

HAS CARY GRANT GONE HIGH HAT?

MODERN SCREEN

AUGUST

10

CENTS

2012

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



PRISCILLA
LANE

Up..up..to Love's Heaven

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.

LANDER'S

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.



TALCS

FIVE FAMOUS FLOWER BLENDS **10¢ EACH**

LILACS & ROSES ☺ ☺ ☺
 LAVENDER & PINE ☺ ☺
 GARDENIA & SWEET PEA ☺
 ORCHID & ORANGE BLOSSOM

CARNATION & LILY OF THE VALLEY

Sold Only at All 10c Stores

Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!



No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!

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



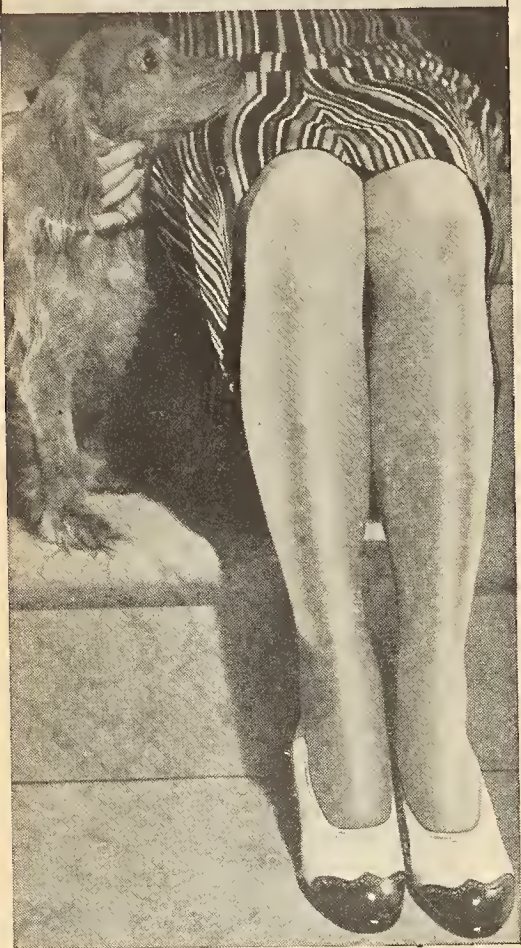
MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

JUN 30 1939

MODERN SCREEN

You
can't hide
your legs!



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



MODERN SCREEN

Regina Cannon.....Editor
Lois Svensrud.....Hollywood Editor
Abril Lamarque.....Art Editor

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Vol. 19, No. 3, August, 1939. Copyright, 1939, by the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price 10c in U. S. and Canada; subscription price \$1.00 a year, foreign subscription \$2.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 18, 1930, at the Postoffice, Dunellen, N. J. under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second class entries entered at Seattle, Wash.; San Francisco, Calif.; Houston, Texas; Savannah, Ga.; and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in stories and semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely coincidence. Trade-mark No. 301773.

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 com-
 pare them *right on your own skin* you may
 never find the one shade that makes you
 a *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. Inno-
 cently, 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 pow-
 der. 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 _____

City _____ State _____

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



LADY ESTHER POWDER

BY HUGH
ROBERTS

Not temperamental himself, Mischa Auer would give those who are

A RUSSIAN RAZZBERRY



Mischa Auer has had everything to be blue about, yet nothing can dispel his natural gaiety.

LET'S GET morbid and send for the Russians!" This little quip is bandied about among those 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 reminded, "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, 'Fools 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, that's just what happened in his case. For, if you remember, "My Man Godfrey" opened a new career for this ace comedian.

Much 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 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 reminisced. "And, maybe you 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



★★★ 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 results of their different backgrounds. 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 plausible as well as highly diverting.

Fred MacMurray surprises with an 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 ever screened. Billy Cook, a youngster with undeniable talent, is responsible for no small part of the picture's success. He brings his parents together again, after divorce proceedings are under way, by his loveliness and generosity in trying to understand both sides of a problem which has baffled many adults. William Collier, Sr., and Charlie Ruggles contribute excellent characterizations, too. You'll find this picture strong on story, acting and directing. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—Paramount.



★★★ Only Angels Have Wings

With the colorful background of a South American seaport, this picture packs adventure, action and romance. The dialogue and plot are good, the acting is in capable hands, and the directing job so commendable that the picture is convincing throughout.

Cary Grant, in charge of the aviation station at Barranca, is a tough guy whom men respect and women adore. A neat role for this able actor, he makes a good thing of it. Thomas Mitchell, his buddy, gives a sterling performance and Sig Rumann, Allyn Joslyn and Victor Killian are capable in smaller roles. Outstanding in the cast is Richard Barthelmess, who gets off to a bad start with an unsympathetic role and yet makes it the highlight of the picture. Jean Arthur has a grand role as the girl who drops into port long enough 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 satisfactory 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 that will satisfy his former fans and garner him a crop of new ones. 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 lacking the punch of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," this film has much to recommend it. Songs and dances are effective in every instance, the story varies enough from the usual formula to hold interest, while direction and production are of a high standard. Jolson doesn't have much opportunity to display his histrionic abilities, but he makes every moment count. Especially when he gets the chance to sing! "Mammy" had the preview audience cheering. Alice Faye has several numbers to sing, with "My Man" the outstanding one. Her role is strongly reminiscent of the real life story of Fanny Brice. Tyrone Power manages creditably 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 BANTER • 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*"
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'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by
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Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Mox Steiner
A First National Picture

Presented by
WARNER BROS.

MOVIE REVIEWS

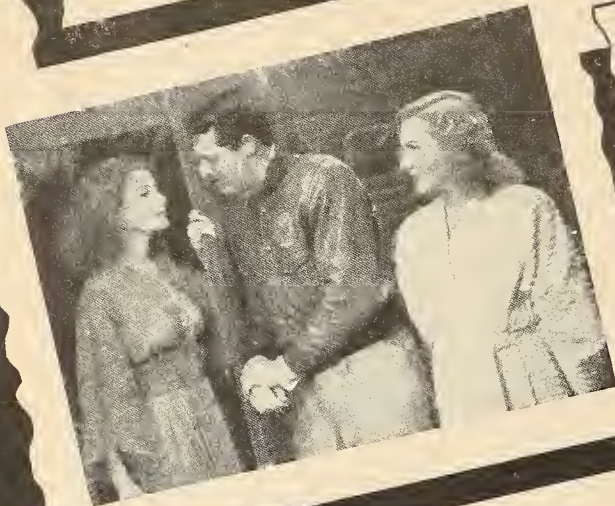
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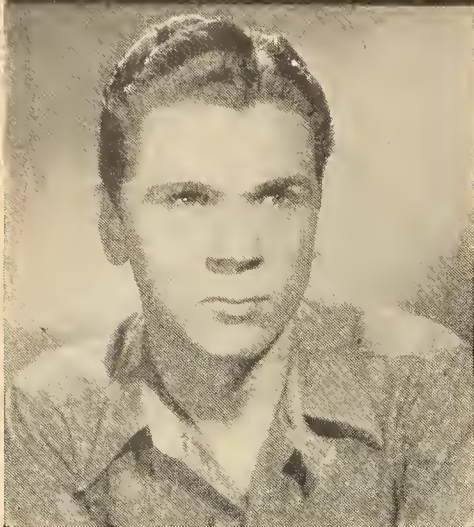
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WEATHER TO *Picnic*



Jackie Cooper is an inveterate picnicker.



Courtesy Sanka

A chocolate layer cake like this will make any lunch a success. And it's so easy to make!

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 on long, 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

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 indefinite and, in the theatre, that is a sin.'"

However, today about the only thing that Mischa is sure of being a sin are the jitter-bugs 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 up 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!"

Yep, 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, rotating 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.

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!

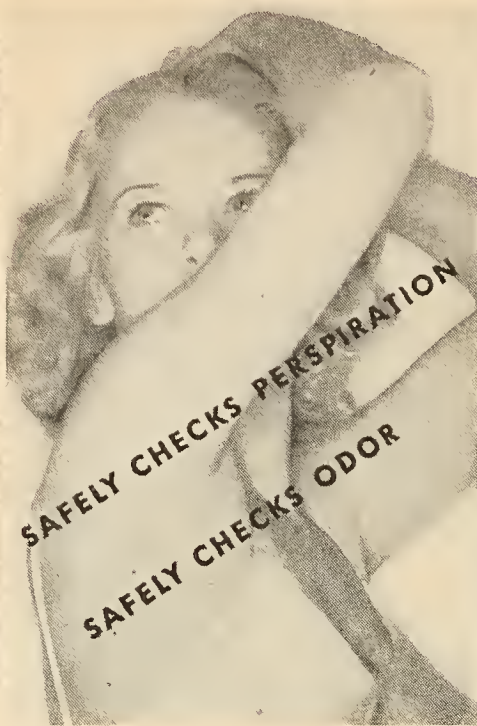
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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



BETWEEN



NONSPI CREAM

Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks both perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.
2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.
3. May be used directly after shaving.
4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.
5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. Also in liquid form.



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, Bellerose, 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', but the way I figger it, when a feller's dead set on gittin more'n his money's worth, he's apt to buy hisself some purty shoddy material. Movies is a lot like women, too, meanin' no disrespect. They're a blame sight more entertainin' 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 bearin's an' 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 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' heavin' 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."

Well, Monday rolls around. I call up my neighborhood theatre and inquire what's playing. A calm voice informs me, "Never Say Die." I stay home and listen to the radio. And what do I hear? Edward G. Robinson dying in the Lux Radio Theatre's "Bullets or Ballots." How do you like it?—Clayton Dein, Laurelton, N. Y.

\$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.

YOU 'N' ME

Frank and lively letters from eager fans! Have we heard from you lately?

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 dietitian 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 siren. 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 find ourselves 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 tidbits 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.

tures! That shows how starved we are for short features. So, please vary your bill of fare, Hollywood, or we may not even care for your meat courses after a while.—George Swanson, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 85)

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.

OUR PUZZLE PAGE

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."



"You played that scene marvelously, Miss La Due. I'm sure you'll steal the picture!"

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 her own. Used internally, Holly-Pax banishes pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't betray itself — even in a swim suit! Its comfort is amazing. 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, 10 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

20c for
package
of ten



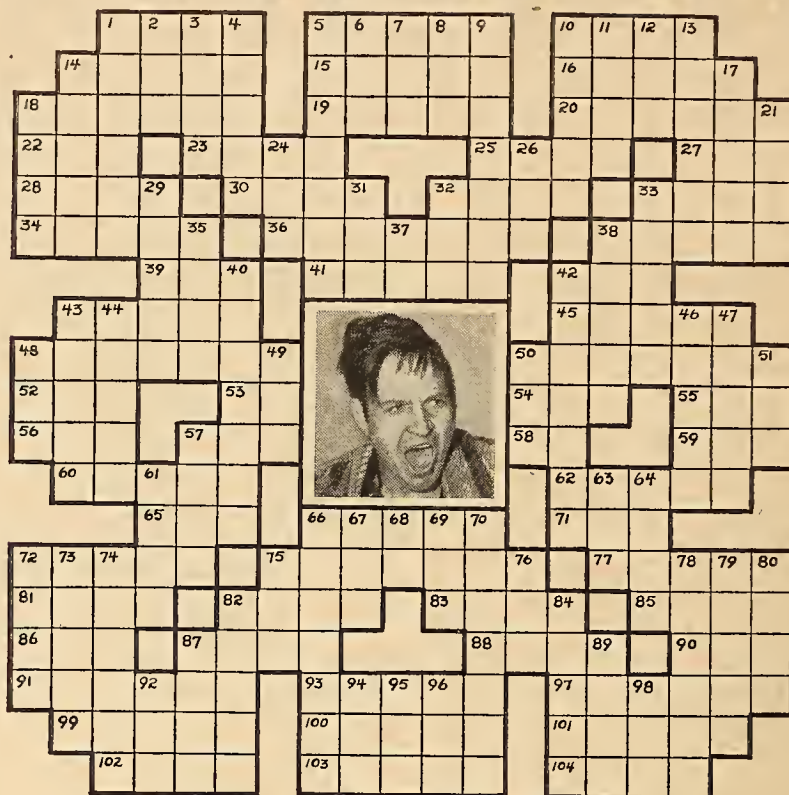
HOLLY-PAX Palms Station, Hollywood, California MM89

For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Puzzle Solution on Page 73

ACROSS

- 1 & 5. First and last name of our star
10. He first starred in "Tumbling Tumble ----s"
14. Dashing star of "Dodge City"
15. Reptile
16. Fans did this over 1 across
18. Star of "Torchy Runs for Mayor"
19. Wallace Beery's daughter
20. A screen Jewell
22. Beverage
23. 1 across wrote "You're the Only ----"
25. Girl in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"
27. Chinese pagoda
28. Part of a camera
30. Silkworm
32. Singer in "East Side of Heaven"
33. Male lead in "Winner Take All"
34. Merle Oberon starred in "Beloved ----"
36. Flee secretly
38. Wife of "King of the Turf"
39. Part of the head
41. Piecing out
42. He plays a "Man of Conquest"
43. Deanna sings this with ease
45. Warehouse
48. Mechanic in "Tail Spin"
50. Conflicted
52. Mineral
53. The D --- ne Quints
54. "--- for the Lamps of China"
55. Chic Johnson's partner in comedy
56. Dynamic Irish actor
57. Actor in "Beau Geste"
58. Our hero was in "Git Along Little D --- ies"
59. Our star is tops of the "Big ---" of Western stars
60. One of the "Three Smart Girls (who) Grow Up"
62. "Love, ----, and Oh, Baby"

65. Consume
66. Our star's famous horse
71. 1 across played "--- Man from Music Mountain"
72. Sherlock Holmes in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"
75. Heathcliffe in "Wuthering Heights"
77. Jo Ann ----s
81. Edges
82. "The Beloved ----" was Bonita Granville
83. Prohibitionists
85. Volume
86. Yalc
87. Plots of land
88. A bed of ore
90. Erik Rho ---
91. Glamorous Mexican star
93. Tyrone Power's mother
97. Male lead in "Fast and Loose"
99. Distributed
100. South African antelope
101. Girl's name
102. Affirmative votes
103. Our star was in "The Old Barn ----"
104. Motion picture stages

18. One of the "Four Daughters"
21. English songstress
24. S --- Haden
26. Conjunction
29. Blot
31. Inquire
32. --- ita Granville
33. State where 1 across was born
35. Warren Hymer's alma mater
37. 101: Roman numeral
38. Essential
40. Dependent
42. "Idiot's ----"
43. Character actress: ---- Padden
44. Island in the Mediterranean
46. Picture
47. Lamprey fisher
48. Dandy
49. Heroine in "Lucky Night"
50. Dove's cry
51. Lair
57. Genuine
61. Wreaths
63. Exclamations of delight
64. Trim
66. Grasped
67. Strike
68. Avoirdupois: abbr.
69. Center
70. Fill
72. Educated
73. Became ill
74. Our star's comic partner in every film
75. Worthless leaving
76. Cereal plant
78. 1 across does this on screen and radio
79. Polishing ingredient
80. Recline
82. Cowboy's foot gear
84. Father
87. Silent star: ---- Lee
89. City in Alaska
92. A Scottish Arctic explorer
94. Southern state: abbr.
95. Light brown
96. Including: abbr.
98. Tiny screen role

DOWN

1. Male lead in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"
2. Sea eagle
3. Bows
4. Fill with happiness
5. Set down
6. Southern comedienne
7. Sailor
8. What studio produced "The Story of Irene and Vernon Castle?"
9. Shouting
10. Twist
11. Comfort
12. Madge --- ns
13. One who is under obligation to another
14. Fem. lead in "The Lady's from Kentucky"
17. Opposite 1 across in "Prairie Moon"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

★★★ 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 poetess 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 Truex. 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 irrepressibly 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 sleuth 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 Jed Prouty 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 glamor 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)



"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 further 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 them-

selves. 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.

INFORMATION DESK

Send today for your chart of leading movie stars



LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"
 sits lightly—stays on smoothly!

Don't let a heavily overpowdered face spoil the soft charm of your appearance this summer. Make sure you use Luxor "Feather-cling"—the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly, won't cake or streak. Choice of 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, satiny foundation for a flattering "natural effect" make-up. 55c. Luxor Ltd., Chicago, Ill.

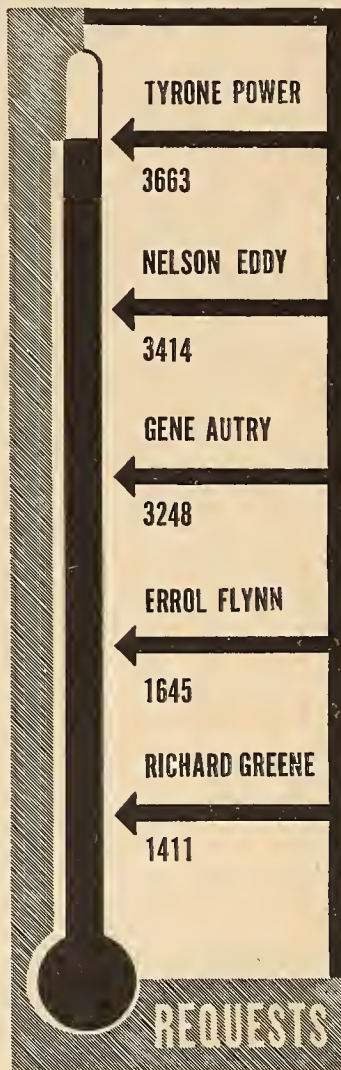


ROBERT DONAT: The story of Robert's rise to fame is one of the most amazing in the history of the theatre. Donat, the son of a shipper, was born in Withington, Manchester, England, on March 18th, 1905. He was born with the theatre instinct and began to show his ability at a very tender age. When he was a boy, he would go all about London and the suburbs giving recitations 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 principal role of the London hit, "The Sleeping Clergyman," when he received a cable from Edward Small, the producer, asking him to take the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo." Small had remembered his excellent performance as Thomas Culpepper 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 is 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 auburn hair. His favorite recreations are fencing and horseback riding. You can write him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., or at M-G-M's British Studios, Denham, England.



GREER GARSON: If you have seen "Goodbye Mr. Chips," you, like all 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—parsons, doctors, and church elders from way back—were not in sympathy with her ambition. They decided that she should teach school. Unwillingly she attended London 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." When she returned 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 "Golden Arrow." 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, titian-haired Greer is now at the M-G-M Studios in California awaiting her next 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 tap-natch movie stars with a thumb-nail description of each, is off the presses. Would you like to know all about your favorite stars, as to birthplaces, birthdates, 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 cash for some.



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, Illinois, and still calls

that state his home. All through high school and at Eureka College he won varsity letters in swimming, track, basketball and football, and thought for a time that he would like to be an athletic coach. He paid his tuition during these years by being a lifeguard at Rock River Beach in Dixon, Illinois. His record, which he kept by notching a log, showed that he saved seventy-seven lives. It was thinking about the ethics of an incident in a college game when by telling the truth he lost the game for Eureka that started him writing about sports. Later he was a sports columnist on a Des Moines, Iowa, newspaper. Next he became a radio commentator of sports events. 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 role being the part of Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End." He also joined the troupe of Johnson Players, a stock company, for one season. Oddly enough, however, it was his sports announcing which was directly responsible for bringing him to the movies. While he was covering the Chicago Cubs' spring training camp at Catalina Island, he was introduced to the Warner Bros. casting director by a friend. After a screen test, he was signed for "Love Is On the Air." Since his great hit in "Brother Rat," he has been one of the busiest young men in Hollywood. His latest appearances were in "Code of the Secret Service" and "Dark Victory" and his next will be in "Hell's Kitchen" and "The Angels Wash Their Faces." You can address him at Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Mrs. T. Jones, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Don Ameche played a taxi driver in "Midnight," an inventor 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, Calif.

Stefanie Barger, Indiana Harbor, Ind. The following movie stars are married to men who are not in pictures: Irene Dunne to Dr. Francis Griffin, dentist; Claudette Colbert to Dr. Joel Pressman, physician; Madeleine Carroll to Captain Philip Astley, of the British Army. Photographs of the aforementioned stars may be obtained by writing to Paramount Studios, and enclosing twenty-five cents for each.

Sue Ross, Wichita, Tex. 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 1906, when, acting upon the advice of an old Negro, he turned blackface comedian and singer. In 1928 he married Ruby Keeler and they later adopted a boy, Al Jolson, Jr., from The Cradle in Evanston, Ill. 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, Calif.

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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.

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'd graduated, she'd become so intrigued with 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 1933, 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 the 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. Her last picture was "Stagecoach." Address her at United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Irma Parker, Little Rock, Ark. Ricardo Cortez' real name is Jack Krantz. He was born in Vienna, September 19, 1899. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds, has black hair and brown eyes.

Frank Leow, Demerara, British Guinea. Errol Flynn was born in the north of Ireland on June 20, 1909. He was educated in Paris and London. His father was a professor of biology at Queen's University in Belfast, Ireland, and later at Cambridge in England. He has led an adventurous life, pearl-fishing in Tahiti, gold prospecting in New Guinea, and running a coast-wise freight schooner. He has traveled all over the world. His first movie part was in the English picture, "Mutiny 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. His 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 1928. He has ambitious tendencies, too, and has written several books, plays, short stories and even verse. He is an avid editorial reader, 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 weddings (except his own), but he does like thunder storms, and the sound of wind. His favorite diversion is sailing his yacht, Sirocco. 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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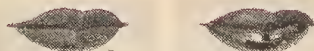
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SECOND FIDDLE

with

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MARY HEALY

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ALAN DINEHART

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

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"I Poured My Heart
Into A Song"

and the new ballroom
dance craze...

"Back To Back"



Sonja skating
her sensational
tango with a
partner for the
first time on the
screen!

Nancy KELLY





DON AMECHE



ANN SHERIDAN



ROBERT DONAT



GAIL PATRICK

NEW YORK Daily News, Danton Walker's column: "Cary Grant has applied for first citizenship papers, under his right name, Archibald Alexander Leach. Incidentally, Cary has switched his affections from Phyllis Brooks to Electra Waggoner, New York society gal."

Behind that item is the story of a man who was determined not to let Hollywood change him—a simple, outdoor-loving sort of guy who thought society was a lot of hokey, who came to Hollywood, succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, and was trapped by the very forces he hated.

The Cary Grant who drove out to Hollywood in a ramshackle jalopy which was almost falling apart is not the man whom Hollywood knows today. That young man laughed at social pretensions, had cockeyed ideas about clothes, and was intensely interested in doing a fine job of acting—his chosen career.

People who let success go to their heads horrified him. There was, for instance, the author he'd known in the days when he was a struggling young musical comedy actor on Broadway. They lunched together in cheap restaurants and talked of the days when they'd be famous.

"If the play I'm writing is a success," the author promised, "I'll write in a fat role for you in my next one."

Overnight, the struggling writer became a success, but he didn't write in a fat role for Cary Grant nor a thin one. In fact, he no longer paid the slightest attention to Cary, but began to hobnob with richer, more successful people.

"What a so-and-so he turned out to be," thought Grant bitterly. "All his success went right to his head." So he swore that if he were ever on top, it would never go to his head. Today Cary Grant is successful, and he and this very same author pal around in the same social set, and are the best of friends once more.

Which might mean many things. It might mean that Cary is a forgiving sort of fellow, not one to hold a grudge. Or it might mean that Cary's scale of values has changed, and that he has accepted the Hollywood credo that a success should mix only with other successes. I believe the latter is true. Yet when you know the whole story, you won't entirely blame Cary Grant for letting Hollywood change him.

When he was Archibald Leach, he had the sanest sense of values you ever came across. And I doubt if all the wealth in Hollywood could have changed him if a woman hadn't broken his heart, leaving behind her the devastation of ideals destroyed and values twisted beyond repair.

Up to the time he married Virginia

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

(Continued on page 74)

**He's become
social as a sort of
revenge, so Cary may
revert at any time**



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.

SHE COULDN'T AFFORD

But those days are over, for now Claudette Colbert gets what she wants



Norman Foster and Claudette in "The Barker," the stage play which brought her fame.



Jimmy Stewart and Claudette are together in "It's a Wonderful World."

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

A DATE

—when she wants it

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 hie 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)

BY NANETTE
KUTNER

Claudette Colbert has a strength and a poise and a will of her own—and you feel it every minute.





Cesar with Warner Baxter in "The Return of the Cisco Kid," and right, with Ann Sheridan, whom he says he won't marry.

Romantic ROMERO

BY ELISABETH BADGER

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 manna 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 seemly 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 at-

tracted 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 beaung all the glamor girls to places well within range of the candid camera's eye.

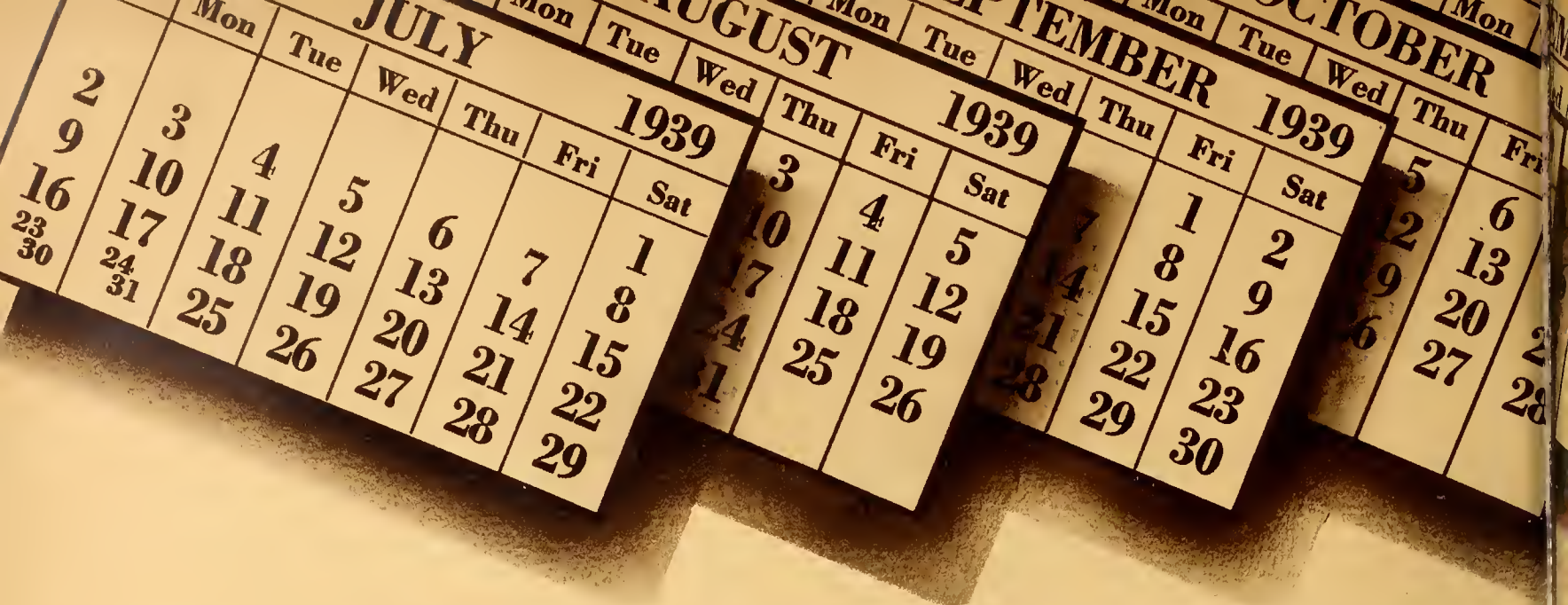
It was rather a strange set-up—young man with a relatively small salary and a minimum of fame, finding himself always in the thick of the most successful and celebrated. But that role was a familiar one to Cesar. His adult life had always been that way.

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 84*)



"IF I HAD SIX MONTHS

Bette Davis, who's played the role of a doomed girl, tells what she herself

BY GLADYS HALL

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 tensity 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 bean, 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 worth-while," 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.

NOVEMBER			DECEMBER		
Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					

TO LIVE"

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*)

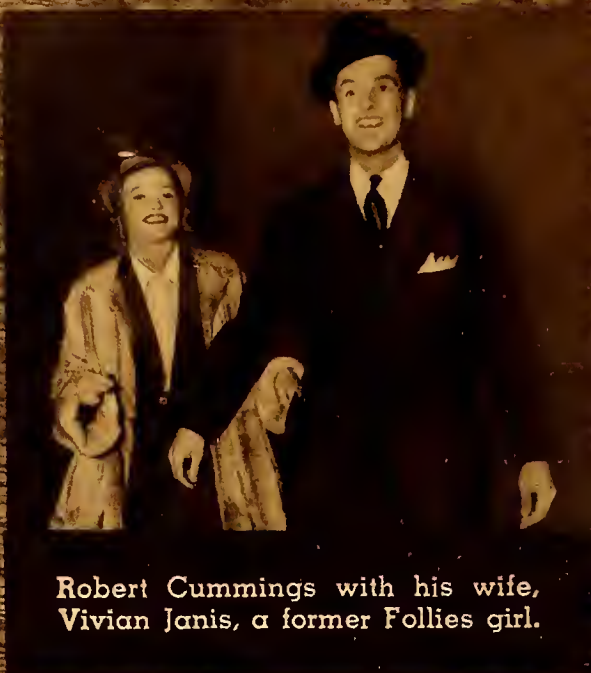


"I'd try to forget my death sentence with insane sedatives," confesses Bette Davis.



George Brent and Bette in "Dark Victory," which gave rise to the rumor of their romance.

THE *Play* DECEIVER



Robert Cummings with his wife, Vivian Janis, a former Follies girl.

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 wowed Hollywood 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 hoax. 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 doc-

tor'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 glamor of Jack Dempsey, Johnny Weissmuller and Lindbergh, as their respective vogues 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 KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Mr. C. surprised Hollywood, but what surprised Mr. C. was that he didn't wow them long ago. Creating sensations is his specialty!



Deanna Durbin and Bob in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up."

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 very 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)

TROUBLED TROUPE

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."

MERLE OBERON was in the wistful mood induced by leavetaking. "Wuthering Heights" having been duly previewed with Mrs. Roosevelt's personal blessing, and Irene having concocted for her a delicious wardrobe with which to astound the British public, Merle was about to return to London for the seven months required by her contract with Alexander Korda.

She sat in her drawing-room by the sea and sighed deeply at the prospect of leaving a town she really doesn't like very well. Looking out at the grey waves, she smiled wanly—that is, as wanly as is possible for such a radiantly pretty and buoyantly good-natured girl.

Sadly she spoke—as sadly as can be managed by one whose clipped diction gives a lively quality to her slightest word, and whose natural mirth is guaranteed to break through the most gloomy of moods.



"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 glamor 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)



'Twas Alexander Korda who called Merle Oberon back to England. And not just for that picture contract, either!

Right, Merle as Cathay and David Niven as Edgar Linton, two of the twisted lives in "Wuthering Heights."





HIS LET-DOWN'S LET UP

**but only after Bruce took all the
hurdles on the Hollywood track**

BY MARY MAYES

Though Bruce Cabot's gritty tenacity may seem to contradict his rolling stone youth, it has made him a versatile actor.

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 “grope” 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-running 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 roustabouting 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)

SWEET SIXTEEN



Mickey Rooney isn't wild, nor a practical joker.



Jackie Cooper's very smart and loves music.



Johnny Downs is considerate and good company.



BY ROBERT McILWAINE

Judy Garland figures that now is the time for boy friends and lots of fun

"I'm not in a hurry to grow up," says Judy. "After all, you've only eighteen years to have fun, so why rush it?"

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, veddy 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.





Jack Benny and Binnie divide fun and billing in "Man About Town," their latest musical.



Binnie moves in an atmosphere of breezy, offhand good humor. Nothing impresses her.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

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 temperament. 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 state 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 dilated 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)

Jimmy Stewart isn't as helpless as he looks. No, sir!

Alice Faye has the airs of the movie queen of parody.



ARE MOVIE STARS NICE ?

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

them 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

B Y M A R T H A K E R R



Norma Shearer's taste and manners offend certain movie folk.



George Raft knows too well what it is to be patronized.

here a few sidelights on a few of the people I have often been questioned about.

I once talked to a man who counted among his friends a number of the movie great. "But if I ever needed help, it's George Raft I'd go to. Not that the others would necessarily refuse it. But George is the only guy I know who'd pull out his check book and ask, 'How much?' As long as you were his friend, he'd figure that was the only question he had any business to ask."

If you know Raft, you also know Mack Gray, his sidekick, called "The Killer" because he looks frail enough to be toppled over by a summer breeze. They form a modern Damon-and-Pythias combination. They'll start a scrap over anything or nothing, and neither can get along without the other. "If I couldn't come home at three in the morning," says Raft, "and punch him in the stomach, and yell, 'You sleeping again?' I'd be lost."

There are times when he feels it his duty to encourage The Killer to "better himself" by accepting one of the jobs frequently offered him. "So they'd quit calling you my stooge," he adds, rubbing it in.

"Who called me your stooge? Leave me at him."

"Okay, okay, you can kill him *next* Wednesday. Anyhow, you'd make more dough."

"Did I ask for more dough? What you trying to do, run my life for me again?"

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 from it; it'd be an elemental satisfaction. I believe very strongly in such pleasure!" He stretched relaxingly.

"You are amazing," I interrupted. "You are supposed to be so arty, all temperamental moods and concise 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 rumba at the Troc."

He looked at me, plain exuberance in his brown eyes. "I could do a rumba, 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've 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 livings. 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."

B Y B E N
M A D D O X





**BY GEORGE
BENJAMIN**

Penny Singleton plays Blondie so well because, at heart, she is Blondie. Of course, though, there are those freckles!

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

PENNY WISE

**but not a bit foolish, Blondie, born a
brunette, evolved a golden career**

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 hooper 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 sun-tanned), 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 sun-tanned complexion. Summer shades are richer and darker.



Louise Campbell has the type of skin which tans easily and evenly.



BY CAROL

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

IF YOU DON'T TAN



If your skin has undertones of blues or whites, wear rouge in the violet-red range or else one of the cool, true reds.



Lipstick for you who don't tan should match the rouge suggested for skins with blue and white undertones.



Petal-pink and creamy powders look best on untanned skins, yet all summer make-up should have that warm look.



Marie Wilson has a thin, sensitive skin which should be protected.

CARTER

rect make-up for summer complexions

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)

BY FAITH SERVICE

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 bit startlingly. "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 exposés than Florence. As a child she was labelled The Question-Mark Girl, by one of

Florence Rice, fresh out of their class, frankly tells you all their secrets

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 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 darndest 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 nuttier than a fruit cake. It's hard to imagine this cuckoo comic as a responsible business man. 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 Newsettes. On the seventh day, he hangs out with Belle and Glorienne and Slug, 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 peep!"

BY ROBERT
EICHBERG

Lew drew this cartoon of himself especially for you Modern Screen readers.



**Our cameraman,
Jules Buck, goes
star gazing all
around Movietown**



Lynn Bari and hubby, Walter Kane, attend 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 Carlson 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 Hayes' 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.



Mary Pickford and Cesar Romero at a dinner party. Mr. R. looks pensive.



The Jack Bennys—she's Mary Livingstone—dine at Ruby Foo's.



Not the spirit of '76, but George Murphy telling Ann Sheridan a bit of news.



Mervyn LeRoy and Joan Bennett find themselves dinner partners.



Basil Rathbone with the newly-wed Douglas Fairbanks, Juniors.



Ronald Colman, Charles Boyer, Mrs. C. (Benita Hume) and Mrs. B. (Pat Paterson).



Open wide! And Fanny Brice gives Georgie Burns a great big bite.



Jon Hall, Humphrey Bogart, Mrs. B. and Jon's wife, Frances Langford.



Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney try to "figger it out" between courses.



Joe E. Brown and Gail Patrick oblige and smile for the birdie.



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.



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.

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.



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."



Happy 13th



Billy Mauch and Bonita Granville help Jane Withers celebrate her 13th.



Below, Marcia Mae Jones, Jackie Searl and June Carlson have fun, too.

Above, Jackie Searl, Cora Sue Collins, Bobby Breen with Jane Withers.

Jane, Bobs Watson, Freddie Bartholomew, Marcia Jones, Virginia Weidner.



Birthday



Above, Lionel Barrymore celebrates his 61st. Can you name all his pals?



Marjorie Weaver and Vic Orsatti watch Sonja Henie cut her birthday cake.

Below, Janet Chapman treats Miss Robson for it is her 75th birthday.



GOOD NEWS

LOIS SVENSRUD



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 shanghaied 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 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 bags, a Union soldier was at the wheel of his taxi and a cowboy registered him at the hotel. When he saw Jeanette she 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 broadcasts 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 "Fieldsie" who married Walter Lang 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 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



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 orbs. "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 ragged 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

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 moom 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 Lili Damita generally has at least two escorts in tow. She makes inquiries of the headwaiters 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.



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 Rains 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. co-ed who got the break of the season when Zanuck handed her the role of "Fern" 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.

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 moderne 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

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GOOD NEWS

LOIS SVENSRUD



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 shanghaied 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 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 bags, a Union soldier was at the wheel of his taxi and a cowboy registered him at the hotel. When he saw Jeanette she 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 broadcasts 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 "Fieldsie" who married Walter Lang 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 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



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 orbs. "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 ragged 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

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 moom 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 Lili Damita generally has at least two escorts in tow. She makes inquiries of the headwaiters 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.



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 Rains 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. co-ed who got the break of the season when Zanuck handed her the role of "Fern" 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.

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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?"

LATEST ON HUBBY

Following their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., left immediately for Catalina Islands, where the groom worked from dawn to midnight on a picture at location on the Islands. No sooner did they return to the mainland than he was launched into another picture. The new Mrs. Fairbanks was stopped on the boulevard one day by a re-



Speaking of dizzy 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-looker 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 Rocamora, 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.

ROMANTIC REBOUNDS

Reginald Gardiner 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 Wigton, dialogue girl for Howard Hawks 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 Q.T. 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 Anagram fiend 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 Fred 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 wreaked 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 cowl 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



Now that everyone else has gone natural, Martha Raye's a platinum blonde.

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 the scene to do a perfect take. "Guess I scared you when I mentioned working this afternoon, eh, Bob?" asked the director. "You sure did," agreed Taylor. And he rushed home to keep his afternoon date with Barbara Stanwyck—to drive to San Diego and get married.

COME NOW, PAT!

Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are still pretty coy around the lot and denying that they spend all their free time together. Other Monday Oren wandered over to Pat. They greeted each other casually and Oren said, "Sorry I wasn't able to see you this weekend. But I had to spend the last two days working here at the studio." The gag 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 wire. 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.

GRETA'S GREETERS

Only one who knew that Greta Garbo had arrived on the lot the first morning of shooting for "Ninotchka" was Beth Riley,

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 Cocoanut 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 hand during the performance. Then she refuses to work from a spot on the stage where 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 passage for a three-month South 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. "Wasn'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 fake 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 pekoe 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 "ie" maybe things will work out as perfectly as she predicted.

BOYER'S GRATEFUL

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.



If you have a cigarette, Rosalind Russell's ready with the light. How about it?



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 crabbing out loud, so with the splendid examples set for me, I'm going to do a little yelping myself. Don't think that I am the voice of some three hundred accredited writers that are listed in Mr. Will 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 journalist. That is, if we have souls. Sometimes you "Unapproachables" must wonder about that, after reading some of our unsolicited blurbs about you.

You see, 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 Etta'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 in ten years the news value of their names will be nil. Why can't you "Unapproachables" do the same?

You are Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, Margaret Sullavan 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 not 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 us), Garbo probably found she didn't like the routine.

ANOTHER EXPLANATION is that Garbo's "reign of silence" is studio-directed by the publicity department. Also her manager may have something to do with the Garbo edict. Whatever the reason behind the Swedish sphinx' silence, it has been a grand success. By lifting her little finger, she gets more publicity than a dozen talkative stars. Remember "Garbo Talks!" for her first talking film? "Garbo Smiles" was a slogan for another picture.

But I wonder if Garbo, herself, ever feels that she owes a duty to the men, women and children who patronize her films and have made her world fame and wealth possible. In her heart, she may feel fame has brought her only unhappiness. Intro-

AN OPEN LETTER

BY DOROTHY

SPENSLEY



Have you ever wondered why it's so difficult to get a story on Margaret Sullavan?



Fred Astaire's increasing sensitivity about publicity makes him hard to see.

Have stars like Garbo a right to their silences?

spection has always marked Garbo's personal life.

Fred Astaire seems to be another rare bird who can't stand public scrutiny. There are people like that. Fortunately, most of them select occupations that do not keep them in the limelight. It's too bad, if you are a genuine introvert, who shuns crowds and mass attention, that you choose the theatre to exploit your talents. It would be the world's loss if Fred Astaire's genius had been denied it, but it is certainly hard on Fred to have world attention riveted on him and his doings.

Astaire is one of those painstaking persons who must have everything just right. As it is with his dance routines, so it is with his press contacts. "It's not that he is afraid of being misquoted," his sister Adele (now Lady Charles Cavendish) told me. "Fred is afraid of having what he said sound like something he didn't mean when it comes out in print." The result is that writing an article on Fred Astaire is very painful business—for the writer. Some say his Park-Avenue wife is responsible for the ex-vaudeville hooper's increasing sensitivity about publicity. I don't know.

I do know that it worries his publicity department when an unauthorized Fred Astaire item, not very complimentary, slips into print. They know that as soon as Fred sees the paragraph, he will visit them, crest-fallen as a defeated dog, not saying a word about the offending notice, but radiating misery. Although the publicity department is not at all to blame, they feel like committing joint hara-kiri in an effort to dispel Fred's gloom. But Fred is a sensitive fellow. There's your answer.

KAY FRANCIS must be cut from the same cloth. She will see writers (you may have to wait months) and then refuses to talk on romance, her private life. She is so forthright and direct that you find yourself liking her, even if she promises to see you "next week" (she's fighting a raging headache which shortly sends her home with influenza). But "next week" never comes. The writer waits a month and a half, having waited several months for the first hurried ten minutes on the "Women in the Wind" set, and then tosses up the assignment.

In the case of Kay, she has absolutely no desire for publicity. Doesn't want it. Doesn't like it. In that circumstance, if it so revolts her, she should have remained as secretary to Mrs. Dwight Morrow. "Why can't you give ten years of your life to the public?" I asked her curiously when she flatly refused to discuss the likelihood of her marriage (it would have been her fifth union). "Certainly your profession is paying you dividends," I continued. "Why not set aside ten years for being interviewed, stared at, worshipped?"

"Money?" answered Kay, dodging my first question. "It's hard to put money away in this business, so that in your old age no one will be 'sorry' for you."

She's right. Film success entails big expenditures. Many have tried to live economically with it. Most have failed. They have to spend more than they want to. But, at best or worst, it's a luxurious life—while it lasts. You work hard, harder than as Mrs. Morrow's secretary, but with more physical comfort, greater prestige. My question to Kay, as it is to all the "Unapproachables," is "Why can't you, in return for your ease of living, give the cash customers a look-in at your life, your thoughts, your hopes?" It is small return for the material benefits you receive.

Francis may be bearing a soul-scar. Many say she is. At the time of her divorce from Actor Kenneth MacKenna, her most recent husband, the press rode her rough-shod. Later, they jumped onto her

(Continued on page 19)

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 beak of the studio gate-man when 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, roly-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 stake 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 moved 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.

bara.

In Detroit, tiring of constant surveillance, she slipped out one night and "dated" with a slick looking fellow who had been hanging around the stage door. He smelled vividly of eau de cologne and took her dancing to one of the smartest spots in town and tried to buy her champagne. Barbara did decline that. She was scared of Harry.

When she got home, Mr. Richman was waiting for her. He took the flat side of a hairbrush and, while her yells echoed through the hotel, applied it vigorously. Then he called long distance to New York and told the Peppers what he'd done.

There was no more dating. Furthermore, word went out from the "proper" sources to leave that Pepper kid alone. She was a nice kid—she was Dave Pepper's daughter, Dave of the Astor in New York.

All of this was Barbara's initiation, at the age of fifteen, into show business which, every trouper worth his salt knows, contains more phonies, more real guys, more honest-to-gosh people of every brand and variety than you'd meet in a million years at Fairfax Hall.

She became one of the White Way's best known show girls. She worked in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1932 and in two of George White's "Scandals." While with White, she was teamed with Harry Richman, played straight to Bert Lahr and Eugene and Willie Howard. When Eddie Cantor went to the West Coast for "Roman Scandals" with Sam Goldwyn, he suggested Barbara be included in the list of "most beautiful show girls in the world" to be used in the picture. She landed in Hollywood thus as a Goldwyn girl, but she was not destined to keep on in this capacity.

King Vidor saw her, decided she could do much more than merely decorate a picture, cast her in the second lead of "Our Daily Bread." Since then, she has had many roles. (Continued on page 83)

In the Social Whirl



Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.



Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.



Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

—IN THE

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 freshen 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 creaming."

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.



BUSINESS WORLD



Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps hooks. 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 TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CVH Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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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
PARKES

STARS WHO FAILED FIRST

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 to be our inclination, we'd choose for the subject matter that ole 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 snatched 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 just about 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.

**If they'd originally succeeded
they wouldn't be famous now**

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 handsome son in his advertising agency. Ralph's job was custodian of the files, not work calculated to court brain fag, 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 sight-seeing!" 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.



My, but she was a grand person! She said she used to suffer from chafing at "certain times" herself . . . until she discovered Modess. "You see," she said, "there are two types of napkins—*fluff-type* and *layer-type*. Modess is *fluff-type*." Then she cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see the fluffy, downy-soft filler.

"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)

STAR RECIPES

COOPER CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs

¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
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
1½ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk

8 marshmallows, cut in quarters
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. Add 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 ½ teaspoon vanilla or a few drops of oil of peppermint. Cool and spread on cake.

SPECIAL MEAT LOAF

1 pound ground smoked ham
1 pound ground lean pork
4 slices stale bread
½ cup milk
2 eggs, beaten
½ green pepper, chopped

½ cup chopped celery
1 small onion, minced fine
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ 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.

DEVEILED EGGS

6 hard cooked eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
a few grains cayenne

1 teaspoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
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 COFFOLATE

4 tablespoons ground decaffeinated coffee
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, cut in pieces
6 cloves
1 (4-inch) piece stick cinnamon

4 cups milk
2 teaspoons cornstarch
⅔ cup sugar
a few grains salt
½ 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.

*Last evening
I dined with
a Dentist*



HELPS KEEP
TEETH WHITE...



My hostess 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—aids 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!

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

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, care-free, 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 others 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'll 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 rush someone 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 anybody cheat you of what'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 feel-

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 deserts 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

3 for 25¢ Wherever finer soaps are sold

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

The Fragrance Men Love

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.





SURPRISE

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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!



Hash Deluxe

Use your regular hash recipe but add Franco-American Spaghetti to chopped meat instead of potatoes. The sauce gives a wonderful flavor.

Tuffy 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. 628
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

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 in the San Fernando Valley 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 appreciates a wife who can pack overnight.

"For instance, our trip to Europe last winter was all impulse. 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 one month, for that seemed a great 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 ask for and follow Bella's advice on every picture I act in, for I am positive she knows what is right for me as an actor. I have her sit on my sets, watch my every scene, and nod whether 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 was the one on which I waived having her help. She helped me immeasurably during the filming of "Juarez."

"I'd not have 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 wouldn't let me. Yet relying on her for my screen fortune is still following a hunch, you see."

IF YOU TAN

(Continued from page 45)

a true skin which contains the blood vessels, nerves, fat cells and color pigments which determine whether or not we can and should try to sun-tan—and how much. If the pigments in that layer of skin are even and uniformly distributed you will tan quickly and easily, evenly and safely. This applies to the great majority of dark-haired, dark-eyed people with their thicker, darker skins. Hedy Lamarr is an example of this type. So are Ann Rutherford, Dorothy Lamour, Gail Patrick and Louise Campbell.

THEN, there is the medium, brown-haired, light-eyed girl with skin also of medium color and thickness. She may or may not tan becomingly. And she may freckle too. So she must take her sun-bathing more warily, in smaller doses and with more precautions. Mary Brian, Lana Turner and Loretta Young belong in this group.

In another division are the blonde and red-headed girls who have light eyes, thin skins and very little pigmentation in that second layer of skin. These girls usually tan very little—sometimes not at all. They just burn and blister. They are the ones particularly who must guard their skins against permanent disfigurement from ill-advised over-exposure to sun. Marie Wilson, Alice Faye, Ginger Rogers, Anita Louise and Joan Blondell are this type.

Girls who are in this group needn't deny themselves the fun and benefits of outdoor play in the summer, though. They can wear just as attractive play clothes as their darker-skinned sisters—and just as few as the law allows. Only they should do most of their cavorting in the shade—that's all. They'll still reap the very important benefits of air and reflected sun-rays—they may even get a little tan from this reflected "skyshine."

You girls with undertones of browns and yellows in your skins, whether you are blondes, or brunettes, tan most quickly and easily—most safely and becomingly, too. It's the girls with skin undertones of blues and whites who have to watch out for burns, freckles, blotches and other ill effects from sun-tanning. Even with the most carefully laid out rules you must remember that every skin has its own individuality. Do a little intelligent experi-

menting on your own this summer. Watch your skin carefully for results, and you who don't seem to fit into any of the general classifications will discover ways of working out a very satisfactory sun program for yourselves.

No matter what your coloring is, when you go out at the beginning of the season, cover yourself generously with a good cream, oil or sun-tan lotion and expose yourself gradually, increasing, from about five minutes on each side the first day, to ten the second, fifteen the third—and so on indefinitely. You'll not only get a more even tan that way. You'll derive more good from the tan you get. The sun's ultra-violet rays, so good not only for your skin, but for nerves and digestion, for giving you extra energy to store up against next winter's ravages, even for sharpening and freshening your mental outlook—those ultra-violet rays can't get at you to work their summer magic if you burn and coarsen your skin at the very outset. You defeat the whole purpose of sun bathing that way. Give yourself a chance. After you get a coat of tan you can stay in the sun hour after hour. You'll be able to withstand much greater heat and cold, and you'll not only look but be healthier than your friends who avoid the sun. But in the beginning, go slow.

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 unattractive in the thin, delicate skin around your eyes.

These wonderful creams and lotions and sun-tan oils they're making today not only help you to tan evenly. They also help prevent your skin from drying, burning and becoming coarse and unfeminine. 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 exposed to 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 still want to look as 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 cosmeticians.

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



The wit, Charlie McCarthy, and his sidekick, Edgar Bergen, give you a cheerful "Hi!"

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-

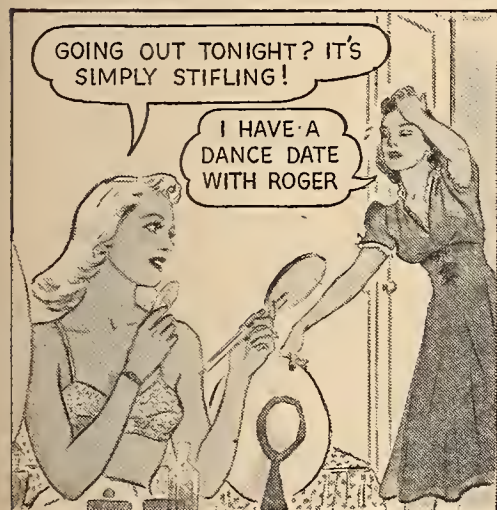
stick which is a boon at this time of year. It's such a treat to find one that will stay on through hot, sticky weather and while you're swimming or indulging in other strenuous sports. There are six shades to choose from and a rouge to match every shade. You will be glad to know about their face cream 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 will 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 bad taste for you. 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

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS IN HOT WEATHER



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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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*, smearproof.



BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let some smart salesperson switch you.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

- ☐ Peach (for all complexions) ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Tan

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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 grotesque.

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 expressive face.

Mascara for your lashes does much to deepen and add expression to small or light colored eyes. Follow the same color rule here as you use in applying brow pencil. Brush the excess mascara from your lashes and keep the color within the scale 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 liberties.

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 may not always be as exciting for the moment, but in the long run, it's ten times as much fun, and you don't miss anything while you're paying up for it, either.

HOLLYWOOD'S BACHELOR GIRLS

(Continued from page 46)

have a lot in common, but we never get together. And I'll be blamed if I know why!

"We have none of the camaraderie girls in practically every other walk of life have. There's none of the 'he sez to me' and 'I sez to him' confidences. I knew that Hedy and Gene Markey were married just when the public knew it. The girls knew that I was married only when it appeared in the papers. But as I scarcely knew it myself until then, that's not a fair example.

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, "I'm darn well going to find out why girls don't even 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 glamor-glazed eyes at Hollywood, a happy hunting ground, think they, where girls must have to dodge behind palm trees to escape Dan Cupid's quiver of arrows. The most glamorous men in the world are here—Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Charles Boyer. What more does a gal want?

But Floncy would remind you, what good do such as these do you? Feast for the eyes, famine for the heart, that's what you'd get from the likes of them. Married, all four of them. So it goes—scan 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?

"Let's get down to it," Florence said, "most girls don't want to marry actors anyway, even if they could. Not if they're right bright, they don't. But when you're in love you're not right bright, you know that very well, and that disposes of me! It's just like most actors not wanting to marry actresses. Wasn't it Brian Aherne (hold everything! Chalk up another bachelor on the board!) who said that he wouldn't say 'I do' to a contract, a make-up box and a permanent wave if he never said 'I do?' (My Mr. Wilcox started out in life with the same convictions, but poof to convictions, huh?). Girls feel ditto about actors. Too much grief in that arrangement, think we, while we are still thinking, too little stability, home life and peace of mind which are, presumably, the ends and aims of matrimony. Or am I being quaint?

THAT leaves us," said Floncy, "with directors and producers to fall in love with. Most of them are a bit too old for us 'kiddies.' And they're practically 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 take a husband away from his wife' look in their eyes, none that I've ever seen. Writers, now. I once had the notion that writers might be the solution. I gave this idea some serious consideration, then chucked it overboard. Maybe because I was raised with 'em and you never think of folks around the house as being exactly Gables.

But one thing I've been sure of from the start is that the b. g.'s only hope of a successful marriage in Hollywood is marriage with someone in the profession. After you've been out here for a time, after you get sort of house-broken to seeing the Taylors and the Gables

around, after you've rubbed elbows and sometimes noses with these men who are 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 butter your bread with butter, not with stardust.' 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 in the movies, a real man. 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 'ellishly 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 coupla Nelson Eddys 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 I should say if, they make 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 seas. 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 had 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 the search for places with atmosphere. One of the things that drew Robert and me together is that he, too, likes to haunt Olivera Street, Chinatown, places far off 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 tabus reared their admonishing heads, warning me, reminding me 'Don't marry an actor, remember what you have 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 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 any questions, I just answered 'em—at the altar.

"So 'cheerio' is what I say to the bachelor girls. And may you answer your problems at the only place they can be answered—the altar. For lo, Mickey Rooney is turned eighteen, Jackie Cooper is a big boy now, Freddie Bartholomew is growing up. Jimmy and Brian won't be the only eligibles for long. Things are looking up, girls!"

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THE NATURAL beauty and softness of your hair are *threatened* by summer weather — by the scorching sun; by hot, dry winds; by water when you go swimming, and by dirt, dust and grime soaking up excess perspiration. *They destroy hair beauty* — make it dry and dull — brittle and hard to manage.

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Mar-O-Oil forms no soapy lather, no sticky suds, and rinses away completely in rinsing water. *No gummy film to dim hair's natural beauty.* Hair is left gloriously clean and sparkling, soft and easy to manage!

Ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-O-Oil Shampoo now, or get a bottle at any drug, department or 10c store. Start today! You'll be thrilled at the new-found glory of your hair!

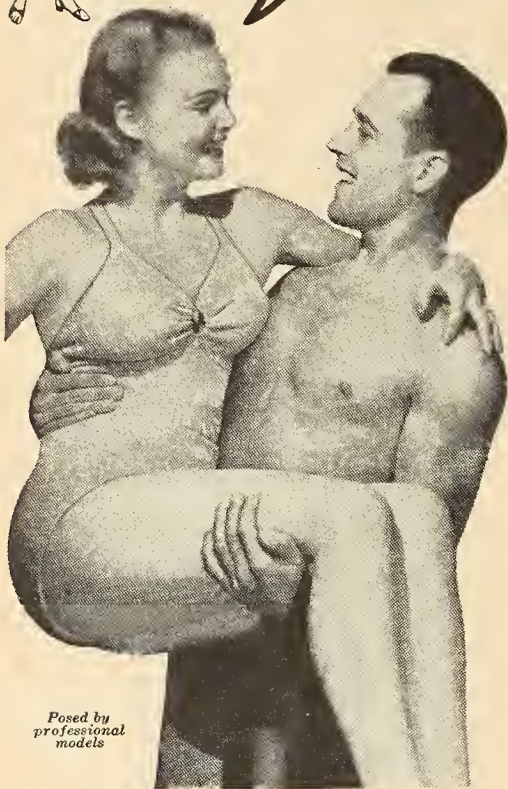
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OF SKINNY GIRLS
KNEW THIS SIMPLE
SECRET



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

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TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local paper for exact time and station.

ARE MOVIE STARS NICE?

(Continued from page 41)

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 Raft's lapses in grammar. It's true that she was married to Irving Thalberg, which made her an easy target for the shafts of malice. Lady Thalberg, the envious 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 has brought her privileges, it 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 guy would come around some time," said Cary Grant, after reading an article he fancied. "I'd like to thank him."

Miss Shearer doesn't wait for the guy to come around. Because she doesn't take praise for granted and has imagination enough to remember that others like it too, she takes the trouble 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 herself in dignity 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. But won't you come along? I'm sure she won't mind if I give you the story first. Besides, the children will be around. Maybe," she smiled, "they'll provide you with local color."

She was giving her first interviews after "Marie Antoinette," the first since the death of her husband. Three writers were scheduled to see her. They had all been warned by the studio to keep off the subject of Mr. Thalberg. One heeded the warning, two didn't. It had apparently been issued by the authorities without consulting 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 the others."

Bette Davis is the only other player I know whose sense of justice might have carried her to such lengths.

One who *does* put on the airs of the movie queen of parody is Alice Faye. In the phrase of the ten-twenty-thirties, she is more to be pitied, perhaps, than censured. You can't go Hollywood if you have a sense of perspective, a sense which Alice's background and experience have failed to supply. Dazzled by her place in the sun, she's blind to the fact that shadows lengthen and that dusk is bound to follow high noon. Or maybe she isn't. Maybe she's all too well 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 consented to attend a press

reception one mild spring day, she descended from her room on the floor above, hatless but magnificent in minks that suggested a polar expedition, yet seemed the only suitable attire for a star who had just achieved a spot among the first box-office ten. Besides, the best of hotels have been known to spring a draught.

Her progress can be 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.

The stars in their courses changed, and a second interview was arranged—not without difficulty. Alice was abstracted. Her mind was undoubtedly on her work, and it was irksome to be obliged to drag it down to the level of the trivia represented by her visitor. She smiled wanly. She said "yes" and "no" and "I don't 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 a greeting to slip from her tongue, 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 ears. I've simply got to protect him, even against my being disappointed in him."

I assured her he didn't need protection, that the better you knew, the better you liked him.

WELL, that's a relief. But he looks so helpless. What *can* I protect 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 the kind of roles he plays, partly by his physical makeup—eyes grave and wid spaced like a child's, long melancholy jaw, loose-jointed body, shoulders that hint at a stoop. "The poetic type, the dreamer," 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 there is no ludicrous side, he invents one to divert himself. He spent eight weeks in a hospital two years ago, seriously ill. He'd never been ill before, and he didn't like it. He preferred 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 values.

His other safeguard is a sound instinct about people. My young friend who yearned to protect him 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 a 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 so much hokey. A friend of mine married a girl who by all the rules should have been 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't all have her wit or spirit of good, clean fun. We must have 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 the 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 pleasanter 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.

Bella, his 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 Aire-dale, but Bella's love is the more realistic. As they stood at their door, speeding 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 spoke gently. "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.

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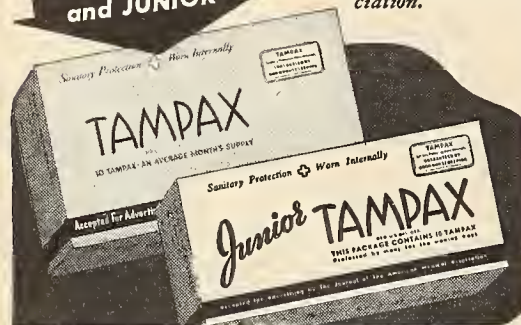
(Continued from page 39)

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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 \$6.95, 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 for 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. Well, I don'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 pilots. No, joking aside, Ray—" There was a long pause here while the other end of the phone talked earnestly.

YES, 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 sit with a panicky pain in 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, g'bye."

I offered to leave, but she wouldn't hear of it. "No, you pop me the questions and I'll answer 'em. Give me something else 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 co-starred with Warner Baxter in "He Married His Wife." "Well, there's nothing to that. They said, 'You've been free lancing for two years, we'll give you nice parts, why not come with us?' So I did. As for being starred, I don't want to be. The other way, I just went in and did as I was told, and the burden rested on everybody else's shoulders, and it was elegant for me. Now if the picture flops, it'll be my fault and before you know it, Binnie'll be out on her ear. But what can I do?" she shrugged. "Mr. Zanuck willed it so."

Her foot started tapping. "Excuse me just a minute." She picked up the phone. "Any answer on that Hollywood number? Mark it rush or something, will you? That's a good girl."

"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 wouldn't do to break in on, so look what happens. We've always done things together, ever since she could crawl—tennis, riding, skating and fishing. She reads all my scripts with me, she takes 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, 'Saw a woman named Binnie Barnes at 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 ever go into that."

"She has no desire, but none, to be an actress. No glamor in it for her. She knows you smear grease paint all over your face 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 subhuman, have your massage, crawl 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 about Wayne Morris' being 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 the stuff out of your 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 flowers, lots of flowers, so she'll feel 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 bunny or something, to make her laugh. You know the kind of thing. No, thirteen's not too old for a bunny, I like 'em myself—and a card with 'All my love and be a good girl for Binnie till Monday morning.' Will you do that for me? Thanks. Thanks for everything. I'll see you Monday. Good-bye."

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 for you, trying to get a story, do forgive me and I promise to keep my mind off Rosette for at least three minutes. What shall we talk about?"

I asked about her new house that I'd seen when it was still a welter of mortar and bricks.

OH, it's beautiful. At last I've got all the things I want all together—a tennis court, an old English garden with gravel paths and bird baths and a hedge around and an awning outside that we lunch under and a patio with a fish pond. I walk around and admire the fish. They talk to me, the silly things, but I'm just as bad, I talk right back. And we have a playroom outside with showers, so people can go straight there from the tennis courts and save trampling 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 a click or a maid, you hear this voice that scares the daylight out of you. Well, finally you recover your senses, and you say very quietly, 'I want to see Miss Barnes about a sweeper,' and out in the patio Miss Barnes says, 'Not today, thank you,' and you trudge off. Terribly sad for you, but nice for me. 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, but I know his dog, beautiful setter. He barks at me when I play tennis, and I throw him balls to shut him up."

"Then there's my four-poster. All my life I've never had a bed that was big enough. No, I don't toss. I don't even budge. I lie down, fall asleep and wake up all in the same spot like a well-behaved corpse. But I'm five feet seven and I feel even taller than I look. A normal bed gives me claustrophobia. Rosette's, for in-

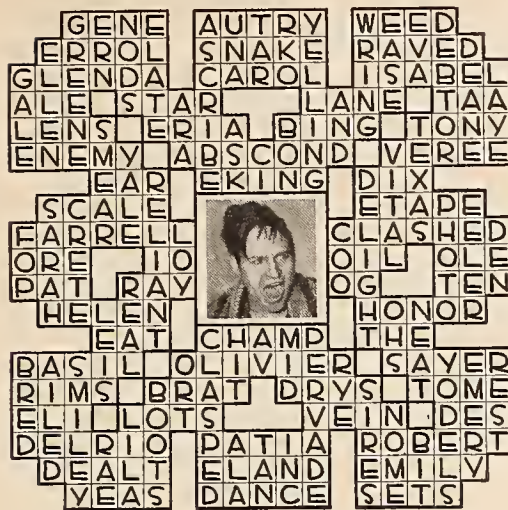
stance. Of course, she's got two, maybe that makes a difference, though I don't see how it could, she never sleeps in more than one at a time. The other's for when she has children staying with her. I wonder if they'll go to see her at the hospital. That gives me an idea. Do you mind?"

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 obviously 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?"

Solution to Puzzle on page 14



Since it was clear that all roads would lead to Rosette, I told her we'd left off there.

"Did we really?" she said absently. "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 loves 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.

"Frogs' 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."

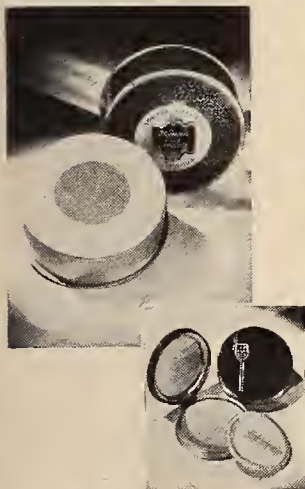
A small arm stole round her neck. "Thanks, Binnie."

"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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Creamy	<input type="checkbox"/> Green	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Medium	<input type="checkbox"/> Hazel	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Ruddy	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Sallow	<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Freckled	<input type="checkbox"/> LASHES (Color)	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Olive	<input type="checkbox"/> Freckled	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
SKIN	<input type="checkbox"/> Dry	<input type="checkbox"/> Oily	<input type="checkbox"/> Normal
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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 safari car. He hated everything that was cheap and flashy.

CARY had been living the life of a happy bachelor for quite 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 Rhineland Stewart, the socialite.

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 know them best 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 phobia—the fear of being poor again—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, for 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 quarreling. 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 would hate it, for I want peace and quiet. But Cary thrives on arguments. Though he and Virginia have their tiffs, 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 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 premiere 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, snubbing the woman he had loved.

INDIFFERENCE? Perhaps that was what Cary wanted Virginia to think—that he was so indifferent he wouldn't speak. 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 to Virginia 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 ease. 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 been married to Virginia, her standards had seemed false to him. He had felt that she cared too much for money and the things it 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?

And slowly, subtly, Cary began to change. Perhaps subconsciously he wanted to prove to a woman who no longer cared that if she had only waited, he might have been able to give her everything.

He began to play the social game a little. He stepped out with the Countess de Maigret—a beautiful blonde—and other social buds. The Countess di Frasso introduced him to producers and directors

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 Grant 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



Fay Wray makes a mighty attractive gardener. She is working for Monogram now.

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 Jock 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 in for 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 it 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 flub-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—because Archibald Leach never wanted social success. He was merely seeking for happiness.

Which Movie Stars REALLY Have Beautiful Bodies?

Some of this beauty business is done with mirrors—angles—shadows—on the screen. Who are the stars with the most terrific figures—really? At last the make-believe is torn away and the truth is told about glamorous curves and sylph-like lines. August SCREEN GUIDE frankly shows them—authentically lists them! Who's left out?

August SCREEN GUIDE scoops again with "How Bob Taylor Makes Love to Hedy Lamar", "Ginger Rogers' Secret Trips", "Inside Story of Hollywood Night Clubs"—in full color. "Scandals That Upset Hollywood", "Why Movie Stars Are Not Perfect."

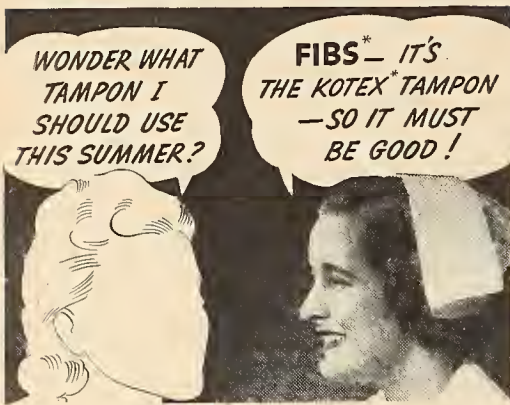
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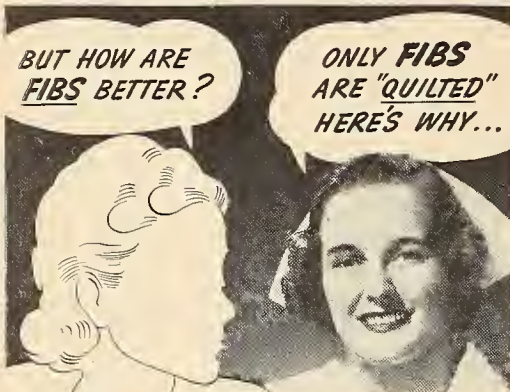
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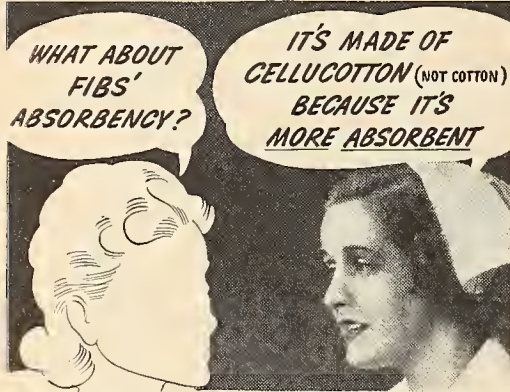
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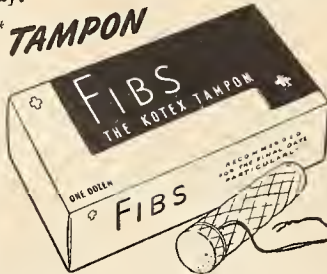


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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (M-G-M).....	3½★
Adventures of Jane Arden (Warners).....	2½★
Ambush (Paramount).....	2★
Arizona Wildcat (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Artists and Models Abroad (Paramount).....	2★
Back Door to Heaven (Paramount).....	2½★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower Picture).....	3½★
Beauty For the Asking (RKO).....	2½★
Big Town Czar (Universal).....	2★
Blackwell's Island (Warners).....	3★
Blind Alley (Columbia).....	3★
Blondie Meets the Boss (Columbia).....	2½★
*Boy Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Boys' Reformatory (Monogram).....	2★
Boy Slaves (RKO).....	3★
Boy Trouble (Paramount).....	2★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M).....	2★
Broadway Serenade (M-G-M).....	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police (Paramount).....	2½★
Burn-'Em-Up O'Connor (M-G-M).....	2★
Cafe Society (Paramount).....	3½★
California Frontier (Columbia).....	2½★
Calling Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	3★
Captain Fury (United Artists).....	2½★
Charlie Chan in Honolulu (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Chasing Danger (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Christmas Carol, A (M-G-M).....	4★
Comet Over Broadway (Warners).....	2★
Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Warners).....	3★
Dark Victory (Warners).....	4★
Dawn Patrol (Warners).....	3★
Disbarred (Paramount).....	2½★
Dodge City (Warners).....	3★
Dramatic School (M-G-M).....	3★
Duke of West Point (United Artists).....	3★
East Side of Heaven (Universal).....	3★
Everybody's Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Ex-Champ (Universal).....	2★
Family Next Door, The (Universal).....	2★
Fast and Loose (M-G-M).....	3★
Federal Man Hunt (Republic).....	2½★
Fisherman's Wharf (RKO).....	2★
Fixer Dugan (RKO).....	2★
Flirting With Fate (M-G-M).....	2½★
Flying Irishman, The (RKO).....	2½★
Forged Passport (Republic).....	2½★
Four Girls in White (M-G-M).....	2½★
Frontiersman (Paramount).....	2½★
Gambling Ship (Universal).....	2★
Girl Downstairs, The (M-G-M).....	2★
Going Places (Warners).....	2½★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M).....	4★
Gorilla, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
*Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramount).....	3★
Great Man Votes, The (RKO).....	3★
Gunga Din (RKO).....	3½★
Hardys Ride High, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Heart of the North (Warners).....	2½★
Homicide Bureau (Columbia).....	2★
Honolulu (M-G-M).....	2½★
Hotel Imperial (Paramount).....	2★
Hound of the Baskervilles (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Ice Follies of 1939 (M-G-M).....	2½★
Idiot's Delight (M-G-M).....	4★
I'm From Missouri (Paramount).....	3★
Inside Story (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
*Invitation to Happiness (Paramount).....	3★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M).....	3★
Jesse James (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Juarez (Warners).....	3★
Kentucky (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Kid From Kokomo (Warners).....	2★
*Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M).....	2★
King of Chinatown (Paramount).....	2½★
King of the Turf (United Artists).....	2★
King of the Underworld (Warners).....	2★
Lady and the Mob, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Lady's From Kentucky, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Lady Vanishes, The (Alfred Hitchcock).....	4★
Last Warning, The (Universal).....	2½★
Let Freedom Ring (M-G-M).....	3★
Let Us Live (Columbia).....	3★
Little Orphan Annie (Paramount).....	2★
Little Princess, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Lone Wolf Spy Hunt (Columbia).....	2½★
Long Shot, The (Grand National).....	2½★

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Love Affair (RKO).....	3½★
Lucky Night (M-G-M).....	2½★
Made For Each Other (United Artists).....	3★
Man of Conquest (Republic).....	3★
Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
*Mikado, The (Universal).....	3★
Mr. Moto in Danger Island (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Mr. Moto's Last Warning (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
My Son Is a Criminal (Columbia).....	2½★
Mystery of Mr. Wong (Monogram).....	2½★
Mystery of the White Room (Universal).....	2★
Mystery Plane (Monogram).....	2★
Nancy Drew—Reporter (Warners).....	2½★
Never Say Die (Paramount).....	2★
Newsboy's Home (Universal).....	2★
Next Time I Marry (RKO).....	2½★
North of Shanghai (Columbia).....	2★
Off the Record (Warners).....	2½★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
One-Third of a Nation (Paramount).....	2½★
Only Angels Have Wings (Columbia).....	3★
On Trial (Warners).....	2½★
Pacific Liner (RKO).....	3★
*Panama Lady (RKO).....	1★
Paris Honeymoon (Paramount).....	2★
Persons in Hiding (Paramount).....	2½★
Pride of the Navy (Republic).....	2★
Prison Without Bars (United Artists).....	2½★
Pysmalion (Pascal).....	3½★
Return of the Cisco Kid, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Ride a Crooked Mile (Paramount).....	2★
Risky Business (Universal).....	2★
Road Demon (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Romance of the Redwoods (Columbia).....	2★
Rose of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Saint Strikes Back, The (RKO).....	2½★
Secrets of a Nurse (Universal).....	2½★
Secret Service of the Air (Warners).....	2½★
Sergeant Madden (M-G-M).....	2½★
Smashing the Spy Ring (Columbia).....	2½★
Smiling Along (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Society Lawyer (M-G-M).....	2½★
Some Like It Hot (Paramount).....	2★
Son of Frankenstein (Universal).....	2★
Sorority House (RKO).....	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	2½★
Stand Up and Fight (M-G-M).....	2½★
Star Reporter (Monogram).....	2★
St. Louis Blues (Paramount).....	2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists).....	4★
Story of Alexander Bell (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The (RKO).....	3½★
Strange Case of Dr. Meade, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Streets of New York (Monogram).....	2★
Sudden Money (Paramount).....	2★
Sweepstakes Winner (Warners).....	2★
Sweethearts (M-G-M).....	4★
Swing, Sister, Swing (Universal).....	2★
Tail Spin (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Thanks For Everything (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
There's That Woman Again (Columbia).....	2½★
They Made Her a Spy (RKO).....	2★
They Made Me a Criminal (Warners).....	3★
Three Musketeers, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	3★
Topper Takes a Trip (Hal Roach).....	3★
Torchy Blane in Chinatown (Warners).....	2½★
Torch Runs for Mayor (Warners).....	2½★
Tough Kid (Monogram).....	2★
Trade Winds (Walter Wanger).....	3★
Twelve Crowded Hours (RKO).....	3★
Undercover Agent (Monogram).....	2★
Union Pacific (Paramount).....	3½★
Up the River (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
While New York Sleeps (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Wife, Husband and Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Wings of the Navy (Warners).....	3★
Winner Take All (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Within the Law (M-G-M).....	2★
Woman Doctor (Republic).....	2½★
Women in the Wind (Warners).....	2★
Wuthering Heights (United Artists).....	4★
Yes, My Darling Daughter (Warners).....	2★
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (Universal).....	3★
You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners).....	2½★
Zaza (Paramount).....	3★
Zenobia (United Artists).....	2★

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. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

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"IF I HAD SIX MONTHS TO LIVE"

(Continued from page 31)

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"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, that I think 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 guts 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."

"Why would you tell her, then?"

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, some other doctor I might have called, some other cure we might have tried.' And this would be true of anyone, I think. They would go forever lamenting, 'Oh, why didn't she tell me!' So, I would tell my mother in order to spare her this brand of regret.

"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 would only give me another chance. I swore that never again would I be fool enough to give myself the slightest trifle 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 eats on the arm of your chair—and very glad we were to 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 sniffled, '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."



John Garfield caught between bites during a summer afternoon siesta. You will see John next in "Daughters Courageous."

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ATLANTIC CITY

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AN OPEN LETTER

(Continued from page 59)

about "ejecting" a news photographer from one of her swank parties at the Vendome Cafe. 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 surge around 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 Sullavan thinks interviews are "silly." Well, maybe, but there's a big demand for them. So now her studio gloomily sends out articles, without her bothering about them, that start "There is no one in Hollywood harder to know than Margaret Sullavan . . ." They discourage attempts to reach her. "We can't even get to her on the 'phone," they add, plaintively.

The Norfolk girl, whose exceptional acting talent has 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 give them two hours of 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 when an editor asks me to write a story on Kay Francis or Margaret Sullavan. 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 met their first efforts. Failure is just as often a blessing in disguise as anything else. Remember, if Clark Gable had been 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 work 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!

I WISH I COULD TELL MY DOCTOR



THE SECRET SUFFERING OF MILLIONS — MEN AS WELL AS WOMEN!

There is no affliction more common or distressing than simple Piles.

About 75% of the people, it is said, suffer from simple Piles. The trouble is embarrassing. It is wearing. It tells on your health, on your looks.

A TABOO SUBJECT

On account of the delicacy of the subject, many people hesitate to seek treatment. Yet, there is no ailment more in need of attention.

Any person who has any signs of simple Piles should do something about it at once.

One of the very best things you can do to relieve the distress of simple Piles is to use Pazo. Pazo almost instantly relieves the itching and pain. Its very touch is comforting.

TRIPLE ACTION

Pazo is effective because it does three things.

First, it soothes the sore and inflamed parts and relieves the pain and the itching.

Second, it lubricates the dried and hardened parts and keeps them soft and comfortable.

Third, it tends to reduce the swollen parts and helps check bleeding.

This triple action gives real results.

Pazo comes in tubes, with small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This little Pile Pipe makes it easy to apply the medicine high up and within the rectum.

(For those who prefer, Pazo also comes in suppository form.)

AT OUR EXPENSE!

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a liberal trial tube is yours for the asking. Just mail a postcard or the coupon below. Use Pazo according to directions. If you do not get the relief you seek from Pazo in a week's time, consult your doctor.

Write today for the free tube of Pazo.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.

Dept. 117-MO, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

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This offer is good only in U. S.

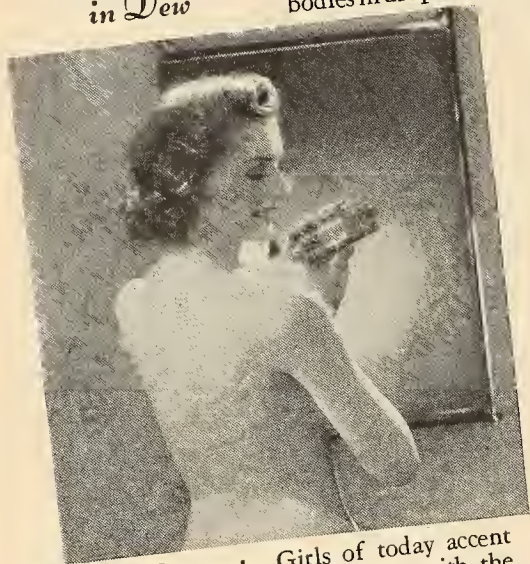
FREE!

Strange BEAUTY CUSTOMS



Greek Maidens
Bathed
in Dew

To make themselves more fascinating girls and women of ancient Greece rose before the sun and bathed their bodies in drops of dew.



Modern Maids
Use
DJER-KISS

Girls of today accent their charm with the magic, exciting fragrance of Djer-Kiss talc...for rare loveliness and allure.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin...you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc today!

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Imported talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.



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"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 low spirits. They manage to talk the park cop into staking 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 to hold interest. 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.*

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Mellerdrummer, 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 are they 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 forced to work 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 could be expected in such a role, but Buck Jones needn't lose any sleep over this actor stealing his thunder. Paul Lukas, John Garradine, Douglas Dumbrille, Virginia Field and Margaret Roach are others in the cast who are convincing. 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.*

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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 allotted Krupa. So will the 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 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, Cupid 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 strike a single serious note.

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 presented 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, 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 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.*

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PENNY WISE

(Continued from page 43)

It was a scream! So in I went to Shubert.

"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 coolly informed him I only wished his attention for a few minutes. In return, I'd save his present musical. He laughed and said, 'Shoot the works, kid, I'm all 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. If it went over it was 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 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 a life-saver for the show. It was one of those dumb blonde things where I talk like mad, making one grammatical error after another."

From this auspicious beginning, Penny—Dorothy McNulty, that is—launched 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 door. "Frankly," Penny said, "I was awful!" Undaunted, she continued to work and job upon job followed until that eventful stock engagement, when she was summoned by a movie 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 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. Stromberg so please forget the specs.' In my confusion and excitement I suddenly found myself in front of the producer and had completely forgotten to remove the specs! He gave one look and said, 'I'm afraid you're not the type. I 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 more test after so many 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

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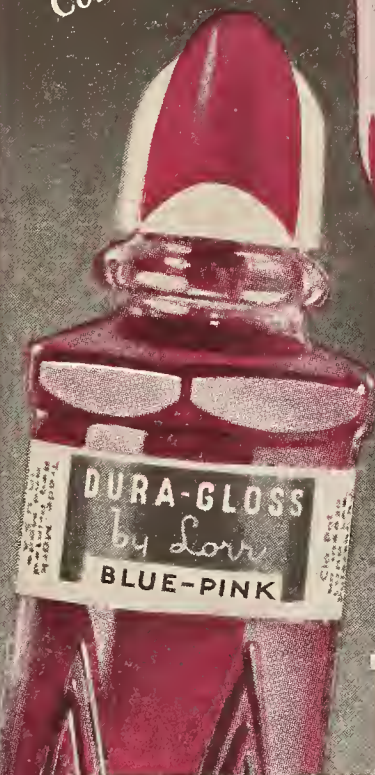
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Choose Your COLOR

by the

"FINGERNAIL"... the new way
to buy Nail PolishThis Patented Cap
Shows Actual
Color You'll Get

10c

How will the color look on **your own nails**? That's always been 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 polishes! Dura-Gloss "goes on" smoothly, dries **fast** and wears amazingly well. Also a 25c Professional package.

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LABORATORIES
PATERSON, N. J.

Strange BEAUTY CUSTOMS



Greek Maidens
Bathed
in Dew

To make themselves more fascinating girls and women of ancient Greece rose before the sun and bathed their bodies in drops of dew.



Modern Maids
Use
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Girls of today accent their charm with the magic, exciting fragrance of Djer-Kiss talc...for rare loveliness and allure.

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... the new way
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This Patented Cap
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DURA-GLOSS
Lorr LABORATORIES
PATERSON, N. J.

SO HELP ME—NOT A SINGLE FLEA!



It was "Old Home Week" for fleas on my hide till the Master got wise. "Say," he says, "do you know fleas can cause serious troubles?" "You should tell me," I says under my breath.



Well, he brings on 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!



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HOW LEW GOT THAT WAY

(Continued from page 47)

down to see Mack," Lehr says, "and finally convinced him I had lots of experience and he gave me the job."

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 Leonhardt, who was Bo-Peep. Lew, then eighteen, couldn't take his eyes off her for four whole years. 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 infantry, but he wouldn't change. 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, had 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, "Lehr & Belle," was born.

They worked 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 stars as Vivienne Segal, Bea Lillie, Bert Lahr and Georgie Price. Then came the break for which Uncle Charlie had unwittingly prepared him so many years before. He met Johnny Walker, who was looking for a man to write and handle comment for a series of old films, to be called "Looking Back."

Lew and Johnny teamed up. The result was those two great comedy series "Do You Remember" and "Great Hokum Mystery." Frank Kirby, the original Thomas Edison cameraman, had an option on 1100 reels of the great inventor's early dramas, and when Truman H. Talley, of Fox Movietone News, saw a musical show in which Don Barclay talked back to an old Chaplin film, Talley got an idea.

He went to George Lane and spoke to him about a series of shorts, using a similar idea. Lane said, "I've got it!" and showed Talley "The Great Train Robbery" 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 Lehr. Soon Kirby's films and Lehr's comedy were featured by Talley's Movietone News. Remember "Adventures of a Newsreel Cameraman" and the "Tintype" series? They were big successes.

In a little while Lew was doing serious business. He was editing short subjects, such as "Magic Carpets" and others for Movietone. Then Talley, a veteran newspaper man, got another bright idea. Newspapers had their comic sections. Why shouldn't newsreels do the same? Unable to think of an answer to that one, he started Newsettes—a minute of comedy out of the ten minutes a newsreel runs. Lehr got the assignment.

Lew played the first ones in straight voice. He had never used dialect throughout his long theatrical career. But one day along came a shot of a motormen's school in Berlin, with a luxuriantly mous-

tachioed fellow standing up at a trolley car control board nailed to a wall.

It struck Lew as being so ridiculous that he couldn't help putting on the nearest possible approach to a German comedy dialect to kid it. The dialect was a combination of what he subconsciously remembered of Mack's impersonations, some lingo he heard from a Pennsylvania Dutchman on whose farm he stayed one summer, and a few ideas of his own. He gave it a try and audiences liked it. So, with but a few exceptions, he's stuck to dialect ever since.

He 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 a problem as costumes. He haunts the costumers' shops in a desperate effort to find something new. Now he's driven to combining 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 Newsette placed on his desk. The analysis 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 screen, read his lines, and work the button that signals the sound effects man. Yeah, there's nothing to it!

He got his nickname, Dribble-Puss, from a walrus. The walrus on the film was taking mouthfuls of water and spraying it over the bystanders, so Lew said, "Ach, hello dere, Dribble-Puss!" The name has followed Lehr ever since, though the walrus is forgotten.

His slogan—"Monkeys iss the kwaziest people!"—originated much in the same 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 material for every picture. "You can't keep on repeating the same jokes and gags," he says. "If you do, the audience learns them and pretty soon they can take your place. When they can do that—they don't need you any longer."

THAT his system is successful is proven by the size of his audience—10,000 theatres in the United States—theatres in every English-speaking country in the world, and a nationwide radio network, with Ben Bernie. On the air he sticks to one dialect, which has made a large number of the unenlightened think that's the only one he does. But in the films he uses Greek, Cockney, Chinese, rube or whatever strikes him as most appropriate. Oddly enough, he used the cockney for years before ever having been 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 he didn't even wait to make a scheduled television broadcast.

His average working day is twelve hours. On his spare time he likes to play golf, draw or paint. Though he began his career as a chalk-talk entertainer, drawing cartoons while he hung upside down

from a trapeze, he had never made a cartoon of himself until he was persuaded to turn out one especially for the readers of this magazine. He doesn't go for pets, he says, because he considers Butch and Chuck and Slug more as friends than as the canary 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, Glorienne, 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 Glorienne want is Constitutional 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, because 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 Game" 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 kept trying to be sophisticated. "Winterset" saw her as a poor girl of the New York slums with an awful brown coat, 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 squawks, always gets her contract renewed 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 backless satin crepe, pert 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 decollete appearance attracted more attention than Barbara enjoyed 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. She 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 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 fine trip. They appreciated them. I doubt very much if she broke down and told all to her agent.

What steps they'll 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 her to be 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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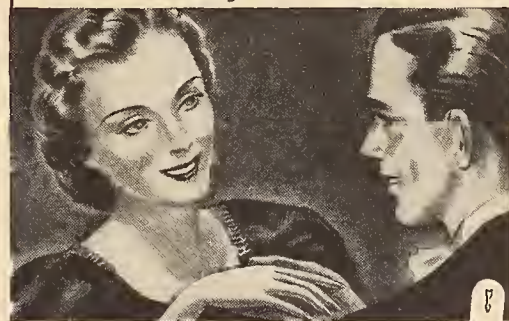
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ROMANTIC ROMERO

(Continued from page 29)



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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 glamor girls in those matters, too, for though Cesar still takes out girls whose expensive whims are 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 valuables shackled to his wrist. This being handcuffed to a mail-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 itched to go on the stage and urged 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. So was the audience. The act lasted exactly one night. But Cesar now 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. He was featured at all the smartest night spots, among them the famous old Montmartre—which is where producer Brock Pemberton saw him and gave him the lead in the road company of "Strictly Dishonorable."

That tour was Romero's start as a

legitimate actor. Shows on Broadway followed, and then M-G-M's screen test which brought him to Hollywood and a long series of villainous roles.

Cesar's swarthy coloring, and particularly the bony structure of his face, give it a sinister cast, but when you look closely you see that his eyes are kind; his mouth, gentle. On the day I talked to him he looked positively spiritual, because he was wearing a beard. It was grown for his role as a dirty but benevolent Mexican in "Cisco Kid," but seen without the serape and sombrero, it made him look as if he might perform miracles.

The tragedy is that no one will cast Cesar in the kind of role his sympathetic personality deserves. Even at Fox, where he is now under contract, more often than not he gets parts that don't do his popularity any good. But the protests are mine, not his. Cesar doesn't feel sorry for himself at all.

"I'm grateful to be earning enough to take care of my family," he said, "so my father has no more worries. They are all out here now—my mother and father, two sisters and a brother. They don't live with me. Oh, no!" He shook his head with a laugh. "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 well. But they won't 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 the sort of thing that can happen to a man when his bony structure is against him.

TROUBLED TROUPER

(Continued from page 35)

"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 forgiven 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 equable disposition and ready laughter, Merle 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 stars is over. You only find a few who still behave badly."

"But nothing makes me madder than to have people 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 crag 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 can imagine how confusing it 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.

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BETWEEN YOU'N'ME

(Continued from page 13)

\$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 Cahoon, Geneseo, 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.



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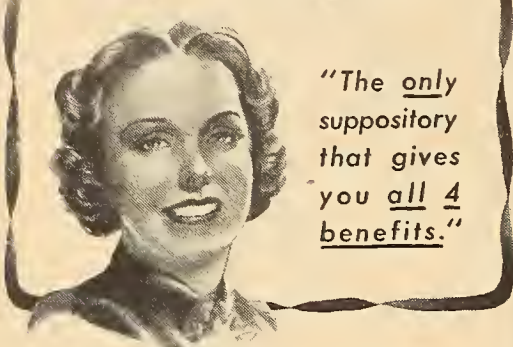
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He imagines himself as the screen hero. He forgets his surroundings and pictures himself as a gallant knight living several centuries ago. Instead of a poor laborer earning fifteen dollars a week, he becomes a millionaire with countless servants to 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

and patched clothes finds warmth and comfort. His eyes are bright with admiration as he sees Emile Zola or Louis Pasteur portrayed on the screen. Perhaps, this will give him courage and inspiration.

The picture is over. The laborer, the scrub-woman and the little boot-black leave the theatre. Reality has returned. The peddlers sell their wares and the stale odor of garbage fills the warm, summer air, but these three are happy. They escaped from life, if only for a brief moment!—B. Hochstadt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SHE COULDN'T AFFORD A DATE

(Continued from page 27)

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 too red.

"I manicure them myself," said Claudette Colbert.

"What, you!"

"Yes, me. 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 fingers."

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 low table in front of the sofa.

WITHOUT 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 homey look, a room 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 surer 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 works. 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, chatter, chatter, in and out,

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 and I see in the future just a plain ordinary—A!"

Talk about cigarettes. She smokes the nicotineless kind.

Talk about hair. 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 sinus is totally cured. A lunatic wrote threatening letters and how wonderful she thinks 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 title 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 Dyke.

"His technique is unique. Imagine, we finished in fifteen days instead of the customary eight or nine weeks. Why, it usually takes me fifteen days to powder my nose." Claudette laughed.

"We went right through that picture, all one takes. That's his method. Then he previews it, sees what's wrong, and goes to it with re-takes. It's a marvelous, exhilarating method, perhaps, the method of the future."

She talked about the theatre, and she talked as someone talks who loves the theatre. She knew all the old plays. She has great faith in good dialogue.

LOOK at 'It Happened One Night.' That was all in the dialogue. Why, we did it again on the air, only the other evening, and it still sounded swell."

Another knock on the door, this time a young man to get her to choose a still from "Zaza."

"It's to be given to a perfume manufacturer because he makes my favorite kind."

When I left her she stood in the doorway in her print dress, green and garnet colored, a large pin looking like a garnet colored starfish at her throat, a garnet colored coat on the 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, far away from the girl with five dollars, the girl who couldn't afford a date. And not really far away at all, because she still 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.

SWEET SIXTEEN

(Continued from page 37)

and very thoughtful, too, which is reason I'm fond of him.

"Of course it's just the opposite Mickey Rooney," Judy said and he lighted up immediately, for all the young Mr. R. have a very definition for him. "I think the thing about Mickey the most is that he's fun. When I go out with him I can't say a word. He keeps me laughing continuously. There's no one I know so much fun to go dancing with as he is around. And he's not a practical joker either. He's not at all like he seems on screen. He may joke, but they are not at the expense of other people. Y'know, he's not a practical joker either, just the nicest person I've ever met. I feel so sorry because he wasn't as happy as it should have been."

"I guess everyone in New York City thought he was going to be wild and crazy like the other boys who play, and when he wasn't, they were very nice to him. He only stayed a few days, then went to Florida. Of course he had more fun there cause he loves 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—he's always the same Mickey."

"Another friend of mine," Judy continued, "is Jackie Cooper. He's awfully smart and loves music. We listen to lots of recordings together and sometimes go dancing with the gang. He smokes the biggest pipe. It's the only thing I can't seem to understand his liking. But then, I guess it's just another thing about men we women 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, if I'm not careful you'll think I'm bragging about beaux. But it's your fault because you wanted to know why I like certain people. I don't really 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 everyone'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

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"see what kind of people they are and like. That's why our carefully looks over a new member before we pass judgment. We may be friendly, but underneath we're a pretty lot. Why, we have to be, or we'd be dumb and completely taken in by them. We may be young, but not much—I hope. As I get back home we're going to be 'Babes In Arms,'" said Judy, the subject of gentlemen. "I did the show last year, but I've read and I'm just crazy about it. I think they will be wonderful in it, don't

"!! You'll both be perfect," we said quickly and honestly. For Mick and all of us could watch 'do-what' till long past the curfew! Well, she's the tops in talkies,

hardly wait to get started," she said enthusiastically. And if you have seen her eyes light up at the thought of what was ahead, then you'd no longer be quite the same 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.

"It's a lot like in 'The Wizard of Oz.' When you're growing up you can hardly wait for the time to pass and things seem so dull and slow. Then one day you wake up and there you are just where you've always wanted to be, and it's wonderful. Well, it's like that in the picture. The cabin I live in is just plain 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 everything is like fairyland. 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 GAY DECEIVER

(Continued from page 33)

three years. But he worked at it, 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 clothiers' labels. Bob sewed them inside his ready-made bargain-basement domestic numbers. He knew how nosey 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 hats "bowlers," and schedules, "shed-ules," clerks, "clarks" and futile, "futyle." 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 Roof," 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 a girl named 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," wailed 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 confessed 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 Brice Hutchens.

Bob shook his family tree for the last part of that one. For the front handle he borrowed from Fanny Brice. They were in the same show and Bob thought this would flatter Fanny no end. He was mistaken. Fanny howled to high heaven.

Brice Hutchens did all right enough. He was leading man in Earl Carroll's Vanities and he acted on the air for the Collier's Hour, Fred Allen's program and

others. Then he broke out with Hollywooditis.

Bob had been to Hollywood once before, when a road company of one of his Broadway shows played Los Angeles. He took a test as Blade Stanhope Conway. They said he was all right, but they were loaded down with English actors.

He decided to attack Hollywood via the American way this time, picking a dull Broadway season to make the break. Bob loaded his wife—he had secretly married Vivian Janis of the Ziegfeld troupe—his mother, his mother-in-law and a red Irish setter into a station wagon and headed for the Promised Land. That was exactly what it turned out to be for Brice Hutchens, too—the Promised Land—promised but not delivered.

He was down to his last few ten-spots in Hollywood and with a family on his hands, when Bob's agent told him regretfully he'd just have to dump him overboard. Brice Hutchens, said the agent, was no gold mine. Ten per cent of nothing was exactly—nothing.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the agent, with a wave of compassion, "I'll work like hell this week and I'll promise to get you something—if it's only an extra job—so you can have a little stake to start back on."

"Thanks," said Bob.

The agent made his round of the Hollywood bars that night. In one he found a friend weeping into his beer. "It is a sad state of affairs," sobbed this man, "that there are no real Texans in this town worth a plugged peso. I refer," he said, "to the terrible time King Vidor is having finding a real son of the Alamo to play in his picture 'So Red the Rose.' Do you by any chance know any Texans who talk the part? If so, will you please send them to this address?" requested the man, handing over the bar bill.

"Can I be from Texas?" shouted Bob Cummings the next morning. "Brother, being from places is my specialty."

"Well, I hope you make it," grumbled the agent. "Or I may get run out of town. What's your name this time?"

"I think," said Bob, "I'll use my own for a change, 'Charles Clarence Cummings.'"

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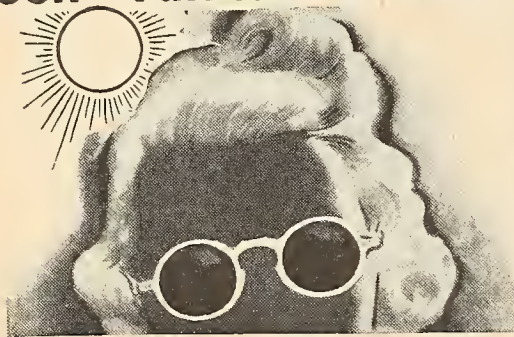
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The agent winced. "The 'Cummings' is okay," he said, "but that 'Charles Clarence' is right off the cob."

"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. "Mistuh Vidah," drawled Bob, with that wide-open-spaces look in his grey eyes, "I hyeahd you wanted a Texan."

"I do," said King Vidor, "but I want a real one."

"Wa-al," said Bob, "ah was bohn an' raised on a cattle ranch neah San Angelo. And I could suah kick the tah out of that pah!"

"Kick the tar," repeated Vidor. "That's Texas talk all right! I'm from Texas myself. You're the first real Texan that's been in this office!"

They signed him on the spot. Bob made a mild hit in "So Red the Rose," as Margaret Sullavan'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.

IT'S one of those absolutely insane commentaries on Hollywood that Robert Cummings could have made so many big pictures with good parts and still remain almost unknown in Hollywood. It happens, of course, all the time. Plenty of the screen greats of today have gone unnoticed for years and then suddenly have been "discovered."

Bob played in nineteen Paramount specials including "Souls at Sea," "Wells Fargo" and "Touchdown Army." All he got out of them was his salary and the gate when his contract was up. He was all packed to try his luck again on Broadway. In fact, Bob was in his agent's office telling him goodbye when the phone rang.

"I'm going out to Universal to see Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster," said the agent. "You might as well come along." Bob did. They tested him for a small part in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" and it took. Bob unpacked.

His part was pretty small at first. But, like Topsy, "it grewed." Bob had to do a little faking, to make it grow. He had to pretend to play a piano, for one thing, but when it comes to pretending, on his record Bob Cummings is a cinch. All in all, he practically walked off with the picture, got a nice fat new term contract and the romantic lead with Nan Grey in "The Under Pup." He's sitting pretty.

The same Vivian Janis who married Bob back in the Follies days is still his loving wife. She's smallish and blonde and calls Bob "Hutch" from Impersonation number two. Besides helping Bob navigate the *Spinach II* all over the country, Vivian manages to keep up her radio work.

Her mother, who is Bob's secretary, and an inquisitive, woolly monk named "Suzy-Q" round out the Cummings ménage. It's a very modest one, the back half of a done-over house in the unfashionable part of old Hollywood. Bob himself did the doing over, because he's crazy about carpentering, woodwork and things like that.

With the rosy outlook since "Three Smart Girls," the Cummingses are planning to build a house out in the San Fernando Valley. The new house will be Old English style with a heavy thatched roof. Bob's got a new car to go with it too. It has a right-hand drive.

The way Bob Cummings figures, that's the least he can do in loving memory of the bally old English accent and Blade Stanhope Conway. After all, phony or not, they gave him his start.

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HIS LET-DOWN'S LET UP

(Continued from page 36)

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 phase. They were both too young and the marriage failed. The Colonel was disturbed. All very well for a young fellow to roam the world, to "find himself" as people said. But this divorce—a pity! The Colonel was afraid the break-up had left its mark on his boy.

Well, 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 wasn't. 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 the job 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 finally 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.

The day after 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 he could say, "Dad, I'm a success. Not your kind of success, but still, I've done something."

He put 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 wire for him. The Colonel was dead.

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; witness Jeff Surret in "Dodge City." Many's the movie heavy who would have overplayed and mugged that role beyond endurance. He can play strong, sympathetic second leads. He will, I think, eventually become an excellent and well-loved character actor.

To acquire this hard-won ability, he has taken all the hurdles on the Hollywood track, to steal a metaphor from his favorite sport. He saw he was getting nowhere at RKO and asked to be released from his contract. He has made quickies, the worst type of double bill stuff; he even played an Indian once.

In cynical fashion, he married and was divorced from Adrienne Ames. He would drift aimlessly for a while, and then take 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 for the sake of the Colonel's memory—these motives have guided him. And, as he has grown older, he's become wiser and more secretive, 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,



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" are 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

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 heard one, no matter how unimportant, make such a remark about himself. Even if it's true, not one would think it, let alone say it. It kind of got me. I felt certain that he wasn't fishing for some such remark as "Oh, Mr. Cabot, of course all the fans are aching to learn things about you!" So I asked 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, D. C., unheralded and unsung in the public prints. Then he jaunts down to Warrenton, Virginia, and amuses himself, in a quiet way, with the horsey crowd, up to and including the Whitneys. Now, this high-powered racing crowd might take up a big star temporarily—our pal Gable, for instance, or Mr. Taylor—for lionizing purposes. But not a Bruce Cabot—not unless he were one of them. And he is one of them, you 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 Hollywood has to offer in the way of "society," the Douglas Fairbanks, Seniors, the Cedric Gibbonses, the Gary Coopers, the Fred Astaires. It's in the blood, 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 of rather heavy, almost coarse features, and his strangely friendly, wistful eyes. There are his fine gentleman's hands and manners and the green suit—but green—he was wearing when I talked with him. There's the rolling-stone, black-sheepish sort of existence he led in his youth, and this gritty 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, if they're good villains. But want to intersperse villains with sympathetic parts. Very little difference between the villain and the hero, is there? Villain becomes hero if someone insults his sister or ravishes his home or something of the sort. But we all say this kind of thing, I suppose. About being typed, you know. You see what I mean?"

Well, it was the longest speech he'd made—probably the longest he has ever made, and I thought perhaps I'd better not tempt Providence by asking him anything else. I said I saw what he meant. And I do. He means to stick to his job and do a good job, the hard way, the slow way, the building up from an awful let-down way. And I think he'll win out.



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