also amend my previous rash statement by saying that neither do people divorce because they can’t stand each other’s faces. I know better now. Ham and I enjoy being together. You can’t be married to a man for ten years, most of them completely happy years, without having accumulated interests and experiences in common which you want to discuss. All I can now say, truthfully and honestly, is this: I have no plans at all where my ‘private life,’ as I’m pleased to call it, is concerned.

“I hold the quaint theory, too, that during the year of divorce, you should say nothing, see nothing, hear nothing and do nothing about personal plans. You don’t know your own mind. I don’t know my own mind yet and that’s about all I do know. It’s a wrench, both hurting and confusing, this breaking up of a marriage. And I wouldn’t dream of taking any steps in an altarly direction until I am better oriented than I am now.

“I’m not making one of those well-known, classic statements such as ‘I will not marry for five years,’” laughed Bette. “You know as well as I do that no one can make such a statement. Or rather, no one should make such a fool statement. How do they know they’re not going to marry for five years? Since when have the emotions been done in calendar years? Another common pronouncement is this: I’m going to retire in five years!” Asinine! At the end of that neat five years the bank account may well ‘forbid the banns.’ I’ve even read of some famous person quoted as saying, ‘I’m going to have a baby in a year!’ Well, really! Isn’t this all rather tempting Fate, Biology, Economics or some of the forces over which no puny mortal has much control?

“I do say this, this and no more: I hope I don’t marry for at least two years. I have a lot of work to do and I want to do it, my mind as free, my emotions as uninvolved as possible. Besides, why should I inflict myself on anyone, the way my life is now? Do you realize that I’ve made five pictures in twelve months?

“It’s because of the kind of life I lead that Ham and I separated. It was no kind of a life for a man who is a man. Seeing Ham now, how fit he looks, how sort of challenging and upstanding and on his own feet again, I know how good this break has been for him.” (Really, I thought, the 100 per cent “un-vain” honesty of Davis is breath-taking, for you know as well as I do that nine out of every ten women would be painting their “exes” as practically suicidal because of the loss of them, as wan ghosts haunting the old haunts . . . not ‘Bee-tie!’ Ham looks better since the break, feels better, is his (Continued on page 69)
HE'S IN DEBT!

Yes, Charles Boyer readily admits that he owes about everything but money

BY MARTHA KERR

CHARLES BOYER is in debt. Oh, not financially, but in other ways, and to such extents that it will take him the rest of his life to write his debts off the books of his remembering and grateful heart.

Mr. Boyer is, especially, in debt to the ladies. He is in debt, in very special ways, to his mother. He is in debt, also in very special ways, to his wife. He is in debt to a lovely lady who once dropped her glove. He is, admittedly, in debt to all the women he has ever met, all women who have given him, whether deliberately or not, the ingredients of the charm, the subtlety, the rich-toned tenderness which he now gives back to all women, making all of us who see his face and hear his voice, his fans.

Mr. Boyer is in debt to books . . . to Lucien Guitry, who gave him his vision, his ideal of what the theatre should be, to a wise and seasoned man who, when he was sixteen, gave him a new outlook on life . . . to the War, the repercussions of which made of him, then an adolescent, older than his years, wiser, a little sadder . . . to music . . . to Lady Nicetie for her solace and her gift of meditation . . . to America . . . to a school teacher who, many years ago, laughed at his passionate love letters and by so doing, gave him his modesty which is one of, if not his greatest, charm . . . to all the girls and women who, and especially since "Love Affair," write him "so very flatteringly."

"Such letters give me," said Mr. Boyer, "a confidence. They show me that I am on the right track. Flattered? Of course, I am!" He is in debt to his first stage director, M. Genier, who "rid me of all phony conceptions of acting."

. . . to Henri Bernstein who gave him a sound sense of values in the selection of material . . . to an old extra in whose patient eyes he read a lesson that not even the years could teach. "Every person I have ever met has given me something," Mr. Boyer told me. "Every one of them taught me something so that I am forever, and deeply, in their debt. By telling about some of them, permit me to try, a little, to repay a few of these debts I owe."

And so, in his portable dressing-room on the set of "When Tomorrow Comes," in which, happily again, he and Irene Dunne will co-star, Mr. Boyer attempted to discharge some of his "debts." He walked up and down the narrow space as he talked, smoking, sitting now and again on the edge of his dressing table . . . very smart in a sleekly tailored dark blue suit with a white pin stripe.

"I owe a great debt to my mother," he said. "Not only because of her love for me. But because my mother did her best to give me, also a sense of personal honesty. She talked to me honestly. She did not permit her love for me, her only son, to be blind to my faults. I owe her a great
Boyer and Irene Dunne are together again in
"When Tomorrow Comes."

debt for not allowing me to take myself too seriously. Often, an
only child is permitted to get a very magnified, flattering
opinion of himself and of his own importance. My mother
saved me from this distorted viewpoint. She taught me to
weigh carefully the 'praising' things that people said to me.
She made me question, 'But what are they saying about me,
when not to my face?' She taught me to discriminate be-
tween flattery and truth. When, as a small boy, I would play
in theatricals in our little school in Figasce, France, and when
I would win prizes, she would remind me that others won
prizes, too. Thanks to my mother's wisdom, I am now for-
ever conscious of how I am but one of many. I think I have
no delusions of any kind. I realize that if I am so fortunate
as to give a pleasing performance in a successful picture,
there are also many others who are giving pleasing per-
formances in successful pictures. We all fail sometimes, my
mother made clear to me, and we all succeed sometimes.
It is therefore folly to be too depressed about the one or
too elated about the other.

"I am next in great debt to Dr. Mouchet. I was about
sixteen when I first knew him. He was a man of thirty-five.
I had the opportunity of translating some of his notes into
German for him and so spent many hours in close contact
with him. Having lost my father when I was a very young
boy, it was of inestimable benefit to me to have contact
with this seasoned, very wise man. It was an awakening
for me. Dr. Mouchet was a brilliant surgeon who also did
research work on the heart. And for me his patience, the
endless hours he would work, his forgetfulness of self, was
a lesson for which to be grateful. He gave me a standard,
this Dr. Mouchet, of what a man should be. He gave me,
suddenly, a lot of maturity. Living, as I did, in a small
provincial town, having lived the last years of my youth
through the War, if not in it—I was thirteen and a half when
it began, eighteen and a half when it ended—I was living in
the midst of many confusions, my own adolescence, the
chaos of the world around me. Dr. Mouchet gave me what
you call the 'right steer.'

"And once," said Mr. Boyer, "on the set of one of the pic-
tures I was making, there was an extra, a very old man who,
when he was young, had had ambitions to be a great actor.
He had never in his life got so much as a credit line. But in
his eyes was such patience, such an acceptance of his destiny,
such a fine pride in doing his humble job to the best of his
ability, as to make him of heroic stature in my mind. Re-
membering him, I must laugh when I read stories about the
'Hardships of the Stars.' Remembering him, I would not
dare to complain about my lot, wherever it might fall.

"And once, in London, I came upon an old charwoman,
on her knees, scrubbing the stone steps of a hotel which
was frequented by titled ladies. She happened to look up
at me and I have never seen such beauty, beauty of such a
rare quality, in the eyes of any 'international beauty' I have
met. To her I owe the debt of realizing that Beauty does
not always wear orchids and sables nor ride in limousines.

"I am also greatly in debt to M. Gemier, my first stage
director after I had gone to Paris. He took me just at the
end of my dramatic school training. All I know of acting
I got, originally, from him. He rid me of any phony concep-
tions of acting I might easily have had. He taught me to feel
whatever I was doing, to honestly feel what I was doing, not
to be satisfied with a pretense, however showy it might be.
So that, now, when I play a love scene, I am feeling in love.
When I am playing a tragic scene, I am feeling, in my heart,
whatever that character is feeling. For five years I worked
with M. Gemier and today I can honestly say that if ever I
am stuck with a line, a scene, a mood, I think back to what he
would have told me to do.

"I owe an immeasurable debt to the late Lucien Guity, to
his uncanny ability which made those who were with him
on the stage not to exist at all. I went to see Lucien Guity,
sometimes twenty times in one play. (Continued on page 94)
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND had invited me to tea. I sat there in that exclusive restaurant, so exclusive that nobody else was in the place, and, as she was quite late, I had ample opportunity to think.

Tea on a hot day like this, thought I, means no Tom Collins for Miss de Havilland, no Cuba Libre, no cool drinks, just because she must be a little girl who is “sugar and spice and everything nice” . . . for, isn’t that what little girls are made of?

I thought of things I had heard about her. Not many, but, although I didn’t know it at the time, they certainly were indicative of the contradictions to come.

One writer, a most discerning lady, had sworn that among the scores of stars she interviewed, Olivia proved most brilliant, giving her a wealth of intelligent copy.

Then again, an editor, just as discerning and also a lady, had said Olivia was gooiier than a marshmallow.

And a gentleman I know, after only a few minutes spent in her company, told me he found Olivia so attractive she could have his last fifteen cents.

And only two nights before I met her, I talked to a foreign correspondent, here on vacation from Olivia’s birthplace, Tokio. He described the lonely life he led in Japan, the dearth of white women, and how he spends his evenings playing chess with Olivia de Havilland’s father. “They say his daughters never mention him,” said the correspondent. “Their mother’s been divorced for years.”

“Divorce is no crime,” said I.


“Maybe that’s it.”

“Maybe,” he said. “But don’t get me wrong. She’s a charming woman.”

So that’s the background on her father’s side. In this instance, I would say more spicier than sweet.

As for her mother? Well, Hollywood may be an entertainment factory to the world, but underneath, it’s a small town with a small town’s flair for gossip. And there’s a little hotel near its center, not far from the Boulevard, and in this hotel you can get a room and two meals a day (breakfast and dinner) for fifteen dollars a week. And, if you won’t be too fussy and are willing to share a shower, you need only pay twelve. The majority of people who live there are either at the beginning or at the end of things—has-beens or going-to-bees.

It was here that Olivia and Joan Fontaine and their mother lived when they first came to California. The hotel has never forgotten. For, of all its ambitious guests, Olivia de Havilland and her sister, Joan, really landed some place. So now, whenever the ex-actresses sit around the lobby (which is practically every day), they talk about this miracle. And newcomers listen and feel encouraged.

To those old-timers, the de Havilland–Fontaine combination is a race set apart with a sort of halo around it. Of the three, they rave mostly about Olivia’s mother, what a dear kind person she is, what a lady, and how she is supposed to have worked unceasingly teaching Olivia elocution.

That I can believe. Especially after hearing Olivia’s apology for being late. She rang it out, fairly smeared with elocution. Such vedy, vedy dramatic, almost out of hand, noises issuing from the slender throat of a fragile-
looking, one hundred-and-eight-pound girl, as she stood in the open restaurant doorway, wearing a print dress of daintiest cotton crepe, were more than startling. They nearly knocked me off my pins.

After she was seated and had stopped rolling her brown eyes—which seemed to work right along with the voice—she became a mortal again. Her tones were pleasant, well modulated; her expressions not so convulsive.

I wondered if in those first few moments, Olivia de Havilland had been an actress doing her stuff for the interviewer or just a self-conscious human, unsure of herself and afraid of the ordeal.

She did confess she is dreadfully shy.

"That's what I have in common with those little girls behind counters," said she.

There was even a time when Miss Olivia was so scared that if she did have a date she got sick at her stomach and had to cancel it.

"I'd go to bed for two days."

But now, she assured me, she has mastered those qualms.

I figured that perhaps Miss de Havilland discovered, what with the scarcity of Hollywood eligibles, that it's not such a snap to bag a good date, and a girl who goes around losing hers by growing panicky, is just an awful little fool.

She ordered hot tea and muffins and cooed to Sam Goldwyn's press agent that she was glad he had succumbed to the tea habit, too.

On his part, the Goldwyn representative regaled us with an incident about Gary (I take it he meant Cooper) and how that gentleman began by being sheepish concerning tea served on the set, and then, after becoming accustomed, advanced to an indignant demand of "Where's my tea?"

Olivia laughed long and loud. She was that amused.

While we waited, I studied her face. The skin is a young and rosy skin, the eyes clear. Her hair was done simply, pinned up for the hot day, with a pink ribbon tied around her head.

The muffins arrived, the waiter (Continued on page 96)
Dick says, "I shudder to think what might have happened to me without these set-backs. In spite of all the pain, danger, mental agony and lost time I've suffered, I'm grateful that it all happened."

By Kirtley Baskette
SOMETHING HAD to happen to Richard Greene. He was too lucky. Something has happened. More, in fact, in the way of bad breaks—accidents and illness—than has ever ganged up on a young Hollywood star as with shining a future.

"And I'm tickled to death!" Dick told me the other day on the set of "Here I Am a Stranger." I shudder to think of what might have happened to me without them. I might easily have gone under in Hollywood. I might have lost myself. As it is, in spite of all the pain, the danger, the mental agony and the last time I've suffered, I honestly believe I've found myself. I'm grateful that it all happened!

If there is one virtue this unbelievably handsome twenty-two-year-old Britisher possesses it is straightforwardness. When you meet him, you take his black evenly waved hair, his chiseled nose, his slashed dimples for granted. What strikes you so you'll never forget them is his honest, gray eyes and his frank mouth. There are little lines about them both now, because his face is leaner. There is force behind his manner and what he says in a confident level voice makes solid, satisfying sense.

He believes that the last few months of personal trials have let him catch up with himself. "I've got a grip on my life again at last," he said. "I've had time to work out a sense of values, a new philosophy. I think I've acquired a maturity—a character I didn't have before. I know more now what I mean to myself.

"I didn't all my first year in Hollywood. Things happened to me so fast—success, money, fame, a new world, a new future—that I couldn't evaluate myself. Nothing seemed real to me. I had a sense of futility. My life was full—of people and parties, fun as well as work—but my point of view had vanished in the froth. I was lost to myself."

If all of that sounds unduly introspective, for a lad of twenty-two, consider what happened to Dick Greene overnight, and put yourself in his place:

Suppose that, two years ago this December, on Christmas Eve, an emissary of Darryl Zanuck's had come to you in far-away London and signed you on a contract to come to Hollywood.

Suppose you were a green, young stage extra and bit player, as Dick was, nice looking but still a kid. Suppose you had looked into a movie camera lens only once, and said but three words, "I don't think so." You had never been to America. You'd dreamed about New York, and Hollywood, but you'd never thought you had a Chimpanzee's chance of getting there.

Suppose you had been hustled on board a transatlantic steamer the very next day and met at the Manhattan dock by nervous men who whisked you through town, without even time to shave, shoved you into an airplane and sent you rocketing alone across a vast, unfamiliar continent to Hollywood. Suppose there you were bundled into an automobile at the airport and rolled to a dentist to have a tooth capped, to a barber to have your hair trimmed in proper Hollywood camera style, and on to the studio.

Then suppose on that same day you were hustled on the set of a picture already in production two weeks, shoved into the lovely arms of Loretta Young and told to make love to her, while strange people stared and disconcerting cameras whirred!

All that happened to Richard Greene. All that happened in less than a week. No wonder he was dizzy and stayed dizzy for months afterward.

I remember the criticisms of Richard when Hollywood got a first look at him in "Four Men and a Prayer." "Handsome but hollow," they agreed. It was just when Beautiful Bob Taylor was at his zenith and a great many people gawoned at the prospect of another too pretty boy without any punch.

I reminded Dick of this and ducked. But he just grinned disarmingly. "I expect I deserved them," he said. "I was as green as my name, and all mixed up to boot. It showed through, that's all." Then Dick made one of those surprising statements that shows how he observes—and thinks.

"A man has to store up life, before he can give it out," said Dick. "Have you ever met a man or a woman who has lived, loved, had adventures, suffered Hell-fires maybe, but done things and felt things? There's something in people like that is an inalienable part of their personalities, their conversation, even their looks. I used to run into them, true cosmopolites, in London, or on trips to the Continent. They always intrigued me and they still do. But you can't put on that." (Continued on page 86)
No more long-distance marriage for Ann and her orchestra-leader hubby, Roger Pryor. He gave up his band and is trying the picture game again.

There’s no end to the bouquets Ann Sothern’s been receiving these days. Here she’s with Jean Rogers and Linda Darnell in “Hotel For Women.”

THE COME-BACK QUEEN

Ann Sothern’s on the crest of the wave—and yet she’s worried! Why?

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

I AM more worried now than I have ever been in my life.” Thus, astonishingly, said the white-slacked, gold-en-tanned Ann Sothern, “at home” to me on her chaise lounge in a bedroom of her new home.

What did the girl mean? I didn’t get it, and said so. I said things about how here she is with a brand new, long-term, gilt-edged contract in her jeans—the “come-back” triumph of “Trade Winds,” the follow-up triumph of “Maisie” still sparkling like dew on the Sothern laurels.

She has a new home and Husband Roger Pryor, who has disbanded his orchestra for love of home-life with Ann, right there. He’s working, too, in “The Man They Couldn’t Hang.” What nonsense is this about being worried?

But I might have known that there would be no “non-sense” outta Ann. (It’s an awful temptation to call her Annie—she’s that kind. But she once confided in me, “To be called Annie is my pet hate, it’s tops, dear, in my hates. It goes through me like a knife.”) Ann was saying, “Yes, more worried now than I have ever been in my life for what am I going to do now? It’s one thing to fight a good fight and win. It’s another thing to keep on fighting. I know, now,” said Ann, “that there’s no such thing as a finished fight. Not in life. Not in Hollywood. You may finish and win one round of a fight, the next round and the next, but there are always more rounds to go.

“Sure, I’ve got a long-term contract, and a very pretty piece of paper it is, too, with the studio where I most want to be. I’ve got my home and Roger in it with me at last. We’ve got our adopted son, David, and he’s fit as a fiddle. I’m sitting on the crest of the wave, we both are, Roger and I. We’re terribly happy—we fight about furniture all day long and it’s wonderful!

“But I’m also sitting in the corner of the ring, fitting that rubber bit into my mouth, taping my hands, pulling on the gloves. I’m getting ready, and well I know it, for the stiffest round I’ve fought yet. I can’t keep on being Maisie. And yet Maisie had the one outstanding quality I have to sell in my work—humanness. I could, of course, play honky-tonk girls, taxi dancers, girls who work as waitresses—their words in the wrong syntax, their hearts in the right place. That’s the kind of parts
I want to play. They're the kind of girls about whom everyone will say, "There's an awful lot of people just like that in the world. Why, you remember Sadie, she...I'd love to play the girl in 'Of Mice and Men.'"

"Well," said Ann, with an expressive gesture achieved by one size three foot describing a question mark, "so here I am on the crest of one wave, but fully aware of the fact that there are other waves a'rolling in. The thing for me to do is to take stock of myself. I was thinking the other day that my insane curiosity about medicine, my interest in psychoanalysis (I take the most violent interest in people's ills and ailments. I always have a remedy for everybody—Dr. Sothern, that's me) should work on my own behalf, too. Why, not, I thought, turn the Freudian eye on myself and find out now, as I enter on the next round, just what materials I have to work with, just what kind of a person I am?"

"One thing is sure—this past year has left me with one tool, knife-edged, an indomitable will. You don't fight for five years as I have, fighting "B" pictures, fighting being cast as a simpering simpleton, without changing. I have changed. I won't say I'm hard. I certainly won't say I'm soft. I used to be. I always used to think of other people, turn-the-other-cheek-Sothern, that was me. No more. For now, right now, I'm thinking about myself as I've never thought about myself before. It's given me a spirit, the fight I've fought. I've got the hard-wrung courage of knowing that everything I did this past year has been right—for me."

There was a brief silence in the room as there seemed to rise, before our eyes, the spectre of that seemingly sterile year through which Ann has marched. Yes, she was right to step out of her RKO contract, as she did, risking oblivion rather than mediocrity. She was right to stay among the unemployed for a year, taking, chin up, the terror she often felt, the doubts, the awful boredom of idleness, the peculiar embarrassment one feels in Hollywood when one is "out of things." She was right to say "No" to such parts as were offered her, even though every time she did, she pulled in her belt.

She was right to accept the part she did in "Trade Winds," right not to sign a contract again until after she'd made "Maisie." She had told me, I reminded her, that she would never sign (Continued on page 92)
Frank admits, "I am one of those three-o'clock-in-the morning singers, but I never know what I'm going to sing or in what key it will be."

FRANK MORGAN started out in life as a brush salesman. From selling brushes (Frank got tired of ringing door-bells—"such an un-adult occupation," he says) he went to the Boston Traveller to try his hand at selling advertising. His right hand never knew what his left hand was doing so that gave him up. Next, he sold real estate, "or something," and then went to Las Vegas, New Mexico, to be a cowpuncher. Mr. Morgan had not, he felt, found himself. Until you find yourself, you're lost, or something.

Born in New York City, on June first, he was the baby of the Wupperman family of Angostura Bitters fame and fortune. He attended private and public schools and then Cornell University. He was once known as the best soprano singer in the city, singing, blue-eyed and cherubic, at St. Thomas' and All Angels churches. The time came when his admired brother, Ralph, made the Bitters family bitter by going on the stage, though he did salvage some of the family pride by changing his name from Wupperman to the more esthetic Morgan. Frank had always enjoyed a good game of Follow the Leader with brother Ralph. And so, when his good friend, Edgar Allen Woolf, wrote a vaudeville sketch for him, Frank made his first appearance on a stage. In the dark, romantic recesses known as "back-stage," Mr. Morgan, delightedly, found himself.

All right, so what has this thumb-nail sketch of Mr. Morgan got to do with being the Life of the Party? I'll tell you: there is no living thing so boring as the chronic, typical Life of the Party homo sapiens. The successful Life of the Party cannot be a fool. If he is, his party options are not renewed. He may ring doorbells, pull chairs from under formal fannies once or twice, and then no more of him. Frank Morgan is the Life of any party he attends (and hostesses in Hollywood, New York, Paris, Rome, write the name of Frank Morgan first on their guest-lists, if they know what's good for them) because he is not a fool; because he is a man of sense and sensibility; because he is a man of breeding, family, culture, taste, varied experience; because he can turn from doing his imitation of Al Jolson to talking with tired men who ring acid-painted doorbells for a living; because he has that touch of nature which makes him kin with truck-drivers or savants. In other words, Frank can go out of his tale-spinning and into a serious mood at will.

Mr. Morgan, on the morning I talked with him, wore blue pajamas, a beige wool dressing gown, brown leather slippers and a harassed expression. Probably because it was ten o'clock in the morning, a "death-knell-hour," he said, to any Life of the Party. Also because
he was flying to New York that night and there might be sandstorms and things. Worst of all, he was afraid his wife mightn't go with him, because she was not air-minded. Right here is a good place to tip you off to the fact that a Life of the Party need not be a Casanova at heart. Never have I seen a more devoted husband than our Mr. Morgan. He admits, quite amorously, that he married not to settle down, but because he "went crazy in love." Well, he's still in love. Anyway, although Frank doesn't think that a good, durable Life of the Party can be too domestic, he does prove, in his own life, that a Life of the Party can be, quaintly, entirely, in love with his own wife.

So, Frank was slightly distressed, in his eyes was that puzzled petulance such as only Frank Morgan's eyes can give forth. Frank talks, in real life, exactly as he talks on the screen and air, ending. Every other sentence with "or something." At first you think that that's Frank being vaguer than usual, but you soon perceive that it's quite diabolically clever, it leaves him so many loopholes.

ANYWAY, we got on "how to be the Life of the Party" and I made a flattering little quip (as bait) about how Mr. Morgan is just that, his name heading every guest-list on four continents, and Mr. Morgan rose from his chair to make me a graceful, sort of Barrymore-ish bow. Then he said that he was very nice of me, of course, but guest-lists are the obituaries of parties. Then he took the bait and gave me what I believe is the first and only complete and scientific analysis of the Life of the Party type.

He said, "To my mature mind, there are three prime requisites for any party: informality, no plans and foreigners." Asked to make himself at least reasonably clear, Mr. Morgan said, "Oh, dear" and then sort of looked around the dusky beige and rose library in which we sat as though he expected all good men to come to his aid. Finding himself beached on my note-book, he said, "No plans come first, or something. Of course we have to talk about parties, you know, if we are to analyze the Life of the Party species because if there were no parties there would be no Lives of the Parties. "So I say that a party should be both planless and unplanned. The best parties happen like the one last night," (ah, there, that's why the bathtub and slippers, methought) "when I just dropped in at Chasens and there was Jimmy Cagney and Charlie Chaplin and Bob Benchley and Leo McCarey and Mike Romanoff. Get a gang like that together and you always have fun because they're all Lives of the Party and not to carry the whole show. Just drop in at a place like Chasens, that's my recipe. You're bound to see another fellow whose wife's away, or something. But don't misunderstand me, wives are swell nowadays. The wives of most of the men I know are Lives of the Party in their own right, maybe its protective coloration, or something. So I say, make no plans, just drop in and your party problem is there, already in solution. The stronger the solution, the better, of course, you know.

"And then there are foreigners. Every party should have a flavoring of foreigners, because foreigners have no inhibitions. Foreigners know how to cut loose. Look how they sing in the streets in Italy and all. 'Santa Lucia,' or something. We'd be locked up here for doing what they do as a matter of course, out of the sheer exuberance of their spirits. Exuberance, that's a prime ingredient in the Life of any Party. Exuberance of spirit or exuberance and spirits, if necessary. Russians are very helpful. There is something so wild and cossackly about a Russian. You never know what a Russian is going to do. Neither does the Russian.

"And this is another secret of success if you would be the Life of the Party," said Frank, "never let them know what you are going to do. Better still, never know what you are going to do yourself. Of course" Mr. Morgan admitted, blushing (he does blush), "I myself am one of those three-o'clock-in-the-morning-singers, but I never know what I am going to sing, or in (Continued on page 90)
You've heard this, and you've heard that, so—the rhythm gal's family gives you the real lowdown on how the little Garland grew.
THE WAY the press agents tell it is this: "With the firm conviction that she wanted to be a moving picture actress, Judy Garland walked onto the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot one day and announced to all and sundry, she was looking for a job. She got it. Judy was twelve years old at the time."

And what led up to that fateful day? The official press agent version continues: "For some unexplained reason, Judy’s early ambition was to be an attorney rather than an actress. But, instead, she became a member of a singing trio composed of herself and her two elder sisters. The act worked at the World’s Fair in Chicago and in several big theatres in the Mid-West. Suzanne married and that broke up the act.

"So Judy wasn’t bluffing when she told studio officials she had stage experience, eight years of it. Her claims got her an audition, and her performance brought her a contract."

That is the accepted story of how Judy broke into films. It’s a good story. Maybe it does suggest that Judy, at the age of twelve, wasn’t short of brashness, but it also suggests that she couldn’t help being unusual on the screen, having taken an unusual method to get there.

There is just one thing wrong with the tale. It isn’t true.

Lately, another story, the "real" story of how Judy landed in films, has been going the Hollywood rounds. According to the new version, one of her sisters was the member of the family who had film ambitions. The sister had a chance to make a screen test and Judy tagged along just to keep her company. The studio hired Judy, and didn’t hire the sister.

That, too, is a good story. It suggests that Judy, without wishing such a thing, was fated to have a screen career. And, implying that it was the sister who wanted the career, it has a fine little touch of irony about it. There is just one thing wrong with it. It isn’t true, either.

You can take this from Judy’s sisters, not to mention their mother. I got it from all three of them the other day, when I went out to Judy’s house to see what kind of home life a sixteen-year-old movie star might have.

At the moment, Judy wasn’t enjoying life in her brand-new home, a white brick Colonial, set on a three-acre plot in Bel-Air’s prettiest canyon. She was at the studio, making an added scene for the picture, "The Wizard of Oz."

So, instead of talking with Judy, I talked about—her with her sisters and her mother. And they set me straight not only about what Judy is like, and what her life has been like from the beginning up to now, but also about what it is like to be the sisters and the parent of a Judy.

MRS. GUMM (the family’s real name is Gumm) and her other two daughters all have, like Judy, brown eyes and brown hair. Mrs. Gumm is shortish, plumpish, jovial, young-looking—the kind of mother accepted by her daughters and her daughters’ friends as "one of the gang." Both of Judy’s shapely sisters look younger than they are. Perhaps that’s because laughter runs in the family.

Suzanne, called Sue, is the taller and the older. Virginia, called Jimmie, looks a great deal like Judy. Neither of them has Judy’s pep. They’re more easy going.

Sue was eight, and Jimmie six, when Judy arrived on the scene on June 10, 1922. Sue doesn’t remember what she said at the time. Jimmie remembers that she said, "Is she an Indian?" Judy was that red an infant.

The event took place in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, a town of about four thousand people, most of whom worked for a big paper mill. But Frank Gumm worked for himself. He and his wife had seen vaudeville dying, and had got out of it while the getting was good. Looking around for a small-town movie theatre for sale cheap, they found one in Grand Rapids. Settling there, he had put the theatre on a paying basis and had acquired other theatres nearby. There they expected to stay the rest of their lives. But Fate decreed otherwise.

Sue and Jimmie, conscious of their distinction in having parents who had been on the stage, were forever putting on neighborhood shows of their own. Their earliest mutual memory of Judy goes back to one of these. Judy was a year and a half old at the time. "We let her get up on the stage to sing ‘Jingle Bells,’" said Sue. "And then we couldn’t get her off," finished Jimmie, with a grin.

Some time later, they put on a circus in a garage. They let Judy be in the sideshow. She and another youngster were tied to each other, back to back. "They were the Siamese Twins. But that didn’t have enough action to it, for Judy," said Sue. "She wanted to sing again," added Jimmie. "So we let her sing ‘Tie Me to Your Apron Strings Again.’ She knew it from hearing us do it. We thought that was kinda cute."

The summer Judy was two years old, Mr. and Mrs. Gumm, who had been settled down a long time for show people, decided to take a trip. For years, they had been hearing his mother rave about California, so they decided to drive out and give it the once-over. They would make the trip pay for itself by reviving their old singing-and-piano act, playing in small towns along the way. A booking agent friend would arrange dates.

"We hadn’t planned to take the girls with us," Mrs. Gumm said. "But while packing, the night before we were to (Continued on page 81)"

Bert Lahr, Judy Garland, Jack Haley and Ray Bolger as the Cowardly Lion, Dorothy, the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow in the fantasy, "The Wizard of Oz."

Johnny Downs, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville celebrate Judy’s sixteenth birthday. Mickey’s right in there pitching, as usual.
Priscilla Lane and John Garfield are together again in "Dust Be My Destiny." They are a fine film pair.

It's a long way from "rags to riches!" So, has the rebel John Garfield "gone Hollywood?"

John Garfield's smile holds a sadness for the human race. His wife calls it "Julie's orphan look," and it dates back to his childhood and accounts for his sense of pathos.
WHEN JOHN GARFIELD and his wife, Robbie, went to Dodge City, like the rest of the Warner guests, they rode around in an open carriage. On one of their rides they were suddenly surrounded by a crowd of fans, mostly men, who pointed to Robbie and screamed, “There’s Hedy Lamarr!”

Although the only resemblance Mrs. Garfield bears to Hedy is that both of them have black hair, she rose to the occasion and smiled winningly at him.

But the fans weren’t satisfied. They crowded about the carriage, demanding autographs. So Robbie wrote away until her arm was tired and she pointed to her husband, crying, “Look! Don’t you want his? He’s John Garfield!”

Taking this cue, slightly mixed, the leading fan somewhat astonishedly asked him that question. He suddenly took his companion’s, “Hey, fellahs! It’s Jack Gilbert!”

And Mr. Garfield found himself besieged for the late Gilbert’s signature. He sweetly obliged. There was nothing else he could do.

“You see, they believed so,” he said, in the voice of one who hates to give pain or disillusionment.

He smiled as he told the story on himself. His smile held a sadness for the human race. Fans have noticed it, commenting in their letters, “The Germans have a word for it called ‘weltschmerz,’ meaning ‘world hurt.’” His wife calls it, “Julie’s orphan look.”

This particular fan who excused the time he went to school and all the other boys wore white shirts, but Julie Garfield’s father made him wear a blue one, gave him trousers much too big, and shaved off most of his hair. So his schoolmates, with the insatiable cruelty of youth, dubbed him, “Julie, the orphan boy.”

A Dr. Freud might tell you that such an incident partly accounts for his sense of pathos.

Not that this is the story of John Garfield’s life. Right from the beginning, when he made that hit in “Four Daughters,” he was interviewed continually. Each time he faced his press agent and plaintively said, “Must I tell the story of my life again?”

“I didn’t understand you, did you mean the answer. And indeed he did.

So this, instead, shows how the rebel Garfield, after nearly a year spent in Hollywood, is reacting to the big money, to an established position, to his wife of several years and his daughter of several months.

This is a picture of the way he lives and what he does and what he thinks. And, no picture of John Garfield, now, or rather of Julie. For no matter how often the Warner Brothers see fit to christen him, he is Julie, not only to his friends, old and new, but to every co-worker on the lot. In spite of rigid orders shouted from the top... the name is... and always will be... Jules, familiarly shortened to Julie.

He can’t help that. There is something about him which makes for naturalness, for nicknames. Understand, his is not an offensive palsy-walsynn, the kind so frequently encountered in Hollywood. No, he is made up of friendly spontaneous little habits, of resting a hand across your shoulders, of calling you by your first name, of trusting implicitly.

No matter how busy he is, he reads. “Reading is important,” he announces in all seriousness.

According to his wife, he is inclined to be moody. If he is dissatisfied with the day’s work at the studio, he comes home cross, like any other man. Now his worry is that he seems to be losing perspective.

“He claims he can’t judge the rushes any more,” says his wife. “But,” she adds, “this never affects his appetite.”

He loves to eat more than anything else, more than the tennis he has always played, or the riding he has learned since living in California. To prove this, in the middle of my studio lunch with him, he leaped from the table and followed the waiter who escorted him to a sideboard where he could pick the biggest and fattest dessert. He chose a lemon meringue pie, which he brought back himself, bearing it triumphantly in mid-air.

“This will probably kill me,” he said. “I’ve been working in the sun all day.” But he ate it anyway, on top of an enormous plate of shrimps and lobster Crocke.

When his friends want to annoy him, they tell Julie he is going Hollywood. Actually, his complex about not going Hollywood has developed to such an extent that it is a phase of going Hollywood. For what does “going Hollywood” mean, except a form of extremes?

Mr. Garfield took pains not to live where other picture people live. No Beverly or Westwood or Brentwood or Saratoga or Hollywood or Century or for him.

“I know a playright with a forty-thousand-dollar house in Beverly and he’s miserable.”

So Mr. Garfield lives in Hollywood proper because he likes to be near crowds and noise and lights and city things. He didn’t buy his house. He rents it. However, the house is a nice rambling place with lots of porches and a swell mountain view. It was designed by a man who used to build boats. The Garfields are very proud of the bar which is built in the wall, like a yacht.

“A bar already! That’s Hollywood,” tease his friends.

And Julie turns green.

“But there won’t be a swimming pool,” he swears.

Still, his wife confided to me that she would like one.

“So our poor friends could enjoy it.”

When he heard about this, Julie gritted his teeth in mock anger. “So she wants a swimming pool, does she? Well, she’ll never have one.”

Not that Mrs. Garfield is at all Hollywood. She wears simple linen slacks and never even a brassiere. She is utterly natural and talks to you about Julie, how he gets up earlier than necessary just to play with the baby, how he and the baby both have small feet and how he calls during the afternoon to see how things are going.

Mrs. Garfield frankly tells you she used to be a salesgirl at Macy’s, and that she arrived in Hollywood with exactly two maternity dresses and a pair of shoes.

SHE AND Julie feel alike about most things. They love the idea of no permanence. Even when they were poor and living in Greenwich Village, they used to move every three months “just for fun,” they say.

Together they possess an inarticulate silence, the sort that Vina Delmar portrayed so expertly in “Bad Girl.” For example, it was only a couple of months ago that Mrs. Garfield went to the studio for the first time. When I asked her why this was, she said Julie had never mentioned her going and she didn’t like to ask.

And how are they reacting to money? Well, Julie says, “Now that I’m making it, I haven’t the time to spend it.” They spend like average young folks would spend. There is a nurse for the baby, who is as brown as a chocolate pudding and the image of Julie.

And there is a cook. And there is Julie’s brother.

“I’ve got to have the money,” says Julie. “It’s part of the business,” says Julie. “Thinks he can write.” Then, with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders, “Who knows, maybe he can.”

They did all the things people do with their first big money, little human things. Robbie took her girls friends for cocktails at a smart hotel, and the cocktails were too strong and didn’t make them feel so good, so she never did it again.

And she went to a very good milliner and must have bought a hat because I saw her autograph in the milliner’s showroom along with Baroness Somebody-or-other and Gladys Glad and Myrna Loy.

On her part, Julie has now bought herself to a lot of books and victrola records. He still orders records by the dozens over the telephone, and plays them while he learns his lines.

They also went to San Francisco and made one flying trip to New York. There they bought tickets for a hit musical comedy. Before, they had to save their pennies for the dramatic show plays.

Julie is as loyal to his original discoverers, The Group Theatre, as the average man is to his college.

While in New York, he saw their Saroyan play.

“I didn’t know what it was about,” he admitted, “but I loved it, it was so exciting. I can’t imagine working for any other theatrical managers. The biggest kick in my life when they made me a member.”

His second biggest kick was (Continued on page 72)
“I’d love to have babies,” says Jean. “Not just one baby, but three or four. So, I’ll simply have to take time off, now and again, to have them.”
Jean Arthur, who you'd think has just about everything, tells you the things she's hoping hard for.

BY JEAN SOMERS

O MANY of my wishes have come true," Jean told me, the gratitude she feels roughening her voice. 'I've 'stuck in my thumb and pulled out a plum' so many times that I feel greedy and selfish even talking about any more wishes and plums for myself. I'd rather talk about wishes—come-true and plums for other people.'

But of course I hadn't come to talk about "other people" and I said so quite firmly. I also remarked that if other people's wishes were in order, however, one of mine would be that I might have tea every day or so with Jean Arthur. Even though she has no talent for dramatizing herself, even though she is not what we writers call "good copy," still you do know that what she says she means. Yes, there's something uniquely charming about being with her.

Jean curled up on the divan and served tea and we talked, and she was saying, "I've got so many of my wishes—everything you dream of—you know. Things you want to do for your mother, for instance, when you are a child and see her over the cook stove or over the mending basket or worried about something. And you dream of how the day will come when she'll 'sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,' and never have to worry any more. Well," sighed Jean happily, "I don't want to sound too Pollyanna, but that dream has come true. For now my mother has everything she wants. Of course I'm not the only one in pictures for whom this particular wish has come true, not by any means."

Then we talked about how the biggest plum the picture industry has to offer is that it enables its favorites to make their money while they are young, which enables them to make their parents comfortable while they are young, too.

"So, that's one plum," Jean ticked off. "And then, of course, there's the plum of working in pictures that are being made the best the studio can make them, with the best stories available, the best directors, the best cast. I like the 'best of everything,'" smiled Jean. "I don't care particularly whether my part is great or small so long as the finished picture is the best that can be produced. I'd rather own a little, teentsy diamond, flawless, than great hunks of diamonds, second best. I like to have a few really fine books in my library rather than shelves of snowy trash. I'd rather do one thing exquisitely well, be long remembered for doing just one thing as beautifully as Maude Adams did everything she did, as Lynn Fontanne and Katharine Cornell do what they do, than be the glamoriest Glamor Girl in the world.

"I have my home life," said Jean, then, and there is no mistake nor misnaming her happiness when she speaks of her home. "It is," she was saying, "the perfect plum. I can only hope and pray that we may go on, always, as we are now.

"So many things in my life are right, you see, that I do hesitate to express any more wishes. I really don't think I ought even to stick my thumb in the pie at all any more. But just the same I do know of one plum I'd like to pull out! It sometimes sounds so silly, though, when you try to put into words the things you think to yourself. At the risk of sounding frightfully sappy or goody-goody, I do have a wish and it's this: that there would be no more fighting in the world. No more fighting between nations, no more fighting between individuals. I do think that such a state of heaven-on-earth, for that's what it would be, can only come through education. Not book-learning only, but educating people how to live with one another. I want to learn how to live with people and love them because I understand them. I do think that one of the very finest things money could do would be to supply this kind of humanistic education. If there were no fighting, think of what the world might be!" And I thought of it. I found myself thinking up several new alleys in the course of that tea hour with Jean.

"So that's one wish," Jean was saying, "that the world and all the people in it might cease fighting.

"Where my work is concerned—well, I'd like very much indeed to do a big woman's story. I have never made a woman's picture. I have always played leading lady to some man. I should like to make a picture where the woman's character motivates the story. Something like 'The Old Maid,' for instance, which Bette Davis did. I should like, particularly, to find a story which would have some practical connection with the world as it is today. I think the day is long since past when we can have stories built around a 'personality,' however great or glamorous. I should like to find a story dealing with the problems of women today, and their solution.

"Well, a third wish is that I might be able to meet the great people of my generation. I am a born hero-worshipper, you know. I'd love to (Continued on page 68)
The stars show you how to have those great big beautiful optics

by Carol Carter

BEAUTY LIES in the eyes of the beholder, says the idealist. Don't you believe it, say those more practical mortals, the talent scouts, models' agents and casting directors—whose opinions, after all, reflect the tastes and desires of millions of your potential friends, employers, sweethearts and husbands. These canny connoisseurs of feminine charm all agree that the lion's share of any girl's beauty...
is contained in her own two eyes. Next to interesting facial planes—which are a matter of basic, structural lines—a pair of strong, clear, beautiful and expressive eyes are what these merchants in the marts of beauty constantly look for—and demand.

Eyes may or may not be windows to your soul, but they certainly shed a light of light on the status of your mind and body, to say nothing of your character and disposition. Fact is, they reflect the condition of everything else that is a part of you and, in turn, are affected by your general condition, physical, mental, spiritual and all the rest.

You've noticed, haven't you, what spirit, fire and vitality speak in the eyes of Bette Davis? What heart, wholesome spontaneity radiates from the eyes of Joan Blondell? Jeanette MacDonald registers friendliness, good sportsmanship and determination in her flashing eyes. And what delectable deliriums little Ann Rutherford can create in the hearts of her cinema boy friends with one look from her gay and mischievous eyes! The lushious, sloe-eyed Hedy Lamarr is another who weaves a pretty spell with her deep, expressive eyes. In fact, every girl in the movies knows very well not only how to use, but how to care for, groom and protect her precious pair of orbs. How do they go about it? We'll tell you.

First of all, one word of explanation. An eye is a delicate, intricate three-layered organ, resting in a bony depression of your skull, padded with fat and operated by six muscles. It is divided into two chambers, the front containing a crystalline lens, the second holding the iris and the pupil. At the very back of said second chamber is a layer of pigment which gives your optics their individual coloring. Rays of light enter the eye, produce a chemical change on the retina, affecting it in exactly the same way that light affects a sensitized plate or film in a camera. In other words, your eye is a wonderful camera which takes pictures and then relays them to your brain via the optic nerve. So much for that.

Now, for the comfort and efficiency, as well as the beauty of your eyes. You must take care of them. First of all, see that they have proper light. Glaring sun or lamplight and rays reflected from large, flat or glossy surfaces can be harmful and injurious. Close work done by dim or flickering light also may do irreparable damage. Light should come from above and behind, when you work or read. And the object you look at should be held fourteen to sixteen inches away, unless your eyes are a bit off normal.

When using your eyes for close work, sit in a comfortable, upright position. Hold the book or whatever it is up in front of you. Don't fold up like a jack-knife with your chin on your chest and your book on your lap. When your eyes get tired from use or strain, look off in the distance to the furthest visible object. This simple exercise rests and strengthens the muscles. Blinking is another excellent stunt to relieve eye strain. Move and (Continued on page 75)
BENNY, INC.

The other stockholders are three damsels who run Jack’s life! Yet he’s glad to sit on this Exchange

BY MARY MAYES

THERE IS an unknown woman in the life of Jack Benny. Her name is Thalia and she is said to be of Greek origin. Mary Livingstone is not jealous of her—at least, not in the ordinary sense. Thalia is the Muse of Comedy, folks, and Jack has been crazy about her all his adult life. The other women in the Benny scheme of things are, as you well know, the afore-mentioned Mary L. Benny and Miss Joan Naomi, the adored, adopted charmer of five, who winds Pop around the little finger and selects the daily neckties. These two ladies shall be mentioned in their places, but it is the laughing muse to whom we shall give our first attention.

Jack Benny has been consistently funny on the radio for a long, long time. He has been tops in all kinds of radio polls for a greater length of time than Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis have been winning Academy Awards. Now, with the happy release of “Man About Town,” it seems that Benny has learned how to be equally funny in pictures. His previous movie operas haven’t been nearly as good as his radio programs. The reasons for this heretofore sad state of affairs will become apparent as we go on talking about him and the gentle art of “how to be funny.”

“How to be funny?” I’m quite sure that, by actual statistics, there are nine million people in this country who would like to know the trick. Being naturally funny isn’t enough. Belly-laugh jokes, sly puns, sophisticated wit—these are not enough. A comical voice (what is professionally known as good delivery) is a help, as witness the laughs Jack’s Mary can get by merely opening her mouth. But it isn’t all. Material—is that it? It’s exceedingly important, and Jack Benny employs two smart gents named Ed Beloin and Bill Morrow, paying them salaries which aren’t chicken-feed, babe, to help him whip up good material. But that isn’t all, either. Let’s listen to the Old Master himself, who seems to have the recipe.

“Why is Rochester funny?” he asked. “Rochester is funny because he has a God-given delivery. That asthmatic, smarty-pants, untutored, Aframerican voice is marvelous! But that’s only part of it. Then, too, Rochester is gymnastically funny. His dancing has some comic sense; it isn’t merely a series of gyrations. But he is funny chiefly because he is my servant and treats me with no respect whatsoever. Now how can he get away with this? He, a lowly colored boy, and me, his boss, and a member of the superior white race. Especially how can he get away with it in the South? We can get away with it because I, in my movie character and to a lesser extent in my movie character, am a combination of all the unattractive, small, niggy-nadgy, laughable, ridiculous characteristics which Mr., Mrs., and Miss America run across daily in friends, relatives, ex-boy-friends and neighbors. I’m a tightwad. I fancy my violin—playing, when actually I’m incapable of mastering Little Nellie’s First Music Book, let alone ‘Love in Bloom.’ I’m a braggart about physical and romantic prowess or else I’m the type that all girls are safe with. I’m not grotesque, nor villainous, nor idiotic. I’m merely a combination of small, unattractive traits, slightly exaggerated. And that’s why I’m funny, or at least I think so.”

You get the point—do you not? J. B. sits down and figures out how to make people laugh in the same way that the soup, tomato juice and bean tycoons sit down and figure out how to make people buy soup, tomato juice and beans.

“None of us would be funny,” continued my favorite comedian, “if there were not a situation into which our various characters and cracks would fit, nicely and comfortably, without dragging gags in by the ears. Because a joke alone is not enough. We’ve left many a tasty joke on studio and cutting-room floors. An audience knows when a joke has been forced upon it and is apt to keep a very straight face about it.

“Once we cut a marvelous joke from a program—a joke about Eddie Cantor. I’m not going to tell it for we shall find a use for it some time. I ran into Eddie the following week and I said, ‘Eddie, I had a swell gag in Sunday’s program about you. Then, I dunno, at rehearsal, it didn’t quite seem to click, so we left it out. But I think I’ll put it in next week.’ And Eddie said, ‘Jack, when in doubt—remember that sterling word, ‘don’t.’ A gag that is never told never lays an egg.’”

YES. J. B. certainly knows his stuff. His weekly radio program goes into work along about Tuesday of each week. In the meantime, Benny has been worrying ever since the preceding Sunday. Was the last program as good as the previous program? Maybe they shouldn’t have made this crack, maybe they should have made that one. Oh, well, to work, now, to work! And Benny, Beloin and Morrow sit down with plenty of coffee, cigarettes and nice new pencils to chew.

They engrave doodles on nice white paper. They ejaculate “Lousy!” at intervals. They stay up all hours. They finally get a rough idea. Wednesday, they bring their erasers and shape things up. They scribble down the sides of the pages and get a little bit enthusiastic. Thursday they get a little bit depressed.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, they cut and change and rewrite and rehearse and take aspirin. Benny watches the cast like a cat. The cast is (Continued on page 85)
Bob Taylor cuts his birthday cake. Ann Dvorak, Barbara Stanwyck, Jack Benny and Fred MacMurray were guests at his party.

**OUR CAMERAMAN, JULES BUCK, CAMERA CATCHES CELEBRITIES AT PLAY**

Here's a picture of old-timers for old-timers. Richard Barthelmess, Lillian Gish and D. W. Griffith dine at the Troc, which certainly turns the movie clock back a quarter of a century. Do you remember them?

Hedy Lamarr poses for our cameraman, to Margaret Sullivan's amusement. Hedy likes publicity—and admits it—while Maggie pretends to resent it. At any rate, this is certainly an interesting study.
"The Wizard Of Oz" rated one of Hollywood's spectacular premieres. L. to r., you see Harold Lloyd, Jr. and Sr., Mrs. Lloyd, their two daughters and Edgar Bergen with a pretty young friend. The "little people" are the Munchkins, who live in Oz.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his bride were "among those present." She's pretty Spanish looking, with all that black chantilly, huh?

Patricia Morison and Preston Foster didn't attend together, but Mrs. F. obligingly stepped away from the camera.
Stuart Erwin attended with the prettiest young woman in Movietown—June Callyer, his wife. They're inveterate first-nighters.

And here is Ann Rutherford with Mrs. Frank Baum, widow of "The Wizard Of Oz" author. Ann was truly honored by such company.

Carol Ann with her daddy, Wally Beery. Although she's only nine, she sports a grown-up dress, a fur coat and her hair piled high.

That excellent actor, Terry Kilburn, is old enough to have a girl friend. She is Leni Lynn, a pretty Miss, who accompanied him to "Oz."
TROUBLES!

Actors, like all of us, have their troubles. But when they come, the thespians have a way of unraveling, sticking together. James Cagney, Wayne Morris, Mischa Auer and Emily Holt attend a labor meeting.

The Screen Actors' Guild hold their mass meeting at the Shrine Auditorium, where labor problems were discussed. Hugh Herbert, Pat O'Brien, James Gleason, Frank McHugh and Boris Karloff seem to approve.

Left, George Murphy, Roger Pryor, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan were "among those present" at the Guild meeting. When it was over, some members planned to Atlantic City, N. J., for further conferences.

Adolphe Menjou, Lawrence Tibbett and Eddie Cantor are strong Guild members. They all believe in the "all for one and one for all" adage. And, perhaps, that's why the Guild is a strong and prosperous league.
Rosalind Russell and Burgess Meredith are constant companions. Note Roz's unusual necklace.

If you've seen "Golden Boy," Bill Holden needs no introduction. Here's his girl, Dagmar Smith.

PARTIES!

The Fred MacMurrays at the Troc. Fred is about to present a cup to winners of a dance contest.

Speaking of necklaces, Gracie Allen's doing all right! She and George Burns are dining at the Troc.
Wherever there are stars to see, our cameraman is sure to be! So, here he makes the rounds.

Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, make merry at the Troc.

Attractive Hope Hampton and Hubby Jules Brulatour attend a preview.

Newlyweds in a gay mood— Jockey Jackie Westrope and Nan Grey.

Andrea Leeds and the fella whose ring she’s wearing, Bob Howard.

The gent with the feather in his cap is Brian Donlevy; the lady, his Missus.

Cute young-marrieds, Anne Shirley and John Payne, never miss a thing.

Well, looks as if Cesar Romero and Ann Sheridan are together again!

The Lucille Ball-Director Al Hall romance is truly long-standing.

Autograph seekers interrupt Marsha Hunt’s and Richard Carlson’s chat.

Fred Perry, Helen Vinson and Mr. Napier table talk at the Troc.

Two swell troupers— Burgess Meredith and Norma Shearer.
Jane Wyman beams! 'Cause she's engaged to handsome Ronald Reagan?

Dorothy Lamour and Danny Danker. Like la belle's two-piece gown?

Very definitely "on again" are Arleen Whelan and Alexander D'Arcy.

The Errol Flynns dine out. Lili's wearing the symbol of peace for jewelry.

Must be a good trick Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are watching.

The Edward G. Robinsons step out before leaving for a European vacation.

With Sir Stork expected, Wayne and Bubbles Morris look very happy.

Edgar Bergen and starlet Marjorie Reed. Paging Mr. McCarthy!

The Humphrey Bogarts—she's Mayo Methot—peruse a premiere program.

At the Trocadero, Joan Fontaine listens to Pat de Cicco's philosophizing.

Comedienne Martha Raye and Hubby David Rose got snapped, too.

A genial couple at Victor Hugo's were Ralph Bellamy and his little woman.
Lois Svensrud, our indefatigable news gatherer, visits the stars at home.

STRICTLY BUSINESS

Those rumors of romance between Sonja Henie and her agent, Vic Orsatti, don't make sense according to one of our sleuths. It's strictly business between the two. And the fact that with Sonja business begins at 9 A. M. is not what's called conducive to romantic feelings on the part of Mr. Orsatti. The Norwegian lass calls her agent's office every single day. A special switchboard arrangement allows the secretary to transfer the call, unbeknownst to the star, to the phone at Vic's bedside. "What's new this morning?" is Sonja's greeting—and in an invariably cheerful voice, since she has a habit of going to bed with the birds. We understand that if anyone mentions the words "what's new" around Mr. Orsatti, he's liable to start throwing things.

BRENT MOVES IN

George Brent is the latest to inherit the Marlene Dietrich dressing-room on the Paramount lot. Brent had everything moved out of the room but some comfortable chairs and smoking tables. A book-case from home is crammed with current history books, which are the actor's chief relaxation between scenes. The room's only adornment is a beautiful picture of Bette Davis. If she could see George Brent in his dashing uniform of the Royal British Flying Corps, required in his present role, Bette might stop her hemming and hawing.

HEY, WHAT'S WRONG?

If an unpopularity poll should be taken in town, no one would have a chance against Artie Shaw. On the "Dancing Co-Ed" set, Artie made himself thoroughly disliked by arguing over every direction given him and proclaiming to the youngsters on the set that litterbugs made him sick. The swingster is easily spotted around town, since his chauffeur drives the Shaw convertible coupe with Artie sitting on a jump-seat behind.

HE CAN TAKE IT!

And a gentleman around town who's getting undeserved cracks is Mickey Rooney. If you discounted half the stories now at large, you would still have an exaggerated account of Mickey's actions. He's anything but shy and backward, but neither is Mickey the incorrigible and conceited lad some people would have you believe. Any studio worker—and they are the boys that know—will tell you Rooney is strictly okay and a regular fellow.

SHE'S CAMERA SHY

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland may have many interests in common, but posing for candid camera shots isn't one of them. Roland will always oblige with a smile when the photographers ask him to pose, while the girl friend continues full speed ahead. Which resulted in an amusing spectacle at the Troc the other evening when the two arrived arm in arm and were met by a battery of cameras at the door. Gilbert waved a greeting to the boys and paused an instant for a picture. He was promptly jerked off his feet and swept along by la Bennett who never released her grip hold on him.

CHINS UP, MIRIAM!

Miriam Hopkins is another of the actresses who doesn't like having her "pitcher tock." A flash-bulb will set her off like a startled jack-rabbit. But the other evening when a cameraman begged her to give him a picture, the lady took him aside and said she honestly wouldn't mind, but her candid pictures always looked so awful and she would appreciate it if he could tell her why. Not bothering to go heavy on the tact, the photog told her, "All right," said Miriam, "you just yell 'chins up' from now on, and I'll pose." Miriam Hopkins is a glamorous girl, but what's far more rare in this town, she's a good sport.

PA MEETS BOSS

At the Trocadero one evening with Flynn, Sr., Errol beckoned Jack Warner over to his table and said he wanted to introduce his father. "What's this," said Mr. Warner jovially, "a gag?" "No, sir," said Flynn, "it's no gag, it's my father." The ensuing moment of embarrassment was covered up hastily by Pere Flynn, who grasped Mr. Warner's hand and said, "I've always wanted to meet my boy's boss."

DICK'S IN LOVE

Warmest romance in town is between Richard Greene and Virginia Field. Dick looks really ardent this time and Virginia—well, girls, how would you look under the circumstances? A Greene romance that never hit the news was the one just prior to this, between Dick and Margaret Roach, Hal Roach's daughter. But a nice friendship has developed out of that. For Dick and Virginia are spending every afternoon playing badminton on the courts at the Roach home. So, all's well!

MAISIE AND BLONDIE

One of the most popular girls in town right now is Ann Sothorn. Everywhere she goes people cry "Hi, Maisie!" Ann says the recollection is the most flattering thing that ever happened to her. The other day when...
the movie studios and social gatherings, and takes you right along with her

Eleanor Powell's desire to dance with Fred Astaire has been fulfilled. They're in "Broadway Melody of 1940."

Donald Meek says he was once engaged to a girl named Mabel Milde. Now, Donald, stop that!

Beverly Roberts is such a talented actress, she should be very busy. The fact that she isn't is a pity.

Janet Gaynor will now be Hollywood's best dressed woman, or Hubby Adrian will know the reason why.

She was getting a cup of coffee at a drive-in stand, a small boy came up to Ann's car and asked for her autograph. Ann obligingly signed "Mae Sothern" and handed back the book. The boy looked at it, and then at her. "Shucks," he said, "I thought you was Blondie Singleton."

AN APPLE A DAY

Ann Sheridan had so many dates with a successful young physician whom she recently met that Cesar Romero didn't get a chance to see her for two weeks. Beginning the third week, he figured something should be done, so he had a big red apple delivered to Ann's home every day. Whether that's what kept the doctor away isn't definite, but anyhow the Compt's favorite escort is again Mr. Romero.

SHAME ON GALE

Gale Page isn't afraid of death, taxes or seeing her own previews, but she's in mortal terror of dentists. Recently she decided to stop procrastinating and have all her dental work done in one fell swoop. So she made appointments for every day in one week. "I walked bravely into the building every day," Gale relates, "but just couldn't open the door to the dentist's office. So I'd sneak into the building drugstore and drink cokes for half an hour before going out to my car. I didn't want the chauffeur to know my shame." Why, Gale!

MEET DR. TEMPLE

Shirley Temple, on the other hand, takes care of the dental problem with neat dispatch. She pulls her own teeth when they get to the wobbly stage. Other day seven-year-old Virginia Avery, daughter of Supreme Justice Avery, visited Shirley on the set and exhibited two loose teeth. Shirley promptly offered to tie a thread around them and pull 'em pronto. And so she did, with Virginia so enchanted at having teeth yanked by America's No. 1 box office attraction that she didn't let out a whimper.

ANNA'S RECIPE

Anna Neagle, in Hollywood to play "Nurse Edith Cavell," was one of the most cooperative stars that ever came to town. She granted interviews right and left and delighted the news gatherers with her straightforward answers to their questions. But the English star didn't waste any time on the flatterers. A female writer had an appointment with her one day and queried, "What a lovely complexion you have, Miss Neagle, and such gorgeous hands. How do you keep them so beautiful?" "I wash my face with soap and water," replied the star. "My hands, too. Don't you?"

NICE QUALIFICATIONS

You have undoubtedly marvelled at the way Mary Robson keeps hard at work on her screen career, in spite of those seventy-five years to her credit. But don't think Miss Robson relaxes after a day at the studio. She devotes her evening to her other business—real estate. Right now she has plans under way for a group of apartment houses which will be built in a middle-class residential section of Los Angeles. The apartments are going to be attractive and rented at as low a price as possible. The only qualification that Miss Robson will insist upon from her tenants is that they have either dogs or children!

HEAP BIG POW WOW

On the set of "Geronimo," an off-screen battle waged one day between the Cherokee Indians hired for the picture and Director Sloan. Chief Thunder Cloud refused to have Sloan's make-up men apply the grease-paint on him or his warriors. The Chief, a University of Arizona graduate, said he had brought along clay pigments for the tribe and they would apply their own war-paint, since it's an art not understood by the pale face make-up men. "Okay, okay," said Sloan, "let 'em paint themselves." Whereupon the second stage of the battle started, for the make-up men insisted the redmen had no union cards. Followed a pow wow with Director Sloan, Chief Thunder Cloud and union representatives. The outcome was that the Indians could make themselves up—provided the studio paid regular union make-up men to stand by.

NANCY'S LOVES

Nancy Kelly used to wangle permission from her studio at every opportunity to take a trip to New York. She "just loved" the big city and no place on earth, including Hollywood, could take its place. After completion of "Stanley and Livingston," Nancy was notified by the studio that she had three weeks vacation and could hop right out of town for New York. "But I don't want to go," said Nancy, "I just love Hollywood." To her intimates she adds, "Hollywood and Edmund O'Brien." The former New York actor is now playing in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" and, they say, doing a fine job.

HELEN'S GLAMOR

Helen Parrish says it really must be love this time. She's not found anybody to take Jimmy Corner's place and it's been three whole, long months since she met him. So on the set at Universal the other day, Helen was staring in wide-eyed admiration.
at Sigrid Gurie. She told us that becoming a siren type was her fondest aim in life.

"But I haven't a chance to develop any glamour," Helen said gloomily, "not with two big brothers at home waiting to pounce on my false eyelashes."

'SCUSE IT, PLEASE

Rosalind Russell dropped in at the popular Schwab's Drug Store for a sandwich and molt the other noon. She had just seated herself at the counter when a woman came rushing in. "Excuse me," she said pushing the actress aside, "but I left something here." And reaching under the counter she produced a wad of gum. To Rosalind's astonished gasp, the woman said courteously, "I'm sure it's mine."

ROGERS' RETAKE

Ginger Rogers was called back from Honolulu for an hour's work on "Fifth Avenue Girl." The studio had sneak previewed the picture in a suburb town and found the audience didn't like just one line of dialogue exchanged between Ginger and her leading man, Tim Holt. So back came Ginger from her vacation and Tim Holt rushed over from the hospital for his line. Tim and his wife are momentarily expecting to make a grand pa out of Jack Holt.

BINKIE'S MAKE-UP

On the set of "The Light That Failed," we noticed that every time Ronald Colman had his make-up repaired he took Binkie, his Scotch terrier, over to the make-up table with him. Binkie was working in a scene with Colman that day, it developed, and he had to wear grease paint and a dash of ochre powder on the end of his nose. It was too shiny, if you please.

OBITUARY NOTE

Bernice, baby elephant affectionately known as "Baby Bea," aged 22 months. Bernice is survived by her trainer George Emerson, and mourned by the entire Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. She was starred in the picture "Tarzan Finds A Son" with Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Sheffield. Baby Bea's now stuffed and will have permanent interment at the studio property department.

WODDA PET, JANE!

On the set of "High School," Jane Withers was entranced with a new pet. It was a four-foot gopher snake which has a role in the picture, too. Jane developed such a liking for the creature that Ada Morris, the snake's trainer, said she could take it home after the picture. Prattling happily about her gift at supper that night, Jane was over heard by Samantha, the Withers' colored cook. "Miss Jane," said Samantha, "if you all bring that snake home, I go. And," she added, "you all let me know WHEN it's coming so I'll be gone BEFORE it comes." The snake will continue making its home with Ada Morris.

SWEET REVENGE

From an RKO wardrobe girl comes the story of a certain famous star who was being given a fitting. The girl accidentally stuck a pin into the star and the infuriated actress grabbed a cup of coffee from a table and flung it into the girl's face. This particular "lady" seldom makes a picture at that studio, but she should know that the wardrobe department intends to make a pin-cushion of her on her next assignment.

BINNIE, BEHAVE!

The Americanization of Binnie Barnes is now complete, for she's given a weiner bake. The party took place at the beach the other evening and each guest was asked to bring along a musical instrument and be prepared to give an impersonation of some prominent Hollywood actor. The music wasn't exactly good, since all the guests brought combs and saws, but the impersonations were grand. Binnie herself won the most acclaim, with her take-off of Mr. Skapsky's Maxie Rosenbloom; it's so good that you may see it yourself in Binnie's next picture.

Foster's "WIFE"

It could only happen in Hollywood. Preston Foster and his wife walked into a preview the other evening and were stopped by the cameramen. "Just one moment," yelled the photogs, "hold it!" But in that one moment, Preston's wife was spirited from his side and he found himself standing with his arm around a complete stranger as the cameras snapped. It was Patricia Morison who had come up behind them and found herself pushed into the actor's arms, while Mrs. Preston obligingly stepped out of the picture. For fast action, Hollywood cameramen have the all-time record.

SOME SEDUCTION!

Speaking of Patricia Morison brings to mind the preview of "Magnificent Fraud." In one scene, Pat was standing beneath a moonlit palm tree with Lloyd Nolan. She looked up at him and drawled, "Kiss me."

When Annabella returns from France, she will bring her seven-year-old daughter.

Gary Cooper is an invertebrate dinner guest. He's welcome simply everywhere.

There was an audible sigh and a chorus of obvious "hmmms" from strong men all over the theater. Dorothy Lamour, with her saron thrown in for good measure, never got an audience reaction like the one accorded Paramount's newest glamour girl.

CLARK'S COAT

In Santa Maria, California, the men get into the spirit of the town's annual Fiesta by growing beards. So an auto court manager there was not surprised to have a bearded man and his blonde wife rent a cabin from him one evening. Next morning he found an overcoat left behind with Clark Gable's name in it. Word got around and soon every youngster in town had dropped by for a look at it. The manager had many an offer of a dime if the sight-seers could snap off a souvenir, but when the Gables stopped two days later after their fishing trip to pick up the forgotten coat, they found not so much as a thread of it missing.

DEANNA'S FIRST KISS

That much-publicized "First Kiss" of Deanna Durbin's in her current picture ran up to dozens of kisses before the scene was completed. Robert Stack and Deanna started out by being scared of each other. Having got
over that, they still couldn’t get the right camera angle to their osculations. Then Robert’s nose would get in the way or Deanna would open one eye to see what was going on and spoil the take. At the end of the day, Deanna admitted that kissing wasn’t the romantic slyan sort of thing it was cracked up to be, but Robert had no objections whatever to the work.

**TY’S NEW BABY**

From Bill Gallagher, Tyrone Power’s secretary and pal, comes news that Ty’s met all Annabelle’s folks in France and that he couldn’t ask for a nicer selection of in-laws than the Chapmantics. Those rumors that the Powers will add a nursery to their home on returning to Hollywood are not without foundation, but Bill claims the addition to the family will be Annabelle’s seven-year-old daughter.

**DICK’S DAUGHTER**

There may be another famous Barthelmess in movies one of these days. For Mary, Richard Barthelmess’ daughter, is determined to be an actress. She has been studying at the Henry Duffy school, and recently made her first appearance in their production of “Brother Rat.” Her father was so proud of her that orchids arrived from him on opening night of the play, and following the performance a party for the entire cast was given at the Barthelmess home. Mary’s prettier’n a picture, and has plenty of that Barthelmess charm.

**THE HAPPY MARTINS**

Alice Faye and Tony Martin spent all their spare time recently shopping for furniture, draperies and kitchen gadgets for their new home in the San Fernando Valley. Formerly belonging to Jack Haley, the house is a rambling comfortable one which the Martins knew was home, sweet home from the moment they spotted it. Furthermore, the man of the house is footing all the bills for the place. His salary, since that sensational personal appearance tour, now exceeds Alice’s earnings, so that obstacle to their happiness is now no more.

**SHE’S NO TIME-WASTER**

For “Vigil In The Night,” Carole Lombard went through ten costume tests to find an appropriate and becoming style of hairdress for her nurse’s role in the picture. A style had still not been settled upon when she was whisked off to the hospital for that appendicitis operation. But Carole didn’t waste her time as she lay in bed. She studied the nurses’ simple, smart costumes and had a most becoming one all arranged when she was well. (Continued on page 98)
Sigrid Gurie is another happy bride. Here she is with the man of her choice, Dr. L. C. Spangard. You'll soon see the bride in "Rio."

Janet Gaynor dancing with her groom, Gilbert Adrian. The other couple are Max Baer and Renee Torres. They're at the Troc.

Some newcomers! Robert Stack, Deanna Durbin's hero in "First Love," and lovely Linda Darnell, who makes a hit in "Hotel for Women."

Some call it love and Richard Greene is among them. Yes, Virginia Field is his best girl and he doesn't care who knows it!
YOUNG Mrs. Curtenius Gillette is known as "Tania" among her friends in New York and Nassau society. She speaks five languages . . . excels in housekeeping . . . wears clothes with faultless distinction. A vivid, glowing person, she enjoys life to the full . . . says she "loves" the theatre, music, casual entertaining—and Camels.

"Oh, you'll always find Camels on hand in our house," she says. "I've smoked Camels for about seven years—and I like them best. They're mild—delicate—and have such nice fragrance. Then, too, Camels burn more slowly—so, you see, each Camel cigarette lasts longer and gives me that much more smoking pleasure!"

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—CAMELS give a smoking plus equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

Here are facts about cigarettes recently confirmed through scientific laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling brands:

1 Camels were found to contain more tobacco by weight than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned slower than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack!

3 In the same tests, Camels held their ash far longer than the average time for all the other brands.

Try Camels today. Notice that costlier tobaccos do make a difference. Better smoking—and more of it—with Camels!

CAMELS—LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS
This is the polish that swept the country in 6 months!

You simply must try it!

BECAUSE it makes finger-nails more beautiful

Yes, every woman that uses Dura-Gloss loves it! Millions of them have adopted this new polish. Never will they use ordinary polish again! Dura-Gloss makes your nails look lovelier than ever—because this new polish is made with a richer color and more "body." And its high gloss makes your nails more lustrous—as brilliant as jewels. Ask any woman whose finger-nails you particularly admire, and you'll undoubtedly find she is wearing Dura-Gloss. You simply must try it!

Choose your color from the PATENTED "FINGER-NAIL" CAPS which show you each of the following style-approved colors exactly as it will look on your own nails:

Blue Pink  Heather  Laurel  Jungle  Transparent  Transparent
Clover     Hunter Red  Rose     Old Rose  Transparent  Colorless
Deep Orchid Natural  Cream   Thistle  Tropical  Tulip
Formal     Fuchsia      Natural  Rose  Thistle  Tropical
Gypsy Red  Transparent  Transparent  Colorless  Transparent  Colorless

The 'Finger-Nail' Cap on each bottle is coated with the actual polish itself. Dura-Gloss wears longer, goes on better, makes nails smooth, dries faster.

HUNTER RED—Fashion's new shade for Fall
Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.

DURA-GLOSS The New and Better Nail Polish BY LORR

10c
William Henry and Ellen Drew supply the romance in "Geronimo," a story of the young West, packed with color and adventure.

On return from Paris, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on French Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her baggage.

After the Theatre—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for a late supper.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or outdoors 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. MELLON: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—ineffensive, 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."

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER: "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

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!"

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

**Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods. Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company.**

**Take 2 Thrilling Steps to Flattery for the cost of only ONE**

Thrilling Offer—limited time only! Choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Two famous beauty aids for the price of one. Get yours today!

**BUY THIS**

Ponds Powder FREE

*Get this FREE*
VINCENT'S PRICELESS HAT

Being the revelations of a very gay Fedora on his even gayer boss

I HADN'T been on the shelf very long and I wasn't really worried, for I knew I was young and good looking. I'd even been called handsome by a blonde who walked by with a guy and looked fleetingly in my direction. But I wasn't to be had—cheap.

Then Vincent Price walked in. Six feet four in a tweed suit which draped from his lanky frame, and a lazy walk like molasses in January. But, you could tell—this was a guy! He glanced at me, raised his eyebrows questioningly and passed seven bucks across the counter. He flipped me into the air and stepped casually beneath me. I landed cock-eyed and I liked it. I knew I'd found a pal, rain or shine. I was positively prophetic.

For a brown Fedora, I've lived some life. Price and I have been around. Yale was just the beginning. But Yale was also the end—of my youthful figure. Day by day Vincent squashed me a little more. A feather from a zoo in Budapest, a stub from a ticket for Hamlet, a number of other priceless (no pun intended) relics all found their place under my trim brown band—and sent it bulging until I resembled choco-late mousse on a bender.

Yes, we were inseparable, Price and I. To a point where I even joined him in his shower. He seemed to see nothing illogical about that, but I had my pride. Of course, it left me flat after a few such abductions, dispelled any hopes of ever holding my crown high again.

Don't get me wrong. I could take it, and did, and liked it. There was our first trip to Europe, when a gust of wind knocked me off my perch on the boss's beam and spun me into the ship's swimming pool. That was when I found out how much Price really cared.

To be honest, he made a damned fool of himself, pacing up and down the deck, shouting for the steward, the skipper, the Captain if neces-

sary. As he began to tear off his coat and shoes and shirt, a bald-headed gentleman came to the rescue unwittingly. He simply arose to the surface after a springboard flop, and I came up with him, drooping and dripping from a cock-eyed position on the back of his head. By now, Price had stopped his strip tease to gesticulate even more madly from the sidelines.

"My hat, sir, it's my hat . . . here . . . me . . . mine!"

My bewildered rescuer got the point. Puffing and splashing, he handed me up to my owner. "Sorry, old man," he gasped. "I'm afraid it's the worse for wear. My name's Price."

Vincent started. "But that's my name too, sir. Thanks. Nice of you! We're a prolific lot, aren't we?" he added plaintively.

Ordinarily, after an experience like this, one of my class would be relegated to the closet or the attic or the ash heap. But you don't know Price. He treated me even more tenderly now, and together we toured the capitals of Europe with the Yale Glee Club, singing concerts in all the most fashionable places.

One day, during a lay-off period (Continued on page 66)

"Vincent Price and I have been around.
To Yale, Budapest and Majorca. And now that I'm retired, he goes without a hat."

"They put me under glass with a tie Price had loved in school—and we seem to get along all right."

BY MARTHA KERR
Want a rosy, thriving baby? Study Martha!

First Year: A GRAND START...ON CLAPP’S STRAINED FOODS

"Doctors speak so highly of them—that’s the best reason for choosing Clapp’s Foods,” Martha Michener’s mother says. “But it was nice, too, that Martha was just crazy about the flavors! "You can see why Clapp’s are so good—the Clapp people have 18 years’ experience. They were the first to make baby foods, and they’re the only big company that makes nothing else."

"Weighing day was great fun! Martha always made a splendid gain—one time she put on 4 pounds 3 ounces in 3 months! She was so active and sturdy, too, the picture of health. Plenty of vitamins and minerals in her Clapp’s Strained Foods, all right. "Her baby book shows that she started to feed herself the day she was a year old!"

Runabout Years: DOING BEAUTIFULLY...ON CLAPP’S CHOPPED FOODS

"Never any of this won’t-eat business with Martha. Lots of babies get fussy as they grow older—don’t take kindly to coarser foods. But Martha went on to her new Clapp’s Chopped Foods without a bit of trouble. "They have the nice flavors she was used to in her Strained Foods, of course, and they’re so evenly cut, just the texture doctors advise for older babies."

"Martha likes variety—she has 3 toy elephants of different colors—and she’s the same way about food. Clapp’s gives her a wide choice—she still gets 18 kinds of Chopped Foods, including the substantial Junior Dinners and that grand new Pineapple Rice Dessert. "Yes, we’re very proud of Martha’s health record. If you want a baby to have the best, I’m sure it pays to insist on Clapp’s!"

17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp’s—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years’ experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Fennel • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Peaches and Pears

Cereal—Baby Cereal

12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup—Vegetable Soup
Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Luncb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Dessert—Pineapple Rice Dessert • with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.
in Vienna, he left me in a little bar. The Kaiser Bar, it was called. Later, I learned he didn’t miss me until the next day, when he woke up a hundred miles away with a head as big as a stratosphere blimp.

He travelled all the way back, searching for me, and finally found the Kaiser Bar. I had remained where he had tossed me that night. It was a bull’s eye. The nail had gone through my crown. The management apologized, and offered him a job singing. (They remembered he was a damned good tenor. But they said they wanted him to stay because they loved his hat.) He said he had to take the job, since they put it that way, and we stayed for three months.

I knew something was up when he sang Mexican songs in his sleep. But I had no idea he’d gotten as far as Majorca. We sailed for the Island the next day on our Kaiser Bar earnings—which weren’t sufficient to buy a cabin, so he bought passage only. Price slept on the deck, using me as a pillow. I could see now how his foresight was justified—it would have been too bad if I hadn’t been well broken in.

We had a hard time getting off. There was a little revolution going on in Spain and we looked like suspicious characters—especially me and the junk secreted away under my band, and specifically the theatre tickets. It was all pretty harrowing. They slit my brim, poked about for hours, scanned stairs and fenders, even feathers, and stared, but suspiciously, at the hole in my crown.

The inspectors were devoid of all feeling when they returned me to Price. They were tempted to run us both in for misrepresentation. There was simply no mysterious message or code to be unearthed in any of the “Hamlet-first-row-balcony-leafs.”

We vagabonded gaily—inseparably. Finally, back to England, then to America to complete the boss’ senior year in college and then on to a summer camp in the Adirondacks, which stood out for the wasted effort. But I served another purpose. Along the exterior of my band, a heterogeneous collection of hooks, spinners and flies now dazzled all comers except the bass, none of whom were sucker enough to fall for this glamor stuff the boss fed them.

When we returned to New York, the boss took a chauffeur’s job and I went along incognito. I hardly recognized myself after Price’s fine hand-turning. So help me, I did look like a chauffeur’s cap. Two extremely moments events occurred about this time. Price used a whiz knap on me for the first time and since my ready-to-wear days—and romance came into our lives.

She was a very beautiful, very tall, very blonde— a Swedish girl. Price took her boating one day, but promptly discovered she was no navigator. The boat jammed into a sand bar and stuck. He and I parted company for the first time since the Kaiser Bar episode. Retrieving me again from a watery grave, he tossed me to his gal, while he struck out for help. She must have loved him very much—for she put me on.

Except for a few trips to Bermuda, where we met a number of the world’s most beautiful girls, and another trip to Europe, where we stayed for two years, life was mildly eventful in comparison to our past.

Back in America, Price got his first big break in “Victoria Regina,” playing opposite Helen Hayes. And, instantaneously, he became Broadway’s favorite matinée idol.

It would have been too disillusioning had his new public ever noticed me. And fortunately they didn’t. That is, they simply didn’t recognize Price when he went out with me. We were stopped just once after a matinee by an elderly lady who said, “You poor man! Here’s a dollar. Go get yourself a good meal.”

He was a loyal pal, wouldn’t give me up regardless. When we went to the coast for his first picture, “Service de Luxe,” and Constance Bennett called me a museum piece, he still stood by. Joy Hodges was in that one, too, and she was more sympathetic. She used to borrow me to run across to the commissary, for the rainy season was on during that production.

But when it comes to real sympathy and understanding, Bette Davis was the young woman who showed it. Price played with her in “Elizabeth and Essex” and he enjoyed it. She seemed to, too. And, of course I did, for Miss Davis remarked that I was younger than the slacks that (Continued on page 68)
She thought: "Another Woman" — the first and natural thought of every "neglected" wife. But in this instance she was wrong.

She was a Perfect Housekeeper. Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept that always fragrantly clean.

... a Wonderful Cook. She never neglected to have her meals tempting, dainty — and she always served them piping hot.

... an Ideal Mother. Her youngster was to have her meals tempting, dainty — and she always served them piping hot.

She was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene

Yet he became Indifferent. Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on his side. She sought vainly for the reason.

Let "Lysol" Help YOU to Avoid this One Neglect

If you yourself are in doubt on the important subject of intimate feminine hygiene— ask your doctor about "Lysol".

For half a century "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, clinics, and wives, as a clean, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene use. Some of the reasons are...

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Dept. M.S.-911, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

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

Name____________________ Street____________________

City____________________ State____________________

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she was then wearing, no matter how old I was. There’s a gal that tries to put you at your ease. And that quality makes for gratitude.

I was looking forward to going into “Green Hell” with Price, and I think he’d have liked it, too. “I love me, love my hat,” he used to say, and grin, knowing all the time I couldn’t keep up with him much longer.

It was after he met Edith Barrett, and his family met her, and things began to look serious between them, that somebody must have planted the idea back home that I should be allowed. It was a wet Sunday evening, and Vincent’s dad wrote saying how much he missed me, that he couldn’t begin to think of the best college days, how proud he was of his success today, and how he wanted something to remember him by—“how about that old hat you wore at Yale?”

I guess Edith must have known I’d like to rest with my memories, for it was after they were married that Price sent me home. I prefer to think that her motives were the highest.

Anyway, Vincent’s dad meant what he said all right. He was sentimental, and he realized I’d been through a lot, but mother’s nostrils were sensitive. They finally solved the problem neatly by putting me under glass. They put a tie he had loved in high school with me, and we all thought I’d love it. But just the same, it’s awfully quiet and awfully lonesome. Still—I can take it. I was darned proud when they sent the lapel pin from Hollywood and—he wasn’t wearing a hat! That’s what I call devotion.

“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, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!

Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing new WINX is guaranteed to be the finest you’ve ever used. If not more than satisfaction, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour...makes them appear youthful, moist...the appeal men cannot resist! Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing MAUVE WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, today!

MODERN SCREEN

WISHING MAY MAKE IT SO

(Continued from page 43)

meet Toscanini. No, not just meet him, but really get to know him. I’d love to meet George Bernard Shaw and be able to talk with him because I adore him. I’d love to know Maud Adams. There is so much I could learn from her.

“My fourth wish,” said Jean, reflectively, “sort of third one, I guess. For I wish that I had the kind of a brain which could retain everything I’ve ever read. I’d like to be impressively brilliant and wittily-astute. I admire Dorothy Thompson enormously, by the way. I’d like to be ‘well up’ on politics, national and international. I think it’s stupid of us all to be going on in the world. I’d like to be in the very center of world intrigues, dynasties in the making, empires falling and all that. I’d love to be a spy,” laughed Jean. “I’d love to live dangerously, and know that I never will, because I haven’t the aptitude for it, nor the courage.”

I’d love to have physical courage, too. And I haven’t an atom, I’d love to be able to ski and swim and ride and fly and own planes. I’m not even trying to New York, you know. I wouldn’t have the nerve. These bruises now,” said Jean, and she uncurled herself from the divan and came over and showed me. With random white blots and a blue spot on one arm, another of the same on one knee. “My husband doesn’t beat me, I promise you,” she laughed again, but the corners of her mouth had drooped.

“Really, if she said, “I swam the Hellespont,” she couldn’t have sounded prouder of herself! I’ve got to learn to ride, you know, for ‘Arizona.’ And so I am learning.

Of course I wish, too, that I could get over my shyness where the public and publicity is concerned. I would like to enjoy being recognized by people. But I don’t. I will have the feeling that not to take me, love me, lack of it is disgusting to her face was dirty, her clothes coming off her. Well, that’s just how I feel.

Speaking of how I wish I could go everywhere and never be recognized,” said Jean, amused, “reminds me of another wish of mine, a silly one, you may think, but it’s this: I’d love to have the chance to put a dress in a big shop and just shop around and look. You know, the way women do to buy a comb, perhaps, a piece of soap, a length of ribbon. Try on all the hats. Just sort of sniff at things, to my heart’s content. And I have another silly wish to be a ballet dancer. That’s what I should have been. I mean it.

“And in my private life?” said Jean. And something very tender happened to her eyes, to her face now. I’d love to have babies," she said. "Not just one—baby—three or four. I wish I could have them all with the same baby. I feel like racing and romping about our house, all at the same time. Oh, yes, it’s a wish of mine. I know that I am fast getting to the place where I’ll simply have to take time off, now and again, and have babies. The other day—do you know George and Julie Murphy, by the way?”

I said that I thought I saw them the other day, but slightly.

“Well,” smiled Jean, “I went to see their baby. When I got there, they took me in to see him and he was so beautiful I wanted to pick him up, but I couldn’t because he was laughing and I was crying. I knew then, for sure, how much I want to have babies of my own.

And we want a home of our own, too. That’s another wish. A sort of an ambulatory wish. I pass while crowds of trees around it so that no noise can come in. I’ve never been very possessive. I’ve never thought that I cared much about owning things, except for things of old things, lately, that old Dutch sewing table over there, some pieces of china and I do love them. So maybe I’m more possessive, thought I wish.

And if ever I stop working, I should like to be the best-dressed and most charming hostess any husband ever had. For if I were out of the profession entirely, I’d make a profession of being a wife. I would do all the things I have so little time to do now. I’d have in making wishes you know can’t come true. There’s no use my wishing that I could be different than I am, while I am working. I should wish to work seriously. And taking it seriously, I can do very little else. Frank and I stay at home a lot. He’s working so hard, too, that he’s as glad as I am just to stay home and talk. Or we go to the neighborhood movies or we have a few friends in for dinner...just quiet things. We never seems to go nightclubs.

“Here is a wish, too. We want to travel. I haven’t been anywhere except Nassau! We want to go to Europe, to the Orient, everywhere.

“I can’t think that I could have anything else wish for,” sighed Jean. “The things I have told you and that Frank and I may have our home and children and each other and tomorrows as rich in contentment and happiness as today.”
“Far better sauce than I can make so quick and easy, too!”

THE MINUTE I tasted Franco-American I said, ‘Here’s where I give up cooking my own spaghetti and struggling over the sauce!’ Mine never was as good as this. And oh, the work I had making it! Now all I do is heat and serve.

Eleven different ingredients go into Franco-American’s famous sauce. Tomatoes — specially grown for the tomato purée. Chees so delicious people beg to know where we get it. Spices and seasonings deftly blended to savoury goodness. Serve this tempting spaghetti as main dish or side dish. Combine it with other foods. Order a supply today. A can holding three to four portions is usually only 10 cents — less than 3 cents a portion and you get a “millionaire’s dish”!

Franco-American Spaghetti

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce — Made by the Makers of Campbell’s Soups

CAMPELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 6211
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book:
“30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals.”

Name (print).
Address.
City. State.

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

69
Hollywood, the star of 'Jezebel,' of 'Dark Victory,' The Old Maid,' now 'Elizabeth and Essex' a fool? Well, how would you answer her question? Yeah? Us, too!

"This business of playing Elizabeth," Bette was saying, "may have been a very foolish thing. For there's no fooling possible about this part. Either I'm Elizabeth or I'm not. Too many marvellous actresses, with far more experience than I've had, have been Elizabeth—Lynn Fontanne, Pauline Fredericks did an incomparable Elizabeth, Flora Robson." Bette quite shuddered. She said, "If critics look at me and say, 'That isn't Elizabeth,' the Queen will be in the hoosegow, not in the parlor eating bread and honey!"

"Loving acting so," she said, "it was a terrific temptation to me to play the part. I succumbed to the temptation without a struggle. But not without asking myself some questions. Frequently while we were making 'Elizabeth and Essex,' I'd look at my (Elizabeth's) fifty-year-old face in the mirror (I'm fifty throughout the picture, you know) and I'd say, 'You know, dear, this is ridiculous! You should have waited ten years.' I recalled the horrid cases of actors who, after a few successes, get to the point where they think they can do anything. 'Well, Bess,' I'd say to myself, 'are you going to that point?' And the answer was, and is, 'I honestly don't believe that I am.' I do honestly believe that my ego is right where it belongs.

"I don't think I've been a fool about succumbing to a belief in my own publicity. I can't believe this 'Greatest Actress In Hollywood' stuff. I'm still amazed that my career has worked out as it has. It's just been a job to me. I don't feel any differently about myself than I did before the twin Oscars came to my house to live. As my work has gone along, I have not gone along with it. I've never yet reached the stage where I've sat on the chair called Complacency and said to myself, admiringly, 'You're kind of good, Miss Davis.'"

"That dangerous time, for me, might have happened about two years ago. I passed the crisis and here I am, still myself as ever was! My family, my New England birth, and background, have probably saved me from that brand of foolishness. New England is considered a kind of queerish place, I know. But if you are born and raised there, you do inherit some of the integrity of the place, of people who have never lost their balance and never will.

"I don't think I've been a fool about succumbing to some of the more common 'temptations' of Hollywood either. More from observation than anything else, I should think that it might be a great temptation to be a little bit lazy about your work once your bank account is fairly solid. I haven't been a fool that way; in reverse, if anything."

"But to get back to 'Elizabeth' and a little proof! I had that my 'inferiority' is still with me, and still in good health. Blanche Yurka came on the set one day. I could have fallen to the floor from sheer inferiority, remembering, as I did, the punk kid, me, who played on the stage in 'The Wild Duck' with her.

"Charles Laughton made me feel a little easier in my mind about 'Elizabeth.' He came on the set one day and I told him how I felt about it, my qualms, and how I was even talking to myself and—"you-know-what—that-means!" He said, 'It's very good for you to do a thing too old for you when you are young. Even if it turns out badly, it's good for you.'

Movie fans will see Zorina, the toast of Broadway, in "On Your Toes," a gay musical. Yes, she dances in it.
Maybe he meant that I was stretching some mental muscles or something.

It was Elizabeth, anyway, who started me playing Professor Quiz with myself, asking myself whether I've been a fool all my life, whether, if I had everything to do over again, I'd do as I have done or not. And like the answers to all such sweeping questions, the answer is 'yes and no.'

"If I had it to do over again, I know one thing, I wouldn't have come to Hollywood when I did. I would have given myself three more years in New York on the stage, thus saving myself three years of agony out here. I wouldn't, if I had it to do over again, allow myself to be as much myself as I was."

(There, I thought, she's wrong. She couldn't have helped being herself then, any more than she can help being herself right now. The metal rings true; there's no alloy. Only alloys masquerade.)

"There I was," Bette was sort of yelping, "no make-up, hair in a bun, New England as hell. Nothing Hollywood would ever look at, much less understand. I was a fool there, I'm sure. It didn't do any harm, in the beginning, anyway, to do the glamor stuff. When in Rome do as the Romans do is an old cliche but, like most old cliches, it survived because there's good sense to it.

On the other hand, had I gone glamorous, I might not have been picked to be a character actress. Because I was neither a pretty miss nor the sex appeal type seething with seduction, I did escape typing. But I've played appallingly unpleasant characters. I've dared to be hated. And there, again, I ask myself, 'Have I been a fool?' (The Oscars winked, both of 'em. 'Would we be here,' they seemed to whisper, 'if you had been a fool?)"

"Why," said Bette, feet planted on the floor, knees wide apart, 'why, they couldn't hire an actress in this town to play the part of Mildred in 'Of Human Bondage.' When I all but got down on my knees and begged my studio to allow me to do it, they said to me, 'If you want to hang yourself, my dear, go and hang yourself, my dear.' It's a wonder I didn't. It's a wonder I didn't convince everyone, for all time, that I was the most disagreeable young woman on earth. In my very first picture I played a wall-flower, and I was one! People must have said, 'This is a hopeless young woman!' Yes, I think I was a fool to be quite that Spartan about myself. It never does any harm to sugar-coat the pill a bit. I set myself back at least a year.

'I don't think I've been a fool, or have I, about living as I have? I mean, in small houses, unpretentiously, as I would have lived at home in New England. When Ham and I had our little house on what might be called the wrong side of the tracks, I lived there because I wanted to live there. Rather annoying it was, though, to read that I was living there like a 'bore.' People who work as hard as I do may put on a screwy hat, drive around on stripped gears, do little,

[Image]

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Partly my own fault, of course, because I have fun when I work. It's obvious that I'm having fun so no one feels sorry for me. Also, I'm the kind of a person who, dead tired though I may be, give me ten days rest and I'm all right again temporarily. I'm about to depart on what I may aptly describe as 'a much needed vacation.' I'm thinking that I'm kinda anxious to do a remake of 'One Way Passage' with Brentie. That interests me.

But I know that I am a fool, indeed, if I don't take this time to relax, take lessons in leisure. That's why I'm holding out for a two-picture-a-year contract. You know, women don't face anything. All too few of us say, I'm going to get old. And then I'm going to get older. 'No, we say,' it happens to other people; it can't happen to me. And so we don't conserve anything, neither our strength, our looks, our time or our money. I've been among those who haven't faced things. I'm facing things now.

"So," said Bette, "I am going on a vacation. When I come back I am going to have my own three-room house. I am going to keep on screaming for a two-picture-a-year contract until I get it. And then come 'erve' again, the wishes of the world, to function like a normal human being, a wife and a mother for six months out of every year, anyway. Until that time comes, I'm marrying Brentie, and going to Mexico."

"I guess," grinned Bette, "it all adds up to this: If it's being a damn fool to be a human being, it's just too bad, isn't it?"

**LITTLE ORPHAN JULIE**

(Continued from page 41)

when Warners sent for him after "Four Daughters" was released. He had already returned to New York, thinking his part would be cut.

"But he was kind of hoping it wouldn't," says Mrs. G.

She is very honest about him. She doesn't know why, but she thinks "he's noisy in pictures.

And she never went to a preview until "Juarez." Then Julie invested in a tuxedo and she, in her first evening dress, and "Juarez," were seen at those fine raucous three times that very first week. She was disappointed in "Juarez" because "they showed so much of Julie's back." She would love him to do bigger parts, "but Muny always gets them."

He worships Muny. On the stage he played the office boy to Muny's "Counselor At Law."

"You can learn from him," he says. "And Cagney. I'd like to do a picture with Cagney. And Bette Davis. I could learn from her. I'd like to make 'The Outward Room' with her." He would also like to do "The Champ" and "Brave." These are the choice pictures of the young poet Heinrich Heine.

"He was an exile from Germany. It would be just like today. Now I'm making "Dust Be My Destiny,"" he says. "It's a swell idea, proving that the nobodies are as important as the somebodies."

He went on to talk more about his work. He talks fast, excitedly, and lets grammar go hang. He hopes they won't give him any more prison pictures. He gives them "hot" ideas all the time, "but it goes in one ear and out the other."

At present he would love to take time off to jump on a boat to Mexico or even to his old home port, New York.

"I've never been on a boat," he says. We walked over to the set. His is a working man's walk. You see it on farmers and bricklayers and sometimes a farmer going home, a walk starting from the hills and sort of hiking itself as it stretches along the street, like a guy with a laugh like that." You do. It starts slow and it suddenly shouts and seems to catch on to everybody else's laughter.

I think it's because of those traits that he'll never lose the name of Julie.

His grin and his laugh do not mean he isn't serious. He is—very Scratch. Any liberal organization on the coast, organizations like "The Motion Picture Democratic Committee," and the "Motion Picture Democratic Committee," and you will find, head first, among the members. It's it.

I said goodbye on the set. And he sank down into his chair and I saw him pause to do a typical Hollywood act. Now don't get sore, Julie. He sat in that chair holding a big photograph of himself, and began a requested autograph. "To One of the Dead End Boys," he wrote and then chewed the end of his pen as, like any conscientious star, he thought of what to say. I left him figuring it out.
asked me to fill in for their singer. When I finished my number I heard, for the first time, the applause I’d been working for since I began in the place. Right then and there I gave up the piano as a career.

“To make a long story short,” Shirley continued, “one of those ever-present gentry known the world over as ‘talent scallpers’ had a look at me and signed and shipped me to the studio. Well, I didn’t do a darn thing there; that is, nothing worth while. About the best I learned was to scram when someone yelled, ‘Fore’ on a golf course. That, and those well-known movie epics called, B’s. Y’know, those programers figuratively whipped up after breakfast, shot after lunch and previewed that night after dinner!”

This was Shirley’s first, and biggest, disappointment suffered at the hands of that unpredictable industry known the world over as “moon pitchers.” All this, if not forgotten, is in the past and La Ross gets the raves now. At least, movie fans have been given the opportunity to see Shirley at her best and become Ross-conscious.

Appearing in New York recently at the Paramount Theatre, she knocked ’em for a loop.

As Ken Dolan, the affable gent who allows his wife to entertain us on the screen, explained, “I shouldn’t say this too loud and have Shirley getting the big head, but she really came through. Figures don’t lie. When I looked over the box-office returns, the boys told me they frankly hadn’t expected more than breaking even. To their surprise they’ve been standing for every show, which is a record at this time of the year. Fact, darling, on the strength of it I might even get you another booking.”

“Ah gee, you’re sweet to me, honey,” Shirley teased, as she snuggled up to her favorite person. “You couldn’t make it six-a-day could you? Cause right now the only thing I’ve time for around here is big feet. If they aren’t enlarged, it’s no fault of mine ’cause I’ve been on em enough with five shows a day.”

Just then, however, as Miss R. gave a yank at one corner of that bit of non-sense off her head, known to stylists as the last word in feminine headgear, a friend arrived. From the sparkle in Shirley’s eyes, we knew she was off again, for this weary worker left himself wide open as he said, “Gosh, but I need a pick-me-up! What’s good?”

Cocking her head on one side in mock sincerity Shirley announced, “In your case, I think a couple of elevators might do the trick.” After the appreciative guests quieted down, a slight duel ensued between Mr. and Mrs. Dolan, each topping the other with witticisms. Finally Shirley countered with, “What are you going to give me for my birthday, darling?”

“A split week in Chicago, my sweet,” Ken replied.

“Swell, darling, and I’ll give you a split commission!” Shirley tossed off, proving that it’s the woman who has the last word. It was evident to see, from the smiling face of Ken Dolan, that in this case his Shirley was the woman—and worthy of it, too.

You’ll next see Miss Ross co-starring with that delectable young picture-stealer, Baby Sandy Henville, and Mischa Auer in “Unexpected Father.”

“I’m the child’s mother NOT YOU!”

How Mary D. raised her baby the modern way in spite of a well-meaning friend

1. MARY: Look here, Mrs. G. . . . I know you mean well, but I’m going to raise Peggy my own way.

MRS. G: Oh well, if you insist on spoiling her . . . she’s your child, after all.

2. MARY: But I’m not spoiling her.

MRS. G: Oh, no? Then why all the special care . . . special soap, special powder, special this, special that. If that isn’t pampering, what is?

3. MARY: My doctor says the reason why babies thrive better today is because of all this special care. He says even her laxative should be made especially for her.

MRS. G: What! A special laxative, too?

4. MARY: Certainly! If Peggy’s system is too delicate for “adult” foods, it’s too delicate for “adult” laxatives . . . even in small doses.

MRS. G: W-e-l-l-l, maybe there’s something in what you say.

5. MARY: Of course, there is! My doctor recommends Fletcher’s Castoria. He says it’s a modern laxative made especially—and only—for children. It’s mild, yet you couldn’t ask for more thorough action. It won’t gripe. And above all, it’s SAFE.

6. MRS. G: She certainly takes it without a fight.

MARY: Oh, she loves it! Every time she spies the bottle, she thinks she has a treat coming. I don’t see how any modern mother can get along without Fletcher’s Castoria.

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**MODERN SCREEN**

**MOVIE SCOREBOARD**

(200 pictures rated this month)

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Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. ★★★ means very good; ★★★★ good; ★★★ fair; ★★ poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children (grades). Asstek shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.
shift your eyes often and, whatever you do, avoid a fixed stare. Eye doctors will tell you that an eye to be strong, must be full of motion.

Remember, too, that the smaller the area upon which you fix your gaze, the longer these eyes of yours will retain good vision. Don't try to see everything in sight all at one look. Focus your eyes on one object at a time, then move and shift them often. Make a conscious effort to relax your eyes before going to sleep. Let them go loose and soft and imagine that they are "looking at" a fluid, velvety black.

Eye strain is often due to causes far from local. Worry, fear, nervous strain, emotional upsets, shock, exhaustion, wrong food, poor elimination or unhappiness will raise all kinds of havoc with your eyes. Just as likely as not, if you have a headache or apparent eye strain, what you need is a change of habits and scenery as much as a new pair of glasses. Loss of sleep won't help a bit, either. Your eyes won't look like limpid pools of light or anything else exciting if you insist on keeping them working day and night.

On the other hand, a few "setting up" exercises may be just what your eyes need. Here are several good ones. First, without turning the head, roll your eyes to the right as far as they'll go, then again to the left. Still holding the head steady, roll your eyes up to the ceiling; then look down to the floor. Open your eyes as wide as you can; then close them tightly. Closing your eyes is a simple but very effective means of resting them. Do all of these things as often as you have a chance.

Those specially prepared eye pads are wonderfully refreshing to tired eyes. Pads of cotton, soaked in boric acid solution, witch hazel or just cold water, then placed over each eye while you relax for five, ten or fifteen minutes, are all right, too. Bathing the temples and forehead in icy water, mixed with a skin freshener or cologne, is another soothing trick. And, of course, a massage that starts over each eye near the nose, continues across the lids to the outer corners, then on to either temple, is an old stand-by for relaxing tired eyes.

We don't like to always be talking about food, but Vitamin A, which is present in butter, eggs, cream and fresh vegetables, is absolutely a "must" for strong, healthy, beautiful eyes. So, don't ever say we didn't warn you.

One more point about eye care before we get into this business of make-up. If, at any time, you find yourself with an apparent brouhaha in your eye—"foreign body" in professional lingo—here are a few tips we think will help you. First, do not rub your eye! Hold both eyes wide open as far as you can, without blinking, until tears begin to come. Tears are Nature's perfect eyewash and, if they can, they'll float the thing out for you. If not, get yourself to a mirror, take the small corner of a clean 'kerchief or soft tissue and gently try to dislodge the offending object. Don't ever use a pencil, match, toothpick or other rigid implement, inside or outside said 'kerchief. It is likely to do your eye a permanent injury. And don't moisten your 'kerchief with saliva, either.

If the particle is under the upper lid, grasp the upper lashes between your

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**EYES**

(Continued from page 45)

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**Once uneasy with Men...**

**Now Polly knows how to Attract**

**Make-up for Romance...**

(1) Insure against Nose Shine

(2) Wear Powder that Dramatizes

**Woodbury Facial POWDER**

MAIL FOR NEW 4-PIECE MAKE-UP KIT
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Please send me new Woodbury Beauty Make-Up Kit containing:

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-ROSE
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fingers, pulling them—but gently—down over the lower lid. If all this goes for naught, see what you can do with a streak of eyewash in a dropper. This will probably mean hewing yourself to the nearest drug store, home or doctor's office. Be sure that the dropper and the fluid are clean and mild—then go to it. Squirt the eye wash into your eye with enough force to dislodge what, by this time, no doubt feels bigger than the Rock of Gibraltar. But if, after all this, the object of your industry is still present, stop pattering and get to the best doctor you can without further delay. You can't afford to take chances with your eyes.

Now, let's switch to the lighter things in life and talk about eye make-up. No cosmetics you ever applied can be more satisfactory or more disastrous than the make-up you use around your eyes. If you have time, taste and skill, the effects you produce can enhance your beauty almost beyond belief. But if you don't have the time—and the knack—you'd better acquire them as fast as you can.

The shape of your eyebrows, for example, makes a great difference in the appearance of your face. A perfect eyebrow begins just above the inner corner of your eye and conforms pretty closely to the shape of your eyelid. An eyebrow which slants ever so slightly upward gives your face a young appearance, because upward lines are always youthful whereas downward lines suggest age. An extreme arch to the brow makes your eyes look smaller, a straight brow with a downward droop at both ends looks harsh and masculine, a "flying arrow" brow, starting above the nose and pointing abruptly upward exaggerates the size of your nose and a brow which dips and slants decidedly downward toward the temple looks frightfully sad and dejected.

As to width, the current fashion in brows is fairly wide and natural looking. Thin, narrow lines above your eyes look harsh and artificial. Unless your brows are a distinctly unfortunate shape, pluck only the wild stray hairs that grow outside any possible line of march. However, if you go in for plucking, here are some helpful hints: soften your brows with cream before you start and follow with a dab of astringent, alcohol or toilet water, for antiseptic purposes and to close the pores. If your eyes are wide and too far apart, accompanied by a too short nose, begin your brows a little nearer the center of your face, accenting them at that end, tapering them off gradually. If your eyes are close together and your nose long, pluck a few hairs from inside ends, pencil only lightly at the beginning of the brow, then accenting the centre, fade off with a light, upward stroke.

Your brow pencil should be sharp and clean and its strokes should be short and broken like natural hair lines, not one hard, continuous line. Brows should be brushed often, up first, then down and out, following the natural line in which they grow.

After brow make-up comes eye shadow to define the eye and give contrast. This should be applied lightly, blending from the lash line up over the eyelid. A foundation of eye cream under the shadow will help to soften the delicate skin and give it a subtle, glossy texture. Conceal the shadow of the lid, shading it off gradually and delicately toward the outer corners. Of course, we hope we needn't tell you not to use any shadow under your eyes. Stick to natural tones that match your eyes, such as blue, gray, gray-blue and browns. If shining lids don't become your style of beauty, use a powdered eye shadow, or powder ever so lightly over your cosmetic shadow.

A brow pencil, drawn across the crease of your eyelids gives that deep-set, limpid look to certain types of eyes but, if yours are already deep-set, skip this or you'll look old and haggard. You may pencil lightly above the upper lash line but never pencil along the lower lashes.

Now, for the lashes themselves. If yours are few and far between or short and stubby, by all means get yourself a little spiral brush and a supply of lash conditioner and make a ritual of using these every night and morning. Your lashes will respond by growing not only longer, but stronger. If those lashes

SHINE in the Hollywood manner, with Volupté's new HUSSY of a Lipstick — "H". This lustrous finish gives lips a dazzling look...makes you very much the FEMME FATALE, a lovely menace to masculine peace of mind!... OR

Volupté

All they lack is wings! But don't let this angelic study fool you, for it's the Marx brothers, Groucho, Harpo and Chico, up to no good in their latest bit of monkey business, "A Day at the Circus."
of yours are long, dark and luxuriant, maybe you don't need any make-up on them. Nevertheless, they should be regularly brushed and creamed with a lash conditioner to keep them well groomed and lustrous looking.

Mascara will do much toward improving the appearance of lash length. If you'll hold up the eyelid with one finger, the lashes will stand out so you can darken them without too drastically smearing your face. However, if that happens, just take one of those little wooden applicators wound in cotton, dip it in a bit of cold cream and whisk off the spots that soil your skin. Wait till the whole thing dries though, or you may disturb the lashes. It is a good idea to have two little brushes for mascara, one to apply it, the other, clean and dry, ready to brush out the excess and separate the lashes—after they are thoroughly dry. Beaded, clotted eye-lashes look crude and artificial.

After the mascara is set, curl your lashes with one of those handy lash devices. They help to stimulate the natural curl of the lashes, all of which makes your eyes look larger, brighter and more starry.

Now for a few notes on changing the apparent shape of your eyes. To make eyes look more almond-shaped, mascara the upper lashes from center to outer corners only. Pencil in a fine dark line above the lower lashes at the outer corners and extend it up and out the merest trifle. Soften the line with tissue or your finger tip to prevent its looking harsh or artificial.

Eyes that are too prominent can be modified with dark eye shadow carried ever so lightly right up to the brow. Mascara the upper lashes only, and those very lightly. Do not pencil in any fancy extra lines.

Small eyes may be induced to look larger by lowering and straightening the arch of the eye-brows, and by darkening only the tips of the lashes. Use eye shadow very lightly and pencil in no extra lines. The lash curling device already mentioned is also excellent.

If you wear glasses, devote a little extra time to grooming and penciling your eyebrows so that they always look dark and well defined. Lashes should be mascaraed very lightly. A bit of rouge high on the cheeks, just under the eyes will add a lot, too. Wear your hair loose and soft and keep it especially well groomed and simple about the ears.

Dark circles under the eyes can be reduced noticeably by covering the edges with a bit of powder or foundation stick which matches your cheek coloring, or by the very faintest trace of rouge blended ever so carefully over the circle edges.

Squint or laugh lines at the corners of your eyes should be softened by the regular use of a rich, oily cream. The skin all around the eyes is so delicate in texture that specially rich creams are necessary to keep it fine, soft and unwrinkled. This should be applied with gentle, rotary strokes, beginning at the inner corners and working up, around, underneath and back again.

There, if there's anything left to tell about eyes and their general make-up, we'd like to know what it is. The stars in Hollywood are authorities on eye beauty—they have to be—and we've dug up pretty nearly every make-up secret they ever told us. If these practices are good enough for that bevy of natural and professional beauties, they ought to do something pretty lovely for the rest of us, too. Put them to the test and see if we're not right. You'll find we are.

Freshen up your taste with healthful, refreshing, delicious

**DOUBLEMINT GUM**

"Look alive and act as if you enjoy life" is one of the popularity secrets of Hollywood's lovely young starlet, **VIRGINIA VALE** . . . A pleasant taste in your mouth does much to make you feel alive and look it. And here's where healthful, refreshing, delicious Doublemint Gum can help you. The daily chewing freshens up your mouth, aids your digestion and helps your teeth stay clean, bright and attractive . . . In energetic **HOLLYWOOD** and all over where people want the best (and get it), Doublemint Gum, with its cooling, long-lasting mint-leaf flavor, is a great favorite, as it's sure to be with you and your family. So begin now to enjoy it. Get several packages of wonderful tasting **DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM** today.
THOUSANDS MARVEL TO SEE THEIR SKINNY BODIES FILL OUT

As these Wonderful Little IRONIZED YEAST Tablets
Add 10-25 lbs. in a Few Weeks

Scientists have discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough iron-containing iron and iron from their daily food. With these vital substances, they can build back fat and appetite and get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

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Get ironized yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first pack you don't begin to eat better and feel better with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that ironized yeast will give you the pounds of normal size which you need—then the price of this first pack will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., 103 W. Ponce De Leon Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get genuine ironized yeast, and not some inferior substitute which does not give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we are offering this thrifty special offer. Purchase a pack-

A special price—ironized yeast tablets—only 15 cents. We will mail you a fascinating little book on health. Facts About Your Iron Deficiency. A book you will remember, result proof of the ironized yeast tablet—or money refunded. At all drug stores, or from the Ironized Yeast Company, Inc., Dept. 511, Atlanta, Ga.

IMPORTANT

Beware of substitutes. Be sure you get genuine IRONIZED YEAST. Look for "IY" on each tablet.

MODERN SCREEN

RECIPES FOR WALTER PIDGEON’S FAVORITES

SEAFood COCKTAIL

Allow a couple of lettuce leaves, 4 cooked and cleaned shrimps, 2 oysters and 2 tablespoons crab meat to each serving. Place lettuce leaves in short stemmed glasses of the sherbet type. Add sweetened lemon juice to each serving. Top with one of the following sauces and serve with small wedges of lemon.

COCKTAIL SAUCE

1 ½ cup tomato ketchup
4 tablespoons bottled horseradish
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Blend all together. Chill before using.

VEAL SAUTÉ À LA SUISSE

1 ½ pounds veal cutlet
2 tablespoons butter
salt, pepper
1 finely chopped scallion or leak
toast triangles
Have the butcher cut veal into very small pieces and pound them out thin with a meat hammer ("as for escalopine," says the Gothen's chef.) Season with salt and pepper. Melt butter in iron skillet. Add meat, toss over a quick fire until golden brown. Add scallion or leak (a little minced onion may be substituted if these are not available.) Add wine and cook until wine has almost disappeared. Add cream, cover and simmer gently until meat is tender and sauce has been reduced to consistency of a thin gravy. Remove from heat. (If you have made Hollandaise on your vegetable dish, add specified amount to the sauce. Bottled Hollandaise may also be purchased in some stores. However, the gravy is delicious without this.) Serve on toast triangles, garnished with parsley.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

3 egg yolks
juice of ¼ lemon
1 cup sweet butter*.
3 tablespoons boiling water
1 ½ teaspoons salt
Mix all ingredients in a double boiler over simmering water until sauce has thickened. Use immediately.

*The use of sweet (unsalted) butter is an extra precaution against curdling. However, salted butter may be used, but it should first be washed in cold water, while mixing with a wooden spoon, to remove excess of water and to decrease the chance of curdling.

MIXED GREEN SALAD, LORENZO DRESSING

Rub inside of a wooden salad bowl with a cut kernel of garlic. Add chilled salad greens such as chicory, lettuce, romaine, watercress and endive—according to the season. Add a few rings of green pepper. Cut the salad in bowl, then mix with the following dressing. Top with two quarters of tomato for each person.

LORENZO DRESSING

½ cup vinegar
1 ½ cups salad oil
1 ½ tablespoons mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon pepper
Mix all ingredients in a wide-mouthed jar with a tight fitting cover. Adjust cover, shake well. Add a little sugar, if desired.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

4 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
4 egg yolks
1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 ½ teaspoons vanilla
A pinch of salt
4 egg whites
½ cup sugar
Melt the butter over low heat, add the flour and cook until mixture bubbles. Add milk, cook and stir until smooth and very thick. Remove from heat and beat in egg yolks at once. Stir in the melted chocolate, vanilla and salt. Whisk egg whites until frothy, gradually add sugar and beat until they hold their shape. Fold into chocolate mixture, lightly. Butter a large baking dish, sprinkle with a little sugar. Fill ¾ full in pan of water and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F) 30 minutes, or until puffed and firm. Serve immediately with one of the following sauces, or with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Egg Nog Sauce: Add 2 tablespoons rum to beaten yolks of 3 eggs, slowly. Beat in 3 tablespoons butter. Place in top of double boiler and cook until slightly thick, stirring constantly. Add a pinch of nutmeg, served hot.

English Rum Sauce: Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add ½ cup sugar gradually. Beat in yolks of 2 eggs. Place in top of double boiler and cook until thick. Remove from heat, strain and slowly add ½ cup rum. Sprinkle with a little nutmeg when placed in serving bowl.
MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 17)

Lane. Their marriage and honeymoon, shadowed by the reaching hands of the law, is spent running away via freight trains and hitch-hike rides on trucks. The young wife finally decides that the only way to allow the heart of her cuckold-branded husband is to turn him in, and let a jury prove to him that justice will let him lead the kind of life they want. The courtroom scene is based on the picture with Priscilla Lane and Moroni Olsen turning in inspired performances. Garfield does his top work in this scene. Excellent support is given by capable actors Alan Hale, Henry Armetta, Charley Grapewin, John Litel and Billy Halop. Directed by Lewis Seiler—Warner Bros.

★★ These Glamour Girls

The title of this picture will lead you to expect a juicy slice of behind-the-scenes-in-Hollywood, but the film beauties take a back seat this time while the "co-eds" give them some competition in the glamour line. These are the debutante type of school-girl, and to further confuse you, they constantly refer to their collegiate Romances as "glamour boys."

Lana Turner is the only outcast in this group of fun-loving youths. She's a taxi-dancer, and boy, what a dancer! Lew Ayres, Tom Brown, and Owen Davis, Jr., invade her dancing dream palace one night when they're taking in the town, lightly invite her to the campus house-parties the next week-end, and promptly forget the invitation. The story concerns her visit to the campus, and the way she tells off the smarter element of society.

The red-headed Lana is not so good on her histronics as yet, but she photographs so beautifully that you really can't blame Lew Ayres for falling in love with her. Jane Bryan and Richard Carlson are buried in roles that allow neither of them to show their real talents. Anita Louise is the meanie society gal to the tilt, and credit goes to Ann Rutherford, Marsha Hunt and Mary Beth Hughes for good work also. Tom Brown deserves mention for his perfect delineation of a "Joe College." Directed by S. Sylvan Simon—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★ Frontier Marshal

Some day, some picture company is going to produce an honest-to-goodness saga of life in the early west, but until that day "Frontier Marshal" can rate as the nearest approach to authenticity yet to appear on the screen.

Randolph Scott is the peace-loving but fearless Wyatt Earp, whose name is still remembered by citizens in the ghost town of Tombstone, Arizona. In those days, Tombstone rangues the liveliest silver mine in our pioneer country, and this story has all the dance hall girls, shooting and feuds, and open saloons that characterized that period of American history. Cesar Romero portrays the consumptive Doc Halliday, who was, in spite of his bad health, the deadliest shot in the country. Together they wipe out the desperadoes and bring law and order into the hectic atmosphere.

There's a fictitious romance with Nancy Keesey and Binnie Barnes, rivals for the heart of Doc Halliday. Both ladies act as if they know the story's all in fun, one application does wonders for rough, chapped hands! Regular use of Jergens Lotion helps prevent miserable roughness and chapping. In Jergens are 2 fine ingredients used by many doctors to help harsh skin to lovely softness. Fragrant! No stickiness! Thousands of popular girls thank Jergens for their adorable hands. Get Jergens Lotion today. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00. At beauty counters.

CUPID'S RECIPE FOR LOVABLE HANDS—Keep hand skin well supplied with beautifying moisture, Use Jergens Lotion after every handwashing.

FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See for yourself—entirely free—how Jergens Lotion furnishes beautifying moisture for your hand skin. Mail this coupon today to:
The Andrew Jergens Co., 1655 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Pears, Ltd.)

Name

Street

City

State
which is more than fans expect of them both. Highlight of the picture is Eddie Foy, Jr., who appears in the role his father portrayed in real life when he visited the boom town to sing and dance for the rowdy citizens. John Carradine, Joe Sawyer, Edward Norris and Lon Chaney, Jr., appear to advantage in supporting roles. Directed by Allan Dwan.

—20th Century-Fox.

★★ When Tomorrow Comes

Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne are co-starred again and their fans will find it fair entertainment, though not being on a par with their previous picture, "Love Affair." Charles Boyer's performance is excellent and Irene Dunne gives a good account of herself and is photographed to advantage.

The story concerns a famous pianist (Boyer) who becomes interested in a waitress (Irene Dunne) when she serves him in the restaurant where she is employed. The waitress thinks the pianist is jobless and the friendship gets under way fast. It is not until both are hopelessly in love that she learns of Boyer's marriage to a woman who is on the verge of insanity. The unhappiness of the outlook for the lovers is given a ray of hope by the fact that "when tomorrow comes" things may be worked out satisfactorily.

Barbara O'Neil's characterization of the afflicted wife is a highlight of the film, due to the deep understanding with which she has invested the role. Nella Walker's sympathetic portrayal of her mother is noteworthy and Onslow Stevens and Fritz Feld are stand-outs in minor roles. The story will be found absorbing from the woman's angle and, thanks to painstaking direction, there is enough dramatic punch instilled into a mediocore story to keep interest from waning on the part of masculine observers of the picture. Directed by John M. Stahl—Universal.

★★ Lady of the Tropics

If you're shopping for glamour you'll get your money's worth in this picture. For Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor provide searing love scenes the like of which haven't been seen since the silent picture days. The beautiful Lamarr (and she beautiful!) and the handsome Taylor (!) are poised so fetchingly against exotic backgrounds of Indo-China and thrown so consistently into each other's arms that many a movie-goer will consider the bill is filled and that the acting can be left to the less ornamental lads and lasses of Hollywood. There are others who like a reasonable story and good acting in their movies and may consider "Lady of the Tropics" practically guiltless on both counts.

At any rate, an appropriate setting has been given Hedy's charms and there've been one hundred per cent, which will result in a merry tinkling of coins at the box-office.

Robert Taylor has the role of a playboy and his meeting with Hedy Lamarr, a half-caste girl of Indo-China, results in spontaneous combustion. Then there's Joseph Schildkraut, a meanie who makes Hedy awfully, awfully unhappy and his oriental make-up makes you feel the same way. Gloria Franklin, Ernest Cos- sart and Mary Taylor give good performances in minor roles. Directed by Jack Conway—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ Winter Carnival

The famous winter sports carnival of Dartmouth College is the background for this picture. It's picturesque and there are sequences that pack some of the collegiate spirit—but they're unfortunately few and far between.

The story concerns Ann Sheridan, with all her oomph and a lavish new wardrobe, in the role of a spoiled heiress who comes back to the college where she once reigned as queen of the carnival. Now she finds her younger sister, Helen Parrish, wearing the crown and getting pretty conceited about it. Big sister proceeds to set her straight on the real values of life, and then herself succumbs to the charms of a college professor, played by Richard Carlson. But it takes Anne such a long time to make up her mind that you'll probably cease to care by the time Prof takes her in his arms once and for all.

The principals manage to turn in satisfactory accounts of themselves and Jimmy Corrier, Joan Broder and Alan Baldwin are noteworthy. Directed by Charles F. Riesner—United Artists.
leave, we got to thinking about how we had never been away from them before, and we felt pretty blue about going. So we flipped a coin to see if we should take them with us. The coin came up heads, so we took them and let them be part of the act.

"Mr. Gumm would play, while I sang. Then I'd play while he sang. I also played while the girls sang, and Judy did an acrobatic dance."

Jimmie said to Sue, "Will you ever forget what happened in Shelby, Montana?" Both girls screeched with laughter. Sue said to me, "Jimmie and I were to sing 'Avalon Town' and after the second chorus Judy was to come on and do her dance. She didn't come on. We didn't know what else to do, so we kept on singing. We sneaked a look over to the wings, where Diddy was supposed to be changing Judy's costume. He was having an awful time with it. It was all tangled up, and there was Judy without a stitch on. He never did get it untangled. We sang eight choruses and then gave up in confusion."

When they reached California, they stayed a month and saved enough to want to stay permanently. They went back to Grand Rapids in August, sold their theatres, and headed west for keeps.

Frank Gumm had shown a knack for reviving dormant small-town theatres, so he looked around for one in Southern California to revive. He ended by buying the theatre in Lancaster, on the edge of the Mojave Desert. Nowadays, Mrs. Gumm wonders how they ever lasted that long in that sun-baked little desert town. "We did have a nice big house," she said, "and the town had a nice school. The girls liked the place."

"But the place didn't like us," Sue put in. "Not at first. Remember how mothers wouldn't let their children play with us, because we'd been in show business? Judy never liked the place as much as Jimmie and I did. The kids were mean to her. I think they were jealous of the way she was always asked to get up and sing every time there was an entertainment in town."

As before, they put on their own entertainments. The "best one" was the one they called "The Kinky Kids' Parade." Sue and Jimmie put on blackface and played Tugay and Eyo, a la the Duncan Sisters. Judy, then five, put on blackface and sang "Mammy," à la Al Jolson.

None of them ever had any voice training, except what they got at home, and this was haphazard and more in the nature of fun than study. "Their father had a fine voice," said Mrs. Gumm, in explanation of her girls' ability to put over a song. To which the two girls chorused, "You weren't so bad yourself, Mom."

If they had been tormented by great theatrical ambitions, they could have had voice training. But they were satisfied with life as it was. Though as Sue and Jimmie became older, they used to come down to Los Angeles week-ends, "to work theatres." "Our main goal in life was to headline the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles," Sue said. "We finally made it, for five weeks, four and a half years ago."

They gave the movies a thought only once. "We sat around a waiting room out at Universal for two days," said Sue. "That was enough," said Jimmie eloquently. You can discard that story about Judy's getting a job that one of her sisters wanted.

The thing that led to Judy's screen chance, indirectly, was Mrs. Gumm's urge for a brief change of scenery, after eight years of desert. She decided to take her three girls to Chicago to see the World's Fair. And they would get bookings en route.

They started out with two hundred dollars—enough to reach Denver, where they had a date, which more than paid their way to Chicago. In Chicago, they looked up an agency, which booked them into the Belmont Theatre for one performance. The one performance was to be an audition. But nobody from the agency attended it. They went to work for some friends in the Old Mexico concession at the Fair. But they weren't making enough to pay their hotel expenses, especially as they were giving hand-outs to some down-and-out acts in the same hotel.

Came the beginning of a new week, and Mrs. Gumm, down to financial rock-bottom, still was determined not to write
a check on the bank back home. On Sunday, to save money, she herself washed the girls' white net dresses, "with millions of ruffles." And on Monday she was up at seven o'clock to iron them. Three hours later she had the ruffled sleeve of one dress ironed, with two dresses still to go.

About that time Sue appeared, in a mood for breakfast. She looked in the bread box. The bread was moldy. She looked in the food-chest. There were only two eggs. "Serve them," said Mrs. Gumm, who suddenly started laughing and crying at the same time, at the collapse of her grand plans for the summer. And then she sat down and wrote a check. They had the fanci-est breakfast the hotel could produce. Then she sent out the dresses to be ironed by a laundress. That same day, an agency called and the girls had a chance to try out for one day at the Oriental Theatre, to replace a singing trio in George Jessel's act.

THE next day, their names went up on the theatre marquee. Instead of making the billing read "The Gumm Sisters," a morbid electrician made it read "The Grim Sisters." Mrs. Gumm called Jessel's attention to the slander and he said, "The girls are swell, but they need a new name for the stage." She agreed. He said, "I'd like to name them after a very dear friend of mine in New York, Robert Garland, the critic." So they became The Garland Sisters, singing trio with the George Jessel act. The smallest sister was in the middle. "Where she could tickle both of us in the ribs while we were singing," said Sue, "and not crack a smile herself. Or give us the elbow, or the old side-look. She was always trying to break us up."

"She was the biggest part of the act," confided Jimmie. "Sue and I were just charming background. That was all right with us. It took a lot of responsibility off our shoulders. But Judy never liked to work alone. She hated it."

After Chicago, they played Milwaukee and Detroit and were booked into New York when Jimmie and Judy became homesick for California. Mrs. Gumm was a little that way herself, so they headed home. On the way, they stopped at Lake Tahoe for a brief engagement. And that was where it happened. At the same resort was Lew Brown, the songwriter. He made friends with the younger, and vice versa. A few days later, a pal of his from Hollywood came up to Lake Tahoe—Al Rosen, the agent. Brown introduced them and Rosen said he wanted to catch her act.

But Judy, passing, mentioned this to Sue and Jimmie. They were the ones who became excited; not Judy. They were the ones who talked her into singing "Angel Wears the Strings of My Heart," the song that made Rosen want to talk contract immediately.

But Judy's mother wasn't to be swept off her feet. She had been in show business long enough to know that there were two kinds of agents: good and bad. She postponed any contract talks till she got back to Los Angeles and found out which kind Rosen was.

Meanwhile, at Lake Tahoe, Judy got in a lot of swimming. And, swimming, she had a lot of fun with Lee Conn, who played the violin in the orchestra. So much fun that she introduced Sue to him. He's playing the violin in a Hollywood orchestra now, and Sue is married to him.

"Except for talking her into that song," Sue told me, "I didn't have anything to do with Judy's getting a contract. But she had plenty to do with my getting one—for life."

Back in Los Angeles, Mrs. Gumm found that Rosen rated high as an agent. She let him take Judy out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, as they were looking for a new singer. Rosen went to Jack Robbins, who was looking over prospective talent.

"Robbins was horrified," Mrs. Gumm related. "He said, 'I'm looking for a woman singer. Why are you bringing me a child?"' Rosen talked him into listening to Judy "do just one number. After he heard her, Robbins asked Ida Koverman, Mr. Mayer's secretary, to hear her. And Miss Koverman asked Mr. Mayer to hear her. And he signed her immediately."

That was in October, 1934, three or four months before M-G-M signed Deanna Durbin. They let Deanna go but held on to Judy. I asked Mrs. Gumm what the explanation was.

"I don't know," she said, "unless it was because she was under personal

COUGHERS!

WHY BE AN OUTCAST?

HERE'S RELIEF!

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According to her mother, it is only in the last few months that Judy has liked pictures. "She liked the stage better because of the audiences. But she never had a big director before. She worked for five months making 'The Wizard of Oz,' most of the time with Director Victor Fleming, and she says she learned more from him than from all the others." Mrs. Gumm was reminded of the image that Judy presented not long ago, coming home from the studio. "She was covered with dirt. It was in her hair, on her face, all over her clothes. She looked terrible. I said, 'What ever happened, Judy?' She said, 'Mother, sometimes I wonder about movies. I worked all day in a pen with pigs. I had to lie down and let them root at me.'

"But, seriously, it's really hard work. She has to be up at 6:30, because the make-up people are here at seven. (In the case of a minor, the make-up people come to the house, you know.) She leaves the house soon after eight, and she isn't home again till 6:30. That's a long day—particularly with school work to do, too."

When she signed, she was in the ninth grade and hated school. Both Sue and Jimmie testified to that. Despite this, and despite the difficulty of having school on a set, she finished high school last year. Only to discover that, being no more than sixteen, she still had to spend two more years under a teacher's supervision!

Judy still hasn't had any regular voice training. But she has a coach, Roger Eden. She never gives a number that he doesn't personally arrange.

She wasn't content to play Cupid with only one sister. "When she was on the radio," Jimmie revealed, "Judy met Bob Sherwood, who played the guitar. They clowned a lot at rehearsals, had a lot of fun. One time I went with her and she introduced us. Now I'm Mrs. Bob Sherwood and the proud mama of Judy, Jr., who is the apple of Judy, Sr.'s eye. She can't guess I'd better hurry up and get married. There won't be a chance for me when Judy, Jr., grows up.'"

Mrs. Gumm interposed, "But right now Judy's a bachelor girl. There isn't any calling of Billy and Bobby and Jackie. She just isn't interested. Just a phase, I suppose. But I'm glad to see it. I hate to see young girls boy-crazy. To date, she has had just two cases on boys and they're her brothers-in-law."

Judy's pretty proud of the new house. On those hillside acres back of the house, she is planning, just as soon as the budget permits, to build a guest house, where Sue and Jimmie and their husbands can live. They're 'way off in Hollywood apartments now, and she likes her family around her.

Just then, in walked Sue's husband, who started to lay his coat down on a chair, then hastily retrieved it. "Oops!" he said. "That almost cost me money."

Mrs. Gumm explained, "To keep the new house neat, we've made a rule that anyone who leaves any clothes around pays a fine. Five cents a garment."

"Jimmie laughed. "You ought to go up to Judy's room. You'd collect at least a hundred dollars."

A little N. R. G. (energy) helps you with the daily tasks that tire. Baby Ruth, the big, delicious candy bar, is rich in real food-energy because it's rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy.

Enjoy a Baby Ruth between meals—it's good candy and good food, for everyone—every day.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Ann Sothern, with brown tresses, has come into her own at last.

WHAT IS so rare as a platinum blonde? Nothing! You can search the Hollywood highways and not pick up a porcelain pearl. Indeed the day of the lady with the lemon-color tresses is done and gone forever, with not a sign of a relapse in sight.

Exactly who started the au naturel vogue is a matter of debate and, of unimportance. The point is the ladies of the cinema took to it like the proverbial duck to water. And, whether or not hair has anything to do with the case, their several careers simultaneously had an very definite uptake.

No one, for instance, took Ida Lupino very seriously when she was yellow topped, with disposition to match. Yep, Ida was dizzier than a contest-winning jitterbug. She was goofy on the set as well as off. She made a business of being nuttier than a fruit cake. We have a suspicion that Ida didn’t like her role of gay girl either. But one look at her platinum tresses gave you the idea that they didn’t cover too much gray matter and little Miss Lupino did her best to keep up the suspicion.

Came the revolution and emerged from it a new Ida. A serious, well-balanced young lady who knew the score every minute. From a giddy Young Thing, she suddenly appeared as an accomplished actress. Of course, she struck a snag in her career back about a year ago, when undoubtedly left its mark on the Lupino, but the color of her tresses, we’d vow, helped matters, too. Then of course she is now a married woman, which usually makes for seriousness, but then she’s a “light brown” married woman, which is quite different from a platinum pated one.

Whether or not it is significant, the sensible period of Ida’s life, both personally and professionally, set in about the time that the “back to nature movement” got her.

Pretty much may be said for Ann Sothern. Annie, who simply hates being called that, used to be a Frivolous Sal. She had just as much talent when she was blonder than “Blonde”, but seldom had a chance to show it. The well-known bushel basket—this time an ochre head—threatened to hide her histrionic ability. And so, poor Ann, who was really there cinematically, wasn’t taken seriously when the good roles were being handed out. And so she, too, struck a snag, since no one can be better than her material and Miss S. wasn’t getting the best of that.

So Ann temporarily retired from the screen and let her hair “go natural.” While it was in the process, she did a lot of thinking. Which doesn’t hurt a gal ever. How could she be taken for a smart young sophisticate when she looked as light as a summer breeze? She couldn’t—and wasn’t.

Ann’s come-back picture was “Maisie.” Now, you’ll say, “Maisie” is a dizz. True. But it takes an actress to portray a “Maisie.” It takes an Ann Sothern, in fact. A girl who’s brown hair convinces you that she’s a sober person who can portray a celluloid cocktail.

Then there is Joan Bennett. Well, Joan’s a little bit different. She’s unpredictable. Sometimes she follows the crowd and occasionally picks out—or on—one person to imitate. Not content with going from light to medium, the youngest of the Bennetts took a step further. She’s gone absolutely brunette. So now she looks more Hedy Lamarr-ish than Hedy Lamarr, which seems to be her aim.

When Ida Lupino was a platinum, she acted giddy. She’s serious now.

There are some who say she is really a brunette, but there are the means to claim she has worked as hard as getting that way as she used to keeping blonde.

Why an individual like J. B. wants to be an H. L. is more than we can figure. We should think it would be more than Mr. Gene Markey—her “ex” and Hedy’s husband—could figure, too. Nevertheless, there she is, black as a Brian Donlevy screen characterization.

Do you remember when Academy Award winner, Bette Davis, was a platinum? It’s not so long ago, you know, when Bette’s locks were of the pale dandellion persuasion. Her roles were often bad and always mediocre. She certainly wasn’t taken very seriously by either her studio or movie-goers. She was, in fact, just another blonde and—not as pretty as most of them.

Came the revolution in her case, too, and when there’s a war around Miss Davis it is usually she who starts it. Bette let her hair “go back.” The natural shade emphasized the character in her face, of which she has plenty. “Of Human Bondage” came along at that time and proved to be the turning point in her career. Everyone was astonished at her remarkable characterization of the thoroughly bad little waitress. That is, everyone but Bette. She always knew she had the talent if she only had the opportunity to show it.

And now we have a sophisticated, very individual young woman in Bette Davis and, make no mistake, her naturalness—hair and all—comes in for a definite part of her metamorphosis and success.

Yes, the Back to Nature movement has been on with a vengeance and, in most cases, it has been very effective. Betty Grable, Jane Wyman, most of the stock players and several bonnie fide stars are as natural as your kid brother.

It’s a strange contradiction to glamor, for nobody ever used to think that anything honest-to-goodness could be alluring. However, maybe that is where they’ve been wrong, for certainly the Age of Glamor is upon us as it has never been since the beginning of pictures—and platinum—which is very fine.
his only barometer. If shrewd, comedy-wise people like them seem to be amused and enthusiastic, things stay in. If the cast seems a little cold, things come out. Flash ideas are carefully analyzed. It's not easy because nobody ever really knows, you see, until that program goes on the air. That's what makes it all so exciting, so nerve-racking, such a wonderful life, and such a head-aching bore, all at the same time.

Making a picture is a lot harder. And that's why it has been difficult to transfer the neat, sure Benny technique of being funny to pictures. He is his own radio director, but he cannot, obviously, be his own movie director. Many more elements enter into making a feature-length production. Many popular radio comics have flopped in pictures. J. B. didn't flop because he kept on a-figurin' and a-worryin' how to make a hit. "Man About Town" is only the first. "The New Yorker" is the tentative title of the second.

Now all has been about Benny, ze arteaste. Now for Benny, himself. When I told all my friends I'd just been to see Jack Benny, they asked, "Is he as funny in real life?" I said, "No." He is extremely serious about his job of being funny. He is, personally, a pleasant, shrewd, well-tailored person, with thick gray hair, fine teeth, an authoritative voice, and excellent manners. He gives the impression of being easy-going, with a certain steely quality underneath. I mean, you feel that he'd do anything to help a pal, but he wouldn't let anybody put anything over on him. The aura of show business surrounds him in a way that is hard to describe, for both his manner and dress are very much on the conservative side and he never calls anybody "Toots." But if you bumped into him in Tibet, you'd know he belonged to that screwball group of folk who can read "Variety" without employing an interpreter.

His whole face changes when he talks about his daughter Joan. That indefinable wise-acre quality which all expert showmen acquire disappears. A grin, which he tries to subdue, starts spreading over his amiable features. "You know," he said, "when Mary picked her out—three months old she was—I didn't say anything. But the little thing—she was actually the homeliest of all the babies in Rabbi Wise's home in New Rochelle, New York. I know enough about babies to know that at three months, they're beginning to look something like human beings, aren't they? But Joan was so thin—that hadn't filled out at all. Her eyes would cross occasionally and she had these bumps on her face that looked like mosquito bites, only they weren't. Impetigo or something, I think. Anyway, I must admit that, much as I wanted to adopt a child, I felt just the least bit dashed when I first looked at her. But I figured Mary knew what she was doing. Mary said, 'I want that one.' "I'm not the sentimental type, but I've often thought since that Mary must have known something instinctively, must have felt something, that no one else could know or feel about little Joan. Why did she pick our baby, when there were so many prettier babies? There must be something to this maternal instinct."

Today, of course, Miss Joan is the type that wins prizes in the baby contests. She is dainty and graceful and coming along right smart with her top-dancing. "Oh, sure, she's headed right for the stage," says Pop, which is exactly the opposite of what most show folks will admit that they hope for their children. Joan turns on the charm for Pop, after being perfectly matter-of-fact with Mary all day—just as all smart little daughters do. She says funny things, which Mary and Jack have learned to take, in Miss Joan's presence, with perfectly dead pans. There was the time Jack was telling Mary about the excellent colored comedian named Eddie Anderson he'd discovered in Hollywood's Harlem. Yep. Rochester! Joan wanted to see Rochester, too. The day arrived when she did. And she turned to Jack and, in clear, ringing tones, exclaimed, "Why, Daddy, he isn't colored. He's just plain dark brown." She remembers every last living thing that she hears and recalls the names of people she has met for a moment months ago. All this is amazing and delightful to her father and mother. "And people say, 'How swell of you two to adopt a baby?'" says Jack. 'Ye gods! Phooey! We wanted a baby. We felt that nothing mattered a great deal if we could not have one, and the swell

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**MODERN SCREEN**

**BENNY, INC.**

(Continued from page 46)
part about it is that she is healthy and cute and smart and unspoiled. The last is Mary’s doing.

We’ve been talking about adopting a boy,” he went on “I dunno. Sometimes, we go in and look at her having her supper in the nursery and we think, aw, the poor kid. She must be lonely sometimes.” I’ve often thought I’d like to see a pal, friend and all that, you know, when he got to be fifteen or sixteen. Then I think, maybe by that time, I’ll be hobbling around on crutches, and the doctor will long ago have said no more coffee and cigars, Jack, just weak tea with lemon and three cigarettes a day. So we still don’t know.

“Our main problem now is how to tell Joan she is adopted. It would be wrong not to, with the way she looks. She is so beautiful. And the way in small things: letting her choose a puppy, and making much of the fact that she chose that one pup out of a kennel of them.”

I guess I don’t have to say much about Mary after all this, do it? Mary is in a separate bound around with each detail of Jack’s professional and domestic life, and has been ever since 1929. Jack is the worrier, the less stable, the more unpredictable member of the family. Mary is the one who smooths him down or steps in with the flip crack at exactly the right time. She has her own spot in the sun, lesser in size and glory than her husband’s, but if she stays off the radio program for two weeks, the complaint letters have to be delivered in trucks.

SHE handles the marriage-career-and-child triangle with great cleverness, which is a pumpin’ when you consider that divorce bombs are continually bursting in the Hollywood air because other wives aren’t as smart as she is. She puts her foot down occasionally and when pleasure is mixed with business. While I was talking, she said, “I think it’s important—” And asked could Mary give half an hour for an interview.

“Don’t ask me” said Jack, throwing up his hands. “She says she’s on vacation. I tell you—call her yourself. You can do more convincing than I can.”

Which is probably an accurate picture of the situation when Mrs. B. puts her foot down.

But folks, the Bennys. A mighty nice guy, Jack.

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**DICK’S LUCKY ORDEAL**

(Continued from page 33)

interesting patina of life at nineteen.”

That was Dick’s age—nineteen—when he alighted in Hollywood. Because he was under age, his studio didn’t mention it any more than possible. Dick was too young to make his personality rated. That was two strikes on him at the start.

He wasn’t exactly a pampered punk, of course. Because of his perfect looks, his confidant air and his known lineage of three generations of actors before him, Dick is often considered a theatrical glamour boy. But he is not tailor-made for luxury. As a matter of fact, he’s had all the tough going he needs. His father died when he was a kid. He was brought up by his stepmother and then abandoned in the stern rigor of a Jesuit college and plunked out into the very cruel world of the British theatre to take his own keep when he was barely more than seventeen.

Dick has gone hungry and cold his share of times and watched his coal run low. He’s worn ragged. He’s pounded the good London pavements and been dusted out of producer’s offices with the best of them.

NOT too long before the Fairy Godmother spirited him off to Glendower’s prize Cinderella boy, Dick was getting by on three pounds, or fifteen dollars, a week—when he worked. If you’ve ever shivered out for living expenses in London, you’ll appreciate that. At the time Zanuck’s talent scout signed him on the dotted line he had upped it to twenty pounds a week. Hollywood paid off like an honest slot machine compared to that.

But it wasn’t sudden money alone that bothered Dick. The movie world. It was sudden everything. Sudden friends, sudden customs, sudden work, sudden play. New laws, new standards, new values. Every shrewd actor since Hollywood began has observed that the place does something dangerous to new arrivals. Dick was a brand new arrival, by special delivery from another world. He had his handsome neck stuck out wide. “It’s a handsome neck completely swamped by it all,” Dick reflected with a wondering wag of his noggin. “I think the only thing that saved me was the fact that I was too ignorant to realize what I faced.”

Something, instinct probably, made Dick try to anchor himself to reality. He bought a 1933 Chevrolet and every spare day he chugged out by himself into the mountains and desert, to try to figure things out. Once he ended up, mud-bogged in Mexico and, being an alien, had a devil of a time getting back past the border. Once he got lost in the wild Kabah forest in Arizona, and his studio broadcast frantic appeals to the rangers, thinking Dick had been clawed by a bear or something equally awful. But the only thing they found was Dick himself.

One day, too, those Hollywood Rover Boys, Ty Power and Don Ameche, gaggled up a lunch date for Dick with a new actress, a red-haired ex-manicurist, a Cinderella girl to out-Cinderella Dick Greene. In the studio cafe, Don and Ty sat back, prodding away, trying to watch the fun. To their chagrin the new girl and the new boy weren’t a bit put out. In fact, they looked into each other’s eyes and were very happy about the whole thing. When lunch was over both knew they’d have lunch together the next day, although neither of them needed to. Dick told Richard Greene’s romance with Arleen Whelan.

Hollywood promptly tagged it a publicity romance, because it was much too good to be true. But it wasn’t that. Dick Greene’s romance with Arleen Whelan was very much real. It was another inceptive attempt on Dick’s part to anchor to something real in a land of mirages.

He needed more than a pleasant romance with a pretty girl, more than lonely trips over the desert and into the hills to snap him out of it and give him what Dick calls “a look at myself.” What he needed arrived in the form of double
trouble. Or, "blessings in disguise," as Dick grinned.

An abscessed ear had kept him home three days from his very first picture. It was a case of danger—indeed—of a septic throat sent him home to bed. The operation was the doctors' verdict, but by now the tonsils were far too swollen to take care of.

When they quieted down, Dick finished "The Hound of the Baskervilles," then went into the hospital.

He worked six days. On the seventh he drew a bye and stayed home to feel around his car. Dick lives in a hillside place and the garage driveway tilts at a sharp angle. He was fixing the front bumper on his car when another up the hill slipped its emergency brake. It rolled down on him, crashing Dick between the two.

In the hospital again, the report on Dick's mangled leg was serious. All the ligaments had been ripped from the bones, the flesh was a dark mass of bursted blood vessels. Quickly the leg ballooned to twice its normal size and turned a ghastly blue. If it had become infected, Dick would have lost it. Luckily it didn't.

As it was, he lay for a solid month with the leg holstered in a sling. It was another month before he could hobble on crutches. He still wears his steel brace and spends every lunch hour taking dilthynium. He can't stand for more than a few minutes in a scene. Doctors tell him his leg won't be fully sound for another two years. That means the tennis, riding, hunting and other active sports Dick loves will be out, because any undue strain on the weak muscles might cripple him for good. On the financial side, the whole business has run into important money, and Dick isn't in the four-figure pay check class yet by any means. His salary stopped, too, the minute the picture shut down.

But if you think any of these things has made Richard Greene downhearted in the slightest degree, you have several more guesses coming. His face is a little drawn, it's true; perhaps he's not quite so pretty. But his grin is just as ready and sincere and the dimples are deeper, when he states that in his humble opinion Mr. Greene is a lucky guy—and for the very things that are bringing him sympathy.

"I learned mentally that more than compensates me for the physical cracking," explained Dick. "I had long days to read and plenty of nights to think, and believe me I used them. I used them to think back on the various phases of my life, and the phase of last year particularly. My ambition has always been to live so that when I'm sixty years old I can look back on every part of my life and put a personal okay on what I did. I think I can now; I couldn't before. I think I know what I'm doing now, and I didn't before. I was in a daze. You know, if things had gone on as they were without these bad breaks, I might have become unspeakably stuffy. I might have wandered around in a fool's paradise.

"But now—well, for one thing," he continued, "I think I know now what I want out of life. I want to act, of course. I know I'm still pretty raw, and I want to get better. But more than that I want to be capable of enjoying life and living it to the fullest. I don't ever want to grow soft or tired. I don't ever want to forget my fifteen-dollar-a-week days. In a way, I'm sorry my bad break came so early in my life. I would like to have been hard up a little longer. I mean that. The days when a little money in the pocket meant a week in Paris, a bunch of some pretty girls, are the days I don't want to forget. I want to get a thrill out of buying a new suit of clothes, a hat, a new tie. I want to stay interesting to myself.

And to someone else? You mean romance?" Dick grinned. "Sure—all I can find! But marriage—not for five or six years anyway. I'm not that mature.

"I want to see as much of the world as I can first, meet as many people as I can and find out as much as I can about them. I like Hollywood and I like making pictures. But if I lost my job tomorrow I wouldn't let it throw me for a minute. I know where I stand now and where I'm going. I'm relaxed about myself and confident.

"And that knowledge, or philosophy or many or whatever you want to call it, that I found when I was laid up is a fair exchange for a bit of pain and danger and the discomfort of having to watch out for myself a while."

Dick Greene rose to shuffle off into his scene and banged his game leg against the chair. "Ouch!" he yelped. Then he grinned. "I take it all back, I didn't mean a word I said," laughed Dick.

But I think he was fooling.
**MODERN SCREEN**

**A DOLLAR**

Fans, get out the old pen and paper and let's hear what you have to say about that picture you thought was such a knockout, or the one you labeled "Hop," that star you are simple-crazy about or the one you can't abide. Glamor queens, Hollywood styles, miscast roles, scene-stealers—what's your opinion about these or anything else concerning Cinemoland? Besides having the fun of speaking your piece (and you'll get a big kick out of that), you have the chance of winning one of the ten $1.00 prizes awarded each month to the writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Remember, now, this is your own page, so say what you honestly think, keep it brief and send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"I Told You So"

To the undiscrimining skeptics who doubted his ability and rated him a dull, uninteresting personality, I give you Henry Fonda as "Young Mr. Lincoln."

Ordinarily I'm not one of those insufferable know-it-alls who go out and say, "I told you so!" but I'm going to be, now. Ever since I saw this charming, unassuming young actor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," I've watched his career with keen interest. I looked on with an unsatisfied chuckle when he stole "Jesse James" from Mr. Power. I've wondered when, if ever, producers would have the astuteness to realize what a find they had in Fonda. And now, at long last, I've seen my faith justified.

Fonda didn't play Lincoln. he uses Lincoln. From the opening scene to the final fade-out, his was an inspired performance. No finer scene has ever been filmed than the last one of the picture, when Lincoln walks slowly to the hilltop as if drawn inevitably toward the tragic destiny that awaited him.

My sincere congratulations, Mr. Fonda, on a truly great and inspired performance. And you "doubting Thomases"—eat humble pie and like it!—W. M. Jackson, Columbia, Tenn.

Than from friends I had known
For years.
You taught me to understand
Fame must be won.
Often we go unheralded
For what we've done,
Yet the reward is ours
If we can know
We have inspired another life
To grow.
You've given hope
To many a teacher's heart
You, like they,
Met pitfalls at the start,
But conquered them
And, through it all,
Forgiving.
You have revealed
The very purpose
Of living...
...I've made a friend.
Tis only with my lips,
Not with my heart, I whisper
"Goodbye, Mr. Chips!"
—Marcella Alexander, Iliopolis, Ill.

**Weighty Thinking**

Just a word on the subject of weight and pounds. It really distresses me to see our favorite stars look as though they are on the verge of a serious breakdown. Here are just a few of the leading actors and actresses whom I would like to see gain some pounds: Loretta Young, Margaret Sullivan, Joan Bennett, Carole Lombard, Claude Rains, Jimmy Stewart and Fred Astaire.

And while we're on the subject of pounds, I want to say that here is one fan who thinks the stars deserve every cent they make. If all of these people who think the stars make too much had to memorize thousands of lines of dialogue, had to work long hours through scorching sun and beating rain, if they had to sign millions of autographs every year, if they had to put up with public appearances before goggling curious fans, they would think it was worth every cent they made.

So my word may not bear much weight but believe me, here is one fan who sincerely wants to see the movie stars pick...
up a few more extra pounds—both kinds. —Lucia Harding, Charlotte, N. C.

A Find!

What a find! I'm referring to Mary Healy who made her movie debut in "Second Fiddle." I recently saw the picture and when this beautiful girl appeared, I realized that right before my eyes a new star had been born. She has the curves of Sheridan, the personality of Rogers, the voice of Alice Faye and the looks of Ellen Drew. With a combination like that she's sure to get far. Give us more of this Healy gal.—Rose Blazek, Cicero, Illinois.

He-man Bogart

Isn't there any way to prevent it? Something must be done, because we fans will not allow our Humphrey Bogart to be cast in any more softly-smoothie roles. There is a superfurious number of actors who can portray such roles, but they are not for He-man Bogart. We don't want to see Humphrey in parts where he has to take orders, or live in Park Avenue penthouses. We would rather see him giving the orders and narrowly escaping from Alcatraz or Devil's Island. We want him to be such a cold-blooded villain that he would be capable of being hated to death. So please, Mr. Boos, no more roles such as O'Leary in "Dark Victory." Give us some more Dead End, Kid Gallahad stuff.—Alma Brown, Newark, N. J.

Plus Entertainment

Everyone recognizes that the movies are the greatest force in our national life today, but I sometimes wonder if we realize the specific cultural value they have. They influence our manners, our attitudes and our ideals. They enlarge the mental horizon of millions. They bring laughter and release. They take the over-introspective out of themselves and give the ultra-extraverts glimpses into the depths of the human soul.

But to my mind, their greatest value lies in the interest and the desire to learn more which the historical pictures arouse. Librarians tell me that they have a run on history and biography books after every historical picture is released. In the library in our town, after "Young Mr. Lincoln" there wasn't a volume on Lincoln in for days. "Juarez" taught an interested public the story of Maximilian and Carlotta as no college course could have done. "Marie Antoinette" sent thousands to the history books for further knowledge of the French Revolution. We should be very grateful for the movie industry!—Rowena Bridgers, El Paso, Texas.

The "Oomph" Girl

We've had our share of Sheridan as the "Oomph" girl. Heavens, she looks like "the morning after" with her lovely tresses pulled up and shoved carelessly over one eye.

Instead of clinging gowns and extreme hats we want to see her in plain, girlish frocks, the kind that match her sweet face and her could-be sweet personality which has been covered up by unfit roles and too much ballyhoo.

This rage for "Harlow, the second" will soon die and thousands Hollywood has undoubtedly spent on her build-up will be wasted in another forgotten star. The stars that work up by their own merits continue to shine brightly, but those who gain popularity through false build-ups, shine for a while, but soon fade out. That, we know, is what will happen to Miss Sheridan if something isn't done to save her—and very soon, too.

Luxing saves E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y and cuts down RUNS

1 Wash stockings after each wearing in lukewarm Lux suds. This saves elasticity, cuts down runs.
2 Don't rub with cake soap or use soaps containing harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity.
3 After Luxing, rinse well. Shape and dry away from heat. Keep the thrifty Big box of Lux handy always.

—a little goes so far—Lux is thrifty
I've learned how to DRESS-UP PLAIN DISHES and save money, too!

I was thrilled to discover Sun-Maid Raisins. They simply work wonders in dressing up plain, everyday foods and left-overs—and that's how I lower my food bills. Sun-Maid Raisins are the tenderest, plumpest raisins I've ever tasted.


MODERN SCREEN

Leo Carrillo

It is with sympathy that I read of the objections certain film actors have toward being typed. Basil Rathbone and Robert Montgomery, among others who have given voice to their complaints in that respect, but I cannot recall having once seen a written complaint by the actor in Hollywood who has the most reason to complain. I refer to Leo Carrillo. No matter what the story, Leo Carrillo enacts the same character in each picture—a good natured, lovable, kind-hearted foreigner.

Now while I am very fond of Mr. Carrillo on the screen, I must admit a little bit tired of constant repetition. Surely an actor of Carrillo's ability could be given an opportunity to portray a variety of characters instead of being

what key. Or I may go into my imitation of Al Jolson or feel the call to give a Barrymore monologue. But I can't be depended upon for either or even both and that's what I mean, never be dependable at a party or something. Never do card tricks, imitate the call of birds, ring door-bells or pinch your hostess unless one of these calls comes over you, suddenly.

N\EVER have scheduled entertainers.

The point is to let your guests be entertainers since they are sure to think themselves funnier than any entertainers you could possibly provide for them. The thing is to just get downstairs with that little piano, Groucho and four other people and there you are.

"Food is really only important when there isn't any. It is revolting to have to eat at such a time, in such and such a room, with such a fork and knife. Of course, if you can have foreign food! Some of the best parties in Hollywood are given by the Ernst Lubitsches, Mrs. Dzmitri Tiomkis (Mrs. T. is Albertina Rasch) where Russian food is served or the parties the Jean Hersholt's where Danish food is served and everyone yells 'Schole!' or something. Charlie Butterworth gives good, little parties, too.

"Huge parties with Frank, partly, 'are wakes. Carpets of gardenias and your names announced and all that. Great things with the Zarunaks over there and the Mayers over here and agents or something in between! Twenty or twenty-five people," said Frank, "is about the limit. No Life of the Party who considers his Art wants to play to a hippodrome.

"There are certain things, too," Frank said, mournfully, "which & condition' the Life of the Party. In my own case, if I am not up to my nippiest notch, you can be sure it's razor blades. What I mean is what kills me is when people permitted to fall into a rut.—Hannah Hannay, Glisborne, New Zealand.

Bona Fide Westerns

I want old-fashioned Westerns with heroes rough and tough. Where bold, bad villains roam the range and gamble on a bluff. Where white sombrero heroes scorn Fiend and terrify half the town. And handkerchiefs aren't made of silk (I'm sick of stuff like that.) And please, just one without a car A horse instead is fine. And when the votes come pouring in Among them will be mine.—Ethel Johnston, Portland, Oregon.

Bob Young

What's the matter with Robert Young? Why doesn't Hollywood open up its eyes? Bob has good looks the same as Taylor, Gable, Boyer, Power and all the others. He can be a real actor only Hollywood will give him a chance.

The people get tired of seeing Bob in those second fiddle pictures. In "Navy," there was no part he ever did that he could do in the line of good acting. Give him a real dramatic part for a change and see what a hit he'll be.—Bertha Donner, Pasadena, Cal.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

(Continued from page 37)

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about my work, but even so, nothing ever keeps me from sleeping. Even in my dressing-room at the studio! I'm sound asleep there when they think I'm studying my next scene. I am temperamentally, I suppose. The things my wife tells me about myself are frightening. I come in the front door after a day at the studio and she can tell me what kind of a day I've had. If it's been one kind of a day she tells me that the bills are on my desk. If it's been the other kind of a day she mixes me a drink. I must be moody or temperamentally if my moods show through like that. Well, people who are on high must have a low for an average, I suppose. If things don't fit you where it hurts the most you're phlegmatic, or something. A Life of the Party can't be phlegmatic, now, can he?

"Then there's being a book-worm. I don't suppose the Life of the Party can be a book-worm, do you? There's nothing very congenial about a worm, book or hook, or is there? I'm not even introspective. I never think about what I am thinking under my thoughts. I see you looking at all the books in here. My wife is responsible for them. She's responsible for everything in our home. She has exquisite taste and is excellent at interior decorating.

"Left to my own devices, I wouldn't have a home at all. I don't see why a Life of the Party should have a home, he never goes to it, do you? He should be a nomad. I don't want to settle down. Settling down is frightening. But my wife is mad about houses. We built a little 'dobe house in Palm Springs just so she could 'do it. One nice thing is, no sooner does she get one house 'done than she wants to 'do another. A nomadic home-molder, wouldn't you call it?

Such a nice quality. It's like the old gag, 'I don't want to own anything I can't put on the Chief.' I didn't make that one up but you can say I did. I would have if I'd thought of it. So, as I was saying, I seldom read. I hate long books, 'Forzate Sagas' and things. My wife reads everything. She gives me the Best of the Books of the Year and all that. A Life of the Party sometimes has to seem bright about books.

"Mr. Morgan," I said, "haven't I heard that you are, actually, a very shrewd business man?"

O h have you?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"Oh, that—well you know how they are here in Hollywood; they always go to extremes. In their endeavors to make a 'story' out of you, they make you a Rockefeller or something—like the little frog farm. A frog farm! I got more silly letters. One man wrote, I've the biggest frog in Ohio. I could just see the writer saying to himself, 'Maybe we can sell Morgan our frog!'

"I read where I had a furniture store at Palm Springs. Well, there was a residuum or something of fact in that one. My wife wanted to have an antique shop, for making reproductions, you know. We bought the land and built the shop. Then we sold the land and the shop, because the gentleman who made the reproductions was so good that if you ordered a what-not in January you got it in June. After our customers had yelled 'What-not-get?' a few times, we folded."

"Then there was the oil well," I reminded him, briskly. "I read in your own studio publicity, that you bought an oil well and that it came in a gusher.

"Oh, you read that, too, did you? Oh, dear, it went along all right for awhile—but we won't go into that. Amos 'n Andy, Ralph Bellamy and I went into it once. It was in Louisiana or somewhere. We won't go into it again, do you mind?"

I said, "I won't mind but what I do want to know is this: is this vagueness of yours—kind of stuttering and all that you do on screen and air—is it an act or is it... I mean, were you born that way?"

"It's definitely an act," laughed Mr. Morgan. But now I noticed, as when he talked about his work before, that his eyes were not laughing. "Definitely an act," he repeated. "I mean, I hope it is. You know how it is, you develop a method of your own, individual or something. I developed mine when I was in stock, back in 1920. It reached maturity when I did The Affairs of Collin' on the screen. People have written about me, attributing my professional vagueness, stuttering and all that, to the fact that I don't know my lines. But that isn't so. I started out to be a great study, a quick study and an accurate one. I still almost am."

"You know," said Mr. Morgan authoritatively, "you know, comedy, like music, comes on a definite beat. You can kill any comedy line by two extra words. If you're ad libbing, timing is even more important. A beat too long and it just lays there on the floor."

Reluctantly I rose to leave and Mr. Morgan rose with me, handed me my fur and gathered his dressing-gown about him, with great dignity. "No," he said, "it's not nearly so haphazard as it sounds, my comedy. I'm not nearly, " he laughed again, "so dithering as I appear." He didn't need to tell me that. I had guessed long before!"
Avoid H-H-

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Do what millions of other blondes do. Use New Blondex, the special shampoo that washes it shades lighter and brings out the full natural golden-brown beneath. Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Find it today at any good store.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO

MODERN SCREEN

THE COME-BACK QUEEN
(Continued from page 33)

another contract, that she’d had enough of contracts and the way in which they can sting you to death with “$5, $10, But—Therese—it was wrong,” said Ann. “I did say that but then I realized that I might have to wait too long between pictures, might not be able to afford the right kind of parts. Also, I specially like M-G-M and I figured that, having an investment in me, they would keep their story-eyes open for me.”

“And now, with the last rounds behind me, some lost, some won, where am I? What have I learned? What am I?”

“Well, I’ve certainly learned the value of money. A value I didn’t have before. It’s when the money isn’t coming in that you get the hang of it. For one long year the money wasn’t coming in. I’ve learned how “important” you are here in Hollywood while you are on top, how unimportant you are when you’re not. Much has been written of overnight success, little about overnight failure. I could write a tasty little book on that.”

Tender to my hand which is a bit of a magician take a rabbit out of his hat? Yes, but have you ever seen him put the rabbit back again? I was that put-back rabbit.

“Telling you your friends are. I’m no mathematician but a child of three could do that sum in addition for me—it adds up to five.”

S’O much for that. Now let’s begin with the Sothern face. It’s not too bad as a composite,” laughed Ann. But do you analyze it and how do you get at it? My eyes are my best feature. But I look too healthy. And my face belies my entire character. I’m not like my face.

As Ann Harlow told me in a little private talk in my memory and I remembered Jean Harlow saying the same thing to me one distant day. Odd, I thought, here is another link in common between the little Harlow and the little Sothern. It is said that Ann will make some of the stories bought for Jean and that Ann may use Jean’s dressing-room. Ann is thought to be so much like Jean, especially in that very “humanness” of which Ann speaks. Ann, like Jean, has a soft touch—mimicry which makes the whole world her kin.

“I’ve yet to meet anyone,” Ann was saying, “who an hour after we’ve said ‘Plays the part well.’ How can you not be? The way I expected you to be? They always add, with varying degrees of diplomacy, that they have expected you to be just what you turned out to be.

I don’t blame ‘em. I know why. My nose goes up. A person with a going-up nose is not humble like me. My mouth is curly, has a permanent wave. You just don’t expect words of wisdom to issue from a curly mouth. I have a manner of holding my head which is a bit on the snooty side. I look like a—a, like one of those frilly, useless sort of bumbling dolls flung down on gold-fringed, lace-dripping curtains—titles of awe-swept-down and white rose perfume—ah!

“But I’m not snooty, however, and that’s to the good, I’d say. Because that it pays to be in this business, there are ten others it pays off.” I was recalling the day that Roger came home from his first day of filming. I had laughed and said that instead of every one greeting him, they’d all chortled, “How is Ann?” Not the stars, directors and producers, but the grips, electricians, prop, all the boys and girls Ann calls by their first names, as do they.

was recalling how, on the sets, Ann’s best friends are always the character women. I was thinking how, in the past few years, they’d told me at the studio, with positive awe in their voices, that Ann had posed for stills mounted on a merry-go-round steed. She was being tried for years to get a star to pose on a merry-go-round steed! Ann’s stock soared eleven points because of it.

“I tell you it. Ann was now murmuring to herself, considerably.

“No, no. I’m not. I don’t want to say that I’m a Master Mind but I do read a book—every day. I read all of Paul de Kruif’s books. I have an insane curiosity about medicine, I told you that. I’m terribly interested in psycho-analysis. But,” I added, “I can’t get an analyst to analyze me. I’m so disgustingly normal. I drag out all my little dreams and hope to get a rise but not a thing. I’m not a soffie. Let there be an accident anywhere, moans, blood, and I’m Sothern-on-the-spot. Then I promptly faint. My heart now beats down at Paul, Paul, Paul in doleful rhythm.”

“Ann,” I said, “you’re getting a line on myself, as regards my work. And all this leads to is that I won’t need a double for any of the rough stuff, the tough spots. I’m no ‘fraidy-cat!”

“I’m not torn asunder by conflicting elements in my life, either. I won’t give the studio a stroke by deliberately designing that my place is ‘in the home’. I know what I want more than anything in the world—and that is career. I want it even more than I want happiness. I’d give up anything for it, if I had to. So I tell myself, but sometimes I wonder. I’m not too domestic. I’m an excellent housekeeper, that I admit. I see to it that things run smoothly, comfortably, the way we like them run. I’m a coat-checker, a set-stripper, a linen-counter. But I can’t cook a lick. I really admire Hedy Lamarr, by the way, for her knack at scrambling eggs! I’m a good business woman in my own way, in other ways I’m just ‘a song at twilight.’ I’m shrewd, I guess that’s what you’d call it. The studio won’t have to assign some guardian for me to protect me from buying phony stock in gold mines. I am terrible about living within my income. But I am swellegeth about putting away money for my income tax. I won’t get any front-page publicity on that score! I watch the dollars,” chuckled

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14

DIAMOND	DIAMOND	DIAMOND
DIAMOND	DIAMOND	DIAMOND
DIAMOND	DIAMOND	DIAMOND
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DIAMOND	DIAMOND	DIAMOND
DIAMOND	DIAMOND	DIAMOND

Answer: The word is "Diamonds."
Ann, "and let the pennies take care of themselves! I'm not extravagant about clothes. I didn't buy a rag all last summer. I do sort of give haywire over shoes and hats. It's one of the things I keep buying hats which sit on shelves because I have nothing to wear with them.

It's things for the house that drain my purse. For instance, I am an antique addict—old Adam pieces, Chippenendale, Waterford glass and the like are my vices. But did I have it delivered to Ann Sothern, Beverly Hills? Not so. I had it addressed to Harriette Lake (my real name), address somewhere on Main Street. And down to Main Street I went to pick it up, thus saving myself the fat little "overhead" which is the curse of all screen stars. Yes, I have my little softnesses but I'm not a sucker!"

"Nor," continued Ann, self-appraisingly, "am I sentimental. I am sentimental about children, dogs, cats, birds, but I'm not sentimental about old dance programs, a faded rose leaf here and there. I think that sort of thing is cluttering up and sifting through my bad and I have a saucer-upper of stills from all my old pictures. I have all of them up in the attic. That doesn't really come under the head of sentiment—they'll be good for some laughs in our old age."

Nor is Ann superstitious, she continued. Give her a swell part in a swell story and she'd start any picture on Friday, the 13th. The other day she broke "the biggest mirror in the world," at Elizabeth Arden's, and all she said was, "The heck with it. I don't believe it!"

"I have a sense of humor," she said, but gratelyfully, "which should be Mother's little helper. I have, thank goodness, the kind which enables me to laugh at myself. There's never a time when I can't say to myself, 'Come on, Toots, let's face it. Why are you so important?"

"I may look the playful type," grinned Ann, "but boy, when I work, I work. I get in bed at the right time. I worry. I lose weight. On the first day, I just plain die."

"Even between pictures I'm not exactly a ben vivant's idea of a good time gal. If Roger and I go to the Troc once in six months we're dissipating. We like to stay home and have people here. We play a lot of bridge. We do a lot of talking, just the two of us. My husband," said Ann, with proper pride, "is a very stimulating person, knows all about political matters and things I don't read up on and we discuss 'em. I've become a rabid horticulturist." Here Ann waved a hand at her chaise-longue table, "See all the Garden Books. I've already ordered three hundred and fifty tulip bulbs from Holland for next Spring's planting. Well, I don't lay claim to being one of those stavle, folksy folks, but at least I try not to be the dizzly dame type and cause the publicity department to work nights keeping my name out of the scandal sheets.

I'm not what you'd call moody. With me, it's entirely up or very down. When I'm down, I'm down more than anyone else you ever saw I hope. When I'm down, it's usually about my work. I get dark blue periods thinking that I can't, I don't know how to act, I'll never act again. Writers get the same 'going stale' periods, I know, and the only way to work out of them is just to sit down and write or stand up and act, just do whatever it is you do.

And I guess that about does it," said Ann, planting her small feet firmly on the floor. "Now let's go downstairs and look at a lovely old piece I bought yesterday. I sit and look at the things in our house like one in a trance. You should see Roger giving me an imitation of me staring, hypnotized, at my possessions."

On the way down the lovely, winding stairway, Ann said, "I'm worried because of that old Bogeyman, Bad Parts. I'm divinely happy, of course I am, but I know that happiness is something that doesn't just 'stay put,' like a chair or a picture hung on the wall. It's something you've got to keep on wooing, every hour of your life. I've delivered a contract but contracts have clauses. I've 'come back' today but there's always tomorrow. What it really comes to," said Ann, her voice an octave higher, "is that the gal who signed the contract has the courage of her convictions and the will to fight. So, gimme a hand, will you, as I go into the next round?"

Answers to Quiz on Page 11

1. Ronald Colman.
2. Franchi.
3. Louelle Parsons.
5. Ellen Drew.
6. Roger Fryer's.
7. May Robson.
8. Director Robson Momanion.
10. Annabello.
12. "The Blue Angel."
15. Chippion.
17. Marlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again."
18. Priscilla Lane.
19. Lisa Mason.
20. "The Rains Came."
22. Joan Crawford.

MODERN SCREEN

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10c

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□ Blonde □ Ashen □ Light Brunette □ Dark Brunette
□ Send Hide-it Shade: ___________...10c (Canada 15c)

Name: ________________________________

Address: ______________________________

Twin Sisters

DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK

PAT. PENDING

93
I learned far more from just watching this man than I could have learned throughout my life if I had never seen him. And as debts, like all things, interweave, one with the other, the fact that I would go to see Lucien Guitry twenty times in one play, I owe to Dr. Mouchet. It was my way of doing research on my job as Dr. Mouchet did on his.

And then there is Henri Bernstein, the great French playwright. For the eight years before his death, Lucien Guitry did all Bernstein's plays. When Guitry died I was called by M. Bernstein to do his plays. He helped me in many ways and of these ways the greatest, I think, was when he would tell me how Guitry would have done this or that.

"I am in debt to Hollywood, to America. It is not in an attempt to be flattering. It is merely gracious, it is completely true that Hollywood has taught me naturalness, not to be constrained. Hollywood has taught me, too, to restrain my emotions. On the French stage," smiled Mr. Boyer, "we feel sorry for ourselves and make no effort to conceal this. When we have a sad scene to do, we cry, we sob aloud. I once did a play there which, later, Basil Rathbone did in America. It was a scene where I had sobbed aloud, Basil did not shed a tear. I asked him about this and he explained that, in America, a man who cries is thought ridiculous. So I have learned to temper the emotions, to the audience for which I am playing. I owe a debt to a school teacher I had when I was in school. He told me I am skipping about in my life," smiled Mr. Boyer.

"I am thinking out loud, and at random. I fell in love with my teacher. When I would write my themes in class, they would not be about the subjects assigned to us. They would be the most passionate love letters. I was always thinking how impressed she would be with me, with my "experience" with women, how one day I would clasp her in my arms and she would say to me, awed, "How do you know so much? You must have had a terrific life, Charles!"

THEN came the day, long waited for, when I was all alone with her in the classroom. She said to me, 'You must have read a few books, Charles, but you cannot have understood what you read!' And then she laughed at me! I was not only broken-hearted. I was humiliated. The great lover (in his own esteem) was reduced to the awkward boy in his teens. Now I am grateful to her, because since that day I have never made love to any woman without the lurking fear that she might laugh at me. And this is good. For it is not good for a man to be too self-confident, too much the dashing Casanova, with more egotism than heart. No," smiled Mr. Boyer, "not even the flattery, which is the lot of the motion picture star, can erase the memory of that early blow to my young ardor."

"I owe an especial debt to a book I read when I was at the age where impressions are important, at the age of eighteen. It was a book called 'Deux Hommes' by George Duhamel. It told of the friendship between two men. And it gave me a conception of friendship which has stayed with me always. Friendship has always meant a very great deal in my life. My friendship with Maurice Chevalier, for instance. The compliment one another, Maurice and I. I have, also, many valuable-to-me friendships with
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Starring in Alexander Korda's "OVER THE MOON" in technicolor.
proffering jelly and honey. "Oh, honey," oh-ed Olivia. "Just what I adore." And into her mouth she popped an edge muffin spread with the sweet sticky stuff. I couldn't help thinking when Greek meets Greek.

She talked about her sister, how thrilled she was because that morning "Louella wrote Joan is being considered for the lead in 'Rebecca'". She had been Joan's good friend, composer Alexander Steinert. She admires Steinert's drawing-room poise. "He's at home everywhere. How I envy him!"

It seemed that the very next evening Mr. Steinert planned bringing over a gentleman who had asked to meet Olivia. "But," her hand quickly covered her mouth. "I guess I shouldn't have said that. With the next breath such coyness was forgotten in order to jump the press agent. She asked him if he knew this gentleman and what did he do."

The press agent spoke kindly. He said the gentleman in question was a successful chap, who had once been married to and since divorced by the heirress to a famous fortune.

"But what does he do?" persisted Olivia. Remembering that fortune, I thought he had done enough. She looked very serious, spoke again, saying, "I guess it is a problem."

"What?" the chance of men chasing you for your money."

IT IS a problem," she echoed. "But it's not only the money. Sometimes they go with you just to meet people or get in places. Hollywood men are so strange. Any other type would seem refreshing to me now. Yet I only meet motion picture people and I only go with them. After all, they do understand my work, especially when I have to leave a party and go to bed early."

"I never get fooled twice," she said. "But I do get fooled in different ways. Do you know I never know when people are kidding me and playing jokes on me."

I wasn't altogether surprised. "I'm the original easy mark," she said. "Yet I have no patience with gullibility With all that, only two years ago a boy came to the door saying he was working his way through college and sold me a two dollar subscription to a newspaper I didn't want to read. After I paid him I realized I had no receipt, and of course I never saw the paper."

"But I'd rather be fooled again and again than become so suspicious I don't trust anyone. It's worth being fooled for the few times you're right. Like when I was back in Saratoga, that's where I was raised—I ordered some antiquities, and left it all to the lady who sold them to me. She sent everything honestly and perfectly. I furnished the lower floor of our house with them."

"Have you and your sister liked the same men?" I asked.

"Yes, but we never have fallen in love with the same men. And now that Joan's married for the fifth time, she's found her permanent romance."

"Then you have been in love?"

"Trapped!" She laughed again. "Yes, twice. Really, four times. But only twice since I've lived in Hollywood. And that's nearly five years now."

Here's the EASY way to natural looking Blondeness

DO you sometimes envy other girls whose lovely blonde hair seems to attract men like bees to honey? Do you worry because your own hair is getting darker or looks drab and colorless? Stop envying, stop worrying—let Marchand's make your hair just the way you want it to be! Marchand's will give you radiant, natural-looking blondeness with glamorous new highlights...OVERNIGHT!

Get Marchand's from any drug or department store, or if unobtainable, mail coupon below.

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Please send, postage prepaid, regular 4 oz. bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I enclose 50c (stamp or money order). Name

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks pink.

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Tell me about them. I mean ... the twice.

They were completely different. The second man was everything the first one wasn't.

I was disillusioned, disappointed. No—say disappointed in the first one. He may read this, and I wouldn't want him to be hurt.

The second will always be my friend. I admire him tremendously.

As to who these men were, Olivia wouldn't say. And whether one was George Brent I couldn't discover. She told me not to believe anything I read about her in the columns.

The things they write aren't true. And the things I do, never get into print," she added with a would-be air of mystery. She has four more years to go on her Warner Brothers contract.

"Have you a marriage clause?" asked the Goldwyn man.

"No."

"Goldwyn has."

"Oh," said Olivia, mischievously eyeing me as she must have remembered that loan out to play opposite David Niven in Mr. Goldwyn's "Hallelujah."

"Oh," she repeated. "Then David's out!"

She wouldn't talk any more about marriage except to say that if she did marry she would undoubtedly go on working.

"Otherwise I'd make such a pest of myself trying to boss my husband's business that he'd get sick and tired of me." She has finished a small part in Warners' "Owen Evans" picture. She is disappointed they wouldn't let her do "We Are Not Alone."

Having heard about her temper and her studio fights for his rights, I thought this was as good a time as any to ask what she would fight for.

"Nothing," said she, "I just love peace."

What are you going to do with a girl like that. Questioning her is like facing a wall of prune whip.

"But didn't anything annoying ever happen?"

"Once the hairdressers went on strike, and I had to wear a wig and do it myself. It was nearly impossible, but I just laughed it off."

Pollyanna ... every time.

She has played in six pictures with Errol Flynn.

"So it's no fun anymore. Just a bore. We say good morning and good evening ... and that's that."

She has just finished "Gone With The Wind" for Selznick. And here I make a prophecy ... that she runs away with the picture. For little Olivia, who be-moaned me to the strong competition flourishing in Hollywood, got herself what I think is the best role of the year, that of Melanie, You can have Scarlett. Melanie dies! And there is nothing like a good death with which to steal a picture. It wins every time.

"It was the first time I died," she said. "I enjoyed it thoroughly. I died for Sidney Howard and George Cukor."

She raved about both gentlemen.

"Howard is amazing. David (that's Selznick) persuaded him to come on the set and show us how to read our lines. As for Cukor, I worship him more than any man in pictures. His taste is admirable. I've only been to his house twice and I wish it were oftener."

She is likely, youthfully proud that her best friend is a Saratoga woman twenty years her senior. She returned to the subject of Joan, how Joan can talk Japanese, and so bellowed over a Japanese florist that he completely fell and gave her all the plants in his shop.

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Children's sickness from colds reduced 54%—school absences 77%! Sounds almost too good to be true, doesn't it? Yet that's what doctors' certified reports show Vicks Plan did in clinical tests on 2,650 children. Will it do as much for your family this winter? It's easy to find out—just follow a few rules of hygiene and use these two specialized medications whenever needed:

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Millions of families now use Vicks VA-TRO-NOL to help keep many colds from developing. It is expressly designed for the spot where most colds start—the nasal passages. So easy to use, too—just put a few drops up each nostril at the first sniffle, sneeze or any other sign of nasal irritation. Right away you can feel the tingle as it stimulates Nature's own defenses to prevent development of colds. Also great for clearing your nose of stuffiness when you have a miserable head cold.

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All over America, 3 out of 5 mothers depend on this external poultice-and-vapor treatment to relieve the coughing, phlegm, irritation, muscular soreness and tightness of a developed cold. There's no needless dosing. You simply massage Vicks VAPORUB on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. It acts swiftly—2 ways at once: (1) like a warming, stimulating poultice, while (2) its medicinal vapors are breathed into the air passages. This direct action brings comfort and invites restful sleep.

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**COMING NEXT MONTH!**

You can't afford to miss the frank, intimate stories about Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Shirley Temple and Henry Fonda, which will appear in

**DECEMBER MODERN SCREEN**

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Are you hands DRY and "scratchy?" Regular use of Italian Balm will help correct this condition almost at once. This famous SKIN SOFTENER furnishes moisture and soothing agents which promote softness, smoothness, beauty. Italian Balm's scientific, soothing properties will amaze you. Only $1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

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Over 90 Million Bottles Sold
I noticed the press agent looking at his watch, so we wound up the tea, and Olivia drove off in her Ford. I felt I knew as much about her as I had known, in the beginning, except for one thing. Meeting her, you can see she has a strain of quality, of good breeding. She has no comic, but she thinks the best piece better and more lastingly—caste.

Nevertheless, whether Olivia de Havilland is a little girl, swimming beyond her mental depth, or an astute young lady, playing a clever game, is a question too deep for this interviewer to decide. One fact is certain, in this, the most competitive of all the de Havillands, Olivia de Havilland was smart enough to herself some darn good parts.

Anyway, there she has her. As to what she is actually made of? Your guess is just as good as mine.

GOOD NEWS
(Continued from page 57)

SANDY’S ANTIQUE
Private life note on Hollywood's leading glamour girl: Sandy Henville goes in for antiques. The baby has bought a fine collection of furniture in the Henville home is her high-chair. And it's the same high-chair that belonged to her mother and her grandmother. When the million-dollar baby was signed to her new contract, Mr. Henville brought home a gayly painted modern version of a high-chair. But such a bowl went up from his daughter that the antique was hastily brought from the garage.

NOW, MR. MEEK!
Maybe you think every name in Hollywood is made up to suit its owner—or his studio. But Donald Meek's name, believe it or not, is his very own. His father was Matthew Meek, the famous Scottish artist, if further proof is wanted. But we're not so sure of the authenticity of the even though Mr. Meek himself told us to it on the set of "The Housekeeper's Daughter." He said in his younger days he was engaged to marry a girl named Mabel Milda.

MARLENE'S MARRIAGE
Marlene Dietrich's Viennese secretary tells us that there's nothing to the rumor that Marlene has divorce plans under way. Rudolph Seiber will continue making his home in Paris, which he likes better than any other place on earth. And if his wife wants to make her permanent home in Hollywood, now that she is an American citizen, he has no objections. "They're very much in love," says the secretary. "One of those cases where absence really makes the heart grow fonder."

DICK AND JOAN
The Dick Powell's have only one dissimilarity in tastes and that's their feeling toward Dick's yacht. Every year Joan has made the suggestion that Dick sell out and come for a two-week cruise with Dick, since she believes a good wife is always sympathetic with her husband's hobbies—no matter how obnoxious. This year she hit on a happy solution to the problem by renting a cottage on the shore of Catalina Island, right alongside the Yacht Club. Her two weeks boating was confined to taking her husband back and forth every day to his yacht via rowboat.

WHY SOME HAIR STAYS PUT

- Is your hair all limp, flat and droopy after a home shampoo? Even when you spend more for a per- mans, you can be told your hair seems dry, wiry, and more stubborn to put up than before? It seems tragic now, but please don't give up hope. The secret of Hollywood's finest, home shampoo called Admiration Oil Shampoo. A single application and dirt, perspiration and dust are thoroughly washed away. The dulling film that mars otherwise naturally pretty hair goes. The sparkle and glory that's hidden in your hair is yours with practically no effort on your part. Ask your druggist today for Admiration Oil Shampoo. There are two types, "non-lathering" and "lathering" in the green carton. Money back if this new shampoo isn't the perfect short-cut to a lovely, easily managed coiffure. Admiration Laboratories, Harrison, New Jersey.

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NOW IT'S easy to remove painful corns. Put a scientist Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. Feel pad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula (D) gently loosens corn so it can be lifted out. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—only 25¢ for 6.

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Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and Bladder. Trouble may be the trace cause of Excess Acids. Getting Up Nights, Burning Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyes. In many cases the actual cure of the Doctor's prescription Cystex helps the Kidneys clean out Excess Acids. This plus the power work of Cystex may easily make you more comfortable in days. A new program in just a few weeks Cystex under the guarantee of money back unless completely satisfied. Cystex costs only 25¢ a dose in drug stores and the guarantee protects you.

YOU'LL ALWAYS GET CONSTIPATED UNESS-

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but also stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action. Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are harmless. Used successfully for years by F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15c, 50¢ and 60c.
DID YOU KNOW?
That big-hearted Dick Powell was so impressed with the new sweetheart song “May I Speak My Heart” that Marjorie Weaver and her stand-in Judy Parks wrote for the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity that he made a transcription recording for the collegians at his own expense, and donated it to the U. S. C. chapter to make copies for other Pi Kapps? That Janet Gaynor is the envy of every glamor girl because one family argument won’t be her fault from now on? Not with Adrian in complete charge of what the Missus wears. That Maxie Rosenbloom always insists that his name be embroidered on his handkerchiefs? That Lana Turner not only drives a car that’s painted to match her red hair, but has living room rugs and drapes to match. That former stars, Jack Mulhall and Lorraine Joy, both have roles in Deanna Durbin’s new picture “First Love”? That Hugh Herbert went to the premiere of “When Tomorrow Comes,” and got the biggest reception from the fans as he walked up the box? Some of the town’s most important stars joined the crowd in calling “woo woo” to him. That it takes Perc Westmore three hours every day to make Charles Laughton up as the Hunchback of Notre Dame? That Ronald Reagan is teaching Jane Wyman how to play golf? That Paul Muni is doing his own violin playing for “We Are Not Alone”? He learned how to play when he was a small boy.

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Loves picture of You

Thrilling things happen to a girl who is always fragrantly lovely. That’s why so many of this season’s glamour girls use Blue Waltz Perfume. Its magic, intoxicating fragrance invites romance. Just try it and see! Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics are only 10¢ each at 5c and 10c stores.

“Knit two, purl two, drop two,” counts Rosalind Russell, who’s busy with the needles on “The Women” set.
MODERN SCREEN

ROMANCING AROUND
Franchot Tone has been taking Loretta Young to preview and night clubs. She's one of Joan Crawford's best friends, which may mean that Joan still has an eye on her ex-husband ... the town's newest singing star, pretty Mary Healy, has Ken Murray running in circles. He says it's really love on his part, but she's not so eminent that The Allan Joneses recently celebrated their third wedding anniversary. Jack Oakie and Venita Varden are holding hands all over town and telling everybody how happy they are ... the odds are in favor of a Natalie Draper-Tom Brown reconciliation before their divorce becomes final. Both are unhappy over the situation. Fredric March and Oren Haslund still aren't making any marriage announcements, but it won't be a surprise when they do say they're married ... Marjorie Weaver is dating Shipwright Kelly, and says he's "more fun" ... don't get confused over those photographs of Lucille Ball and Orson Welles at previews and the Troc. It was all for publicity, for she's still madly in love with Director Al Hol ... Ann Sothern's happiness is secure and complete now. Hubby Roger Pryor, who gave up his dance band to be near her, is the master of ceremonies for the Screen Guild Theater" for the entire winter season and will stay by her side ... Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger are still devoted in spite of all the romance stories connecting her name with Woody Donahue ... Olivia de Haviland is surprising everybody with her about-face into romance. Always so shy and hesitant about being seen at nightspots, the fair Olivia during one week was spotted at popular clubs with three different swains, namely Howard Hughes, Bob Ritchie and Pat de Cicco ... and Sister Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne are sooooo happy.

SHORT SHOTS: 
Guess who's the best whistler in Hollywood? None other than Garbo, and she's that proud of her talent. . . . Jane Withers' mother says she hates to do it, but tourists have swarmed all over the family estate ruinng flowers and lawns so much that a fence has become a necessity. . . . M-G-M talked Greer Garson into hobbling her beautiful red curls for a new picture in spite of her mother's strong arguments against it. Unhappily her mother salvaged the shorn curls which will be added to an earlier collection — from the head of baby Greer. . . . Over at 20th-Century-Fox the situation was reversed. Henry Fonda hadn't had a haircut in nine months and was getting pretty well fed up with it. He took Wifie Frances off to the Troc to celebrate when the barber finally finished. . . . Rumors from Norway are that Sonja Henie has gained weight and will have to go on a strict diet immediately upon her return to picture working.

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In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things to your hair. 
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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of kidneys waste. If the kidneys are failing, they may start ringing backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, graying, weakness of the eyes, headaches and dizzy spells. 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 and filters. The 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of kidneys waste. Doan's Pills.
All over America there are busy doctors who tell mothers to buy Wee Walkers, those CORRECT baby shoes which can save so little. Don't let baby wear outgrown shoes. Baby feet grow so fast you must change them often.

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Now Carm your Mascara through your lashes, but remove the cap, shear off the excess matter. Coating the lashes upon your closed eyelids prevents them from being tangled. Then a second coat of the cap and back into your purse. No need, no obligation, simply order Tear-proof Mascara. Traveled-worldly good. Each, brown or black. Retail, 18c. 20c. New York.

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IN LOVE AGAIN

Mickey Rooney has it oh, so bad, for a Pasadena deb, Jeannie Swaisgood. The pretty blonde has taken his heart completely away from Dolly Taylor, the glamorous little Abbott dancer, and the pictures plastered all over the Rooney dressing-room on the lot are of Jeannie. Her portrait has the place of honor on the grand piano in his home. Mickey's admitted to intimates that his intentions are matrimonial, but what chance has a guy got on a fifteen dollar a week allowance?

MR. THIN MAN, JR.

They're having troubles on the set of "Another Thin Man." The studio spent weeks interviewing babies for the role of Mr. Thin Man William Powell. At last William Anthony Poulton's mother brought him over. William Anthony looked Director Van Dyke and the studio over with such a disinterested eye that he was signed on the spot. The studio was jubilant, until the first day of shooting when Bill Powell put in his appearance. The moment the baby laid eyes on the actor he broke into a wide grin. Van Dyke's now having double trouble for neither Powell nor the baby can disguise how charmed they are by one another.

MYRNA'S GIFTS

Every evening members of the cast and crew of "Another Thin Man" go home loaded down with flowers from Myrna Loy's garden. The star arrives at the studio in the morning with pails full of the flowers which she gathers at six a.m. The buckets are left in her station wagon until the day's work is done, with the posies immersed in water, and then distributed among her friends. The Loy garden is one in town that wasn't dreamed up by a press agent. The star herself did the dreaming and then made it come true by hours of hard work every single day.

HOORAY FOR LIONEL

Good news for the Lionel Barrymore fans. The actor has improved so greatly in the last few months that he no longer needs to stay in his wheelchair. In the "Secret of Dr. Kildare," you'll see Barrymore walking around in several scenes. On the set he is surrounded by maps on which are traced all the best trout fishing streams in the state. "Maybe I'm getting too optimistic," the actor said, "but I'm planning to take in at least ten of these streams as soon as this picture is finished." For the last few years, Barrymore has had to confine his fishing activities to a stream that runs across his property which he's stocked yearly. No wonder there's that glow in the Barrymore eye when he talks about fishing somewhere else besides his own backyard.


TCH. TITLE CHANGE!

The preview of "Stanley and Livingstone" brought out the largest crowd in cinema history. At the last minute an extra corps of policemen had to be called, for the regular number of guardsmen at the low couldn't hold the crowds back. A siren suddenly screamed and when the car drew up at the curb, a special deputy from the Chief of Police office stepped out. "Unless you folks control yourself," he bawled out, "nobody'll get a chance to see "Stanley and Livingstone!"

THOSE MUNCHKINS!

The premiere of "Wizard of Oz" was a high spot in the youngest movie set. Harold Lloyd arrived with a pretty daughter on each arm, Eddie Cantor brought his youngest daughter and Joan Bennett had Diane and Melinda along with her. It took all Joan's persuasion to get Melinda, the five-year-old, into the theatre to see the picture. She was too fascinated with the live dolls cut in front. The "dolls" were the Singer Midgets who showed up on masse to see how they looked as the Munchkins in the picture.

THE LUCKY TAYLORS

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck haven't been seen around the night spots for the last few weeks. Their undivided attention is being given to their respective picture projects and all social activities have been barred. Reason for the conscientious attention to their careers is that the Taylors don't want a single scene to go wrong, that may call for retakes. No plans are all made to plant out of town the day that Barbara's picture, "Remember the Night!" and Taylor's "Remember" is finished. From New York they hop a boat to France. And from there on the Taylors are going to lard out of the news, for they'll do Europe on bicycles. If, of course, things abroad are calm.

Joan Crawford and Charles Martin have evidently kissed and made up, for here they are together again.

The very handsome young man with Fay Bainter, far right, is her son, Reggie Venable. Are they proud!
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