

# MODERN SCREEN

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PERIODICAL DIVISION

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**ADMIRING FATHER**  
IN TOKYO TO HIS FAMOUS  
DAUGHTERS, **JOAN FONTAINE**  
AND **OLIVIA de HAVILLAND**

PRISCILLA LANE

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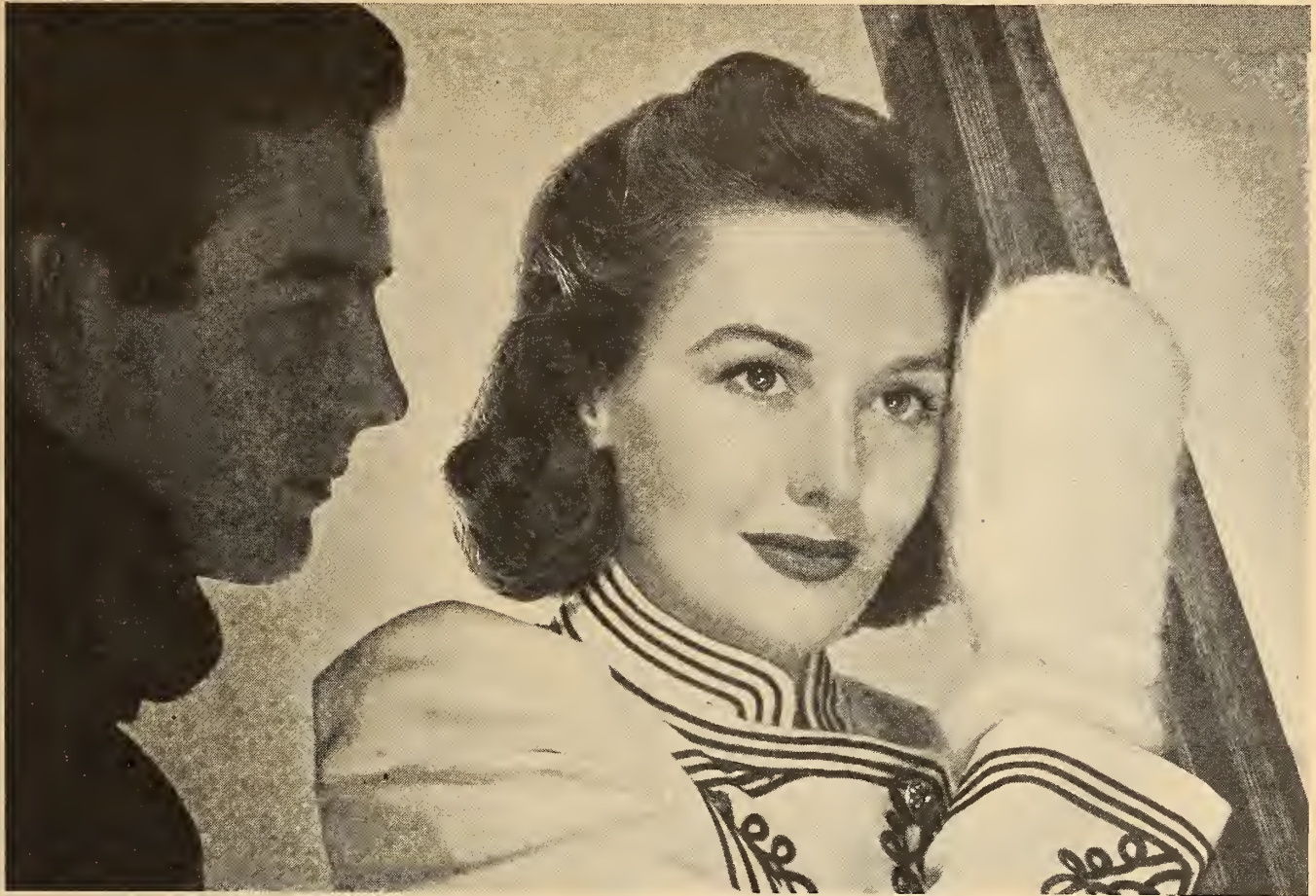
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**TRY IPANA TOOTH PASTE** today. And begin now the faithful, every day use of Ipana and massage. See for yourself how much this sound and sensible dental habit helps make your gums stronger and firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile more radiantly attractive.



Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush too—specially designed with the twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage. A "plus" for aiding your smile.

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

# METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS LION'S ROAR

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

The grand total circulation of this column is 30,936,879. To every one of our readers in the twenty-nine national magazines, the lion roars a Merry Xmas.



As a pre-holiday treat we present you with one of those dashing affairs with Clark Gable doing most of the dashing.

And Hedy Lamarr is something to dash after.

"Comrade X"—that's Clark—is a mysterious correspondent who attempts to smuggle news past the censor and Hedy Lamarr past the immigration.

He is caught smuggling Hedy.

The film is a confection of suspense, speed and merriment. The screen play, written by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, has a pace that is hectic.

Our studio spies send us a warning that "Comrade X" is a most dangerous picture. People laugh themselves sick and the laughter is contagious.



An epidemic of laughter isn't a bad idea.

Knee-bends to those great characterizations (in addition to Gable and Lamarr) by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart and Eve Arden.

King Vidor, whose direction is direct, has not missed on this one. Long live King!

It's a great job, M-G-M. More "Comrade X"es, say we all of us.

In fact, there'll be a movement afoot to rename the merry season.

They're thinking of calling it—

Comrade Xmas.

—Lea

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

# M S Modern Screen

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Cover Girl: Priscilla Lane, natural color photograph by Scatty Welbourne

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OTTO STORCH • Art Editor

Vol. 22, No. 2, January, 1941. Copyright, 1940, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price 10c in U. S. and Canada; U. S. subscription price \$1.00 a year; Canadian subscription \$2.00 a year; foreign subscription \$2.20 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 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 semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301773.

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**WALTER PIDGEON**  
as the Commander  
and...

**RUTH HUSSEY**  
as the girl who made  
the "Hell Cats" purr!



Lucia  
CorrollTonyo  
WidrinPotricia  
Van CleveKay  
LeslieJayne  
HazardMorilyn  
Merrick

# LUCKY STARS

After a ten-year lapse the Wampus Baby Star contest sprang to life again and pointed an encouraging finger at the ingénues most likely to succeed in 1941. Luck and judges favored dark tresses and an average of 115 pounds, 5'4", 18 years of age, 24½" waist, 34½" bust and 35½" hips.

Lorraine  
ElliotLois  
RansonJoan  
LesliePeggy  
DigginsElla  
BryanGay  
ParkesSheila  
Ryan

Guests of honor at the affair were past Wampus stars, the majority of whom became well-established in pictures just a year or two after the contest. One such instance was Dolores Del Rio who confided that she was amazed at the talent displayed by this year's crop. Said she, in her day the "Babies!" had beauty but none of the stage experience and ability to sing, dance and emote that these kids have!



Wonder if former "Babies" Blondell, Carol and Eilers thought it so funny way back when!



Old guards Janet Gaynor, Dolores Del Rio and Fay Wray with Sally Blane and Helen Ferguson

NAME	AGE	HOME TOWN	HEIGHT	WT.	HAIR
Joan Leslie	16	Detroit, Mich.	5' 4"	116	Auburn
Sheila Ryan	19	Topeka, Kan.	5' 2"	107	Brown
Ella Bryan	22	Zurich, Switz.	5' 3"	110	Lt. Brown
Jayne Hazard	18	Tampa, Florida	5' 5"	118	Blonde
Marilyn Merrick	17	Fort Worth, Tex.	5' 4"	119	Blonde
Lois Ranson	18	Hollywood, Cal.	5' 3"	110	Lt. Brown
Lorraine Elliott	19	Detroit, Mich.	5' 2"	110	Black
Tanya Widrin	20	San Francisco, Cal.	5' 4½"	117	Brown
Peggy Diggins	18	New Rochelle, N. Y.	5' 7"	118	Black
Kay Leslie	21	Fresno, Cal.	5' 6"	124	Red-Brown
Gay Parkes	22	Nashville, Tenn.	5' 3"	109	Gold
Lucia Carroll	24	Wausau, Wis.	5' 5"	118	Brown
Patricia Van Cleve	19	New York City, N. Y.	5' 6½"	115	Blonde

*It's Here!*

The thundering story that  
challenges all filmdom to  
match its excitement!

*"Iron Rails to Kansas . . .*

*Iron Nerves from there on!"*



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ERROL FLYNN  
OLIVIA DEHAVILLAND

in

# Santa Fe Trail

*A thousand miles of danger with a thousand thrills a mile!*

Original Screen Play  
by Robert Buckner  
Music by Max Steiner

with RAYMOND MASSEY  
RONALD REAGAN • ALAN HALE

Wm. Lundigan • Van Heflin • Gene Reynolds  
Henry O'Neill • Guinn 'Big Boy' Williams

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

**WATCH!**

The big hit right after  
'Santa Fe Trail' will be  
'FOUR MOTHERS!'  
It's the wonderful new  
Warner Bros. picture  
starring the 'Four  
Daughters!'

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Witches don't have a monopoly on sorcery nowadays. Try a little enchanting on your own wardrobe with these hand-knit togs. They'll add a caldron of oomph to every skirt, jacket and coat, and people's eyebrows will "up" when they see you've conjured it all with an innocent pair of knitting needles. Don't break the spell and tell 'em, but it's as easy as pie! We send you directions for every blessed move you have to make, so you can't possibly fall into the pearly deep. And the price is the most bewitching fact of all. Practically all you do is rub a few pennies together to obtain the yarn! And when you're finished, you can make magic from daybreak till next morning's milkman in chunky "Cock o' the Walk" or "Glengarry" scarf and cap. For special occasions, like your best beau's cocktail party, go Circe-like in "Cafe Society," and for more informal bedevilment verve up your blacks and browns with gala "Mexicana."

1228—As quick as you can say "Mumbo Jumbo," you can whip up this sturdy cable-stitched "Cock o' the Walk" in a variety of shades.

1190—Only a wizard could design this festive zippered "Mexicana" cardigan! But it's simple to make in the smart new jiffy-knit stitch!

2389—Cast a spell on your special date with "Glengarry" scarf and Bonnie cap crocheted of bunny-soft yarn in a choice of colors.

1223—It doesn't take Voodoo to knit "Cafe Society," a lacy three-color sweater blouse with scalloped yoke. Elegant by day and by night.

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Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Produced by Gene Towne and Graham Baker • Screen Play by Mark Kelly and Arthur Caesar

# INFORMATION DESK

**Follow Linda Darnell's example and drop us a line. We promise to answer!**

*NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

**W. E. Ramshaw**, Fort Davis, Canal Zone. To settle that argument about Mae West—she's 5' 4" tall and averages 116 pounds of appeal.

**Teresa Jaskolshi**, Two Rivers, Wisconsin. David Niven and Dick Greene have gone to war in England . . . Spencer Tracy is 40 years old, would you believe it? . . . Bing Crosby's most recent picture was "Rhythm on the River," and he's appearing in "Road to Zanzibar" in the near future . . . Charles Boyer is married to Pat Paterson . . . Bette Davis is divorced, but is still very friendly with her husband whom she sees on her New York jaunts.

**Helen Owen**, Camden, New Jersey. Nope, Billy Halop was not found in the New York slums. He's the son of a well-to-do Long Island lawyer and plans to retire on \$100 a week by the time he's 35! Getting his start on the air waves, he leaped to fame via the stage show, "Dead End," and the movie of the same title. 5' 10" tall, he weighs 155 pounds. Girls are just girls to him at this stage, but watch the columns for the inevitable capitulation at the feet of one of those Hollywood Durbins!

**Constance Van Voorhis**, Washington, D. C. You can reach Franchot Tone at Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Send birthday cards on February 27th, 'cause that's the big day when he was born in Niagara Falls, New York, thirty-five years ago. He's six feet tall and weighs an even 160 pounds.

**Mabel Higgs**, Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Ruth Chatterton's ex-husbands are Ralph Forbes and George Brent, who have become very good friends in Hollywood. At present, Ruth is touring the country with a stock company, and performs in "Private Lives" among other stage plays.

**Turner Byrd**, Barney, Georgia. Don't miss John Payne in "The Great Profile" and "Tin Pan Alley," and Jackie Cooper in "The Aldrich Family in Life With Henry." Jackie wants to change his name to plain "Jack," but his studio stands in the way!

**Roma Ann Heath**, Andover, Ohio. You can write to Warner Baxter at 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California. They'll be only too glad to send you an autographed picture for twenty-five cents in either stamps or coin.

**Gremain**, St. John's, Newfoundland. Glad to hear from you way up there in the snowy north! Deanna Durbin's next picture is nothing but a gleam in Joe Pasternak's eye right now, but when it's put upon the screen it'll be called "Nice Girl." Deanna's warbling was never better than in "It's Foolish But It's Fun," "Waltzing in the Clouds," "When April Sings" and "Blue Danube Dream," all heard in "Spring Parade" . . . Gloria Jean's playing opposite that cute Bobby Stack in her latest film, "A Little Bit of Heaven" . . . The other rising star you asked about, Leni Lynn, is a singer just as you guessed. This little 15-year-old got her start when her schoolmates in Passaic, New Jersey, chipped in their pennies to pay her way to Hollywood!

**Jeanne Dye**, Los Angeles, California. It's a pleasure for us to tell all about Eddie Albert, 'cause we think he's just about as slick as you do! Good news is—he's thirty-two and unmarried! Eddie is the only nickname for his christened "Edward." In the sports field he's happiest playing golf or watching an ice-hockey game, but in the more leisurely pursuits, prefers reading books and listening to symphony music. As for size, he's five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He has blue eyes and brown hair. Since his departure from the Broadway stage he's made five pictures and is scheduled for two more in the near future.

**Mrs. Helms**, Port Arthur, Texas. Sorry to pronounce you the loser in your little bet, but Myrna Loy was never William Powell's off-screen wife.

**Katherine Dassos**, New York City. Joel McCrea is one of those happier mortals who's realized a childhood ambition. He owns a 1,000-acre rancho where he spends every spare moment riding his buckin' broncos and rounding up cattle like a regular cowboy. Part of his love of the plains is inherited from his forefathers who pioneered in the West and set up prosperous homesteads there. By the time Joel came along his family was wealthy and established as one of the first names in Hollywood, and so they felt it only proper to send their son to a private school. The sole private kindergarten in the city was unfortunately called "Hollywood School for Girls," and it was there that poor Joel was forced to go! Doug Fairbanks, Jr., was another victim, so the two boys necessarily struck up a close friendship which has lasted to this day! After high school our blue-eyed Irishman went to Pomona College where he majored in dramatics and met his first stroke of real

luck. Playing the lead opposite Sam Wood's daughter, he naturally came under the eye of the great director and received hearty encouragement from him. After two years of intensive training in stock and bit roles he landed a big part in "The Jazz Age" in 1929. He's six feet two inches tall and weighs 185 pounds, towering over all the other screen stars except Gary Cooper who reaches the same height. Born on Nov. 5th in 1905, he's been lucky in everything, especially love. Married to Frances Dee for 7 years, he's the proud papa of two rugged boys.

**Margie Monroe**, Cincinnati, Ohio. Although Fredric March was born with the unromantic name of Frederic Ernest McIntyre Bickel in Racine, Wisconsin, on August 31, 1897, his looks compensated for whatever he lost in title. Brown-haired and brown-eyed, he grew to six feet in height and weighs 170 pounds. After graduation from the University of Wisconsin he pursued a career on the stage until the talkies came in. At that time he went to Hollywood and became one of the leading stars of the screen. His biggest hits include "Anna Karenina," "Mary of Scotland" and "The Buccaneer." Watch for him with Betty Field in the soon-to-be-released "Victory." Married to Florence Eldridge, he has two good-looking kids, Penelope and Anthony.

**Dorothy Powers**, Staten Island, New York. Richard Denning was the lad who played the part of Bill Crane in "Golden Gloves." No wonder you're interested and well you may be. He's one of the up-and-coming stars on the horizon! Born in Poughkeepsie, New York, right next to Vassar College, he early in the game acquired his way with the women. He's six feet one inch tall and weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair



and blue eyes. His first picture was "Hold 'Em Navy" in 1937, and his most recent was "Those Were the Days."

**Adeline Riese**, Aurora, Indiana. Here are the matrimonial facts! Dixie Lee is Bing Crosby's first and only wife . . . Bill Boyd's twice divorced (from Elinor Fair and Dorothy Sebastian) and is currently married to young and beautiful Grace Bradley . . . Mary Astor's first husband was Kenneth Hawks, since deceased . . . Irving Wheeler was Carole Landis' first hubby. Her second was Willis Hunt, Jr., whom she divorced after two months of heated squabbles.

**A friend**, Erie, Pennsylvania. Laraine Day's played in "My Son, My Son," "And One Was Beautiful," "Foreign Correspondent" and all the Dr. Kildares. You can get a photograph of her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

**Helen Schmuck**. Youngest "Son of the Pioneer" is Lloyd Perryman who's 23 years old. Pat Brady and Hugh Farr are both 26, Carl Farr's 30 and Bob Nolan, the leader, is a mellow 32 years. All the boys go by their real names except Brady, who shortens his Robert Ellsworth to a Pat! Do you blame him?

**Louise Morrissey**, Ho-ho-kus, New Jersey. Roy Rogers, Leonard Slye, B. M. (before movies) has been hiding his happy home life from us till now. Seems he's been married for about two years to a simple, naïve, wholesome cowgirl who has the same tastes as Roy and prefers to stay home in the background of her husband's fame. She's very pretty, madly in love with her husband, and they're supremely happy together. Re-

cently they adopted a little one, Cheryl Darline, who'll be celebrating her six months birthday before long.

**Phyllis Welty**, Miskawaka, Ind. Laraine Day was born in Roosevelt, Utah on October 13, 1920, one of five children. She and her twin brother Lamar are the "babies" of the family. When Laraine was in the fifth grade (she was Loraine Johnson then) her family moved to Long Beach, Calif. Laraine joined the Players' Guild when she was just a youngster, and by the time she was entering her teens she was considered a veteran and was playing really important roles. She has had the unique honor in movietown of being discovered three times by talent scouts! The first time was when she was a junior in high school; the second, when she was a senior, and the last time was in December, 1939. Her first two movie ventures weren't too successful. She was horribly miscast as a hard-riding horse-opry queen. This time, though, she seems to be on the right track, and her role in "Foreign Correspondent" definitely establishes her as a star. She has an infectious sense of humor, but occasionally enjoys what she calls a "good brood." She loves hamburgers and onions, writes poetry and has one ambition—to win an Oscar! She's five feet five, weighs 112 pounds, has green eyes and chestnut hair.

**Jean Torpe**, Berkeley, Ill. She used to be advertised as "Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop," but she first attracted the attention of Hollywood by her ability to imitate the sound of a machine gun. Know who she is? Why, who else but Jane Withers! Jane's first movie roles were downright bratty and, after a few pictures in which she appeared as the *enfant terrible*, people

began to think of her affectionately but persistently as "that awful child." Just when everybody had her typed as a tomboy, Jane added three inches, tossed away twelve pounds and set about becoming a glamour girl as enthusiastically as she does everything else. With blue eyes and dark brown hair, Jane now is exactly five feet three and a half inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.

**June Ayres**, Lawrenceburg, Ind. Don (Red) Barry was born in Houston, Texas on January 11, 1912, and his real name is Donald De Costa. He's five feet eight and one-half inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has grey eyes and red hair. He's not married yet, but is engaged to cute little Peggy Stewart. "The Tulsa Kid" is his latest film . . . The Sons of the Pioneers include: Bob Nolan, the leader and business manager, who is thirty-two; Hugh Farr, who's twenty-five; Carl Farr, thirty; Pat Brady (the apple pie-eating comedian of the group) who is twenty-five; Tim Spencer, thirty-two; and Lloyd Perryman, twenty-three. As far as our records show, none of them is married. You can write to them at Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

**Jeri Kidd**, Pasadena, Calif. That tale that's going round that Mary Lee is Gene Autry's child is untrue. Gene is only thirty-one and Mary's fifteen. You can reach her at Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, Hollywood, California. . . . Deanna Durbin is still seventeen, but she'll be eighteen—and of marriageable age—on December 4 . . . Ann Rutherford is just about twenty; her birthday's November 2nd. She was born in Toronto, Canada, and is a little bit over five feet three. (Continued on page 65)

# Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



• "I'm just thrilled by new Camay's wonderful mildness," says Mrs. F. M. Smith, Jr., Jackson Heights, L. I. "I always take extra care with my skin—so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so mild it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And that new fragrance is just marvelous!"

Camay now  
Milder than  
other Leading  
Beauty Soaps!



At your dealer's now,  
no change in wrapper!



• "When I tell you that Camay is even more wonderful than ever, that means something!" writes Mrs. R. C. Hughes, Yeadon, Pennsylvania. "I wouldn't ask for a milder soap."

NO WONDER women everywhere are talking about this wonderful new Camay—for tests against 6 of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive, try new Camay. See for yourself how much its extra mildness . . . its more gentle cleansing . . . can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

## THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

# MOVIE REVIEWS



Claudette Colbert rescues fellow American, Ray Milland, from a Spanish firing squad in "Arise, My Love."

## ★★★★ ARISE, MY LOVE

Here is one of the finest pictures of the year and Claudette Colbert's best performance ever—not forgetting "It Happened One Night." It is both timely and entertaining and should get a lot of attention.

As the film starts, Ray Milland is an American volunteer with the Loyalist army in Spain, and Claudette is an American newspaper gal who puts on the weeps to save Ray from being shot at sunrise by making believe she's his wife.

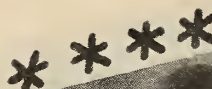
From here on it's a two-skeined story with our two leads battling both romance and principles. At the end they decide there are more important things in the world these days than the love of two humans for each other.

The story is told poignantly and excitingly and, though the sinking of the *Athenia* is a bit reminiscent of the *Lusitania* business in "Cavalcade," it's first-class thrill stuff.

Claudette is positively inspired; she's never been as good, as true, as believable, as lovely. And Ray Milland is not a number two Cary Grant any more. He's Ray Milland, a personality on his own.

There are a half dozen other good performers, most exciting of which is Walter Abel in an old-fashioned newspaperman role, and Ann Codee is tops in one strong emotional scene. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.—Paramount.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** The title of the picture comes from the Song of Solomon, Chapter 2, verse 13 . . . This is the third time Milland plays the part of a pilot (which he actually is), with a fourth to come in the currently shooting "I Wanted Wings" . . . Claudette saved the day by digging an old Maxim's menu out of her trunk, when the studio couldn't get any . . . Director Leisen has his own idea of a signature; he puts a live bird of



Sailor John Wayne makes merry with Carmen Morales, Caribbean bum-boat girl in "The Long Voyage Home."

## ★★★★ THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

some sort into every film; this time there are doves in the Compiègne love scene; very appropriate, too.

It's a little early to begin distributing the Academy Awards for 1940, but there is no possible doubt that this film will get the Oscars in at least two and perhaps three classifications. To this reviewer's mind it is the finest film in a number of years. It is real cinema, real art.

John Ford, who inaugurates his production career with this picture, managed the astonishing task of integrating script, direction, camera and acting as the four have never been jelled before. The result is not a film in which all the portions are well done but a completely well-formed unit.

Taking as his base four one-act playlets by Eugene O'Neill, Ford and his writer, Dudley Nichols, have managed to evolve an exciting saga of the sea. Greg Toland is an astonishingly fine cameraman. Never before have you seen such black and white etching on the screen and several shots will thrill you to the point of applause.

This flawless script and photography are set off by a whole series of A-1 acting performances by Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, John Qualen, Ian Hunter, Barry Fitzgerald, Ward Bond and Arthur Shields. Each of the characters is carefully thought out and true. Each is better than you have ever seen him before. As a matter of fact, these virile men of the sea are so vividly

\*\*\* 1/2



Carole Lombard meets Chas. Laughton after a courtship via the mail in "They Knew What They Wanted."

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

portrayed that you women will forget all about the lack of boy-girl romance. The only girl in the film who has any kind of a scene is Mildred Natwick—and you won't forget her easily, either. Directed by John Ford.—Wanger-United Artists.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** Dudley Nichols and John Ford have teamed together on ten pictures previous to this one . . . John Wayne first won fame as Duke Morrison, USC football star . . . Thomas Mitchell owns one of the most valuable collections of paintings in the country, including two Picassos and an original Rembrandt . . . Arthur Shields and Barry Fitzgerald are brothers and were formerly members of the famed Abbey Players in Dublin . . . Wilfred Lawson came over from England for this role and went right back at the end of the filming; he is now in active service with the RAF . . . Ward Bond has been in pictures for many years, but his death scene here will get him a lot of renewed attention . . . John Qualen used to play a flute in a symphony orchestra, so his flute playing in this picture is genuine; he is also a painter . . . Jack Pennick and Wayne suffered broken ribs and concussions while filming the storm sequences . . . The S. S. Glencairn was really the S. S. Munami of the McCormick Line . . . The camera never moves in this production and less light was used for the filming than in any previous picture.

### \*\*\* 1/2 THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

Every once in a while along comes a picture like "The Thief of Bagdad," which none of the critics' regulation formulas fit. This one's way off the beaten track. It's a beautifully and imaginatively conceived spectacle taking place in ancient Bagdad and involving a series of fantastic happenings. There's a magic carpet and a magic horse which flies through the air. To say nothing of genies and a lovelorn prince and princess. Whether you'll like it or not depends on your willingness to play a game with producer Alex Korda. If you'll abandon yourself to his mood and let him spin you a yarn, he'll guarantee you a good time.

Sabu is perfect as a little ragamuffin who is the bane of all Bagdad with his thievery, but lovable nonetheless. Conrad Veidt is such a villain he'll frighten you for weeks afterwards. June Duprez is a bee-utiful princess, but John Justin is a mite too pretty as a prince. Rex Ingram, one of the picture's few American actors, is perfectly cast and gives a gem of a performance as the genie.

The Technicolor is astoundingly beautiful. Directed by Ludwig

\*\*\* 1/2



In "The Great Dictator," Charlie Chaplin succeeds in nabbing Paulette Goddard's heart as well as her locks.

Berger, Michael Powell and Tim Whelan.—Korda-United Artists.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** Rights to the story were bought by Korda from the late Douglas Fairbanks, who made a version of it once with himself in the role that little Sabu plays here . . . About a year's work was done in London and the film was to be finished in Africa, but was completed in Hollywood instead . . . A pack train of 40 mules, carrying 30 persons and \$40,000 in equipment, made the pilgrimage to the Grand Canyon floor for the film . . . The minute the picture was completed, John Justin flew back to England to join the Royal Air Force; Basil Bleck, Korda's counsel and vice-president, went with him on the same errand . . . You saw Sabu last in another Korda picture, "Drums" . . . This is Korda's first Hollywood production, though six others are en route; he is married to Merle Oberon.

### \*\*\* 1/2 THE GREAT DICTATOR

This is unequivocally a great picture. If you grant Charlie Chaplin the privilege of saying what he wants to, then you must admit that there is no better way he could have said it. If the critics had been patient, if they had avoided making up their minds, if they had avoided writing their opinions in advance, they would have been thrilled by this truly great and important movie. Everyone expected a comedy and Charlie crossed them. He gave them instead a bitter, satiric-comic treatment of a shocking world phenomena. He starts off with as truly and vigorously funny an old Chaplin sequence as you can imagine. It is the end of the first World War, and he is trying desperately to operate a big Bertha. There's a time transition, it is today, and Chaplin plays a dual role—a timid little Jewish barber in Berlin and the great Hinkel (Hitler).

Slowly, as the film progresses, there is less and less comedy as pathos and bitterness replace the burlesque. There are some grand satiric scenes—the one where Charlie does a bubble dance with the globe of the world; the one where Charlie shaves a man in tempo with Mendelssohn; the one where Charlie and Jack Oakie (as Mussolini) try to outmaneuver each other in a grab of another nation, to mention only a few—which are spaced with ever-widening interruptions from the truly dramatic and brutal scenes.

And suddenly it seems as though Charlie can't stand it any longer. He stops all the action. He looks out at the audience, and there is a six-minute close-up of him (Continued on page 17)

No matter how individual your guests' tastes may be, everybody at your party will find a favorite fudge in this four-fold serving with its different flavors.

BY MARJORIE

DEEN

Right in the middle of your own steam-heated home, you can have a snow-bedecked Christmas tree that will last all the way through the most gala holiday season.



*Courtesy, Lux Flakes*



*Courtesy, Karo*

## YULETIDE *Delights*

This promises to be the happiest Christmas ever for little Virginia Weidler, not only because it coincides with the most successful appearance of her young career, in the role of Dinah Shore, the bright-eyed effervescent scamp in "The Philadelphia Story," but also because this will be her very first Yuletide as a teenster. This means, of course, that she'll have lots of extra freedom but no troublesome responsibilities. And you will love to follow her suggestions!

For example, in trimming her tree this year, Virginia will spend delicious minutes of indecision over the correct placing of each and every shiny ornament, because at thirteen you just can't be haphazard about such things! With all the freedom of her advanced years, she intends personally choosing

gift wrappings and gifts for all her friends and relatives.

Most appreciated of all her newly-acquired privileges is that of throwing her own parties. She anticipates an afternoon orgy of candy-making in which the most likely candidate for the young gathering's choice will be fudge. She also plans to make the old-fashioned favorites, candied apples "as good as those they sell in that place on Hollywood Boulevard." So I promised her my recipe for these shiny "apples on a stick" in exchange for the secret of her favorite fudge. Other refreshment pets in her crowd include marshmallows, fashioned into snow men, to serve as table decorations before they're eaten.

If you'd like to have some of these treats on hand during the holidays,

for your friends, try the candy recipes that follow shortly. Then, too, if you want to have a really distinctive tree to show them—one that looks for all the world as if Jack Frost himself had paid you a visit—top the branches with what appears to be a coating of real snow. But the nice part about this snow is that it will last as long as the tree. Here's how it's done:

### *Directions for Making and Using "Soap-Foam Snow"*

Empty the contents of a large (12½-oz.) box of Lux flakes into a dishpan or large mixing bowl. Add 2 scant cups of lukewarm water. Now take your rotary egg beater and beat the mixture until it is the consistency of whipped cream. In case you use an electric mixer, prepare just one half

## Take a tip from a 13-year-old on how to concoct a "tasty" Xmas!

the quantity at a time because even the largest bowl would be likely to overflow if the full amount were to be made up at one mixing.

Take handfuls of this "snow" and spread it with your fingers along the branches of your Christmas tree. Occasionally put it on in "blobs," as the effect should be that of a natural and heavy snowfall.

For a more glittering appearance, sprinkle on some of the shiny artificial snowflakes (sold in boxes at Christmas-tree-decoration counters) while the mixture is still moist.

All this should be done before you put the ornaments and lights on the tree. This soap-foam snow will reflect the lights delightfully and fewer ornaments will be needed. In fact you can have a really lovely looking tree by using no decorations other than the strings of vari-colored electric lights along with the snow. Probably the most admired tree in all Hollywood last year was so easy to carry out that you can be sure it will be extensively copied this year by all who saw it. Strung with a considerable number of blue bulbs, the soap-foam snow reflected the soft light and sparkled from every branch. A large quantity of those inexpensive little "icicles" made in silver, and a few larger silver ornaments were placed on the ends of branches and in dark spots where the pine needles were thickest. The whole effect was set off with a large lighted star at the very top of the tree.

### APPLES ON A STICK

- 6-8 medium size red apples
- 6-8 wooden skewers
- 2 cups sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup water
- 4 tablespoons white karo
- a few drops red food coloring

Wash apples to remove any oil coating. Dry thoroughly. Stick skewers into stem end of apples. Combine in a saucepan the sugar, water and karo. Cook, stirring constantly, until sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking, without stirring, to the hard crack stage (300°F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat, add a few drops of red vegetable coloring. Hold apples by the skewers and dip them into syrup, one at a time, twirling them around to make sure they are thoroughly coated. Place on oiled pan or prop upright to cool. (Continued on page 81)

# BLONDES! these 3 questions settle a vital problem



MRS. HUNTINGTON ASTOR, the former Mrs. Vincent Astor, who devotes much time to the cause of the Musicians' Emergency Fund, is a lovely ash blonde. She chooses Pond's Light Natural because it matches her complexion perfectly.



When trying to choose the right powder shade for yourself, you need ask yourself only three questions.

1. Shall I make my skin fairer?
2. Shall I keep it the same shade?
3. Shall I deepen its color?



The matter comes down to this:

Do you look your most attractive when your skin has delicate baby-pink tones?

Are you lovelier when your skin has creamy shades that contrast with the dark lights in your eyes?

Does a warmer, rosier shade make your face bewitching against your honey-pale hair?

You will answer "yes" to one of these questions—and Pond's 3 superlative blonde shades will provide you with the right shade for your effect.

**A delicate pink shade**—Light Natural—our lightest shade. It matches the transparent skin of

ash blondes. Pure blondes love it because it lightens their skin.

**A light powder, but creamier**, with less pink—Rose Cream (Natural). The most popular of the blonde shades because it tones in so perfectly with the average blonde skin. Many, very many, darker blondes use it to add delicacy and lightness to their coloring. Red blondes who want to tone down their color use it to add a needed creamy glow to their skin.

**A warm sunny shade** with a rosy glow over it—Sunlight. Girls who are not quite sure whether they are blondes or brunettes find it matches their skin. Other blondes use it because it gives warmth. Sophisticated blondes are particularly fond of the exotic depth it gives their skin.

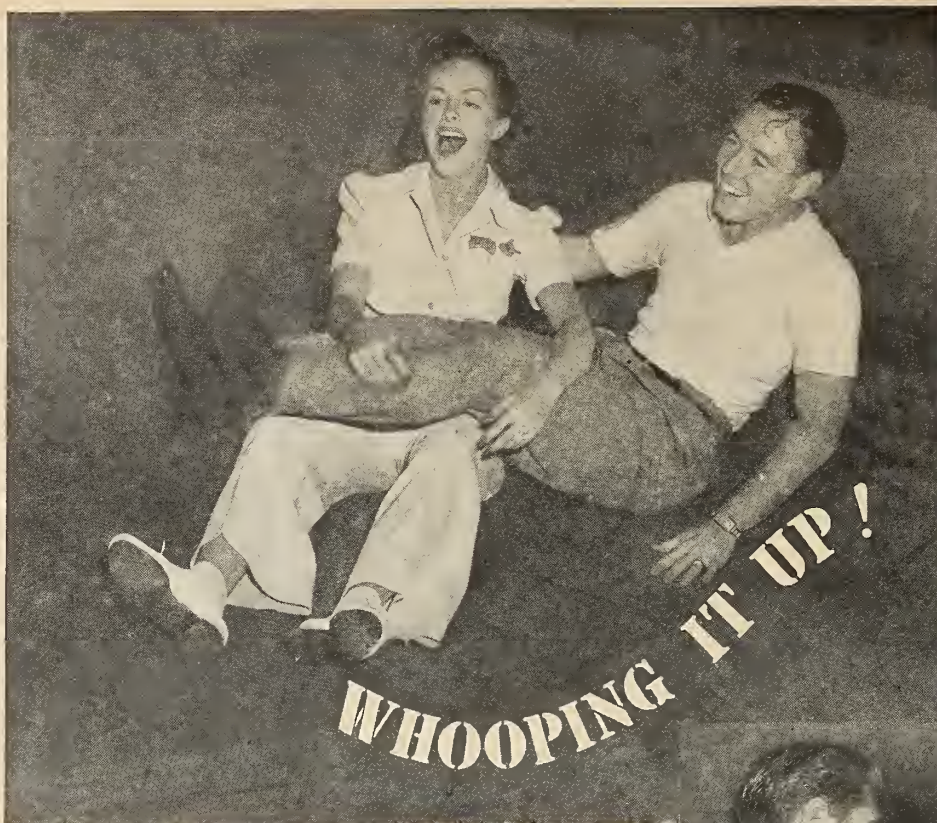
Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face. They keep away shine for hours without giving that powdered look.

Blondes will find their 3 shades grouped together on the counter. And **Brunettes** will find their 4 brunette shades.



**Free** Write to Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PA, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples **FREE**.

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The stars have a hot time  
in the old town Saturday  
nights—and here's how!

◀ Cutting capers with the younger set, 17-year-old Rita Quigley gets such a whirl at the Venice Fun House in Hollywood that she's reduced to hugging her date's legs to keep her equilibrium!

It's a big night for Judy Garland and Dave Rose who desert their diet of home played vic music for night-clubbing to celebrate the end of hostilities 'twixt Dave and Judy's parents.

Freddie Brisson wishes Roz Russell would celebrate a little less fashionably! Her chic Lily Daché feather tickled his eyes until he saw red and chucked it in the checkroom for the remainder ▼ of the dancing!



◀ Hollywood folk are betting two to one that wedding bells will ring out soon for Nancy Kelly and dancing partner, Edmund O'Brien.

While painting the town red with South American Reni Rodriguez, "Butch" Romero showers her with the same "undivided" attention he gives all the gals. ▼



## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

while he makes a straight, dramatic appeal to the world for more sanity.

Jack Oakie is topnotch as Mussolini, Paulette Goddard is swell as the Jewish girl, Billy Gilbert is excellent as Goebbels and the late Maurice Moscovitch is imposing in a character part—but no name stays with you when you leave the theatre except that of Chaplin. Which is as it should be. Directed by Charles Chaplin.—Chaplin-United Artists.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** It is five years since Chaplin's last picture, "Modern Times"; work on this one started early in 1937... It cost a fraction over \$2,000,000 to produce this picture, the biggest amount Chaplin ever spent—and all his own, too, no collaborators... Over 500,000 feet of film were shot (with a single camera) and later cut down (by Chaplin) to 12,000... Chaplin wrote the story and dialogue, directed, played a dual role, edited picture and scored the music; it was completed in 171 days of shooting time... It's the first time he speaks in a film, but he had considerable speaking experience on the English stage before coming to Hollywood 20 years ago... The action in the ballroom dance with Madame Napaloni and Charlie had to be stopped time and time again because the rest of the cast ruined takes with their laughter... The forty or fifty cats in the Ghetto scene were given a party of hamburger, fish and milk upon completion of their "work"... practically all shatterable glass used in scenes where it had to be broken was fine sugar cane candy; at picture's end, the surplus was given to Los Angeles orphanages... Paulette Goddard inaugurated a golf team, including pop men, actors, electricians and technicians which played in tournaments during the filming... Charlie includes the same familiar faces of his friends whom he always remembers in his productions.

### ★★★½ Knute Rockne—All American

This is a frank and humble tribute to the football coach who has become a legend throughout America. It is big, honest and exciting and almost becomes a history of football. Those interested in sports will enjoy every second of it; those who are not, will be entertained by the dramatics of the man's life.

Rockne's story is told from the time he came to this country as a little boy of four through his slow rise in the field of sports, and up past the time he was killed in an airplane accident. It is full of incident and detail, and if the picture has any real fault it is that there isn't enough romantic element for you girls. There is the constant and unflinching love of Knute and his wife, Bonnie, but that is straightlined and not very exciting.

You have never seen such a perfect character portrayal in your life as Pat O'Brien dishes out in the Rockne role. He is "the Rock" to the very marrow. His make-up is astonishingly good but, more to the point, his mannerisms and entire delivery seem to be carbon copies of the coach. There are a number of other excellent performances, tops being those of Gale Page as Rockne's wife and widow, Ronald Reagan as George Gipp, and Donald Crisp as Father John Callahan.

A quick bow, in passing, to those responsible for the very exciting and real staging of the football plays; they're A-1. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—Warner Bros.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** Much of the film was made on the Notre Dame campus, including the funeral ceremony made in Sacred Heart Church, site of the actual rite. Notre Dame year books were making their appearance when O'Brien and the company were on the campus, so O'Brien autographed approximately 1,000 a day, along with textbooks, hats, letters, etc... Rights to make the picture were obtained from the famed football coach's widow, Bonnie Skiles Rockne; she approved the script, and personally assisted in production. All of the family except Mrs. Rockne got into the picture; Rock's children, aged 23, 21, 19 and 14, were among the university students who were used in some scenes... During the filming of the picture Pat O'Brien's fan mail trebled... Robert Buckner, author of the screen play, used the fruits of two years research in the story; the wealth of material at his disposal necessitated the sign in his office reading, "Thanks, we're sure it's true—but we can't put all the Rockne incidents in one picture."

### ★★★½ They Knew What They Wanted

Here is adult entertainment such as the movies have not dished out in many a day. Taken from the famous play by the late Sidney Howard which won a Pulitzer Prize, this late filmization results in vigorous, true drama that you will find difficult to forget.

There are at least three sterling performances in the leading roles which rank with the best seen on the screen in many a moon, but the big news is Charles Laughton! For the first time in a number of films he completely dissociates himself from his person to turn in a really gripping characterization—as Tony, the Italian farmer. Carole Lombard, opposite Laughton, has a very difficult assignment. Although she tries very hard she is simply too intelligent to play the role of the ignorant little slavey convincingly. Bill Gargan's been good in small parts for a long time, but here he has a big part; and he's terrific!

And so with three such performances, plus an exciting adult script, plus highly imaginative direction and good (very good) photography—the total is an A-1 film even if the finish is mystical and the final speech is in the wrong person's mouth.

There are some rough hurdles to manage from the moral code standpoint, but the film is tastefully directed by Garson Kanin. RKO-Radio.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** The company of 100 spent two weeks in Napa Valley, 550 miles north of Hollywood, filming all exterior scenes in the exact locale of the story... It was Napa's first glimpse of film stars in the flesh, and the erstwhile placid community went overboard with excitement and hospitality; the chief of police issued an order that "Anyone caught annoying our guests for autographs will be run in"; the company's train was met at the station by 4,000

(Continued on page 61)

\*KATHERINE ALDRIDGE and BUDDY ROGERS in 20th Century-Fox hit, "Golden Hoofs". Your hands, too, can have soft charm, if you use Jergens.



"Have Love-Worthy Hands," advises Kay Aldridge\*  
(20th Century-Fox Star)

IT'S SO EASY! And quick! Smooth on Jergens Lotion regularly—especially after handwashing. This famous Lotion furnishes beauty-giving, softening moisture most girls' hand skin needs. (Water, wind and cold are so drying to your hand skin!) Two of Jergens' fine ingredients are relied on by many doctors to help harsh, "crackable" skin to lovely smoothness. No stickiness! The first application helps! Start now to have soft, romantic hands—with this popular Jergens Lotion.



### FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Mail this coupon now. (Paste on penny postcard)  
The Andrew Jergens Company, 3719 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ontario.)  
Please rush my free purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion!

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**THE MUSICAL OF OUR EXCITING TIMES!  
BIG AS ITS STARS! GREAT AS ITS SONGS!**

**Alice FAYE**

Surpassing her "Alexander's  
Ragtime Band" success!

**Betty GRABLE**

The "Down Argentine Way" star  
... more torchy, more dazzling!

# TIN PAN ALLEY

... the  
unbelievable  
street where  
songs are  
born!

**Jack OAKIE**

The comic who's just  
come into his own!

**John PAYNE**

A new romantic thrill  
when he makes love  
to K-K-Katy!

and  
**Allen Jenkins • Esther Ralston  
Nicholas Brothers • Ben Carter**

Directed by **Walter Lang**

Associate Producer **Kenneth Macgowan** • Screen Play  
by **Robert Ellis and Helen Logan** • Based on a story  
by **Pamela Harris** • Dances staged by **Seymour Felix**

**Tin Pan Alley's  
Greatest Songs!**

**New —**

"You Say the Sweetest Things (Baby)"  
by **Mack Gordon and Harry Warren**

**Old —**

"K-K-K-Katy", "When You Wore  
A Tulip And I Wore A Big Red  
Rose", "Moonlight Bay", "Good-  
bye Broadway, Hello France",  
"The Sheik of Araby", "America  
I Love You"!

**Coming soon**

From 20th Century-Fox!

**HENRY FONDA  
DOROTHY LAMOUR  
LINDA DARNELL**

in  
**"CHAD HANNA"**

In Technicolor

**PAUL MUNI**

in  
**"HUDSON'S BAY"**

with  
**Gene Tierney**



# ALICE FAYE

*She's the impractical half of a vaudeville  
sister act in 20th Century-Fox's musical  
— as song-laden as its title — "Tin Pan Alley"*





*Fred Mac Murray*

If you're partial to handsome farmers with southern accents, you'll love Fred in Paramount's "Virginia." It's in Technicolor!



She's a New York model who gets mixed up  
with magic and John Barrymore in Univer-  
sal's mystery yarn, "The Invisible Woman."

*Virginia Bruce*



*M.G.M.'s "Bittersweet" has everything—Technicolor·music·drama.  
— and Nelson in the most romantic role of his career!*

**NELSON  
EDDY**

"BUT, MY DEAR, HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?"



... Paramount has actually got Jack Benny and Fred Allen to appear together on the screen for the first time in Paramount's big holiday show, "Love Thy Neighbor." Yes, and they've finally agreed to bury the hatchet . . . in each other's necks!



... Paramount has the first picture in which Paulette Goddard dances . . . and, do you know whom she's dancing with? Fred Astaire! Wait'll you see them do the "Dig It" in Paramount's big New Year's show, "Second Chorus."



... Yes, and did you know these big musicals are coming to your favorite theatre right in time for the Christmas holidays. You sure can do your Christmas movie shopping early!



Paramount presents  
**JACK BENNY • FRED ALLEN**  
in  
**"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"**

with **MARY MARTIN** • Verree Teasdale  
The Merry Macs • Virginia Dale  
and **"ROCHESTER"**  
Produced and Directed by  
**MARK SANDRICH**

Paramount presents  
**FRED ASTAIRE • PAULETTE GODDARD**  
in  
**"Second Chorus"**

with **ARTIE SHAW and his Band**  
**CHARLES BUTTERWORTH**  
**BURGESS MEREDITH**  
Produced by Boris Morros  
Directed by H. C. Potter

No one but a father could write a letter like this! It's so touching,



A romance of over a year's standing. Olivia and Jimmy Stewart both love to fly and play practical jokes.

In 1922, Olivia was chubby and impish. Joan—always the frailer of the two—was sickly and extremely shy.



## "Dearest"

"So you're from Hollywood!" said the elderly man, pushing his spectacles up the bridge of his nose. "And you want to know about my two daughters? Well, I haven't seen them for six or seven years. Hollywood, you know, is a long way from Japan . . . But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you something new. I've been wanting to write the girls. Instead, I'll dictate the letter to you. Would that be an interview?"

"Definitely."

"Then let's begin," said the elderly man, quietly. "Let's begin the usual way—'Dearest Olivia and Joan . . .'"

This is the letter I've long wanted to write. It came to me yesterday evening, of a sudden, that sooner or later I must write it. Because, yesterday evening I was strolling along the Ginza—you remember the Ginza, Joan—Tokyo's busiest shopping avenue, with peddlers in glorified bathrobes under canvas booths, selling roasted chestnuts and colored kimonos and whatnot.

Well, I was walking along the Ginza, pushing through a good animated portion of Tokyo's six million souls, when suddenly I saw it—the billboard in front of the little Japanese movie theatre, heralding the stars of the pictures being shown. One name on the billboard was Olivia de

At 17, Olivia—short on glamour, but long on ambition—was "Puck" in a high school senior play.



Olivia was 6 when she whipped this one off, fancying herself something of an artist! She and Joan sketch well, nowadays.

terrific that our reporter traveled halfway around the world to get it!

# Olivia and Joan..

Havilland. The other was Joan Fontaine. Both of you, my daughters, on one program. I paid the 25 sen—6 cents in America—and went in.

And there both of you were on the screen. Beautiful! Exciting! Over a bridge of 5,500 miles you had come to perform before me. Amazing magic!

Sitting there, I was filled with a nostalgia and flooding remembrance of things past and done. I wondered, at once, if either of you—now famous movie stars—remembered your old father in Japan, despite the years that had intervened.

You may not have kept count, girls, but your father is now sixty-nine years old, and before it is forever too late I am sitting here in a fantastic place called Tokyo and writing to you in an even more fantastic place called Hollywood—I am writing, by proxy, the letter I have long wanted to write.

I want you to know, that while you may have gotten your good looks and your flair for the dramatic mostly from your mother, Lilian—it was from me and from my old English family that you inherited steadiness, poise, culture and a few other good qualities.

All that, however, isn't what I started out to say. I really just want to chat about old times with you. Reminiscing, somehow, makes you both seem closer to me.

I remember you, Olivia, my darling, as an infant, lying flat on your back on the floor, sucking a gigantic hairpin—which your mother thought was cute, but which gave me a case of nerves. I remember you (Continued on page 60)

**BY IRVING WALLACE**



When Joan's mother (left) married Mr. Fontaine, Joan took his name. Last year, Mr. Aherne gave her a brand new monicker.



Olivia (left) and Joan wore identical clothes for years. Here, they're off for a California garden party in 1933.



Photogenic at 3 months! That's Joan Fontaine napping in the arms of her pretty mother, who's wearing a Japanese kimono.



A recent picture of Joan's and Olivia's aging father, W. A. de Havilland, who is a patent lawyer in Tokyo, Japan.

**Mary Astor, survivor of the "sexy silents,"**

**traces fashions in kisses right up to today!**

# HOW LOVE HAS CHANGED !

It all started because a trip to New York is like a trip to the hospital. When you come home, you like to talk about your experiences. That was what Mary Astor—still recuperating from three whirlwind weeks in New York—was doing.

"The Museum of Modern Art called me up one day," she was saying, "and asked me if I wouldn't like to see one of my old pictures. I was not only flattered; I was delighted. They have a marvelous library of old films, the most complete in the world. I asked, hopefully, 'Do you have a print of "Beau Brummel?"' They said they did. So I dropped everything else and rushed over to have a nostalgic look at my favorite of all the pictures I had ever made."

She puckered up her face in mock dismay at Mary Astor, Sentimentalist.

"Do you remember 'Beau Brummel?'" It was considered really something in its day. John Barrymore was the star and I was the leading lady, and the love scenes were supposed to be some of the most beautiful ever filmed. A little tingle went up my spine at the thought of seeing them again.

"So I saw them again. And I don't know when I've been so embarrassed. Thoroughly, excruciatingly embarrassed. It taught me a lesson. Never again will I go back and try to relive a memory.

"The print was in perfect condition. That was the agonizing thing. I couldn't kid myself that the picture must have been different once. It was just the same as when it was made. All I could say to myself, as I sat there in the merciful darkness watching it unreel, was: 'How did people ever go for this?'

"Just to give you an idea, let me tell you about one scene that once thrilled millions. John took my hand in both of his. One by one, gently, tenderly—oh, so tenderly—he uncurled my fingers. Then, looking deep in my eyes, he said, in a subtitle, 'I place my heart in the palm of your little hand.'"

Mary closed her eyes in reminiscence and shuddered. "How love has changed!" she said, feelingly.

Was she insinuating that movie love "ain't what it used to be?"

She tossed her head back in a short laugh. "I'm not only insinuating it," she said. "I'm stating it as a fact. I've seen it change."

This sounded like something that the chroniclers of Hollywood have missed; something that future historians would want to know about; and something that everybody else might find instructive. So I pursued the subject.

Mary protested that she wasn't the only actress in Hollywood who could talk about it. But she was just being modest. There's no other top-flight actress in Hollywood today whose movie experiences have covered as much romantic territory, or go back as far as Mary Astor's.

You wouldn't think it to look at her, minus make-up, wearing a simple sports dress, but Mary Astor has been in the movies twenty years!

That makes her sound ancient. She isn't. On her last birthday (May 3rd) she was thirty-four. She is a contemporary of Claudette Colbert, Greta Garbo, Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford and sundry other big names. She simply started earlier than they did—when she was fourteen.

She was born with the non-marquée name of Lucile Langhanke in Quincy, Illinois, the daughter of a high school language professor. She finished grammar school in Quincy, then was packed off to the Kenwood-Loring School for Girls in Chicago, to get the finishing touches. Instead, she got a movie contract.

The school had a reputation for pretty girls, which made Mary's cameo-like features a matter of school pride. The other girls begged her to enter a certain beauty contest. She didn't have the nerve. So *they* sent in a picture of her and it won first prize. Publication of it brought discovery by Jesse Lasky. And, suddenly, she was in the movies—a schoolgirl barely in her teens who hadn't stopped growing yet.

She didn't look like a schoolgirl, however, any more than she looks like the mother of an eight-year-old today. There was, and still is, a curious ageless quality in her face. Between scenes she had to attend regular classes on the set, but they didn't give her child roles to play. They gave her grown-up roles.

She doesn't try to cover up the fact that she has been in films so long. She told me, with a candid smile, "I always say I started in 1920, but actually I didn't get on the screen until 1921. Nothing I did in 1920 ever came out. I played a bit in 'Sentimental Tommy,' which was scissored, and I made a one-reeler which was never released. I strongly suspect that I wasn't sensational.

"My first appearance on any screen was in the feminine lead of a picture called 'The Beggar Maid,' opposite Reginald Denny. The very title dates it. Can you imagine anybody making or going to see a picture with such a title today?

"That was the first time I was ever kissed by a man—either on the screen or off. I was fifteen years old, and it was quite an event. I didn't sleep for two nights before the scene. All I could think of was: 'He's going to kiss me.' And every time I thought of it I had terrific palpitations. I was terribly nervous—and terribly eager.

"What made me so nervous was the fact that I was supposed to be shy in the scene, and I was afraid the camera would give me away and reveal that I had a violent crush on Reggie. That crush lasted at least a week, with the kiss somewhere in the middle of it. Reggie spent most of that week running. He (Continued on page 63)



The Hays office came into existence in 1922, and films were pure for a while. By 1932, vigilance had relaxed and clinches like this one from "Red Dust" (Clark Gable and Mary Astor) got by. A year later a terrific wave of censorship set in.

# FUN IN FILMVILLE

Producers aren't heels and they're not skinflints. They consider charity a beautiful thing. But they think it's gone too far in Hollywood. You can't blame them, either, for when Mischa Auer ruins a \$1,000 scene by yawning so wide his tonsils take a bow, and when Rita Hayworth does all of her acting with her face because her torso's too tired to budge—even a producer deserves sympathy. At any rate, pooped-out performers were the order of the day when André Charlot raided every studio in town and enlisted talent for the star-dripping Revue he presented recently on the boards of Hollywood's famous El Capitan Theatre.

With nearly all of Filmville horning in, the Revue, staged for the benefit of the British Red Cross, was a better example of good nature than of good theatre. Rehearsals were haphazard, the opening night show as casual as an old hat, and the backstage shindigs even more extraordinary than those shown the audience. Alan Mowbray, who m-ceed one-half of the two-act production, had a bar erected in his dressing-room and lured many a grateful colleague in for a snort between acts. Reggie Gardiner, who m-ceed the other half, spent hours shooting frantic phone calls around town, trying to locate performers who forgot to turn up. Mr. Charlot tore his hair because Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville sneaked off to a dark corner to hold hands and let a little item like their skit slip their minds. Chester Morris pouted because his magic routine was scissored from the show and insisted upon "entertaining" anyway. And Rita Hayworth was kept busy rejecting the invitations of local playboys who had fallen for the rumor that she and husband Eddie Judson had tiffed. On stage, there were no fewer than twenty-seven numbers, all packed solid with famous names, ranging from Fanny Brice's "Baby Snooks" to a "Cads' Chorus" composed of Henry Fonda and Reggie Gardiner among others. In the words of Mr. Mowbray, the Revue was "a killer" and since it's been suggested that Charlot screen it maybe you'll be seeing it yourself!

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Anna Neagle's voice is so soft, she had to use a "mike" to make her famous "Alice Blue Gown" number audible!



**Charlot's All-Star Revue won't make history, but it**

**did make its all-star audience mighty happy!**



The "Cads' Chorus," composed of ten actors with senses of humor, always brought down the house as, grim-faced, they extolled their vices in verse.



Even the Charles Boyers, upset by news that their French chateau had been bombed, were grinning broadly before long.



June Clyde's hilarious attempts to "get familiar" with dead pan Mischa Auer drew the biggest guffaws of the entire evening!



Greta Hayworth, who danced professionally for years, led the La Conga becomingly clad in the Revue's most revealing costume.



Small wonder Nick Grinde's jaw is dropping. That sequin-studded gown on cute Marie Wilson is definitely an eye-knocker-outer!



British-born Binnie Barnes played hooky from her honeymoon long enough to accompany countryman Alan Mowbray to the Revue.



Janet Gaynor (gown by Adrian) and her designing hubby take a rare night off from pampering their six-month-old son Robin.



When not doing their song 'n' dance act, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper held hands back in the next to the last row.



Ten percenter Vic Orsatti squired two lovelies, Betty Grable and Linda Darnell. This agent stuff is nice work if you can afford it!

**PHOTOS BY JULES BUCK**



Gary's well-cast in the title role of "Meet John Doe" (a movie dealing with the life of an average American). Norman Rockwell once named him "The Typical American Man."

**When the super Cooper gives out  
on life, love and the pursuit of  
happiness, he's worth listening to!**



# *A Right Guy!*

It seems that in his quiet way, with the least amount of fuss, he gets just what he wants out of life. That's what they say about Gary.

Why, they have even circulated the rumor that he is deaf in order to account for his reticence and of seeming to hear very little of what other people say. Others report that he pretends not to hear in order to protect himself from answering questions he doesn't want to answer.

During the making of Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe," Barbara Stanwyck, co-starring with Gary, said of him: "Don't fool yourself; he's a fox, that one! He sees more, hears more and knows more than anyone else in this business."

Hollywood, however, must have its legends. And Gary is by way of being one of them. Along with Garbo, the Sphinx, Hepburn, the Firebrand and Ginger Rogers, the Recluse, Gary is labeled the Strong, Silent Man. But strangely enough his silences are not construed as unfriendliness. His reticence is not pooh-poohed as an "act," put on because of a swollen head or an unwillingness to cooperate. By some sound instinct, everyone seems to understand that he is simply not the "Hi-ya" type of individual and they try to bother him as little as possible.

But though they understand Gary, the man, they don't understand how, with so little pothor and ado, so little throwing about of weight, he has gotten where he is, without anyone being particularly conscious that he was getting up there.

Now, I've always found that the shortest distance between two points is the straight line, conversationally as well as geometrically. It seemed to me that the way to find out Gary's formula for success was to ask him. So, lunching with Gary at Lucey's in Hollywood the other day, I took my courage into my bare hands and did just that.

His blue eyes were twinkling as he launched his answers: "As for not talking much—well, I don't kid myself. If I weren't a movie star, I wouldn't be asked out for my scintillating conversation! I try, Lord knows, though I'm not very good at it, to hold up my end of the stick. But a glib talker is a person with a special aptitude or gift, and I haven't that gift. If I think I have anything to say which *will* contribute to enjoyment or interest, I say it. But if others have more interesting things to say than I have, I keep quiet. I don't 'assume' reticence or silence. I don't pretend to be deaf in order not to hear things. When you are among friends, I don't believe you should assume a part or a pose; that comes under the heading of being pretty phony. The only time I assume a part," smiled Gary, "is when I am on a sound stage, at work.

"As for avoiding publicity, I may have frozen up at some silly questions asked me from time to time. Then, too, certain personalities click, you know, and others don't. I have to feel comfortable when I'm talking with someone. If I'm uncomfortable, I'm not very adequate. Every business is salesmanship, one way or another. I have to sell acting. An interviewer has to sell the idea of doing a story. I guess you might say that if it's good salesmanship, I buy; if it's not, I don't. On some occasions, too, I've gotten off a plane or train dirty and tired and ducked the cameramen. I guess that was partly out of vanity," laughed Gary, "and partly out of respect for 'my Public' who, I'm told, likes its stars to look 'glamorous.' But," he added, with emphasis, "I enjoy making public appearances when I'm prepared for them. I like going to out-of-town premières, as we recently did with 'The Westerner.' We had a wonderful time. The people in Texas are swell. Real people. I like all that sort of thing. It's a pleasure to have people say 'hullo' to me, call me by my first name. A fine, friendly feeling. I like it.

"No, I haven't any special secret or formula for living or for success. Something Will Rogers once said, slightly altered, may apply to me, however. Will said, 'I'm just an old country boy. I have been eating pretty regular and the reason I have is because I stayed an old country boy.' Well, I was a Montana cowboy," smiled Gary, "and I have been eating pretty regular, too, and I think it's because I've stayed a Montana cowboy at heart. The things I like to do are still pretty simple, fundamental things, thank God! I like to get out in the hills, out in the Rockies somewhere. After 'John Doe' was in the box, my wife and baby and I went to Idaho for a hunting and camping trip. I don't do much hunting, really; just shoot a few ducks and things, enough to eat. I just like to be outdoors, get on a horse and ride.

"I've got everything I want in life; yes, I'm perfectly happy and contented. But I'm also very fortunate because the things I like to do and the things I want to have are the simple, easily obtainable ones. For example, when I'm home Rocky and I usually play a few sets of tennis before dinner; that gives me a workout. We keep a couple of saddle horses on a ranch a half hour's drive from our house. We go up there and ride in the hills. Once in a while we go to a night club. I like to dance," admitted Gary, sheepishly. "Very often we have our friends in for dinner—Ty Power and Annabella, the George Murphys and the Fred MacMurrays. We just sit around and gab. The point is, if a man wants only the things he can have, then he's certainly got everything. (Continued on page 78)

Virginia Tietz

Monday night

Dearest,

Thanks heaps for the cablegram. It certainly saved me lots of sleepless nights. For, if I hadn't received it before the news flash reached here recounting how you and Les Howard were nearly killed by that bomb, I would have been dreadfully worried. As usual, your thoughtfulness saved me.

I couldn't understand, at the time, why you should be cabling for the second time in a week and saying nothing especially new. But when the news broke about the bomb bursting three hundred yards from the apartment where you and Leslie were staying, and breaking all the windows, I knew you were trying to tell me that you were okay. Incidentally, it took two days for that news to pass the censors and reach this country.

Your letter, too, helped me considerably. That line about the "cheerful activity" at the station, together with a sentence from father's letter, "Your mother and I are leading a very quiet life," reassured me somewhat about conditions in London.

Speaking of father, it's a good thing you didn't meet up with him the other morning when a bomb made him thirty minutes late to the House of Lords to plead a case. It's the first time in thirty-five years he's ever been late and how he must have been fuming!

There's no lack of excitement here, although it's a different kind, but it's sort of sad to pass the old places you and I used to haunt—and pass them alone. The "wolves corner" at Chasens misses you badly. Reg (Gardiner), Coota (Bob Cootie), Rolly (Roland Young) and Jim (Stewart) hailed me the other night and wanted to know how it went with you and what was the latest word.

But that's not all. You've no idea how many friends you have in Hollywood. All that terrible talk which went on before you sailed has disappeared, and everybody has nothing but nice words to say about you. I'm stopped continually on my way to the set, or on the boulevard, by people wanting to know how you are, and asking to be remembered to you.

That reminds me. Do you know Maybelle Duke? Is this a girl who's been writing to you? She wrote me an awfully cute letter saying she was sorry for me. I don't know her, so I concluded she was one of your fans.

Presume that you've received the money for your car by this time. Don't ever buy a big automobile again. I had a dreadful time unloading it. Walter (Pidgeon) seems well pleased with it, but next time get a second-hand light car—if I'm going to have to sell it.

Now that "Hudson's Bay Company" is about finished, I have more time to work with Merle and Sylvia (Fairbanks) and Mary (Pickford) for the Ambulance Corps. We had a committee meeting yesterday at the Victor Hugo. And had you heard that Korda turned over the entire proceeds of the premiere of "Thief of Bagdad" to charity? Half goes to the British Ambulance Corps, the other half to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

Muriel (Angelus) stopped by for a moment en route to New York to do a play. She was doubly patriotic with an American flag on one lapel and a British flag on the other—both jeweled.

Saw John (Van Druten) at the opening of "Spring (Continued on page 80)

# TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, MY DARLING

Out of sight, out of mind? Not in Dick Greene's and Ginny Field's case!

Here's one pair of long-distance romancers who aren't drifting apart

Hollywood's just not the same since Dick went away, for he and Ginny were one of its gayest and most decorative couples.



BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Dennis grins like an Irishman, but when he talks it's strictly sans blarney. He's one of the most sincere people in Hollywood.

**BY WILLIAM  
ROBERTS**



## **You amateur Columbuses discovered him cinematically ages ago, but**

Up to two years ago, Hollywood couldn't see that Dennis Morgan was a large order of he-man—even if he did know the difference between an aria and an oratorio. Now, everybody is beginning to see it. Warners, particularly, has had an eyeful. They sent a photographer out to Dennis' house to give the girls an idea of how he looked around home, in a pair of shorts, and had to kill the pictures. He looked too muscular.

It would seem, however, that the girls are already convinced of his appeal from seeing him, fully clothed, on the screen.

They seem to have noticed him even though, up to now, his screen appearances have been confined largely to B's. That state of affairs is likely to be altered by "Kitty Foyle"—for which RKO borrowed him to play Ginger Rogers' lover. And please be advised that there is more love story in the picture than there was in the book!

Funny thing about Dennis—everybody thinks he's an Irishman.

"I think Warners must have picked my name out of a hat," he says, with a broad grin, "because I'm about as Irish as chop suey. My father is Swedish and my mother is a mixture of Scotch and Dutch."

It's just possible that Warners *didn't* pick the name out of a hat, but decided deliberately that anybody with his

infectious grin, brown hair and mischievous blue eyes ought to be Irish even if he wasn't.

He signs his checks "Stanley Morner." That's the name he was born with, on December 20, 1910, in Prentice, Wisconsin—about 40 miles from Lake Superior, in the North Woods country.

He was supposed to grow up to be a banker and lumberman like his father, and very nearly did. Only two things stopped him. The depression and a love of singing, inherited from his mother.

"She wasn't a professional, but she liked to sing in the church choir, and so did I," he says. "I was a boy soprano," he adds, just to get a rise out of you.

He can't remember a time when he didn't feel like singing. Except maybe the day he and another eleven-year-old decided to run away from home. They clambered aboard a freight train parked on a siding. In the dark box-car, they discovered a bum. A lecturing bum. He lectured them about home and mother. They got off disillusioned about the joys of associating with the Knights of the Open Road and convinced that parents were preferable.

"Besides singing in church," Dennis recounts, "I was in all the amateur theatricals that came along, especially after we moved to Marshfield, where I finished high school. But I didn't think about singing or acting as a life work.

# PAGING DENNIS MORGAN



Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan make violent love for the camera's benefit in "Kitty Foyle," but off the set confine themselves to casual chats over a couple of commissary Pepsis.

**here, at long last, is your chance for that personal introduction!**

Somehow, you don't when you're that age. They're just things you like to do. Like playing football.

"I was a little over six feet tall then, so they made me center on the football team. That led to my getting a scholarship to play football at the University of Wisconsin. But I didn't like the set-up, so I switched to Carroll College. I intended to stay just a year; instead I stayed four—mostly because of the excellent drama department. The person who got me interested in dramatics was a teacher named May N. Rankin—who had the same effect on Alfred Lunt when he went there." He adds, in a hurry, "Not that I've turned out to be another Alfred Lunt."

Carroll also had a good music department—and a voice teacher who wanted him to quit athletics and really concentrate on singing. "I couldn't see it. I wasn't going to make singing a career. I sang just for the love of it. I was satisfied singing with the glee club and partially paying my way through college, singing in churches."

He had a big football ambition, however—to graduate from the line to the backfield. He wanted to be a fullback and carry the ball. The only trouble was he couldn't hang onto it.

"I used to spend my summers in my dad's lumber camps in northern Wisconsin, getting in shape, while I learned the lumber business from the ground up. I chopped trees, sawed trees, blew out stumps and had fights every Satur-

day night with tough Swedes. One summer a pal of mine, who played football at Northwestern, went up to one of the camps with me, and I practised catching that ball and hanging onto it. Then, in the very first scrimmage that fall, I fumbled the first ball that was thrown to me—without even being tackled. The coach decided I'd be more valuable as a tackle and running guard. Dropping players, instead of footballs."

Under questioning, he says he "probably" fell in love several times during those four years. "Everybody does. But I ended up by marrying the girl I had gone with in high school—Lillian Vedder."

When the four years were over, he received a certificate in dramatics, in which he had minored. But he didn't receive a degree in economics, in which he had majored. He was short three hours of science. "And I'm still short those three hours. I never went back."

When he got out of school, he was invited to join four other ex-college singers on a Chautauqua tour in a condensed version of "Faust."

"I didn't think of that as a job," he says. "It was just a sort of lark. Sixty consecutive one-night stands, spread all over the Middle West, with most of the towns we played about 125 miles apart, and with everybody singing about three or four roles.

"When the tour ended, I said, (Continued on page 82)



IT'S IDLE

BY  
IDA ZEITLIN.

**You've heard** before this that Bette Davis is beloved of the press. One reason is that, given a job on Bette, you don't have to play true-and-false games with yourself. Her method is simple—so simple that you wonder it hasn't been discovered by others, who prefer to scream over mis-statements than to supply facts. Maybe because they can make more noise that way! With Bette, you ask the questions and she gives you the answers.

Current rumors concerning her are three: She's at odds with her studio—the old reliable that crops up every now and then like the sea monster of Loch Ness; she's feuding with Ida Lupino, because Ida Lupino played Bette Davis in "They Drive By Night," and she's in love with Bob Taplinger, publicity executive at Warners.

Bette sat on the sofa of a New York hotel, hands linked behind her head, and hooted at all three. She'd come down from New Hampshire for a week to see plays and people, and her mood seemed as blithe as the Roman-striped trousers of the pajamas she wore.

"Shall I answer them in order, as put, or skip around for the fun of it? As put. Okay. Then for once in my life I can honestly say that there's no dissension at the studio. Which, for me, should be news. Everything's lovely between me and Warner Brothers. I liked 'The Letter.' I liked wearing short skirts. I'd been carrying fifty pounds of fabric around for a year and barely recognized my legs in modern clothes. I also like 'January Heights,' which I'm to do next. There's been some talk of 'Calamity Jane,' which I politely trust I shall not do. In any case, I'm being loaned to Mr. Goldwyn after 'January Heights,' for 'The Little Foxes.' In view of which blessing, I'm at peace with the world.

"Next? Feud with Miss Lupino. I stand lost in admiration for whoever dreamed that one up, since I've never met Miss Lupino. Or am I supposed to be boxing with her shadow? Neither have I seen 'They Drive By Night,' because I've been buried in New Hampshire for three months. I hear it's a swell picture and a swell performance, and I'm going to catch it, first chance I get. I also hope to meet Miss Lupino, and this is what I'd tell her if the subject came up.

"When I worked in 'The Man Who Played God,' Mr. Arliss insisted that I put my hair up. It was so short that the only way I *could* put it up was thus-and-so, which happened to be the way Constance Bennett was doing her hair at the time. I soon learned to my horror that I was supposed to be imitating Miss Bennett—the last thing that had ever entered my head!

"I don't know whether this talk bothers Miss Lupino as the other bothered me for a while. Till a friend said:

'Forget it. You've just one thing to worry about. Get in there and slug. Make every performance the best you're capable of. The rest is incidental. Today they say you're aping Miss Bennett. Next year they may say somebody's aping you. None of that matters. The industry will absorb as many of you as are worth your salt. Only one thing will keep you in—performance. Only one thing will jolt you out—lack of performance.' Well, all that sounded like good sense to me then and still does. Miss Lupino's good work won't make mine bad, and turn about, if I may say so.—Sorry." She smiled affably. "I know a hair-pulling match would make better copy."

Which brought us around to Bob Taplinger. Bette's smile deepened. "I hate to do this to you, but Bob and I are just good friends. There is such a thing as being good friends, you know, and since that's what we are and *all* we are, what else can I do but hand you a chestnut? Tell you what, though." Her hands went behind her head again. "I'll bend my mind toward coining a phrase that means the same thing but sounds different. I'll have it all ready for you next time you ask—say, twelve months from now?" she suggested sweetly.

So you've put your questions and been given your answers, and you're stuck with a lot of space to fill.

"Look," says Bette. "I'm not battling with Warners; I'm not biting chunks out of Ida Lupino; I'm not falling in love. But that doesn't mean I'm exclusively negative. Why don't you ask me what I *have* been doing?"

"What?" you inquire helpfully. (This kind of thing is known as a lazy man's interview, with the other fellow doing all the work. It happens infrequently.)

Among other things, she's been doing what most of us have been doing—feeling helpless and horrified over the state of the world. Newspaper men would come on the set where she was working with (Continued on page 70)



For months now it's looked as if Bette and Bob Taplinger were Romeo and Juliet-ing. Here, at last, is the real low-down!

# GOSSIP!

*says Bette*

**But in completely squelching this year's crop of lurid rumors,**

**Bette Davis quite unwittingly starts some bigger and better ones!**

## ON THE SET WITH

# "Flotsam"

**Cast and crew frolic when the movie camera's back is turned!**

In 1807, Mr. Noah Webster penned his famous dictionary and defined "flotsam" as "objects cast from a vessel and found floating on the sea." In 1939, Mr. Erich Maria Remarque penned a novel about Europe's political refugees and, with a nod toward Mr. Webster, entitled it—"Flotsam." Today Mr. Remarque is stealing the jump on Mr. Webster and is watching his book acquire thrilling celluloid life as the maiden production of the Loew-Lewin Corporation.

Despite its uncheery title and its tragic inspiration, "Flotsam," surprisingly, is not another movie preachment against the evils of Nazi-ism! Instead, it's a punchy tale of high adventure and rich friendships, with the refugee situation serving merely as a back-drop for the love affairs of its principals. Surprisingly, too, it's not being filmed on a handful of sorry-looking sets, but is actually employing *more* sets than "Gone With The Wind!" Since

its main characters migrate from Austria, through Czechoslovakia and Switzerland, to France, over a hundred and twenty backgrounds are required to keep up with their travels!

Varying from vegetable markets to circus tents, these backgrounds even include a movie-style Swiss forest (birch bark and leaves pinned to several hundred local trees), the snow-blanketed Alps (the High Sierras, 150 miles outside of Hollywood, which look more like an American's idea of Switzerland than Switzerland itself) and a reproduction of the *Prater*, known in pre-Nazi days as the "Coney Island of Vienna."

Of all sets, it was the *Prater* which gave Director John Cromwell his worst moments. Built on an indoor stage, it had to be bathed in klieg lights to give the illusion of daylight—and klieg lights, if there are enough of them, can be hotter than a thousand hells. In this case, there



This is Glenn Ford—definitely not a pretty boy but, nevertheless, dynamite with dames. He's six feet two, weighs 165 pounds, has gray eyes and red-brown hair. Used to be a parachute jumper, but has been in "the profession" since 1938, when he understudied John Beal in a flop called "Soliloquy."

Though his part in "Flotsam" is as important as Fredric March's, he's still working for peanuts, and has to stick pretty close to a budget. Has but one extravagance, his hopped-up racer, in which he hits the local salt flats at 140 miles an hour. His studio's forbidden him to drive it until the film's finished.

He got the thrill of his life when he recently received his first fan letter! He'd just about given up hope of ever getting one, having gone fanlessly through 150 plays and eight movies. It was a role in "The Lady in Question" that fished him out of obscurity and started a huge influx of mail.



"Flotsam's" crew watches Director Cromwell (left, sitting) put Fred March in the mood for a big scene.



Fred forgets the serious stuff for a while, dons prop pigtails and eats ice cream with Fran Dee.

were enough of them. As a result, some seals needed for one particular scene spent five hours barking for relief (or their mates), the leaves on the *Prater's* phony trees kept wilting and fresh ones had to be tacked on before each "take" and, most exasperating, the melting performers, sometimes as many as thirty-five at a clip, sneaked off to Fredric March's elegant air-cooled dressing-room to become literal refugees from an inferno-like sound stage!

Item most worth noting about "Flotsam," however, is that, although it stars such film biggies as Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan and Frances Dee, it also offers a break to a pair of players who previously have been shoved into the background. Player Number One is "Sally," a sharp, little wire-haired terrier, for years the unsung stand-in for "Asta" of "Thin Man" fame. Player Number Two is Glenn Ford, a clean-cut, snub-nosed youngster cast as the romantic lead opposite Miss Sullavan, and introduced in the pictures on this and the foregoing page.

**BY SYLVIA KAHN**



Between takes Sullavan motorcycles and trades chat with Fred.



After doing a tricky juggling scene for "Flotsam," Philip Van Sandt electrifies Glenn Ford with some more stunts.



Frances has been waiting months for a good role like this one of March's wife. Fred, by the way, discovered Fran in 1930.

He's in constant "dutch" with his bosses, because he spurns all studio dates. Only has eyes for a certain little blonde secretary, and admits he's going "almost steady." He phones her nightly. Won't divulge her name, for her family frowns on actors and would bounce him if he gave her any publicity.

Glenn's an early-to-bedder. He loathes night spots, and his idea of a big time is an evening of Chinese checkers with "his girl." Has no movie friends except Bill Holden and they double-date on Saturday nights. Week nights, he studies lines with his mother, with whom he lives in a three-room apartment.

# IT'S ALL OVER

How did the Stars behave during the

## **FINEST ACTOR**



Charles Laughton for his Tony in "They Knew What They Wanted."

## **FINEST ACTRESS**



Greer Garson for her interpretation of Elizabeth in "Pride and Prejudice."

## **GREATEST FUTURES**



Versatile Betty Field made the headlines in all four of her movies.



Lovable Tom Mitchell matched his 1939 Award-winning performance.

## **BEST DIRECTOR**



John Ford for his latest masterpiece — "The Long Voyage Home."

## **FIND OF THE YEAR**



Wistful Martha Scott for her fine screen performance in "Our Town."

## **FINEST SUPPORTING PLAYERS**



Ida Lupino for that magnificent emoting in "They Drive by Night."



William Gargan for his realism in "They Knew What They Wanted."

## **BEST PICTURES OF 1940**

The Long Voyage Home (John Ford)

Our Town (Sol Lesser)

Arise, My Love (Paramount)

Rebecca (Selznick)

The Grapes of Wrath (20th Century-Fox)

Foreign Correspondent (Walter Wanger)

The Mortal Storm (M-G-M)

All This, and Heaven Too (Warner's)

They Knew What They Wanted (RKO-Radio)

Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M)

Three Faces West (Republic)

Abraham Lincoln in Illinois (RKO-Radio)

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

# BUT THE SHOUTING

year 1940, and just where are they heading?

When future film historians go through the books, and count up the scores, they will probably give the year 1940 a once-over lightly and pass on to years with more meat, more action. Nothing much happened. There were labor conditions which shook the industry; there was a war which changed the business completely; some of the best films of all times were made; the industry's number one prodigy, Shirley Temple, was fired; the industry's number one character player, Paul Muni, switched studios—but nothing much happened. Things were quiet.

One thing you can be sure of. The year coming up, 1941, will afford much more excitement, from a Hollywood standpoint. It must. Because, in spite of the fact that Hollywood is simply a timid little community in which 30,000 people earn a living by working for the movies, the general public throughout America likes to cling to its notion of Hollywood as the center of the world's gossip and scandal. And that's where Hollywood fell down badly during 1940—there wasn't a single major scandal. Poor, poor Hollywood. It has grown too respectable.

Well, don't worry, world, there are some nice, juicy scandals on the way. Mind you, everyone is trying hard to avert them, but chances are that you will be hearing in the very near future about the strange escapades of at least two of your famous movie stars, both of which have a good chance of landing in all the newspapers in all the countries of the world!

But enough of prognostication. Instead, let's take a glance back.

Well, Margaret Sullavan had a good year, George Brent had some swell pictures and Pat O'Brien had a poor year, ending up in a cloud of glory. Lucky boy, Pat. He wasn't getting very many good parts; he was too thoroughly typed (has been for years, of course) and was just about ready for a slide, when Warners came along with an idea for a two-reel short subject based on the life of Knute Rockne. Would Pat play the part? Pat said sure so fast that everyone at the studio wondered—but when he got through telling the bosses what he intended to do with the part, and how the story ought to be handled, they boosted the budget from \$40,000 to \$700,000 and the footage from two reels to eight. The result is "Knute Rockne—All American," one of the top Warner pictures of the year, and the high point of Pat's acting career. Lucky lad, Pat. Or is it luck?

Barbara Stanwyck, too, had a very swell year, winding up with the best assignment of her life, the femme lead in Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe," which won't be seen until 1941. Incidentally, the old saw about ill winds might come out of the mothballs here, but in reverse. Capra first asked for Ann Sheridan for the part. The Warners took the matter under advisement, but said nothing. So Capra hunted up Barbara. And several months later, when a new contract for Sheridan came up for discussion, she balked and argued and drew a suspension, with the Warners completely surprised and not knowing to this day what it was that was eating their little Annie. She was simply heart-broken at not getting the chance.

Tony Martin had wife trouble on one hand and studio trouble on the other. He couldn't get any pictures that suited him—if such there be—and decided to quit Hollywood. He went out on the road in a series of personal appearances and broke world records from here to there. Metro was so impressed, it grabbed him for another film try. The lad has fans, no doubt of that, but Metro will

find that tailoring vehicles for him is certainly no cinch.

Joan Bennett became Mrs. Walter Wanger and starred in three pictures, two of which were good. Charles Laughton had a horrible year and had the skids all greased for him until "They Knew What They Wanted" put him back on top, stronger than ever. Charles' trouble seems to be that he isn't satisfied with acting alone; he wants to direct, too. You can't do it, Charles, old man—but you're a magnificent actor under the proper direction.

Fred Astaire struggled hard for a comeback, but didn't find the proper vehicles. Eleanor Powell was getting along swell until she fell seriously ill.

Carole Lombard is suffering from a serious problem—she's tired of being a zany and wants to really act. The old Hamlet motif, remember? "Vigil In the Night" turned out to be a problem child and "They Knew What They Wanted" was bad casting—although she does the best acting of her life in it. A tough year, so come on back to comedies, honey—we love 'em.

Anne Shirley got a break in "Saturday's Children," after Olivia de Havilland had turned it down. She impressed nicely in this, but hasn't consolidated these gains as yet. She may go places next year if she gets some good parts.

Mae West is definitely out for the moment, largely through a failure to change pace. She still has a big fan following, but the picture she made with W. C. Fields, "My Little Chickadee," did Fields a lot of good, but not Mae. Looks like a rest for a couple of years, unless some especially good vehicle shows up, of course.

Victor McLaglen had one of his very poorest years. Jon Hall is having a tough climb up the ladder, but is doing very nicely; he's worth watching. Frances Farmer tried again, in two pictures, after a spell of New York and legit. No dice. She still looks terrific and acts magnificently, but just won't bother watching her diction and mechanics.

Greer Garson, the most patient of them all, finally picked up "Pride and Prejudice" on a rebound from a Shearer rejection. A swell break for Greer, and it may win her the Academy Award for acting. Laurence Olivier did very well and is distinctly in the ascendant. He should be a top movie star in 1941, if he doesn't march off to war.

Errol Flynn continued swashbuckling his way through life and films, and had his usual swell year.


Anna Neagle firmly established herself among the American public's favorites. Her director-producer, Herbert Wilcox, brought her to Hollywood for one film. The war trapped them here and both have remained, while Anna caught on nicely.

Ann Sothern had the best year of her career, largely because she happened to be standing there as the "Maisie" bus came by. It turned out to be a perfect fit for her and, after several years of trying to find a spot, she is in—but solid.

Brian Aherne got stronger as the year went along, with the most diversified list of characterizations in his life, running the gamut from deep emotional roles to downright comedy.

Rita Hayworth had a pleasant year and seems to have been hit by a hunk of luck-lightning just as the year waned. She'll owe her big break (if it turns out to be a break, as it should) to Ann Sheridan, who balked on the "Strawberry Blonde" assignment, giving Rita a chance to pick up the script.

Clark Gable romped merrily through another okay year, and Spencer Tracy was probably (Continued on page 65)



'Twas a happy day for Lew when he graduated cinematically from collegiate roles to a full-fledged M.D.

**BY JOHN FRANCHEY**

Lew Ayres, who flashed to a meteoric success exactly ten years ago, slid into a decline and then popped back into circulation, swears it wasn't done with mirrors. The comeback which has catapulted him higher than he ever rose in his three previous careers in pictures has a definite logic and pattern to it.

He told us all about it over a Hollywood breakfast in his chalet perched high on top of Lookout Mountain. Over wondrous coffee and the most incredible blueberry muffins, Lew launched his explanation of an astonishing comeback which has ended in a seven-year contract with Metro.

"As a kid in my late teens I did a trick at Pathé and got canned just when I thought I was going good. I was all set to forget this brief fling in the movies when the late Paul Bern, then a director for Metro, showed Garbo a test I had made. Thanks to this kind gesture, I landed the young romantic lead in "The

Kiss," opposite Garbo. There was no doubt about it. I was on my way. Not long afterward, I managed to bag the part of the bewildered young soldier, ignorant of what he's fighting for, in "All Quiet on the Western Front." The picture was a sensation. The gilded era for Ayres was ushered in.

"But it didn't linger. Worse than that, I realized all of a sudden that I had hit the toboggan, that I was playing in B pictures and contributing nothing startling even to these innocent numbers.

"Then I got sort of frântic. And the harder I fought, the faster I slipped. The faster I slipped, the harder I worried. I got myself in to such a turmoil that I wasn't much good to anybody, including myself. At which point I took time out to study my case quietly, and I finally arrived at a conclusion: I was pushing success, and that's a losing game.

"I shrugged, made an about-face and decided that

# the Doctor Views His Case

**He had a long siege of career-  
itis, but Lew Ayres took a  
dose of his own medicine and  
made a spectacular recovery!**

Laraine Day had had two false  
movie starts when she was cast  
as Dr. Kildare's nurse. Looks  
like a steady job, for she's  
been in all six of the series!



if I had anything on the ball, the right chance was bound to come along. If not, what good would it do hurrying myself into high blood pressure and a case of acute despondency?

"Whereupon I proceeded to forget pictures entirely and to devote myself to picking up neglected interests. I found they were countless—and diverting, too. As a youngster, I had always been interested in astronomy, so I rigged up a homemade telescope. Always a sucker for that upper corner of the front page of a newspaper which predicts 'fair and warmer' or 'cloudy with showers,' I set up an amateur weather bureau. I had a helluva lot of fun.

"But eventually I woke up to the fact that my bank balance was getting low and not a nickel was coming in. I had almost hit bottom when Metro up and offered me a test for the character part of Henry in 'Rich Man, Poor Girl.' Did I snap it up? Of course I did. And it turned out to be a real characterization and not one of those sappy college boys I had been playing, varied on occasions by an Ayres portrait of a baby-faced gangster."

It seems that at this point, just when the Ayres stock began to go up on the Hollywood exchange, Metro decided to do a little epic all about an idealistic young interne and a cantankerous old sawbones of a professor hiding a heart of gold beneath his rough exterior. Offered the interne's part, Lew brooded over it and shook his head doubtfully. He finally left it up to a coin. Heads he'd play it, tails he wouldn't.

Heads it was.

Well, when the opus left the cutting room it was definitely on its own. It received neither a God-bless-you from Lew Ayres nor the customary publicity fanfare from the studio. Just another movie—that's all it was.

As it happened the unpretentious film, the first directing job of Harold Bucquet for Metro, caught on. In fact it received such a rousing reception everywhere that the startled Metro magnificoes decided to do a series. The picture—you guessed it—was "Young Dr. Kildare."

Today, riding higher than ever, Lew Ayres of the wistful expression and youthful appearance is grateful for the public's sudden interest in medicine. He's thanking his lucky stars for the overnight discovery by film-goers that there's drama in fighting death and romance in the white-coated man with the stethoscope.

One of Hollywood's most unique characters, he's no more the typical glamour boy in his ways and means than he is professor of Egyptology at Oxford University. Not that the subject of Egyptology would pall on him!

Anything but! For Lew Ayres, the man who was once married to Ginger Rogers and Lola Lane, has one of the most curious minds in Hollywood. He's fascinated by every subject imaginable—skirts cut on the bias and Aztec architecture, geology and photography, meteorology and dancing.

He's passionately fond of music—the living room of his home is evidence enough of that. Two huge record shelves are teeming with albums of classical music—symphonies, concertos, tone poems and what have you. Then there's a miniature organ which he plays at all hours of the night if he feels like it, and cater-cornered across the room is a baby grand piano. At this piano Lew Ayres, the musician-dreamer, sits for hours, poking away at fragments of half-remembered melodies, in search of a few pleasing chords which he can whip up into a theme for a composition. Anything but a dabbler, he's written a "Symphonic Fantasy," which has received high praise from critics. He's also written sundry tangos and pop tunes just for the fun of it.

His weather bureau is rapidly acquiring a sort of notoriety around town, but to hear Lew tell it, as a weather prophet he's a nifty handball player! As we said, the whole thing started when Lew decided to take life easy. His first piece of apparatus was (Continued on page 79)

**Camera-angling**  
**Jules Buck reels 'em**  
**in from the Holly-**  
**wood social swim!**



Ann Rutherford, hunter of bowling alleys and rifle ranges, dons evening togs for a dignified date with composer Gus Kahn's son, Don, who wants to lead a band.



Since their return from a Caribbean cruise, the Allan Joneses have been keeping up the suntanning with frequent sunbaths beside their real swanky swimmin' pool at home!



We all thought Dana Dale's case was cinched when Jeff Lynn gave her a sparkler. But what about his frequent N. Y. phone calls to old flame Doris Carson?



Helen Parrish, whose former fiancé, Forrest Tucker, eloped with Sandra Jolley, Earl Carroll beauty, forgets it all at the Florentine Gardens with Charlie Lang.



Though Vic Mature and Liz Whitney still play "on-again, off-again," Vic's definitely "on" in movies, having been picked for the lead in Anna Neagle's next film.



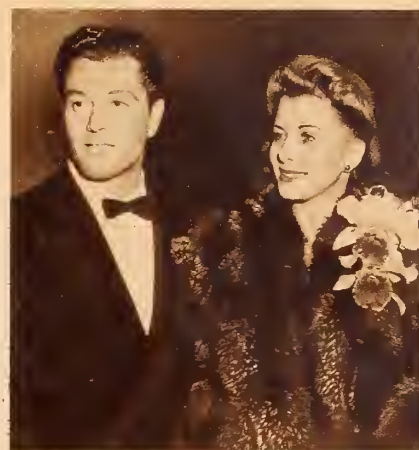
Claudette Colbert, who is on "trial" separation from Doc Pressman after five years of matrimony, threes-a-crowds it with William Goetz and his wife at Ciro's.



Since her front-page romance in New York fell short of marriage, Arline Judge has returned to a Hollywood film career. Here she is with Lloyd Pantages at Ciro's.



Here's the exception to all Hollywood rules! The Stuart Erwins defy columnists and gossiping home-wreckers by remaining uniformly blissful for eight long years.



Since his return to Hollywood, songster Tony Martin's been having a time for himself and Natalie Draper on the \$5,000-a-week salary he gathered during his tour!



Though Don's considerably jarred 'cause the missus, Honore Ameche, up and sheared her braids, he can't stay solemn when Benny's around. The minute they see each other, it's a question of who can get the first laugh.



Jack Huber savors the sunny side of law! He insured Dotty Lamour's constancy to law partner Bautzer by taking exclusive charge of her social life during Greg's absence!



Wild and woolly westerner Tim Holt and wife, the former Virginia Ashcroft, celebrate their second wedding anniversary with Tim's handsome pop, Jack Holt, who doesn't look a day over 21—in spite of being a grandpa!



Looks like Laraine Day may yen for intrigue, the way she strays from M-G-M hairdresser, Sydney Guilaroff, for frequent rendezvous with Bob Shaw, the Linda Darnell heartbeat.



The lovable Ann fancies herself a glamour girl, hence those evening gowns with plenty of Sothern exposure!

# it's an old SOTHERN custom

**This business of mak-  
ing people laugh is  
one of a dozen swell  
Sothern traditions!**

"But darling, it's so simple," Ann Sothern expostulated to the feverish and bewildered carpenter. "All you have to do is move the walls out eight feet, put in a new floor and raise the roof."

She sighed complacently, smiled sweetly and gave herself over to a completely new set of musings. As far as Ann was concerned, the little problem of enlarging her living room had been solved.

Needless to say, in a couple of weeks the room was handsomely altered, and in due time Ann's Crescent Drive house, formerly occupied by the Ritz Brothers, had developed into a showplace. She knows what she wants, this lady, and she usually gets it!

Make no mistake in classifying Ann. Despite that ridiculously turned-up nose, bee-stung lips that rate her "most kissable" to Franchot Tone, Burgess Meredith, Robert Young, Francis Lederer and Cesar Romero (in the movies, of course) Ann Sothern is an ingenuous soul. She's as individual as a gown by Schiaparelli, as friendly as a neighbor's kitten, as ambitious as Wendell Willkie. She firmly believes that anything is possible, and nine times out of ten she proves the truth of that conviction.

While "Maisie" made her what she is today, Ann is nothing like her screen self. "Maisie" has all of Ann Sothern's fine qualities, but Ann has none of "Maisie's" bad ones. Ann is a fine student. Her prized possessions are medals for original piano compositions. She is the last word in chic and femininity. She stands for meticulous living, but she has grown to depend a lot on the slap-happy "Maisie." Recently, when Ann and Mal (Mrs. Ray) Milland visited New York, "Maisie" was really a heroine! But let Ann tell it in her own melodramatic way.

"We had dinner at Ruby Foo's. Then we went to see 'Foreign Correspondent.' We were so thirsty by the time we finally got out, we just *had* to have a drink. Well, we stopped and asked a policeman where we could buy a soda. He gave us that 'Oh, yeah?' kind of a look and sent us on our way.

"Finally we found a drug store still open way over on the other side of town. We leaned out the car window and asked another policeman, who was standing on the corner, whether they sold ice cream sodas. He gave us a knowing wink, assured us we certainly could get a "soda," then went whistling on his way.

"By this time we were laughing so hard, we almost fell out of the car. Just as we started to cross the street, I felt someone grab my arm. Turning, I looked into the toughest face I have ever seen. 'So you're looking for an ice cream soda,' he said knowingly, as he gave my arm a familiar squeeze. Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, I became 'Maisie Ravier.'

"'On your way, brother!' I yelled in a voice that Mal says sounded like Wally Beery's. She was as surprised as the man. He backed away. He tipped his hat. You never saw anyone so taken aback. We laughed about that incident for days, and I've had great respect for 'Maisie' ever since."

If Ann Sothern didn't possess a natural, lovable, down-to-earthiness, she never would have been able to breathe her lust for life into "Maisie." Yet, she sees herself as a glamour girl. Actually she looks the part. Those Bernard Newman gowns leave little to the imagination. She goes in for bizarre jewelry and hair-dos that look like French pasty. She's everything Hollywood (*Continued on page 62*)

**BY JERRY ASHER**

# Fashions in Gifts



**holiday greetings**  
and a happy one 'twill  
be in this specialized-for-  
prettiness Saybury house-  
coat of slipper satin and  
velvet. \$10.95 at Stern  
Brothers in New York.

*Well dressed* **UNDRESSED...**

**A MERRY IDEA** *for Christmas!*

What kind of Xmas gifts do YOU like to get? We've been asking that question for weeks . . . and the answers are almost equally divided! Half, "Practical, please!"—half, "Pretty, please!" Here are two pages of both kinds . . . all designed to give a lift to loveliness.



She'll love you for a  
rose printed double-  
quilted cotton robe  
with balloony  
sleeves 'n' billowy skirt.  
\$3.98 at Stern's. And we  
could break into poetry on  
these "Baby Bunting" pa-  
jamas in red that keep a gal  
warm from tiptoe to head!  
A precious gift at \$3.95 at  
A. Harris & Co., Dallas, Tex.



A Bali Bow-Bra both beautiful and dutiful. Inserted net bow on cotton broadcloth. \$1. Ribbon and lacy petty-skirt in rayon satin by Seamprufe, as sturdy as it is dainty. \$2 at leading New York stores.

**SANTA SUGGESTS:**

Gifts that every luxury-loving lassie will adore! Frills and laces, bows 'n' furbelows, precisely made in soft fabrics—dainty colors. Look twice at their price. No need for purse-string pulling this Christmas!

Gift trio: Charming Rhythm Romancer slip. \$2. Blackton Shops. Flattering lacy rayon crêpe nightie. \$3. Arnold Constable. "Petalskin" rayon bed jacket by Van Raalte, \$2. McCreery's arcade. New York.

A long-sleeved nightie for cozy-dozy comfort. Beautifully tailored of rayon crêpe. \$3 at Arnold Constable. For her toes these twinkling "Dotty d'Orsay" slippers in two-toned rayon satin. \$1.98 at Saks 34th. Last, not least, a Mary Barron slip that's flounced 'n' bosomed in lace—fits like a dream. Rayon crêpe. \$1.98. Oppenheim Collins, New York.

# PROP SHOP



**Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,  
Will Jingle Christmas Day;  
If you buy your presents  
In the Prop Shop value-way!**



## **SANTA ANITA BRACELET**

Looks like a lot, costs but a little. A modern motif for a modern miss. \$1. Franklin Simon, New York.

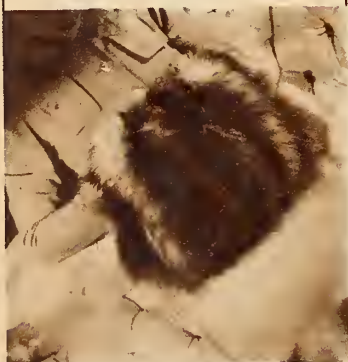


## **SHE'S SMITTEN WITH MITTENS**

A gay idea for day 'n' datetime. Draw-string doeskins in new colors! \$2.00. Saks 5th Ave., New York.

## **HAND 'N' HEART**

Just imagine! Big, beautiful silver-fox tail muff bag—a find at \$14.98. Macy's, New York.



Eaton's famous Highland Papers for Christmas gifting in a delightful keepsake box. \$1. Lord & Taylor.

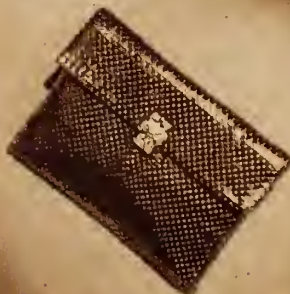


## **ACCENT FOR EVENINGS**

Pure silk chiffon hankie, with colorful sequin corner. Hand-rolled. \$1 at Stern's, New York.

## **IT'S TINY BUT MY, OH, MY!**

This baby mesh bag steps out at night all dressed up in gold or silver. \$2. At leading stores.



## **A SPARKLING HEADLINER**

Glitter glamour for beanie lovers! Sequins all over the place! \$1.95. Lord & Taylor, New York.



**Wiseacres who said  
Welles was taking  
Hollywood are due  
for a terrific shock—  
it's just the reverse!**

**BY DECLA DUNNING**



It's a svelte and smooth-shaven genius that's seen around Hollywood nowadays. Above, with Del Rio.

## HOLLYWOOD'S BANKRUPT GENIUS

Orson Welles is broke. The fabulous young genius from New York, Hollywood and Mars has spent his last fabulous dime. "Don't heckle me about my grocery bills," he said recently to one of the four lawyers who are on the payroll of Welles, Inc. The lawyers hadn't meant to heckle him. It was nothing more than the natural curiosity of a counselor who is confused by red ink.

He came out here a little over a year ago to make a picture for RKO. Welles was then, and is now, a corporation in which stockholders share their respective interests. RKO offered the Welles corporation a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to make a picture. Welles himself was to write, act in and direct the production.

Hollywood gasped! "How does he get that way?" was the substance of local opinion. The green-eyed monster of jealousy joined the reception committee, and "—so he's smart, is he!" said the know-it-alls. "Well, let's see what he can do."

The first picture was announced, "Heart of Darkness," but it wasn't made. The second picture was announced, "Smiler With the Knife," but this, too, was set aside. Months passed. "Wasting money," criticized a town which has long since perfected the business of prodigality. Well, perhaps Welles *was* wasting money, but he wasn't wasting RKO's. He was wasting his own.

His contract stipulated that the money would not be paid until the picture was completed. No film, no dough, as we say on Vine Street.

Welles had a radio commitment in New York and he had to make bi-monthly appearances there. His trans-continental flights were a strain on his budget. And, although he was paid well for the Mercury Theatre of the Air, his net profits were negligible.

Why? Because Welles is a perfectionist, and anything

just mediocre is not good enough for him. He wanted a larger orchestra than the sponsors had paid for, more actors and more rehearsals than those mentioned in the expense account. It isn't in Welles' nature to bicker about the difference between fifty dollars and a hundred, or five hundred and a thousand, so he simply paid the difference himself.

He is impatient of delay. More than once, when the salaries of actors working on his WPA productions were held up by government red tape, Welles wrote personal checks for the money. "Why not?" he would reply to any criticism that such generosity was unorthodox. He said the same when reproached by those who think he "hires" too frequently and "fires" too seldom. Or to the cryptic reminder that he is too broke to play Santa Claus.

"Wire a thousand immediately. Love, Orson" is the telegram which has all of his four lawyers rushing for the bromo-seltzer. "You can't do that," is their favorite, though futile, remonstrance. He can, and he does.

Where does the money come from? Well, once upon a time there was a young man who inherited a sizable sum from his father's estate. Welles spent the greater part of it taking the rap for the stockholders who had put their money into his stage production, "Five Kings." It was an artistic failure and Welles did not think that his stockholders should share the failure. The rest of his inheritance was pared down by taxes, and further depleted by legalities over the estate. He was left with twelve dollars in cash. That's right, the money doesn't come from there.

From radio, personal appearances or the theatre? Not now. Welles has been off the air for several months. He's been too busy working on his new picture, "Citizen Kane," to do a New York play. He plans to pick up a few pennies on a radio show but nothing (Continued on page 68)

Jane  
Wyman

BY CAROL CARTER



As feminine as flowers—Lady Esther's three-piece gift set contains face powder, cream and delicate cologne, beautifully boxed in rose-coral—a mere \$1.00.

Deanna  
Durbin

## Beauty Notes

Ann  
Sheridan



A love of a manicure kit, colorful in a variety of simulated leathers, completely equipped with popular Dura-Gloss polish, remover, cuticle remover, cotton, orange stick, file and emery board—a perfect stocking stuffer that looks much more than a modest fifty cents.

Irresistible is the word for this colorful holiday box full of props for loveliness—talcum, cold cream, skin freshener, lipstick and an amazingly pleasing little bottle of perfume—all for the astonishing sum of fifty cents—indeed well named Irresistible.



A sturdy, useful men's leatherette traveling kit, that can be used over and over again, is filled with three of those perfect Palmolive shave preparations—cream, lotion and talc, together with a tube of Colgate's dental cream. Substantial and good looking for \$1.50.

A festive red and white sleeve, with black eyes sprinkled in gold stars, slips over this original green Kurlash box containing that excellent eyelash curler so dear to the heart of every girl who has used one. A gift of glamour that's gay and different—\$1.00.



It's June in January for the lucky recipient of this fragrant box full of fresh-scented Spicy Apple Blossom talc, perfume and cologne so daintily packaged by Lander of New York and yours anywhere in exchange for one-quarter of the well-known American dollar.



A gift from Hollywood—as thrilling and beautiful as the glamour girls who use it—is Max Factor's Special Make-up Set containing powder, rouge, cleansing cream, lipstick and liquid Brillox in shades for blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead types—\$3.55.

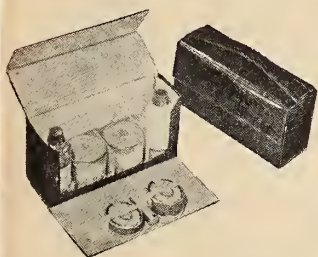


Hand it to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for the prize repackaging trick of the year! This grand, fragrant and efficient old stand-by has been put into luxurious new white and fuchsia bottles, stunning to look at, easy to handle, a decorative yet practical gift—\$1.00.

A Christmas star full of exquisite Cheramy gifts—April Showers perfume, toilet water, new perfume applicator, to be worn on a lapel, and a generous box full of fluffy Cheramy powder—loveliness enough to gladden any feminine heart—and a good buy for \$2.00.



## for Christmas Belles



For that extra special friend who loves luxury, give Hudnut's de luxe blue or maroon leather Week-end Travel Kit with washable lining, completely outfitted with skin and cleansing creams, foundation lotion, freshener, powder, rouge and lipstick—all for \$5.00.

A dressing table darling—this Cutex Fair Lady Set is slim as a whistle when closed, yet snaps open with all four bottles in upright position—polish, foundation, cuticle and polish removers plus five implements and cotton. Pearl finished fabric and gold case—\$2.75.

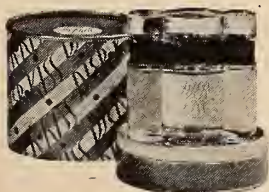


A box full of glamour—that's what you're giving when you choose this smart, gold-colored metal Maybelline vanity containing that beautifier supreme—solid Maybelline Mascara in either black, brown or blue—to suit the personality of its recipient—75c.



Schoolmates, business friends and favorite relatives—all will adore you more for thinking of them in terms of this delightful pink and blue box of Pond's famous two creams, their fine Danya cream lotion, color-perfect face powder and cleansing tissues—50c.

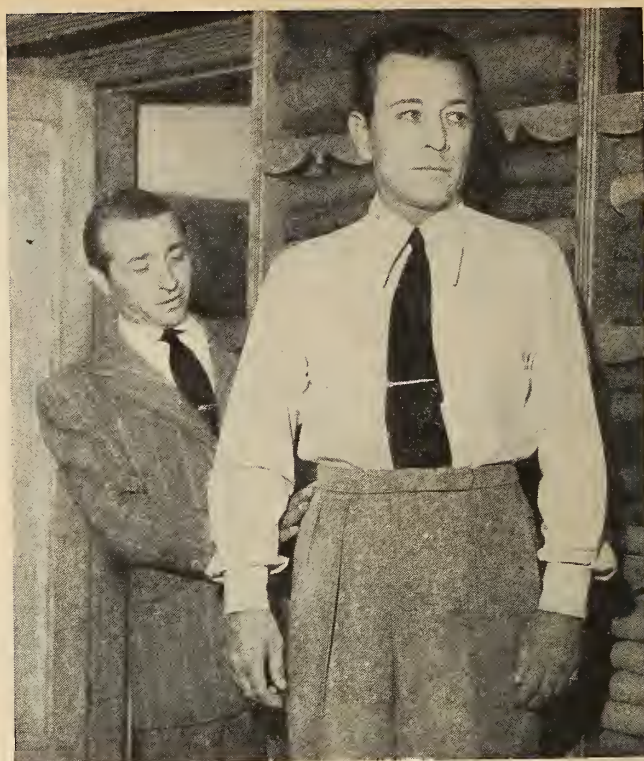
Give a man a gift he can use and let who will be clever—that's our motto and here's our suggestion: Woodbury's smart leather-colored kit containing four delightfully masculine toiletries—shave cream, lotion, talcum and dental cream—all for one little lowly dollar.



Exquisite perfume by Djer-Kiss, stunning box by famous designer Lester Gaba—put them together and you have a charming gift for the prime sophisticate on your Christmas list—a gift that bespeaks good taste, high regard and belies the reasonable \$2.50 it costs.

George Raft so firmly believes that a suit in the trunk is worth two in the closet that he actually totes along six trunks even on four-day trips!

## HAVE YOURSELF A PEEK AT THE HOLLYWOOD SCENE THROUGH OUR FOOLPROOF KEYHOLE!



# GOOD NEWS

### RAFT GOES BUY-BUY

George Raft never has his suits cleaned. He doesn't have to. He just wears an outfit a half-dozen times or so, and passes it on to a friend! According to tailors Mariani and Davis, it's this little habit that enables Mr. Raft to annually run through 30 suits (at \$140 per); 4 top coats (\$150-\$250 ea.); 5 sports jackets (\$100 ea.); two tuxedos (\$175 ea.); and 10 pairs of slacks (at \$40 the pair). Mariani and Davis stitch all of these fancy duds, and for years have been the authorities on the famed Raft wardrobe. They kept George in the pink of fashion long before he could keep himself—financially, that is—because they knew he'd be a winner some day, and today he's their best cash customer. From them we learn that George is such a clothes-conscious fussbudget, he spends entire days having the buttons on a coat shifted until they "set" right; he refuses to wear green; he insists on tails two inches longer than the conventional length (to give him height); he never wears a vest and, no matter how successful a third fitting is, he demands at least six. Since George is their pet, Mariani and Davis don't mind humoring him. To keep him happy, they even send their sales manager up to the Raft home once a week for an afternoon of ball slinging with the baseball-batty Mr. R.!

### BOTTLE BABY

Don't be surprised if a major studio and one of its top femme stars part company shortly. The lady's been hitting the bottle with too much vigor lately and the studio's tired of covering up for her. Her last "severe cold," the third in a few months, was nothing more than a good old-fashioned case of "d.t.'s" and held up an expensive production for several days. Her bosses don't think it'll influence her much, but they've warned the star the next time she slips they'll buy her a case of hooch and send her home forever.

### DOUBLE-TAKES

The Lana Turner-Vic Mature romance, though dead these many months, was beautiful while it lasted. And like many a beautiful

romance before it, it is being immortalized in a new Hollywood fad. Taking its place beside the hair-do fashioned after Juliet's and the hats adapted from Lillian Russell's is the craze they started for wearing similar clothes. You remember, when their affair was still blazing like an election eve bonfire, Lana and Vic matched everything but their nighties. Well, the idea caught on and scores of Hollywood kids—Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville included—have taken it up. What's good for a snicker these days, though, is the sight of Lana, garbed in a sleek Mature-era suit, dining at a neighborhood eatery with her newest blood-tingler, Tony Martin, and trying to look casual while the identically-garbed Mr. Mature sits nearby swearing love eternal to either Liz Whitney or Betty Grable.

### THIN MAN

Bing Crosby has found a snake in the bosom of his own family. His kid brother Bob (of Dixieland Band and Crosby Bobcats fame), has been recruited from the airways and the danceways to appear in RKO's "Let's Find a Song." Bob's only been in town a few weeks but, judging by his fan mail, in that short while has developed into a formidable threat to Bing's popularity with the dowagers and debutantes. The reason, we suppose, is that he can give the gals something Bing never could—a miraculous, reducing diet. When Bob took his first screen test, it was discovered that he had too many chins and too many inches around the middle to become a movie hero. He hurried home and two weeks later returned to the studio 28 pounds lighter. Now he's receiving hundreds of letters from female fatties who want to know how he did it! Bob's getting a bang out of the letters, but not out of cracks like the one Kay Kyser let fly the other day. Said Kay: "I never expected to see Skinnay Ennis out here!"

### LOVE ON ICE

From the inside, we hear that all's not sunshine and light in the romantic garden of Robert Stack and Mary Beth Hughes. The trouble started when the pair attended a party tossed by the Hollywood

Raft numbers his suits at 45 . . . prefers conservative tweeds, maroon ties, imported white hankies . . . closets trousers and jackets separately . . . dons newly pressed togs every morn.



Because a lapel ran one-half inch afoul, tailor-made George once tossed away a brand-new \$140 suit and ordered another at the same price with the lapel one-half inch higher!

## BY SYLVIA KAHN

Models' Guild. In the course of the evening, Bob disappeared and when Mary Beth found him he was being more polite than she deemed necessary to several of his gorgeous hostesses. To retaliate, she dropped an extra wink in the direction of Bob's best friend who tumbled fast. Now frosty glances are flying in every direction and unless something unexpected melts them, we have a pretty good hunch that both of these kids will again be hanging from the free-lance line.

## SHORT SHOTS

Ida Lupino has written 13 new waltzes . . . There's a \$40,000 insurance policy covering Paulette Goddard's gems . . . Two pairs of shorts are up for sale at the Hollywood Memento Mart—the contribution of Orson Welles . . . Ty Power nixed p.a. guarantees of \$5,000 a week because he preferred an uninterrupted holiday with his wife . . . Josef von Sternberg is writing the story of his life . . . The Clark Gables share their ranch with 20 alley cats . . . Jeanette MacDonald knows less than nothing about present-day music . . . Jean Arthur personally makes her own bed . . . Devoted wife Merle Oberon lights her husband's cigars . . . Andy Devine owns more than 100 racing pigeons . . . Frank Morgan boasts he's never written a letter in his life . . . The almost unbearable heat of the set made a "Chad Hanna" elephant faint dead away. The great, big sissy had to be sprayed with a fire hose for hours before he'd come to!

## LOVE GLANDS

If movie stars consulted their glands instead of their hearts, fewer Hollywood romances would wind up in a Reno graveyard. Anyway, that's the opinion of gland expert George Antheil who believes that two glands beating as one make for greater happiness than two hearts doing the same thing. For example, he claims Rosalind Russell should pick a mate of the Edward G. Robinson variety; Katharine Hepburn would be happy with a man like Leopold Stokowski; Deanna Durbin and Henry Fonda are sympathetic types, and so are

Laurence Olivier and Bette Davis, Lucille Ball and Jascha Heifetz, and Ginger Rogers and Don Ameche. Mr. Antheil's glands give him other tip-offs, also. He says that Bette Davis' life is paced too fast, that Betty Grable ought never be sure of anything, and that Ginger Rogers' practicality is her downfall with men!

## SLIP PARADE

Blondes and yachts aren't the only ingredients that make up a director's life. The big boys have a few worries tossed in, too. Take those over at Universal. On Monday, Director Allan Dwan sent Franchot Tone, Brod Crawford and several hundred cast and crew members of "Trail of the Vigilantes" on a costly thousand-mile location trip to the mountain region of Mexico. On Wednesday, the entire mob was back. Seems nobody bothered to find out that the mountains were so steep they couldn't get the equipment up! On Thursday and Friday, Director Eddie Cline shot some difficult saloon scenes for "The Bank Dick," and with the aid of signs and dialogue, the locale was established as Kansas. On Saturday, someone remembered that the Kansas of the "Bank Dick" period was bone dry and didn't have a legal drop of giggle water within its borders! On Sunday, we hear, Directors Dwan and Cline got together to figure out a good one to tell the stockholders.

## DESI'S PROVING GROUNDS

Those who take Lucille Ball's heart affairs to heart hope her crush on Desi Arnaz isn't as serious as it looks. They expect no good will come of it, for there's a clause in Desi's new movie contract which prohibits marriage for three years. And everyone knows it takes a mighty strong love to survive that length of time! Furthermore, there's a rumor drifting in from the east that Desi's toting the torch for a well-known Broadway dancer whose husband no likee. Lucille's undisturbed by these items, however. Since Desi left for New York, he's nearly drowned her in letters, telegrams, phone calls and gifts—and that's all the proof she needs that she is, and will continue to be, head gal in the handsome Cuban's life.



Pat Morison modeled these satin pajamas at the Chinese Festival that was recently held at "Pickfair" by the Chinese Aid Council.



Aviatrice Lee Ya Ching, Roz Russell (Council chairman), Jane Withers and Mary Pickford sign the guest book for Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek.



## DOPE FROM THE DOUGHBOYS

Garbo and Gable are replacing the Salvation Army and the Y. M. C. A. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But it's true. At least, in the army. Once upon a time those organizations, with their hymn sings and prayer meetings, were responsible for keeping up the morale of the American soldiers. Recently, however, the Government formed its own Morale Division and, in a poll taken among them, discovered that doughboys would rather have their spirits lifted by a movie than a Bible reading. As a result, hundreds of new theatres are being set up in army camps all over the country. To make the boys happier still, a second poll was taken to determine their picture preferences. Hold tight for the scores! The boys voted their top favorites to the Westerns, Hedy Lamarr and Ann Sheridan, and their top peeves—Connie Bennett and English actors!

## MR. AND MRS. OLIVIER

The conduct of the newly-wedded Laurence Oliviers is responsible for many a lifted eyebrow on the set of "Lady Hamilton." The pair simply don't behave like people in love! When they were assigned the roles of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, two of the most torrid lovers in all history, everyone thought they'd catch the spirit of the play and coo between takes, kiss behind prop stairs and scorch the sets with their clinches. Thanks to their British reserve, however, they treat each other as impersonally as Laurel treats Hardy. In fact, the only reminder that there's anything between them is the expression in Larry's eyes when he looks at his bride. It's sizzling—according to Mrs. Olivier. In one sequence, Larry portrays the battle-scarred Nelson after he has lost an eye, and wears a false lid and orb over his own. Shrugged Vivien when asked what she thought of her husband's disguise: "What does it matter? Larry can do more with one eye than most men can with two!"

## OUR COUNTRY COUSINS

Public appearances on the part of rancher Clark Gable and his wife are as rare as tenth anniversaries in Hollywood. And they're due to become rarer still for the Gables, who already live well out of town, are now shopping for a home in another state. Their present ranch is too small to accommodate the thousands of heads of cattle they'd like to adopt and, when they find the right spot, they'll prob-

No one would have recognized Dotty Lamour in her exotic Oriental make-up if they hadn't spied her handsome escort, Greg Bautzer.

ably do a complete fadeout on the Movietown social scene. The last time they stuck their famous noses out their own door, they wound up at the Brown Derby and caused so much buzzing and comment that a friend finally picked up enough courage to ask them how come. Explained Clark: "We milked the cows, fed the chickens and horses, put the cats out—and came to town to see the rest of the animals eat!"

## CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

Look for a second long-distance marriage for Madeleine Carroll. Her French fiancé, Count Richard de la Rosier, is expected to land in New York in a few weeks and will make the Big City his permanent headquarters. The Count was a Parisian stock broker before becoming an air force captain and, it is said, would rather earn his own way in the East where he has established business contacts, than travel to Hollywood and become another movie husband. Incidentally, there's nothing curious about Madeleine's leaning toward a Frenchman. Though we think of her as a typical Englishwoman, her father, John O'Carroll, was an Irishman and her mother was born deep in the heart of France.

## MARLENE HOLDS A CONFERENCE

Here's another "now-it-can-be-told" story. When Joe Pasternak put Marlene Dietrich's last picture into production, he called it "Seven Sinners" because he knew the sexy title was sure business bait. Only one thing was wrong with it. The title didn't belong to him. It was owned by Warners and Warners wouldn't relinquish it. After begging and bargaining for several months, Pasternak was forced to admit he was beaten and announced that his picture would be released under the title of "Tropical Sinners." However, Pasternak reckoned without Miss Dietrich. The persuasive Marlene ran into Jack Warner at Ciro's the other evening and, when you see the film on your neighborhood screen, it will be called—"Seven Sinners."

The proceeds of the Festival went to poor Chinese families, so the Dick Hallidays bought several autographed copies of Dr. Lin's books.

Starlet Mary Healy, who is engaged to Peter Lind Hayes, was another gorgeous model in the fashion show sponsored by Dolores Del Rio.



## PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER?

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln and George Washington were good names in their day—so good, in fact, that thousands of mothers have blessed their newborns with one or the other of these titles in the hope that a distinguished tag would give them the right start in life. But, now, a new idol has cast his shadow over the maternity ward—Gary Cooper. Mrs. Rex Lease, wife of the cowboy actor, gave birth to her first child the other day, and named him Gary, after the star. In Fort Worth, an expectant mama shook her hero's hand at the première of "The Westerner" and hurried home to give birth to a nine-pound boy whom she named—Gary. And the original and most famous of all Cooper name-sakes is, of course, Gary Crosby, seven-year-old son of a singer called Bing. Young Crosby, by the way, idolizes Cooper and has most of his mannerisms down pat.

## TALL STORY

Excess weight isn't the only figure fault that greys the hair of Hollywood's boys and girls. Excess height's another problem. Forrest Tucker who's 6' 4" nearly landed a part in "Legacy" but lost it because he's too big. The story calls for four brothers who are about the same size and the producers of "Legacy" couldn't find three other actors to match him! Stirling Hayden, Paramount's new charm dispenser, encountered a similar difficulty the other day. He tried to enlist in the U. S. Naval Reserve but was rejected because he's 6' 4" in his stocking feet. Too tall, said the Navy, probably because they were afraid his length would abash the other sailors! And while we're on the subject, 6' 4" is the height limit for male actors. Taller men can't find feminine (screen) mates and, besides, the present motion picture film wasn't designed for giants. The height headache often catches up with women, too. Lanky lovelies are as hard to cast as lanky leading men, and the limit for the frail sex is generally 5' 6". That's why 20th Century-Fox officials pray nightly that Linda Darnell will stop adding the inches. Linda's almost 5' 5½" now—and is still a growing child!

## HOLLYWOOD FABLE

Last year, Walter Wanger paid a healthy sum for the movie rights to Vincent Sheean's "Personal History" and hired a fancy-salaried writer to do the screen adaptation. When the picture emerged not one single situation or line of dialogue from the original story had been used, so Mr. Wanger changed its title to "Foreign Correspondent" and shipped it out. The other day, Mr. Wanger announced that his next production would be—of all things—"Personal History!" We can't help feeling that this is where we came in.



## SALTY HAM

The maddest man in Hollywood is Mr. John Barrymore. John, it appears, is making "The Invisible Woman" over at Universal, just a few doors down from W. C. Fields' "The Bank Dick" set. On his first! day at work an inspired press agent approached John and asked him if he wouldn't please embrace W. C. for a publicity shot. John said he darned well would not. However, the agent was so insistent he finally broke down and agreed to stand still for "just one picture and no more." Now he's sorry someone didn't shoot him first. When he arrived on "The Bank Dick" set, the astonishing Fields lent an ear to the agent, glanced quickly at the Profile, and roared: "Take that man away! I'm in no mood for silly stuff today!"

## THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOLE

Ever since Paulette Goddard and Anatole Litvak discovered each other so spectacularly, the gossips have been hungering for some comment from Miriam Hopkins, Litvak's one-time frau. Miriam, naturally, has issued no public proclamations but we have it on good authority that she's highly amused by the whole situation. In fact, she feels responsible for it! When she and Litvak split, Miriam confides, she sat down and wrote out a long list of the things he had done that were wrong during their wedded life. To her list she added a series of suggestions on how to treat a woman, and then sent the whole business to him. From that day forth, claims she, Anatole Litvak has been the most successful playboy in Hollywood!

## GOLDEN BOY

The golden stream of prosperity flowing into Gene Autry's lap has the town's top-notchers sour with envy. Without benefit of ballyhoo, Gene built his yearly income into a figure well beyond the six zero mark and the citizens are scratching their scalps trying to dope out his formula. Well, here's how Gene explains it to the income tax boys: for eight pictures a year, \$800,000; for advertising testimonials on products ranging from hair oils to pop guns, \$100,000; for fifty weeks of broadcasting, \$50,000; for Gene Autry records, \$25,000; for a twelve week p.a. trek and three weeks in a rodeo, \$90,000. You add it up. We're too busy wondering what (Continued on page 75)

# Confessions of a campus cutie

Betty Grable, the long-stemmed American beauty, looks back on her hey-de-hey days!

BY JAMES CARSON



In "Down Argentine Way," Betty (seen here with co-star Don Ameche) has the Ginger Rogers-ish sort of role she's always wanted.



Director "Wild Bill" Wellman is Betty's second favorite Conga partner, but Fred Astaire has a slight edge on him.

Betty Grable didn't get a chance to go to college—but don't worry about her; she'll get by. She is one little cookie who will always get by. She has known what the score is, to hear her tell it, for many a day.

"I've been in Hollywood eleven years now," she says. "That's a lot of years. I think I know how to handle the town. I think I know the angles."

Eleven years. It doesn't make sense. Why, the kid's only—"How old are you, Betty?"

"Twenty-three. I started in the movie business when I was eleven, at Fox. . . ."

It was back in 1929. Betty arrived in town with her mother. They were on a vacation from St. Louis. Somebody mentioned that Fox was looking for specialty dancers for a movie called "Let's Go Places." Back home Betty

had been taking dancing lessons since she was five. She thought it would be fun to try for the movie job.

She made a test, but the studio said it wasn't good enough. However, they did need some chorus girls for a picture called "Happy Days."

So Betty Grable, aged eleven, lied valiantly about herself, insisted she was going on fifteen and got away with it!

"Happy Days." It was a good omen. Betty's first movie. The beginning of a new life.

She stayed at Fox eighteen months. Then somebody raised a rumpus about too many minors on the lot and all of them got thrown out, Betty included.

Out of Fox about a minute and a half, she got a job singing with Ted Fio Rito's band. That kept her in the public eye. More important, it kept her in the producers' eyes.

Pretty soon RKO was getting ready to shoot a picture called "The Gay Divorcee," starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. They wanted a girl in it to sing a number with Edward Everett Horton, "Let's Knock Knees." Betty got the job. Also an RKO studio contract.

She still wasn't started. She kept moving, but nothing important happened, nothing big. After three years, RKO dropped her. And wouldn't you know that just at this time Paramount was starting a whole slew of college pictures? Betty moved in.

She became Josephine College, the girl with the million-dollar legs, the campus cutie.

But two years later she graduated—in other words, she was out of a job.

Lots of ups and downs, huh? Not so many downs, really. Changes, maybe, but not tough spots. In all her eleven years in pictures she has been off the payroll only two months. Not bad!

After Paramount, she went out on a personal appearance tour with Jack Haley. Buddy de Sylva saw her in San Francisco. He was casting (Continued on page 80)

MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. (the former  
FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)



THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA  
(granddaughter of the late  
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT)



MRS. VANDERBILT PHELPS



## BEAUTY PRIMER...de luxe

If A stands for American and B stands for Beauty, then C stands for *Cleanliness*!

American Beauty, no matter how luxuriously nurtured, is always touched with the white wand of a puritan, almost bandbox daintiness! Hair is shining. Skin is visibly cared for, sweet and clean—like fruit blossoms after a shower.

In many of America's leading families, the rites with which this exquisite flower freshness of skin is wooed are the simple and adequate ones of Pond's beauty primer de luxe:—

**BURY** your face under sleek layers of Pond's Cold Cream—and *smack* your skin all over briskly with your cream-coated fingers. Do this for 3 full minutes. This cream serves two needs—it cleanses and softens, by mixing with the dead surface cells, dust and make-up on your skin.

**CLEAN OFF** all this softened debris with the absorbent purity of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off, too, are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, rendering it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

### CHARMING CHRISTMAS BEAUTY BOXES

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**COVER and BRISK UP** a second time with Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gracious Pond's Tissues. In your softened, glowing skin, lines seem softer, pores finer.

**FRESHEN** now with the cool, astringent splash of Pond's Skin Freshener. Then

**COAT** your cool, clean face with its final benediction—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream has the specific function of dispersing remaining harsh particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and endowing your skin with a flattering mat finish. Wipe off after one full minute. Then observe with what favor your skin receives—and holds—its powder.

Perform these simple yet luxurious Pond's rites in full—before retiring or during the day. And again in briefer form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Already some thirteen million American women use Pond's!

### Beauty Gifts

In 3 sizes and assortments of Pond's authoritative Creams, Powder, Danya and Pond's "LIPS"—especially packaged for Christmastime-giving in boxes of lovely design. Priced 29¢ to 59¢. See them now at your favorite beauty counter.

MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. (the former FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB) ... THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA ...  
MRS. VANDERBILT PHELPS ... all great-great-grandchildren of the famous COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT,  
founder of the family fortune. Each has for years followed the simple yet luxurious Pond's precepts of skin care

## "DEAREST OLIVIA AND JOAN . ."

(Continued from page 25)



Diana Lewis, who's Jeanette MacDonald's arch rival for Nelson Eddy's affections in "Bittersweet," primps up before starting her pilfering!

and your younger sister, Joan, one evening when we were having a dinner party, opening the door of your bedroom and running out before us—in your birthday suits, utterly nude—to the amazement and amusement of everyone!

I recall, too, that even though you were so young I never tried to impress any religion or creed or bigoted ideas upon you—except one word—tolerance. And from what I have heard you took the lesson well, because movie people who visit Japan tell me the two of you are decent, broad-minded, intelligent girls.

Then there were long years, while you grew into womanhood, when I didn't see either of you. That was when you were in Saratoga, Calif., and your mother had married Fontaine and I had married again in Japan.

And Olivia, the last time I saw you—remember?—when I crossed the Pacific and met you in Carmel, California, that delightful resort. Remember the wonderful week we had together, and how we vowed to repeat the experience again one day? You were seventeen at the time, stage-struck, and when your mother spoke of money difficulties I decided to send you fifty dollars a month to go to dramatic school. I also decided to take Joan back to Japan with me to help her gain a broader view of life.

And Joan, remember that trip across the ocean, from San Francisco to Yokohama? Does your memory go back the seven years? Once in the ship's bar, I found you drinking cocktails and acting very sophisticated amidst a group of men—and I hinted to you that a girl of sixteen shouldn't touch cocktails and stay up long past midnight and you replied, "I may be sixteen but I feel twenty!"

Then we got to Japan, Joan. Remember? You remained for a year and a half, all the while trying to persuade me to return to America. And when I refused, explaining it was not legally possible, you were angry, and wouldn't eat, walk or swim with me. And those days when you went to American School in Tokyo, where I had once been principal, and you were never interested in your homework—but you were interested in dancing and make-up and make-believe. I won't forget the morning, during a school vacation, Joan, when I asked how you would like a position in a Tokyo department store when your school days were finished—and you took it as an insult insisting you wanted to be an actress.

AND then there was the time you asked me how long it would take to learn chess. And I told you that, to become really expert at it, about five hours of practice a day. And later I found a letter on your table, a letter you were writing to a girl friend, saying, "I am leaving Japan and coming home because W. A. wants me to spend five hours a day learning to play chess, and I positively refuse to!" I reproached you a little about this, but you said you had to find some excuse for returning to America—and I realized that you had a marvelous imagination and might become some kind of artist after all.

And now, Joan, you are in Hollywood. You are the famous actress, Joan Fontaine, who recently made such a tremendous hit in "Rebecca." Now you are married to a famous actor, Brian Aherne, and it hurt me that I didn't know about

your marriage at all, not a word from you. I learned about it from a reporter on one of the local newspapers. Immediately I wrote you my deepest congratulations, and Brian Aherne, a real gentleman, replied with a letter thanking me and telling me that "Joan is the finest woman that ever lived." So it must be love and I'm glad you got such a man.

Today in Japan here, hundreds of Japanese come up to me and say, "You are the father of Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine, aren't you? Do tell us some inside things about your daughters!"

But what can I tell them, girls? I can only give my candid opinion about trifling things—that, for example, I don't like the way you usually fix your hair, Olivia, and I object to the sameness of your smile on all photographs, and that I think you, Joan, will in the long run become the greater actress because you have more spirit than Olivia, though she is the brighter.

Neither of you, unfortunately, have inherited your mother's voice. She had a lovely voice and an ear for music. I know the two of you can't sing and can't dance with professional skill. However, you have a flair for sketching—and are fairly good actresses, though I hope you will become much better.

YOUR main fault, Joan, in my opinion, is that you are over-sensitive. You lack, also, a healthy sense of humor or, at least, you used to. For example, you could never take my kidding about romance. And you were always a bit literal thinking I must be a gangster because I was in business. In America you'd heard all business men were gangsters of a sort.

Well, girls, I didn't mean this to be quite so long. I had wanted only to remind you once more while there was still time, of our days together, and of the fact that still, in a far corner of the muddled earth, you had a father who often reads about you and thinks about you and bears only feelings of good will toward you both.

I have lived to see the two of you, despite your faults and various handicaps, become famous and wealthy cinema lights. I have seen you, Joan, married. And by next year I hope you, Olivia, will be married, too, to Jimmy Stewart or some other decent young actor fellow.

I have heard from neither of you for years—I am not referring to money—but to mere postcards or letters. And this, despite the fact I have mailed you cards on every Christmas week. Perhaps you haven't seen my cards. Maybe that's it.

But I am proud, believe me, to be the father of a Joan Fontaine who could make "Rebecca" and an Olivia de Havilland who could make a living thing of Melanie in "Gone With The Wind." And, somehow, sitting here in my cheap Bunka Apartments in Tokyo, with the streets dark outside because of practice air-raid precautions, I am glad that I have begun—and finished—this aimless interview-letter I have long wanted to write.

Good luck, daughters, and may married happiness be with you both!

The elderly man sighed, took off his spectacles and massaged his nose.

"Sign the letter," he said. "Sign it—'Your father, W. A. de Havilland.' And there's your interview. Now, what about a good, tough game of chess?"

## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

citizens and two bands . . . Inhabitants' hysteria was climaxed by the arrival of Clark Gable who came up to have a little vacation fishing while wife Carole slaved . . . Frank Fay completed his role before the rest of the cast, so went home and plagued the rest of them with telegrams about the joys of leisure. Carole and Gargan learned that Fay's hay fever is allergic to cats, so they sent him twelve live kittens at one-hour intervals.

### ★★★ Too Many Girls

This is a tough one to tag. Although stage producer, George Abbott, filmed the play without sufficiently adapting himself to the cinematic medium, it's really swell entertainment in spite of itself.

The plot is thin—the regular Joe College stuff—but it has a new twist and amusing situations. The four best football players in America enroll at small-time Pottowatamie College, in order to keep their eyes on Lucille Ball. There is some slick dialogue, and Lucille and all four boys are good entertainers: she's a beauty; Richard Carlson is convincing as the romantic element; Desi Arnaz enthralls the women theatre-goers; Hal LeRoy does some superb dancing and Eddie Bracken gives excellent comedy relief. Ann Miller and Frances Langford are already enrolled at the school to supply romantic complications, plus dancing and singing.

You will want to know about Bracken and Arnaz. The former is a new comic who will be heard from because of his natural and youthful comedy pan and his masterful timing. Arnaz is the woman-killing young Latin about whom you've heard so much gossip lately.

It doesn't add up to much, but—oh, heck, go see it; you'll have fun. Directed by George Abbott.—RKO-Radio.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** The musical comedy from which the film was made ran eight months on Broadway; Arnaz, Bracken and Le Roy were in the original cast . . . Desi Arnaz developed a very bad charley horse from the football sequence; his hands, though used to playing the conga drums, were so puffed when the number was finished that he had to spend two hours soaking them and receiving first aid treatment to reduce the swelling . . . Ann Miller attended Hollywood High night school to acquire her knowledge of Spanish . . . All the stage songs are in the film, plus one new tune by Rodgers and Hart, "You're Nearer" . . . Ann Miller worked in films once before, but all the studios let her slip away, they weren't interested; she went to New York, got into the George White "Scandals" and now they're all fighting for her . . . Desi Arnaz's real name is Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y de Acha.

### ★★★ Little Bit of Heaven

Here is a lovely little unpretentious film which will afford you a pleasant evening of genuine fun. The studio has not figured out a formula for Gloria Jean

(Continued on page 73)

## "How I won my stepchild's confidence"



1. I'm John's second wife. And when I married him, I married his little girl, too. It's worked out beautifully, except . . . well . . . you know how it is in a small town. If Nancy should happen to be crying when some busybody passes by, the whole town hears about how I "mistreat that poor motherless child."



2. I love Nancy and I refuse to spoil her. So this morning, when she refused to take her laxative, I forced her to. She flew into a rage and cried, "My real mommy never made me take that nasty-tasting stuff—you don't love me!"



3. That hurt so much I burst into tears. When my sister, Laura, dropped in later, I told her how Nancy kicked up a fuss every time she had to take a laxative. Then Sis explained how her doctor solved the same problem for her.



4. "I used to force Roy to take a bad-tasting laxative," Laura said. "But, according to the doctor, that may shock a child's delicate nervous system. He said children should never get an adult laxative, but one made especially for children. He recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "And it's wonderful!" Laura went on. "Fletcher's Castoria is thorough . . . yet it's always mild and safe. There isn't a single harsh drug in it. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a child's digestion. I wouldn't dream of giving Roy anything else."



6. The minute Laura left, I went out and bought a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria. It's everything she said it was, PLUS a peacemaker. Nancy loves the taste of it, and our laxative tussles are ended. Now we're always friends.

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Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . (2) Senna works fundamentally in the lower bowel . . . (3) In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

*Chas. H. Fletcher* **CASTORIA**  
The SAFE laxative for children

# IT'S AN OLD SOTHERN CUSTOM

(Continued from page 46)

expects a star to be, and it's an exciting demonstration. However, where glamour leaves off, Ann Sothern really begins.

One day she went out on a shopping spree. In a glamorous mood she bought a sensational thirty-five dollar nightgown. It was sheer and sexy. It was trimmed with Alençon lace. Ann wore it to bed that night. Her feet were cold. So she pulled on a pair of two-bit cotton foot warmers. Sleep just wouldn't come. Ann covered her eyes with a heavy black blindfold. The next day she went out and bought yards and yards of batiste. Her conscience bothered her for being so extravagant, so she copied the pattern and made dozens of gowns for three ninety-eight a piece! No self-respecting glamour girl would ever tell this on herself.

**T**HERE was that night before her mother's housewarming. Ann was supervising the decorating. Suddenly she decided the new house must have new lamps. Barker Brothers on Hollywood Boulevard was open until nine. There was all next day to shop, but knowing she wouldn't sleep a wink with things undone, Ann jumped into her car, wearing old slacks, tennis sneakers, no make-up and a none too becoming snood. An hour later she emerged triumphantly from Barker Brothers both arms loaded with packages.

Just at that moment the Noel Coward plays at the El Capitan Theatre next door had intermission. Dozens of famous stars dripping with jewels and ermine poured out. Fans swarmed all over the place. Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich were besieged by autograph hounds. Ann was shoved back and forth until she almost fell on her fanny. Juggling her lamps she ploughed through a million dollars worth of glamour and climbed into her little Ford coupé. Not one person had paid her the slightest attention! Wild horses couldn't have kept Ann from telling that one on herself.

Ann's shopping tours are traditional. Invariably when she buys something new, something old must be moved out to make room. She makes a big thing out of finding a place for it and always winds up saying to Roger Pryor, who has long since resigned himself to the routine, "Poppy, you know that old spinning wheel I bought at that auction? Don't you think it would just look adorable in your room?"

Needless to say at his stage of the game, "Poppy" has to dig his way out when he gets up every morning. Ann loves to shop for her friends, too. If she sees something she thinks they'd like, she just has it sent right out—C.O.D.

Ann and Roger, dressed to the teeth one night, were on their way to a swank opening at the Santa Monica Miramar Hotel. Taking a shortcut, they went through Westwood Village—which was Roger's great mistake. As they passed Sears-Roebuck, Ann, seeing the store lit up, grabbed Roger's arm and cried:

"Look, Poppy, Sears-Roebuck is open. This is a good time to get the tent to cover Carlo's doghouse. It may rain any day now, and I don't think we should put it off."

So Roger in white tie and tails, Ann in gold lamé and silver fox, went into Sears-Roebuck and bought a tent. Besides Carlo, there is also Doonie, a Scottie, and Budgie, a fox terrier, that Ann lovingly

calls her "old maid."

Dogs and little boys can always find a warm spot in the heart of "Maisie" Sothern. Occasionally she still finds herself wandering into little David's room. It has never been touched since the day he was taken from her. Ann's love for the poor little boy was truly great, and had his family allowed him to remain with her, Ann had plans to make him independent for life.

Ever since Ann, the George Murphys and Cesar Romero started out in show business, they have kept in touch with each other. Today all their dreams are realized. Each owns his own home. Each is famous and successful. During their



Judy Garland raises some smoke at the Motion Picture Mothers' dinner dance by peddling cigarettes!

weekly get-togethers they never fail to talk about the time when the Murphys danced in a Chinese restaurant in exchange for their dinner; when Butch Romero did a corny vaudeville routine with top hat, high kicks and a cane; when Ann was broke and slept in an all-night movie. Ann loves these evenings. More than the swankiest Hollywood party.

Whenever her sisters, Bonnie and Marion, come over, Ann has something new cooked up. Long ago they learned to be prepared for anything. Ann, who says she is a frustrated hairdresser, cut bangs on herself. So they had to have bangs or else. Ann bought a sewing machine (and promptly called herself

Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl) and took lessons. Her first little garment was a pinafore. So Bonnie and Marion wore pinafores. Ann called them, "My little Mädchen in uniform." Ann has names for herself for all occasions. During the period that she suffered from anemia, she referred to herself as "Bloodless Sal." When she was in New York with Mal, she sent telegrams to their friends and signed them "Rosetta and Vivian."

Her most cherished possession is an old pongee make-up robe. It's faded and baggy. The belt hits her some place around the knees. But life wouldn't be complete without it. She panics herself every time she puts it on and refers to herself as "a fugitive from Adrian."

Recently Ann took to gardening. She may run out of "Moment Supreme" but never Vitamin B. Roger insists she uses it to spike his scotch and soda. One night when Rhea Gable invited her to a card party, Ann called up apologetically:

"I'm so sorry, darling, but I can't come over. I'm working out a perennial border for mama."

While she was jobless for a year Hollywood gave her the brush-off. "Elephant Annie" isn't forgetting. She knows that her "Maisie" pictures are making more money for the studio than some of their artistic flops. Modestly, she realizes that she has carried the burden herself—with the possible exception of Robert Young. Still Ann can't be induced to go in and ask for a raise. She is grateful for the chance to prove her ability. She has faith enough in herself to believe she will eventually be rewarded. Recently a well-known Hollywood producer, who forgot he once told her she'd always be a lousy actress, came to her and said:

"Ann, you're a fool to let them shove you around. Why, you're one of their biggest stars and they don't appreciate you. Your last 'Maisie' did more business at the boxoffice than their A pictures."

"Yeah," cracked Ann. "What other picture was playing on the same bill?"

The disarming manner Ann employs is a constant source of amusement. Quite seriously she confides that before the war, in her nightly prayers, among other things she asked to do a picture for Ernst Lubitsch. She always seems surprised when you laugh at her.

**O**N that New York trip Ann and Mal arrived on a Sunday. They could hardly wait to start their shopping. Bright and early Monday morning they drove up in front of Saks Fifth Avenue. The doorman recognized Ann and bowed her to the entrance. Salesladies recognized her and came forward eagerly. A Hollywood movie star on a New York shopping trip. What could be sweeter!

"May I assist you, Miss Sothern?" asked the head saleslady solicitously.

"Why, yes, thank you," Ann beamed.

Opening her bag, she took out a long list of things that even included a silver fox cape. Her eyes focused on the very first item. With all the aplomb of a lady who was about to purchase the Empire State Building, Ann exclaimed:

"I'd like one blond hair net."

If "Maisie Ravier" warms your heart, makes you laugh and cry until you want to reach out and embrace her, perhaps this will give you a rough idea of how she got that way.

## HOW LOVE HAS CHANGED!

(Continued from page 26)

was terrified of the moon-calf look in my big brown eyes. He was a happily married man. Not only that; he was the father of a new-born baby. When I found out about that baby, I was very, very unhappy. I just couldn't hang onto my illusions . . . That baby has grown up to be Barbara Denny, the beautiful Earl Carroll showgirl.

"But we were talking about love scenes—"

"When I first started," Mary resumed, "love scenes were on the stiff and formal side. Heroines were stiff and formal. 'As pure as the driven snow,' to quote an early subtitle. I think the vamps and the villains must have sold the pictures. Audiences could not possibly have paid to see those heroines. And the heroes were just as pure.

"Virtue isn't exciting, dramatically speaking, until it's threatened by wickedness. Women in the audience got a vicarious thrill out of the efforts of the villain to seduce the virginal heroine. And men in the audience got a vicarious thrill out of the efforts of the vamp to entice the innocent hero. The men, particularly, got their money's worth. Or maybe you don't remember Carmel Myers in a Turkish harem dress, consisting chiefly of a G-string, a veil and two beads; or Louise Glaum in a tiger skin; or those two super sirens, Theda Bara and Nita Naldi, in shimmering black satin, absolutely skin-tight.

Nowadays they make films about heroines who hold their men by out-vamping the vamps. But in those days

heroines and vamps were *not* sisters under the skin. Heroines expressed love one way, and vamps expressed it another way, and there was no happy compromise. If you were a female heavy, you were strong on the bodily contact; if you were a heroine, you were strong on the spirituality. The idea was to look demure and unsophisticated. That wasn't too hard for me.

**S**OMETIMES the hero kissed me, sometimes he didn't. If he did, it was with reverence for my purity. And if he didn't, it was because he loved me soulfully, if you know what I mean. I didn't mind. In fact, I rather enjoyed being 'The Revered Type.' I didn't realize the fun I was missing."

Mary laughed at the recollection.

"Then came Valentino. He ushered in a new era, in which the heroes made love passionately. For the heroines, that was an era of back-breaking embraces and love scenes that were wrestling matches.

"Then there was the flaming youth cycle, started by F. Scott Fitzgerald's novels. That was the era of showing what wild parties and necking were doing to the younger generation. I remember one picture in which I tossed away all my inhibitions and did a swan dive off a balcony. A stunt girl did the actual dive, but it looked as if I did it, and the effect was terrific.

"Then there was the day of 'The Problem Drahmah.' Heroines regularly broke their hearts either over their own sins

or the transgressions of the men they loved. They wept their way to happiness.

"There was a time when every heroine was a flirt and made love frivolously. There was another time when every heroine was a pretty little toughie who thought she didn't want anything to do with love—until the right man forcefully kissed her. And still another when the heroes were shy and the heroines did the pursuing. And every so often there would be a return to the poetic, tender type of love.

"Right now I'd say the tendency is to express love by suggestion, rather than actual physical illustration. In 'All This, and Heaven Too,' for example, Charles Boyer and Bette Davis never touch each other, but you don't doubt the depth of their love. In 'Spring Parade,' you don't see Robert Cummings kiss Deanna Durbin because a pillar gets in the way, but your imagination tells you what happens. In 'Brigham Young,' the big love scene has Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell talking to each other through a curtain. Their love is something you sense, rather than see.

"I haven't been kissed on the screen for so long, myself, that I've forgotten what it's like. In 'Brigham Young,' I played the favorite wife of a man who had twenty-seven wives, yet he and I never so much as held hands. The depth of our love was only suggested—by looks and tones of voice. Things were different the last time Dean Jagger and I were teamed together. That was in a little number called 'The Woman from Hell,'

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in which he was a lighthouse-keeper and I the chippy who was the come-on for a Coney Island concession called 'Hell.' He made a good woman out of me with his love. And kisses.

"Ah, yes, times have changed. It takes a little more acting and a little better acting to express emotion today."

Mary paused to arm herself with a cigarette from a box at her elbow before she plunged, by invitation, into an actress' impressions of some of the Great Lovers.

"I never worked with John Gilbert, I'm sorry to say, though I knew him personally. He had great charm and intense enthusiasm. It would have been exciting to play opposite him.

"I didn't know Valentino. I met him only once, when we worked on adjoining sets. I found out about back-breaking embraces, however, when I worked with John Barrymore in 'Don Juan.' That was a mad experience. Before the camera, he doubled me backward with his ardor and behind the camera, he doubled me forward with his wit. You can say that I got a little lumbago and a lot of laughs out of working with Barrymore.

"The closest I came to being the feminine half of a love team was when I made several pictures with Lloyd Hughes, who was a pre-Buddy Rogers type. We did the shy kind of stuff. And we must have done a fair job of it, because we were suspected of being That Way in real life—to the embarrassment of both of us. Lloyd was married. But it was fatal in those days for a screen lover to let the public know he had a wife. And it was even more fatal for a screen heroine to have a husband and children. That made her an old lady.

"One of my early thrills was the chance to work with Richard Barthelmess in 'The Lash,' after getting a crush on him in 'The Bright Shawl.' But that crush went the way of the Reginald Denny one. Mary Hay Barthelmess got herself born about that time.

"I worked up a crush on Ronald Colman after seeing him in 'The Dark Angel,' but I didn't get a chance to work with him until 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' By that time I had met him many times socially and we were good friends, so the excitement of the occasion was dimmed. Life is like that.

"When Eugene O'Brien kissed me under the chin in one picture, women all over the country fainted—but I don't recall having any emotions at the time.

ONE of my earliest favorites was Thomas Meighan. He was the type who was two-fisted with men, tender with women, sort of the Clark Gable of his time. Except that I think he took himself more seriously than Clark, who is apt to kid everything he does.

"I know a lot of kidding went on when I did 'Red Dust' with him. Remember? I played the other woman. The vamp era was past, so I didn't have to be a slinky siren. I just wore clothes that were a little smarter, and made up my mouth more heavily. But my scenes with Clark were really something. I practically attacked him."

Mary crushed out her cigarette and went on to some of the hazards of love scenes.

"Girls still have to worry about leaving lipstick on the hero's face and spoiling the glamorous illusion of a romantic kiss," she said. "At least, I've never found a lipstick that wouldn't smudge—under pressure. Though there's a trick to eliminate most of the smudging. You simply powder your lips dry before a kiss.

And you have to think about not crushing your dress, particularly if you are wearing a creation that cost the studio several hundred dollars. And you must be especially careful if you're wearing anything lacy. One take that I did once was ruined, and so was a lacy gown I was wearing, when the lace caught on one of the hero's coat buttons.

"You have to think about the angle at which you are to hold your face when kissed—to get the effect the director wants, and to keep the hero's nose from casting a shadow that makes you look as if you have a black eye. Nowadays you also have to think of the lines you're to say. You don't get much chance to think about the thrill of being in the handsome hero's arms.

I HAVEN'T found it possible to get a kick out of a kissing scene since the very first one—and that was a novelty. I ask you—how can you thrill to a kiss when it's work? How can you abandon yourself to a kiss when fifty people on the set are watching you, coldly and critically, wondering if you'll get it in one take? Also, don't forget there's a time limit to every kiss these days. The censors hold a stop-watch on you. Back-breaking embraces are only a memory now. So are horizontal love scenes—like those that helped to make John Gilbert famous."

More soberly, she added:

"If you're serious about acting, you take love scenes seriously—but no more seriously than you take any other scenes. They're all part of your job. You can't afford to be self-conscious about them.

"Love scenes used to be much tougher to do in silent days than they are now, even with dialogue added. You weren't allowed to express love as you would naturally express it. Directors operated on the theory that anyone who was a movie actress was beautiful, but dumb—and needed guidance every inch of the way through an emotional scene. 'Now turn toward him,' the director would say. 'Now look in his eyes. Now part your lips. Now throw your arms around his neck. Now kiss him. Now close your eyes in ecstasy.' That sort of thing was maddening. The talkies have done one thing. They've shut up the directors when the camera is actually guiding.

"In the old days, there was more to-do about getting in the mood for a love scene. There had to be mood music on the sidelines through the scene. The music was supplied by a trio, usually a violin, a piano and a cello. But if you were making a B picture, you had to do without the cello. Sometimes they played classical music; sometimes popular stuff. I remember my favorite mood-producer for a long time was 'Songs My Mother Taught Me.' During 'Beau Brummel,' Barrymore and I registered emotion to the tune of "Waters of Minnetonka."

"We weren't given lines to say in silent days. Sometimes we didn't even know what the subtitles would be. We made up our own dialogue as we went along. I understand lip-readers had a lot of fun, discovering what lovers *actually* said in their romantic moments.

"When talkies came along I found myself out of a job. So I went on the stage. Then Hollywood wanted me back—at \$200 more a week than I had been getting before, even though I was still the same girl, with the same voice, the same everything. 'Hollywood said, surprised, 'Why, the girl can act!'

"I say: If a girl can stick around long enough, she can't help but learn a lot about acting, just by keeping up with the changes in love."

She has something there.

## INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 11)

Linda Conniston, Framingham, Mass. Virginia Bruce, christened Virginia Briggs, is literally Lady Luck's favorite godchild. She was signed for a film contract when a Hollywood director spotted her walking to high school one day! She's five feet six and one-half inches tall and weighs 123 pounds, has blonde hair, milky white complexion and large blue eyes. She never diets to keep that perfect figure, but exercises by swimming, tennis and riding. Her hubby's J. Walter Ruben, prominent director. Her next picture is "The Invisible Woman" with John Barrymore and Charlie Ruggles . . . 'Tis still just a rumor that Dennis Morgan and wife have split. Their friends are hoping for a patch-up.

Jane Chappell, Canajoharie, N. Y. Yes, it's true that Judith Barrett and Andrea Leeds are expecting family additions in the near future . . . Most of the stars not only read their fan mail but actually answer the most interesting letters received. Some, such as Claudette Colbert, Mickey Rooney and John Hubbard reply to practically every single fan!

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## IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTING

(Continued from page 41)

the most potent box-office name, starring in three smash films out of four.

Claudette Colbert solidified her position pleasantly by way of two smashes, "Boom Town" and "Arise, My Love."

Hedy Lamarr started off the year in the doghouse, trying to get a raise out of Metro. She went back to work without the raise after a couple of weeks, and has been a good little girl ever since. A lot of people still believe in Hedy, but a lot of others are reaching the "show me" stage.

William Powell got back into action after a lengthy illness and proved himself better than ever in "I Love You Again," a smasher.

Myrna Loy had an okay year, but her friends will begin to worry soon if there isn't a distinct pick-up. Bob Burns practically washed himself out of pictures with a couple of lamentably bad scripts.

Loretta Young is picking her own parts these days and doing it very well indeed, thank you. Jean Arthur ditto and not so successfully.

Ginger Rogers is still in the front row, despite a couple of pictures which



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got mixed reactions. Ginger had a little trouble adjusting herself to the dizzy heights she has reached in the past couple of years, but all she needs now is a picture or two.

Mary Martin is a girl who probably will become tremendously important in 1941. She's rising very rapidly. Joel McCrea had the best year of his career, winding up with a sensational performance in "Foreign Correspondent." From present plans, it would seem that he will continue right on and up next year.

**CARY GRANT** is probably the most sought-after actor in town, from a casting standpoint. Everybody wants him, which probably explains why he was so badly miscast in "The Howards of Virginia." In spite of this, he had a good year and should continue on the up-grade.

Jackie Cooper is rapidly building himself into one of the top names, at the same time proving that he is a solid and capable actor. He seems to have passed the awkward age, and 1941 should see him firmly entrench himself.

Betty Field who played in four nicely varied films is another youngster who should zoom 'way, 'way up.

Rosalind Russell had the best year of her career, but right now there are disturbing rumors floating around to the effect that she would like to abandon comedy and try being a glamour girl. Please don't do that to us, Roz honey.

Jimmy Stewart remained one of the front row lads, with three very nice performances, and has nothing to worry about. James Cagney did well, and even strengthened his position somewhat by an extra fine performance in "City for Conquest." Mickey Rooney had another good, solid year.

Nancy Kelly started out with a big boom, but got nowhere fast; just couldn't get the right picture. Lucille Ball is a girl on the way up and one to watch. After a couple of years of solid grounding in the minor leagues, she has finally hit the big time.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is still floundering. A grand guy, Doug, but too ambitious, seemingly. He wants to be a director, he wants to be a producer—meantime his work as an actor is suffering.

Madeleine Carroll had a very good year in spite of herself. She is in serious trouble because she has to go hungry practically all the time in order not to look fat in pictures. This sometimes makes her irritable and hard to handle. Also the war, and the fact that her sweetheart is in France, and her family in England, has given her the jitters through most of the year.

Edward G. Robinson, after a temporary eclipse, climbed back to the front row and, in fact, forged considerably ahead in his career. Vivien Leigh failed to consolidate her "GWTW" position and stepped considerably backward during



Miriam Hopkins turns back a few eras to leg-o-mutton sleeves and a parasol to play Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Lady With Red Hair."

1940, with only one picture, "Waterloo Bridge."

Joan Fontaine and her sister, Olivia de Havilland, had similar years. Olivia started off absolutely on top of the bus as a result of her work in "GWTW," so the first crack out of the box she turned down a couple of scripts at Warners, insisting that she was not going to be shoved into just anything, but would pick her parts carefully. As a result she appeared in only one picture during the year and is in danger of being forgotten if she doesn't get back into the public eye pretty quickly.

**JOAN FONTAINE**, on the other hand, stepped out of limbo early in 1940 with her first important characterization in "Rebecca." The impression among critics is that her good work there was directly traceable to Alfred Hitchcock, her director, and not to herself, but we will have to wait until she makes another picture to find out—and she isn't making any. She turned down "Back Street" as unsuitable, although Margaret Sullivan was glad to grab it on the rebound. Joan's future and her public all will depend on what, if anything, she does next.

Ray Milland is coming up fast and had an excellent year, picking up some of the marbles that Cary Grant was too busy to play with. Ray needs direction and has a terrible habit of forgetting to watch his wardrobe but, nevertheless, he ought to move way up in the near future.

Ellen Drew is moving forward, after a fair to middling year. 1941 should establish her.

George Sanders and Thomas Mitchell are two of the fastest climbing men in Hollywood. Both of them made tremendous strides during the year, and both have made themselves practically indispensable to the Hollywood scene.

Fred MacMurray had a difficult year, mostly from lack of material, but is doing okay as the year finishes. Bing Crosby goes merrily on, way up in front. Dorothy Lamour continues to ride the sarong trail to box-office success.

Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Jack Oakie had excellent years, all three of them moving several notches upward in the parade, despite the fact that comedians generally (Eddie Cantor, Joe E. Brown, Joe Penner, the Ritz Brothers) had a very difficult time of it.

Tyrone Power slipped considerably, but his studio thinks that he will make a new and important impression on his fans in "The Mark of Zorro," "Blood and Sand" and pictures of that sort; swash-buckling, colorful, full of action. It's an experiment, of course, and may do the trick.

Joan Crawford had her best year in a half dozen or so, largely due to a change of pace. George Murphy is a young man very much worth watching. He's never had a really important film break, but when just the right picture comes along, watch his smoke.

Ida Lupino is the surprise girl of the year. Every once in a while Hollywood re-discovers Ida, says "ah," and begins raving about her future—but nothing happens. During the past year she was discovered again, but this time it looks as though it may stick. She got her break in "They Drive By Night," a surprising bit of casting in which Ida was given the sexy dame role opposite Ann Sheridan. Ida should go places in 1941, but one gets tired of predicting this.

Scanning the news of 1940, we find that Warners, as usual, had trouble with its contract players. A half dozen of them including John Garfield, Eddie

Albert, Olivia de Havilland and Ann Sheridan drew suspensions, but the cute thing was that Jimmy Cagney, always a stormy rebel, went peacefully through the whole year!

Warners was not alone. Metro had some difficulty with players, Lana Turner drawing one suspension and Hedy Lamarr another. Fox had battles with Don Ameche, Jed Prouty and Alice Faye, while Paramount battled with William Holden and John Howard—the latter eventually packing up and leaving the lot. Not to be overlooked are the Muni and Temple affairs. Over at Warners it got to be a gag that every time Paul Muni scratched his beard the studio lost a million dollars. Nevertheless, it was admitted that Muni films brought Warners and the movie business as a whole a great deal of honor and dignity. The studio and Muni couldn't agree on scripts and the actor left. He had no trouble getting another job, going immediately to Fox—whereupon Warners handed his beard to Eddie Robinson.

The Temple affair is a bit more of a problem. For five years or so, the youngster has been the most potent box-office figure in film history. Suddenly she slipped. "The Blue Bird" was a terrible flop. Is it the kid's fault, or the studio's? The studio decided to make the pain short-lived; it paid on the line for the duration of the contract and waved the youngster goodbye. A parade of smash hits and hip-hip-hooray; one flop and goodbye. That's the movie business. Shirley doesn't have another job as this is being written, but she will have. And she will go on to bigger and better films without trouble—she's a real trouper.

Hollywood's number one headline grabber during the past year was John Barrymore, with Lana Turner and Hedy Lamarr as the runners-up. John was the first public example of a great actor trying as hard as he could to make the world believe that he had reached his dotage—and Lana and Hedy were just two girls who didn't know what they wanted. They got married, they got divorced, they'll probably be married again. Not too exciting, but it made good reading in newspapers full of war.

**THE** war itself, of course, was tremendously important to Hollywood, both in a personal and a business way.

For a number of years all the Hollywood film companies, with the sole exception of Warner Brothers, have been hanging on grimly to a rapidly diminishing market in Germany and finally, towards the end of the year, they all had to give up. One by one a number of very profitable markets throughout the world were taken away from the film moguls, until today there is practically none of Europe left, and very little of Asia.

That meant a number of serious and important adjustments on the home lot, namely, an attempt to develop the South American market more strongly and a re-evaluation of home consumption. The world market (outside of the United States) amounted to 40-60% of the total gross of films a couple of years ago. Obviously, it's quite a sock on the chin to have to forego this money.

It was good policy only a year or so ago to make a considerable number of pictures with various European backgrounds and locales, but now there are only two markets which America is watching in its film production—America and South America.

Another very interesting development, a bi-product of the war, was a conscious

attempt by the film companies to get acquainted with America. In the past, visits of stars and executives to Broadway or Chicago have been very occasional, but last year a whole series of "premieres" in out-of-the-way cities were arranged and carried through. This was not completely a new notion, but during the year this became a custom, rather than an accident.

Thus, the citizenry of Orange, N. J., got the first showing of "Edison, the Man," plus a parade of stars; Boise, Idaho, got the premiere of "Northwest Passage"; "Maryland" was shown in Baltimore; Salt Lake City got "Brigham Young"; Denver had "Kit Carson"; "Tugboat Annie" sailed up to Seattle; Regina, Canada, was proud of "North West Mounted Police"; San Francisco had a first peek at "They Knew What They Wanted"; "The Westerner" unveiled in Dallas; "Knut Rockne" was honored in South Bend; "Virginia City" went to Reno; "The Biscuit Eater" to Albany, Georgia, and "Dark Command" bowed at Lawrence, Kansas.

The procedure proved not only novel but important; it made various communities even more aware of movies and it gave the actors and producers a chance to talk things over with Mr. and Mrs. General Public and get a better notion of what was wanted in the way of film entertainment. Chalk this up as the healthiest and most adult Hollywood move to date.

The war has affected surprisingly few movie personalities. John Farrow, director-husband of Maureen O'Sullivan, was the first to quit the Hollywood scene in order to join the fighting ranks. David Niven, after he offered his services to his country and was turned down, ran into a raft of newspaper sarcasm. Eventually he had to flee America, a fugitive from an anti-climax, and practically had to force himself on the British Army. A few months later, Richard Greene found himself in the same predicament and had to resort to the same escape.

A half dozen or so other British actors managed to quit the Hollywood scene without much publicity or fanfare. Charles Boyer left his French army uniform in France with the collapse of his country and returned to the movie business in Hollywood.

Robert Montgomery hopped into an ambulance and drove it around the fields of Flanders for a month or so, then came home to America. And Madeleine Carroll managed to drive her studio mildly nuts by insisting on flying in and out of the European war games for the sake of a few minutes with her handsome aviator boy friend.

Madeleine, incidentally, was the second movie person and the first movie personality to feel the ravages of war, her sister Marguerite having been killed during a raid on London. Previously, Ralph Hanbury, the RKO general manager in England, and his entire family had been killed by a Nazi bomb. By the time you read this, Madeleine may again have Clipped to the war zone. She has said she intends to, and she has always been

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a girl to do exactly as she pleases, in spite of anybody or anything.

The movie company which made the most consistently worth-while film products during the year was Warner Brothers, with Metro a close second. Warners, during the year, had not only a greater number of box-office successes, but also a greater variety, and what is called "change of pace." There were prestige pictures such as "The Magic Bullet" and "A Dispatch From Reuter's"; there was genuine entertainment in such pictures as "City for Conquest" and "My Love Came Back." And there was sheer box-office in "All This, And Heaven Too."

IT is a strange coincidence that Warners, which once led the field in musicals, produced no song-and-danceries of importance during the year. The top studio in the production of musicals and light comedies during 1940 was Paramount, with its Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Jack Benny films. Paramount, as a matter of fact, came mighty close to being the top studio in Hollywood for the year, pushed into third place only by the fact that it seems to have the ability to produce a "Ghost Breakers" one day and two heartbreakers the next.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in the number two niche, still manages to keep very near the top by the strongest roster of star talent ever to be gathered under one lion's roar. And Shearer, Crawford, Gable, Tracy, Rooney and Co. are a mighty potent antidote to any sort of depression.

A curious situation developed during the year when it became evident to all the studios that there were not enough leading men available. There were usually plenty of girls to choose from, but casting males was a distinct problem,

and quite a number of pictures had to be shifted back and forth before they could be filmed, because male stars were unavailable. Considering which fact, it is interesting to note that the hardest-working star in Hollywood during 1940 was a girl—Ann Sheridan. She was starred in five films during the year, "Castle On The Hudson," "It All Came True," "Torrid Zone," "They Drive By Night" and "City for Conquest."

In the next bracket, tied for second place as the hardest working star in Hollywood, are six gents and no gals, all six of them with four star credits each for the year. They are George Brent, Brian Aherne, Spencer Tracy, Gene Autry, Ray Milland and Boris Karloff.

This is about as good a place as any to make very clear what the word "star" means, for no word is more frequently misused. Actually, a star is a person whose name appears on the film's title-sheet ahead of the name of the picture. Henry Fonda in "The Return of Frank James" is a star. "Lillian Russell" with Henry Fonda, on the other hand, means that Fonda is not a star.

The most interesting new personality introduced during the year was Martha Scott, who made her debut in "Our Town" and who was starred first in "The Howards of Virginia." Ellen Drew, first starred in "Christmas in July," is a close second.

On the male side of the ledger, Dean Jagger in "Brigham Young" made the most notable impression, but has yet to be starred.

The greatest feminine career progress was made by Ida Lupino.

And to wind up the roll call—among the males, the greatest progress-makers were Messrs. Bob Hope and John Wayne.

# HOLLYWOOD'S BANKRUPT GENIUS

(Continued from page 51)

very definite has been set. So who pays his bills? His agent, who like many other unpublicized people who know him, believes in Orson Welles.

It would be effective to say here that twenty-five-year-old Orson is chastened by his present encounter with reality. Effective, but untrue. It would also be dramatic to say that his personal tastes are monastically frugal. This, alas, is also untrue. Welles has an energy of spirit, mental and physical, which makes chastening an impossibility. He has the fatalistic idea that anything can and probably will happen tomorrow. Today's the day.

He is extravagant in the only way he cares to be extravagant. Other men invest in yachts, guns, cameras, fishing tackle, airplanes and cars. Not Welles. He has a hobby, but it's his work. He is probably one of the very few men in the world who don't yearn for a vacation from what they're doing. Welles wants to do exactly what he's doing. His tremendous vitality carries him from one day to the next with very little of the sleep which most people crave. He regards sleep as a flagrant waste of time. He considers four hours sufficient.

He enjoys fine living, but circumstances have forced him to give up the eight-hundred-dollar-a-month home he rented in Brentwood and take a two-room apartment in Beverly Hills. Food is an obsession with him. "You can't pay too much for good food," he says. Pick out the best restaurant in town and you'll find Welles. Or, better yet, find Welles and you'll have the best restaurant. When he had his establishment in Brentwood he ordered meat flown out from the east for household consumption. Despite recent reverses he still smokes eighty-five cent cigars.

Currently he does not drink. He has become addicted to tea of which he consumes great quantities. A friend gave him a pint-sized teacup. He keeps this at the studio and takes time off every afternoon to indulge.

He employs a chauffeur which may or may not come under the heading of extravagance. Welles drove a car once and the experience haunts him. A natural impatience with the precision of machinery prevented him from driving a car as a car should be driven. He ran into a telegraph pole and he hasn't driven since. A chauffeur, therefore, should be listed under personal necessities.

**WELLES** is working, but he's broke. By this I mean that the picture is being shot. It isn't another Hollywood rumor. I saw it with my own eyes.

"Heart of Darkness" was discarded because RKO dubbed it sensational to the point of being shocking. "Smiler With the Knife" was discarded for two reasons. First, Welles cast himself as the villain and, second, Carole Lombard, for whom the heroine's role was designed, refused to play it at all.

"Why should I?" she said. "If it's good, Welles gets all the credit. If it's bad, well—" Lombard is tops, why should she take a chance? But "Citizen Kane" evidently fills the bill.

Welles had his first success at the age of seven when he played the White Rabbit in a Chicago department store advertising stunt. He went from there to several years of child parts in the Chicago Opera Company, a period terminated when Martinelli, as Samson, found

him too heavy to lift. At eleven he was music critic for a local newspaper. At twelve he was lecturing his own grammar school on art.

At sixteen he played character roles (mostly of men past fifty) for the edification and delight of Irish audiences in a Dublin theatre. At seventeen he visited Africa and house guested with a native chieftain while he wrote a school edition of Shakespeare. At eighteen he was tramping with Katharine Cornell. At twenty-one he had his own repertory theatre in New York.

His success in radio was instantaneous. Born with a knack for hair-raising characterizations, he frightened people for many months as the voice of "The Shadow." Everyone knows, of course, how he scared the wits out of those who



Virginia Grey believes that leading ladies should return to the soil between films, and illustrates her point on her San Fernando Valley ranch.

listened to his broadcast of the invasion from Mars.

His favorite costume is a pair of bathing trunks and a bathrobe. He sleeps in topless pajamas personally designed by Orson. His neckties are few and colorful. He would rather go barefooted but grudgingly concedes to shoes.

He hates exercise. A giant of a man, weighing two hundred pounds and looming well over six feet, he would seem a natural for any sort of sport. Golf he considers idiotic. He can swim and ride but declines to do either. He flies of necessity but has no desire to pilot a plane of his own. He once took a trip through Scotland and Ireland in a donkey cart, and he contends that this is the closest he's ever come to undue physical activity.

His friends, who last year called him Monstro, now call him Pancho. There may be some connection between this and the fact that his name is linked romantically with that of Dolores Del Rio, estranged wife of art director, Cedric Gibbons. The beautiful Mexican actress

is a runner-up for the title of Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman. Just how this will effect Hollywood's most casually dressed man remains to be seen.

The rumors about Welles' temperament are never started by those who work with him. He has a peculiar system of discipline. He hangs upon the studio wall a report card bearing the names of the entire cast. When anyone misbehaves, a black star is pasted next to the culprit's name. Some of the crimes listed are telling dull stories, mugging lines and inability to ad lib during party scenes. Good Deeds are limited to gifts, each of which merits a gold star.

**MEANWHILE** bills roll in. He supports a destitute actor now marooned in Buffalo because, as he says, "The man has to eat, doesn't he?" He supports his two-year-old daughter, Christopher, for whom he is also buying an annuity. He pays the expenses of a New York, Chicago and Los Angeles office for Orson Welles, Inc., and he weekly hands out salaries to his personal staff of legal and financial advisers, though he rarely takes their advice.

When "Citizen Kane" is finished, he will receive whatever remains of the hundred and fifty thousand dollars promised him, plus a small percentage of the profits of the picture. Government taxes will take their share of his share and the agent will be paid back. When simple mathematics have finished with the sum, it is very possible that there won't be much left for Orson Welles.

Far from being worried Welles has guaranteed to make his second picture for nothing, purely on a percentage basis. The third picture, which is also mentioned in his contract, is subject to an arrangement not yet planned. Up to his ears in debt and having spent every cent of his own money, it is no wonder that Welles grins at the legends which have sprung up about him.

Wasteful! Lavish! Extravagant! He has been publicized from Vine Street to Culver City as the glittering young man who is really putting something over on Hollywood. "One year on salary before the cameras even began to grind," they say.

But Welles doesn't care. He's doing what he wants to do and, from the looks of things at RKO, he's doing it well.

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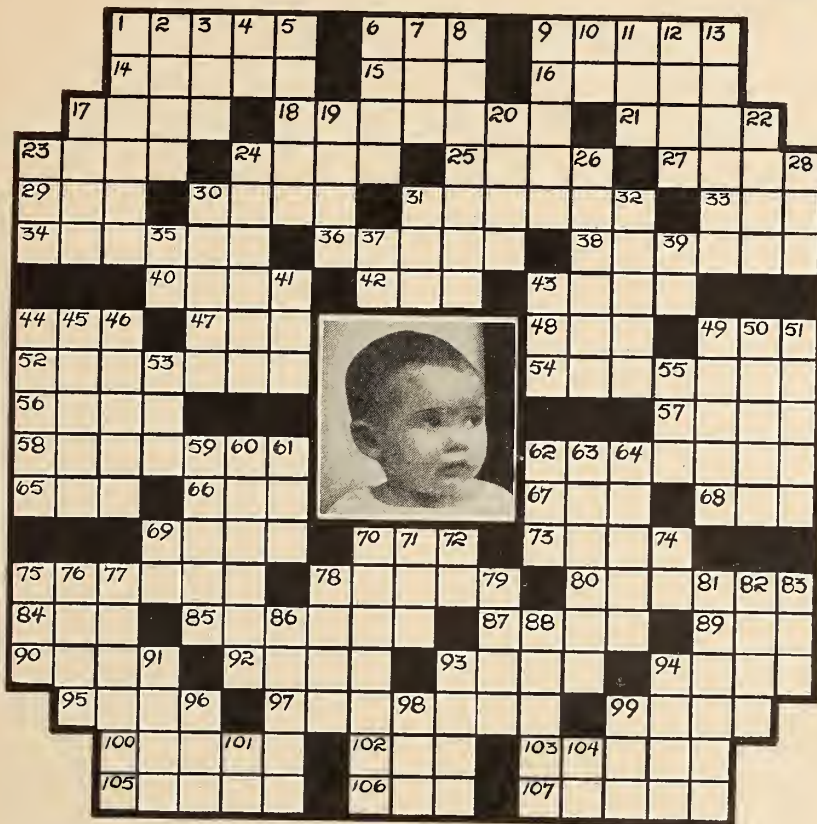
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# OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 76

## ACROSS

1. Lovely actress pictured
6. Dolores --- tello
9. Heroine of "The Howards Of Virginia"
14. Duchess in "All This, And Heaven Too"
15. Fuss
16. Star of "Charlie Chan At The Wax Museum"
17. Siren in "Strike Up The Band"
18. Femme in "He Stayed For Breakfast"
21. Beverages
23. Actress --- Wilson
24. English actress in "The Letter"
25. Robert Wild ----
27. A girl's name
29. Exclamations of wonder
30. Deanna's pal in "Spring Parade"
31. Comedienne in "Comin' Round The Mountain"
33. Lady in "Wagons Westward"
36. Draws closer
38. Sad-faced comic
40. Big guy in "Tugboat Annie Sails Again"
42. --- ne Overman
43. Cornelia ---- Skinner
44. Birthmonth of 1 across: abbr.
47. French coin
48. Lillian --- nell
49. Bud Abbott's comic partner
52. Crown
54. Sisters in "Argentine Nights"
56. An epic poem
57. Football hero in "Knut Rockne-All American"
58. Male lead of "Second Chorus"
62. Obtruder
65. "The Jo --- Family"
66. Female ruff
67. "Meet John ---"
68. Bitter vetch
69. Heroine of "Arizona"
70. Standing Room Only: abbr.
73. Movie lights
75. Lamour's costume in "Moon Over Burma"
78. She's in "The Villain Still Pursued Her"
80. Director of "They Knew What They Wanted"
84. Maid in "He Stayed For Breakfast"
85. Merited
87. Husk of wheat
89. Wine cup
90. Singer in "New Moon"
92. "The Man With --- Lives"
93. Played "Brigham Young"
94. Kiln
95. Period of time
97. Last name of 1 across
99. Shakespeare's home
100. Mountain ridge
102. Goddess of dawn
103. Star in "Daytime Wife"
105. Beneath
106. 506: rom. num.
107. Star of "The Return Of Frank James"

## DOWN

1. Girl in "Captain Caution"
2. Hotels
3. By birth
4. --- ana Lewis
5. Star of "Magic In Music"
6. Boy's name
7. Poem
8. She's in "Dulcy"
9. Deanna's leading man in "Nice Girl"
10. Together: prefix
11. Mary B --- nd
12. Membrane
13. Heroine of "Dark Command"
17. Male star in "Star Dust"
19. Priscilla Lane's ex
20. Sailors
22. Term in trigonometry
23. Actor Carrillo's first name
24. Entangle
26. A "pert" actress
28. Salt
30. Funny man in "Love Thy Neighbor"
31. She's in "Four Mothers"
32. Scotch lord
35. "The Philadelphia --- Story"
37. Comic in "Captain Caution"
39. Pronoun
41. Fruit of the oak
43. Peruvian plant
44. Sea
45. Grove
46. Jogs
49. Rent
50. Possessor
51. Employers
53. Siren in "Honey-moon For Three"
55. Orson Welles' studio
59. Star of "My Favorite Wife"
60. Popular actor in "Santa Fe Trail"
61. Even: poet.
62. Girl in "High Sierra"
63. Actor in "Flotsam"
64. Nut
69. --- Ann Sayers
70. Scorned
71. Free
72. "Charter Pil ---"
74. Senior: abbr.
75. Cora Collins' middle name
76. Richard Arlen's screen partner
77. Raft
78. "Irene"
79. Walter ----
81. Palatable
82. Augury
83. Gloria's sis in "Little Bit Of Heaven"
86. What Roy Rogers is
88. --- Morgan
91. Story
93. Newcomer in "Too Many Girls"
94. Above
96. Color
98. November: abbr.
99. Beard of wheat
101. Our star's birthplace: Dallas, --- xas
104. Whirlwind off the Faro Islands



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## IT'S IDLE GOSSIP

(Continued from page 37)

the latest bulletins from writhing Europe, slump in their chairs and growl: "What the hell's the use of writing a column? Who gives a damn if Miss A. breaks her neck or marries a man with vegetable juice in his veins?"

For a while Bette was infected with the same disease. "Why do I kill myself making this scene? What can it possibly matter in a world gone mad?"

She snapped out of it—partly through common sense, partly through the premiere of "All This, And Heaven, Too."

**Y**EARs ago she attended the preview of her second picture. She was just an ingenue and small responsibility rested on her, but she found the experience so nerve-racking that she vowed she'd never attend another. Her family would go to her previews, while Bette chewed her fingers at home and waited for them to report.

A premiere differs from a preview. It's a gala first night, all jewels and furs and glitter. Holding it at the Carthay Circle Theatre is like stamping the picture a diamond of the first water. Bleachers, built round the circle, are filled before noon. The crowds munch sandwiches and patiently wait for night to work its magic. Bette had heard of these phenomena, but never seen them. "Oh, yes," she'd thought. "Uh-huh, I suppose so," discounting three-quarters of it as Hollywood fantasy.

It was her first picture to be premiered at the Carthay. Such an occasion, minus the presence of its stars, is like an eye without light. Boyer was going. The studio wanted Bette there, too. She decided she'd be a nice girl and say yes.

When the day came, nobody felt very festive. The newspapers bannered headlines: **FRANCE FALLS**. Hollywood lay deep in gloom. Perhaps for the first time within memory, something had happened which was more important to the industry than itself. Boyer arrived, looking pale green. Bette, spared the ultimate thrust of anguish that must have been his, felt miserable enough.

She stepped out of the car, and gasped. Tier on tier they rose, a solid mass of faces, gleaming white under the searchlights. She was unprepared for the sight, and equally unprepared for the roar that followed—as the crowd spied her and rose to its feet cheering.

For a moment she stood, her arm in that of Johnny Favor, her young cousin and escort, her face a quivering mirror of mixed emotions. Then instead of turning into the long, canopied lane that leads to the theatre, she moved toward the grandstands. Until it was time for the picture to start, she stayed out there, shaking hands with those she could reach, signing autograph books, lifting her shining face, unashamed of her falling tears, toward the upper rows.

"Quaint," murmured a colleague, who'd have given her eyeteeth for something similar, "but a little undignified, darling, don't you think?"

"Maybe," darling agreed cheerfully. "Myself, if people yell for me, God bless 'em, I'm undignified enough to run all the way to China, yelling right back!"

The rest of the evening was less pleasant. A kind of shudder ran through the theatre as the words **PARIS, FRANCE**, were thrown on the screen. Background shots of the city of light were rendered poignant through the knowledge that it

was taken by the forces of darkness.

Just the same, Bette went back to work next day both humbled and refreshed. "If that's how they feel about you," she resolved, "then you've darn well got to kill yourself, making better scenes. Your routine may not seem important. What is important is that we keep on going. If the British can do it, with their world in literal ruins around them, then phooey to us for whining before we're touched!"

Last year Bette bought two houses. She's a child of the East. She loves its changing skies, the gold and scarlet of fall, the winter snows, the bare trees breaking into green with the spring. California has charms but they don't include the aforementioned, and Bette has never lost her nostalgia for them.

"I always said I'd never buy a house in Hollywood because of a dread, completely childish and unreasoning, that it would tie me to the West. Then I found this place in New Hampshire, and the moment it was mine I lost that other silly fear and promptly bought a house in Glendale for practical reasons. I was tired of moving around, tired of using other people's furniture. It's a small brick house, pseudo-Tudor, five minutes from the studio, and the agent clinched it by telling me how easy it would be to sell when the movies decided to throw me out."

On finishing "The Letter" early in July, she dashed to New Hampshire. The house she bought there is near Franconia set among ninety acres of woods. Abetted by her mother and Ted Macomber, a decorator, she spent three happy months making it over, adding a kitchen, garages and bedrooms, turning it into a place that will be habitable all year round, for she plans some day to make it her permanent home. At the local shops they unearthed treasures in cherry wood, and amazed the townsfolk by importing a Pullman lavatory from California.

**T**HEY'RE silent," explains Bette gravely, "and they've never been heard of, let alone seen, in the north country. The furor was terrific. There were long articles in the papers, and people gathered in knots to talk it over. One morning before we were in the house, I arrived early and heard this piercing whisper: 'Jess! C'mon up and see the Pullman lavatory.' I sneaked behind a tree and giggled to myself until they'd gone."

She'll be furiously disappointed if "January Heights" isn't finished in time to let her spend Christmas at Butternut, and she'll be irked with Butternut unless it snows. It's years, she says wistfully, since she's had a snowy Christmas. Skiing interests her only moderately. Should there be a small slope handy, she'll probably use it to practice falling flat on her face. What she really craves is a return to childhood—red cap and mittens, toboggans and bellyhoppers, brilliant blue overhead and crunching white below, the swoop that tears the breath from your body, the long pull up, going home to crumpets and tea at dusk.

Only one week of her holiday was spent in New York—to see plays and people. Definitely not to shop. Shopping for clothes bores her. When she poses for fashion pictures at the studio, she generally finds two or three numbers she likes and buys them. Simple, tailored

things are the only ones that tempt her. She prefers dark clothes to bright and goes in for gaiety only in pajamas. She avoids eccentric styles—hates herself in them and finds them too quickly dated. She grows fond of a dress or suit and won't give it up often wearing it for two or three years. There's a Mr. Falkenstein who designs irresistible sports clothes and shows them in California twice a year. "Orry-Kelly took me to him, blast his hide," says Bette softly but with vehemence. "Did you ever see a nail try to get away from a magnet? That's me and Mr. Falkenstein's clothes." Otherwise Bette can take clothes or leave 'em.

**A**PART from the general excitement of rebuilding and furnishing her home, Bette's summer was further enlivened by the arrival of Bill Jones. Bill is fifteen and his name isn't Bill Jones. We're calling him that because Bette feels that his family may consider him too young for publicity.

Not that Bill did anything reprehensible. On the contrary. He showed himself a lad of character throughout. A columnist with imagination and no material ran an item indicating that Bette was about to start a dramatic school at Butternut, pupils welcome. Bill, who wants to be a director, read the item and announced to his family that he aimed to train under Miss Davis. They expostulated to no avail and finally washed their hands of the whole affair.

"It will teach you one lesson anyway," they assured him. "You'll never get within ten miles of Miss Davis."

He boarded a bus in New York and traveled seventeen hours, sitting up all night. Bette's mother came on him as he climbed the hill to the house, eager-eyed and fresh for all his vigil, an extra pair of trousers, neatly pressed, over one arm and a notebook in the other hand.

"I've come to study in Miss Davis' school," he told her. It was she who had to break the news that there was no school. When Bette came in Bill was sitting on the living room couch, the extra pair of trousers crumpled at his feet, bawling his eyes out.

She sat down beside him. She told him of her own disappointments. She said that a setback should serve as a spur and a challenge. She concluded by expressing her admiration for his gumption. "With so much of it at your age, you're likely to do great things some day. And I'll probably come around begging you for a job as an old character woman."

That made him laugh. "All right, laugh your head off," said Bette. "But funnier things have happened in this business."

They fed him and saw him off on the bus. He was quite cheerful again by that time. As the bus started rolling he stuck his head out of the window. "Wish you could see my family's face," he yelled, "when I tell 'em I sat right next to Bette. Boy, will that be something!"

He wrote her a letter, describing the "family's face" and including an earnest pledge that, thanks to her, his feet were planted more firmly than ever in his chosen path. Perhaps her reply will be found some day among the mementos of a famous theatrical man. The gist of it was what she'd often told herself: "If you want to do it badly enough, you'll do it."

There was one thing Bette wouldn't talk about. When the name of her ex-husband was mentioned, she shook her head. Maybe I imagined that a new sparkle came into her eyes. Maybe I imagined that she still hopes they'll get together and that she won't take other men seriously till the hope is gone. Liking both Bette and Ham, maybe all this is something I doped out from nothing. Only I doubt it.

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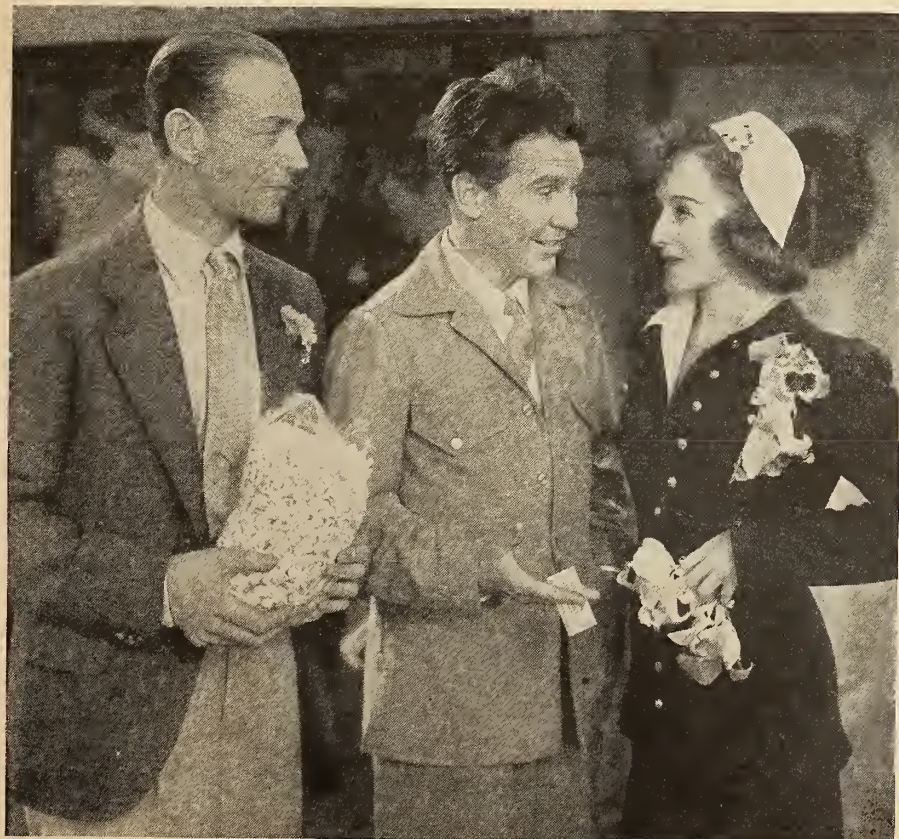


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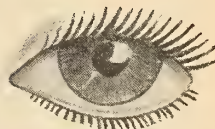
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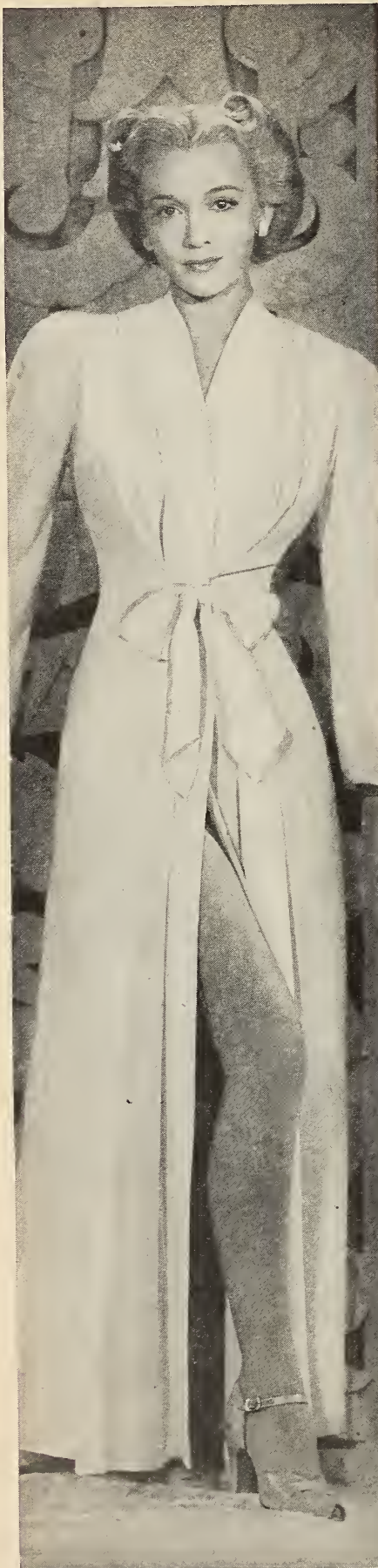
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It surely is heartening to see that credit has come where credit is due for Carole Landis has the leading role in Hal Roach's rollicking new comedy, "Road Show."

# MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
Alias the Deacon (Universal).....	2½★	Meet the Wildcat (Universal).....	2½★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners).....	4★	Men Against the Sky (RKO).....	3★
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (M-G-M).....	3★	Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
Angel From Texas, An (Warners).....	2★	Money and the Woman (Warners).....	2½★
*Angels Over Broadway (Columbia).....	2½★	*Maon Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Anne of Windy Poplars (RKO).....	2★	Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Argentine Nights (Universal).....	2½★	Mummy's Hand, The (Universal).....	2½★
Arise, My Love (Paramount).....	4★	Murder in the Air (Warners).....	3★
Bad Men of Carson City (Universal).....	2★	My Favorite Wife (RKO).....	2½★
Beyond Tomorrow (RKO).....	2½★	My Little Chickadee (Universal).....	2½★
Biscuit Eater, The (Paramount).....	3★	My Love Came Back (Warners).....	3½★
Black Diamonds (Universal).....	2★	My Son, My Son (United Artists).....	3★
Baam Town (M-G-M).....	3½★	New Moon (M-G-M).....	3★
Boys from Syracuse, The (Universal).....	3★	*North West Mounted Police (Paramount).....	3½★
Brigham Young—Frontiersman (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Northwest Passage (M-G-M).....	4★
Brother Orchid (Warners).....	3★	Na Time for Comedy (Warners).....	3★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners).....	2½★	Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	2½★
Captain Caution (United Artists).....	2½★	Oklahoma Renegades (Republic).....	2½★
Captain Is a Lady, The (M-G-M).....	2½★	One Crowded Night (RKO).....	3★
Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	One Million B. C. (United Artists).....	C
Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Opened by Mistake (Paramount).....	2½★
*Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★	Our Town (United Artists).....	4★
City for Conquest (Warners).....	3½★	Out West With The Peppers (Columbia).....	C
Colorado (Republic).....	2½★	Pastor Hall (United Artists).....	3½★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★	Phantom Raiders (M-G-M).....	2½★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic).....	2★	Pier 13 (20th Century-Fox).....	C
Crass Country Romance (RKO).....	2½★	Pinocchio (RKO).....	4★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO).....	2★	Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
*Dancing on a Dime (Paramount).....	2★	Pap Always Pays (RKO).....	2½★
Devil's Island (Warners).....	2½★	Prairie Law (RKO).....	2★
Diamond Frontier (Universal).....	3★	Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
*Dispatch From Reuter's, A (Warners).....	3½★	Public Deb No. 1 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Dr. Christian Meets The Women (RKO).....	3★	Quarterback, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Dr. Kildare Goes Home (M-G-M).....	3★	Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	2★
Earl of Puddletown (Republic).....	2★	Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO).....	3½★
Earthbound (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Rangers of Fortune (Paramount).....	4★
Edison, the Man (M-G-M).....	3½★	Rebecca (United Artists).....	3½★
Flight Angels (Warners).....	2½★	Rhythm on the River (Paramount).....	2½★
Flawing Gald (Warners).....	3★	Road to Singapore, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Foreign Correspondent (United Artists).....	4★	Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
Four Sans (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Free, Blande and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
French Without Tears (Paramount).....	2½★	Saint Takes Over, The (RKO).....	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners).....	2½★	Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Gay Caballera, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release).....	2★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount).....	3★	Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot (Republic).....	2★
Girl from Avenue A (20th Century-Fox).....	C	Slightly Honorable (United Artists).....	2½★
Girl from God's Country (Republic).....	2★	South of Pago Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
Girl from Havana, The (Republic).....	2½★	South to Karanga (Universal).....	2½★
Girl in 313 (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Sa You Wan't Talk? (Columbia).....	2½★
Gold Rush Maissie (M-G-M).....	2½★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★	Sparting Blood (M-G-M).....	2½★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Spring Parade (Universal).....	C
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★	Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount).....	3½★	Star Dust (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Star of the Third Floor (RKO).....	3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★	Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO).....	C
Hidden Gald (Paramount).....	2½★	Strike Up the Band (M-G-M).....	3½★
Hired Wife (Universal).....	3★	Stranger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★	Susan and God (M-G-M).....	3½★
Hat Steel (Universal).....	2★	Swiss Family Robinson (RKO).....	C
House of Seven Gables (Universal).....	2½★	They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia).....	3½★	They Knew What They Wanted (RKO).....	3½★
*Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★	*Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists).....	3½★
I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Universal).....	2★	*Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M).....	3★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C	Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C
I Love You Again (M-G-M).....	3★	Three Faces West (Republic).....	3★
I Married Adventure (Columbia).....	3★	Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C
I'm Still Alive (RKO).....	2½★	Thundering Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
In Old Missouri (Republic).....	2★	Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C
Irene (RKO).....	3★	*Too Many Girls (RKO).....	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★	Torrid Zone (Warners).....	3★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★	Tower of London (Universal).....	2★
I Want A Divorce (Paramount).....	3★	Triple Justice (RKO).....	2★
I Was an Adventuress (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	*Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners).....	3½★	Turnabout (United Artists).....	3★
La Conga Nights (Universal).....	2★	Twenty Mule Team (M-G-M).....	3★
Ladies Must Live (Warners).....	2★	Twenty-One Days Together (Columbia).....	3★
Last Alarm, The (Monogram).....	2★	Typhoon (Paramount).....	3★
Lillian Russell (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Unlamed (Paramount).....	2★
*Little Bit of Heaven (Universal).....	C	*Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Vigil in the Night (RKO).....	3★
Long Voyage Home, The (United Artists).....	4★	Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M).....	3½★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Way of All Flesh, The (Paramount).....	3★
Lucky Partners (RKO).....	2★	Westerner (The United Artists).....	3★
Mad Men of Europe (Columbia).....	2★	We Who Are Young (M-G-M).....	3★
Mal He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal).....	2½★	When the Daltons Rode (Universal).....	3★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	World in Flames, The (Paramount).....	3★
Man Who Talked Too Much, The (Warners).....	2½★	Wyoming (M-G-M).....	3★
Maryland (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
		Young People (20th Century-Fox).....	C
		Young Tom Edison (M-G-M).....	4★

yet; the kid has a lot of stuff but for the time being, she simply cavorts through these light little pictures taking things the easy way.

Do you happen to remember "The Underpup," Gloria Jean's first picture? Well, this is a sort of follow-up. She's a little Irish ragamuffin with a big heart and a bigger family. Hugh Herbert is her pop; Nan Bryant is her mom; Frank Jenks is Uncle Dan; C. Aubrey Smith is Grandpa and she has eight more uncles who are either street cleaners, gate-watchers, zoo attendants or cops.

The entire family revolves around Gloria and when she gets a job as a radio singer they all live off her earnings and turn into pretentious make-believes—till Gloria snaps them out of it!

It's the homey, natural atmosphere of this whole picture that sells it. It'll remind you of Jane Withers' best films—except that Gloria Jean sings and sings beautifully. One only wishes that her songs were selected with greater care.

There are some swell actors in supporting roles but the honors go to a gent who has been saving films for years by appearing at the right moment for a laugh, without rating much notice—Billy Gilbert.

Oh, and there should be mention, too, of Butch and Buddy, two crazy little youngsters who remind you of the Katzenjammer Kids, and of Bob Stack, Nan Grey and Eugene Palette; they're swell. Directed by Andre Marton.—Universal.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** Director Marton, who formerly directed for Joe Pasternak, in Europe, makes his American debut with this film . . . Gloria Jean's mother designed her clothes for this picture; her 11-year-old sister Lois (Gloria Jean is 12) was her stand-in . . . Seven famous ex-stars play the roles of Gloria Jean's uncles—Charles Ray, Noah Beery, Maurice Costello, Monte Blue, Pat O'Malley, Kenneth Harlan, William Desmond . . . "Eli, Eli," sung by Gloria Jean here, is supposed to be the oldest melody known and was the first song ever heard on the talking screen . . . C. Aubrey Smith celebrated his 77th birthday and 25th anniversary in films on July 21.

### ★★★ Victory

Here you will find some of the finest acting you've seen in a long time. Betty Field is one of the best actresses in Hollywood, and this performance should land her much of the credit she deserves. Freddie March, too, is a swell trouser and this is mighty close to being his finest role. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is another A-1 actor who tops himself, and Jerry Cowan has never been as good as he is here. Beyond the superb acting, however, the film cannot be thoroughly recommended.

It's a tough movie to analyze. It's like an elegant dish of food containing the very best ingredients but lacking salt and pepper. The script is slow-moving, but the major fault lies with Director John Cromwell, who concentrated on getting unbelievable results out of his troupers at the expense of necessary atmosphere. Joseph Conrad is difficult to bring to the screen, and this picture is convincing proof of the fact. What makes him such strong and excitable reading is his haunting and brilliant mastery of language and atmosphere. He builds up a scene to the point where you almost burst with tension. And this is where the picture falls down. It doesn't concentrate enough on the shadings and

background and is consequently pretty much black and white.

Freddie March and Betty Field live on an island minding their own business when along come Hardwicke and Cowan, who play the villains. Betty kills Cowan, Freddie kills Hardwicke and the Chinese servant of the heroes slays the moron servant of the bad men. Directed by John Cromwell.—Paramount.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** Imagine a South Seas yarn without a sarong, an earthquake or a tidal flood! The day of miracles, indeed! . . . Fredric March has been described as the collar ad who made good; he's one of the few Hollywood actors who does just as he pleases, has no contracts and takes only the roles that appeal to him . . . This is the fourth film for Betty Field, young Bostonian, and all four of them have been completely different in tempo—"What A Life," "Of Mice And Men" and "Seventeen" . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke won a "most beautiful baby" contest at the age of 14 months.

### ★★½ Angels Over Broadway

Ben Hecht feels that nothing good will ever come of this movie manufacturing racket until somebody breaks the rules and starts all over again on a new track. But the trouble is that he keeps moving the same old trolley car over on that new track.

There are some good actors in this film, and they try very hard. You have never seen either Tom Mitchell or Rita Hayworth as good as they are here. And John Qualen, who gets a chance to show off his wares, will astonish some of you. On the other hand Doug Fairbanks Jr., though he has only himself to blame for it, is totally miscast as a New York toughie (with an Oxford accent).

Hecht wrote, produced and directed the picture with Fairbanks as co-producer and star. It's a sentimental bit of hokum dressed up in big words.

One final word of warning. Although the dialog is occasionally very funny and sometimes close to brilliant, for the most part, it's stagey and unsuitable. And one final word of praise. The photography is excellent and the really fine musical score by George Antheil helps a whole lot. Directed by Ben Hecht.—Columbia.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** Formerly titled "Before I Die," this is the fifth picture in which Hecht carries triple credits as writer, co-producer and director; one of them, "The Scoundrel," won him the 1935 Academy Award for best original story . . . Sets had walls only eight feet high because Hecht believes big, expensive sets serve no worthwhile purpose and often detract from the telling of the story . . . Picture was completed considerably within the prescribed budget and shooting schedule; this was accomplished by doing most of the work before shooting started . . . Entire action of the story takes place within 10 hours—all of it in the rain . . . Of the 21 sets, only one is an actual exterior. Docks, New York streets, etc., were built indoors . . . This is Rita Hayworth's second dramatic role, a field towards which she is veering as much as she can . . . John Qualen is the fastest climbing character actor in pictures; he startled the critics with topnotch performances in "Knute Rockne" and "Long Voyage Home" . . . Thomas Mitchell, who was one of show biz's original triple-threat men, having been a writer and director before he tried acting, is the only one in the film who sticks to a single job—acting.



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## ★★½ Moon Over Burma

Let's make believe this is a question bee. In a story with a tropical background what role does the female star always play? Answer: Either a native girl or a stranded show girl. How many men fall in love with her? Two, both white. Which actress plays the part of the girl? Well, if you can get Dorothy Lamour and her sarong—

Okay, the lesson is over for the day. The lads who wrote this script obviously know all the proper answers. Burma provides the tropical background; there's Dotty Lamour as the stranded show girl—and two males, both white. But an innovation—aha!—no sarong. Which is just about all the novelty there is in the film. And even here, a compromise. For you lads who want an eyeful—and why shouldn't you?—Dorothy shows up in short trunks and abbreviated uppers.

There is a considerable amount of exciting action in the film if you are not bothered by the fact that you've seen it all in previous pictures, too. The jungle stuff is mixed neatly with the love story, and there's a nice hot forest fire for thrills.

There is no sense in talking about the quality of the acting here. Dorothy Lamour, Preston Foster and Robert Preston are all exactly what you expect them to be. Albert Basserman does a swell piece as a blind man. Directed by Louis King.—Paramount.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** A new Dorothy here—she's bobbed her hair and discarded her sarong, also traded her chimpanzee for assorted cobras and elephants. . . . When the news got around that Dottie bobbed her hair, nearly 5000 requests were received for samples of the famous locks. . . . Despite the log jams, forest fires and other thrill scenes, the most difficult to film was an apparently simple one where an elephant lies down to permit Robert Preston and Dorothy to dismount from a howdah. After fifteen rehearsals and a dozen takes, they managed it. . . . Every actor in the picture was injured at some time or other. . . . Sally and Queenie, last of the movie-trained elephants were burned to death when the farm at which they were housed caught fire; two other elephants were made up to double for Sally and Queenie for the finish of the film. . . . Most of the herd used in the picture belong to the Hagenback-Wallace Circus. . . . The lodge shown in the picture was furnished in the style of Burma; more than \$80,000 worth of rare art objects and fine furniture were used.

## ★★½ Tugboat Annie Sails Again

Here is a new series of pictures about Tugboat Annie, and Warner Brothers thinks that this one will catch on and go over as big as it did years ago when Marie Dressler played Annie. We doubt it unless the succeeding films improve a great deal.

What's wrong with the picture? Well, for one thing, the story—which is dull, unimaginative. And for another, the direction. Director Seiler seemingly let all the actors have a field day; they all overact, from Rambeau on down, including Alan Hale, Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman. But maybe the greatest fault of the picture is that you can't help trying to compare every second of it with something you saw and thoroughly enjoyed years ago. Directed by Lewis Seiler.—Warner Brothers.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:**—Norman Reilly Raine wrote twenty-six Tugboat Annie stories before he gave up, some years ago. . . . The Annie character was inspired by a real person, the late Theo Foss of Tacoma. . . . Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan always try to get into the same picture, if they can; they're married. . . . For a big freighter scene the Nordpol, large Danish motorship, was used; the boat and its crew were stranded in the Pacific by U. S. immigration restrictions so were happy to make the movie deal. . . . 18,000 gallons of fuel oil were used by the movie flotilla.

## ★★ Dancing on a Dime

There has been a trend in Hollywood towards building up youth of late. Almost all film companies are attempting to make a few pictures with young people. Well, it's a noble notion and a step in the right direction—but this is not the one that you will want to see, or talk about or remember. It's pretty unfortunate.

Hard to know at whose step to lay the blame here; the whole business just doesn't come off. It tells of a bunch of actors on the late, lamented WPA Theatre Project who are left stranded and try to get back on their feet. None of it is very inspired, although everybody tries hard.

Grace McDonald is best of the troupers but it's a tough break for her to make her Hollywood bow this way. Eddie Quillan and Frank Jenks manage to get a few laughs into the proceedings—for which all thanks. Directed by Joseph Santley.—Paramount.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** The old Garrick theater was reproduced as accurately as possible for this film. . . . Grace McDonald, who makes her film bow here, after clicking solidly on Broadway, started her theatrical career at 14 as a magician's stooge. . . . Though Frank Jenks and Eddie Quillan were hoofers years ago when they were on the stage, neither had danced in ten years. They both swear that these roles were the hardest they ever played. . . . Quillan, just before this picture started, was fresh from a half-starved Okie role in "The Grapes of Wrath." Nevertheless he lost 10 pounds in four days on this pic.

## ★★ Hullabaloo

If it were not for the fact that there are some very swell actors in this picture turning in some very swell performances, the kindest thing would be to just skip the whole thing. But Frank Morgan is better than he has ever been—which is covering a lot of good, solid territory—and there are two newcomers whom you will not forget in a hurry named Virginia O'Brien and Charles Holland. All three of them deserve a better fate.

Do you want proof that there is something seriously cockeyed in the manufacture of this picture? Well, think on this for a moment; two grand actresses like Billie Burke and Sara Hadden are thoroughly wasted, have only a few minutes each and get over no effective scenes at all! Directed by Edwin Marin—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

**PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS:** When Virginia Grey was signed at Metro for "The Great Ziegfeld" it was because of her dancing, but she gets her first chance to use her twinkling tootsies here. . . . Dan Dailey, Jr., came to films as a song and dance man; he doesn't do either one in this film; never has in any pictures.



In addition to this ultra ultra ski suit, Koy Francis' wardrobe for her newest picture, "Ploy Girl," includes a noble coot rented by the studio at \$100 a day!

he's got that we haven't—besides a voice, a horse and a grin!

### CHISEL OF THE MONTH

Every state in the union grows its annual crop of chisellers, so maybe Hollywood oughtn't to be surprised at finding one of the species in its own midst. Nevertheless, everyone's commenting about the cheap trick pulled by a little star whose salary runs into the thousands weekly. The star, so the story goes, was the guest of an important studio on one of those out-of-town-premiere junkets. The studio always pays all expenses on premiere trips, and before the star left she was told to remember to charge her taxicab, food, hotel and cocktail bills, etc., to her hosts. The star smiled sweetly and said she'd remember all right. And how she did! Ten minutes after her train arrived at its destination, she was seated in the swankiest store in the city, airily instructing a dumfounded salesgirl to charge \$200 worth of hose to the studio! The studio paid the bill, of course, but we think we can name one lady who will be off their guest list till hell freezes over!

### A VOICE IN THE MATTER

Two of the funniest-sounding men in Hollywood, Walter Brennan and Andy Devine, didn't need expensive coaches to give them "grate" voices. Walter acquired his in a gas attack during World War I, and Andy when he was a boy, fell on a stick which punctured his neck and injured his larynx. Happily, their voices haven't stopped either of them from getting along. Walter's a two-time Academy Award winner and Andy, who has worked for the same studio since 1925, currently pulls in the very neat sum of \$100,000 per annum none of which is being squandered on voice specialists!

### RELATIVELY SPEAKING

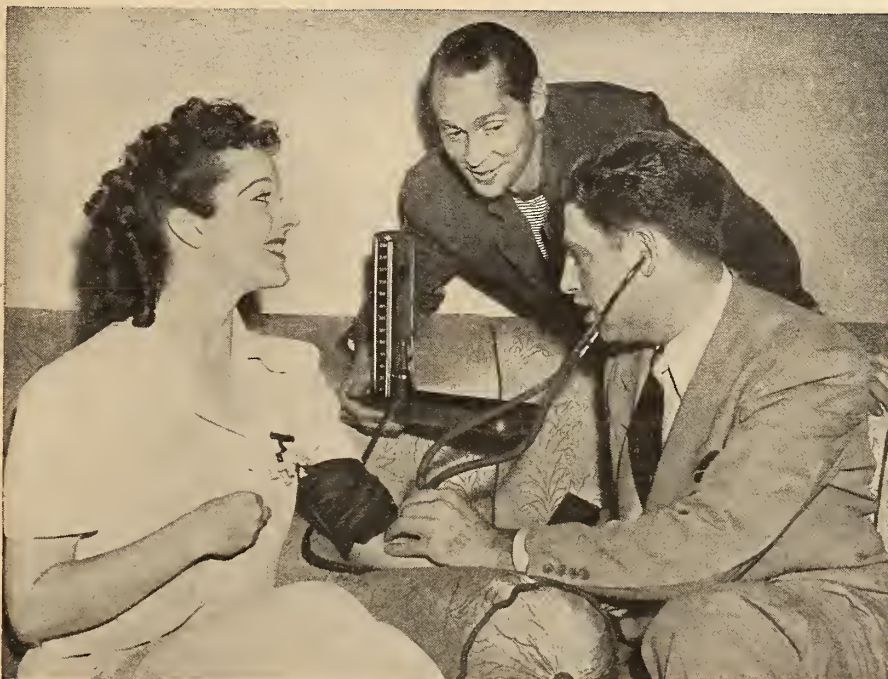
Not much chance Helen Parrish will grow lonesome while doing and dying for dear old Universal. Her brother, Bob, works in the studio's cutting room and her best beau, Charles Lang, has just been signed to a contract there. Joan Leslie, Warners' remarkable 15-year-old siren discovery, is another who's not alone on a great movie lot. Joan was at Warners only a few weeks when she wangled contracts for both her older sisters! Watch that little girl, by the way. The studio's concentrating on not giving her publicity, but when she bursts from the screen in "High Sierra" and "Carnival" she's going to out-oomph Annie!

### HEDY AND JOHNNY ARE SWEETHEARTS

The Hedy Lamarr-John Howard romance which was strictly publicity when it started, is now going like a house afire. The two paired up originally when John's agent got the idea his client was receiving the go-by from producers because he lacked male oomph. "If I fix him up with the most glamorous woman in town," figured the agent, "those boys will have to admit he's got what it takes and sign him up pronto!" With the help of a mutual friend the agent arranged John's first date with Hedy, never expecting there'd be a second. To his delight there's been a third, fifth and twelfth! The only persons more amazed than he are Hedy and John who, for the first time in their career lives, are singing the praises of the world's most abused creature—the lowly press agent.

### DEBUNKING DIVISION

Ginger Rogers' mother is circulating the story that Ginger will wed an unnamed Mr.




Peggy Moron, playing opposite boy friend Fronchot Tone in "The Trail of the Vigilantes," checks up on her blood pressure after an ordent love scene!

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## GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 75)

Someone come Christmas time. Forget it. Ginger's legal name will be Mrs. Lew Ayres until late in January . . . Ditto the Lana Turner-Tony Martin marriage rumors. Tony becomes a free man early in the new year, but Lana's scissoring from Artie Shaw won't be complete until July . . . The story kicking around that Loretta Young is headed for mamahood is also false. Loretta denies it, and, considering her reputation for honesty, that—as they say—is that.

### UNFAIR TO JANE

Jane Withers is in a seventh heaven of delight. She has a new boyfriend and, what's more, she has him where she can keep her eye on him! He's wide-smiling Buddy Pepper, the talented 16-year-old who appeared with her in "Golden Hoofs." Jane discovered Buddy in the cast of a local revue and from her seat in the audience developed such a wild crush on the youngster, she immediately persuaded Darryl Zanuck to sign him up. The kids spend all their working hours together and would enjoy carrying their courtship beyond studio doors. However, Mama Withers has let it be known that Janie may not date a boy alone until she's sixteen—which may be what inspired Buddy to compose a song called "What Good Does It Do" and dedicate it to his fair patroness.

### ELECTION DAY ECHO

Maybe election talk is old stuff in your town, but in Hollywood they're still chuckling about the way Claudette Colbert withered Robert Montgomery when he invited her to attend a "Hollywood-for-Willke" rally. "Certainly, Bob," chirped Claudette. "I'd lo-ove to come—but do you mind if I make a speech for Franklin D. Roosevelt?"

### THE GREEN, GREEN PASTURES OF HOME

This is a story about William Brent, the man who penned Sonja Henie's next picture, "Sun Valley." We're telling you about Brent and not about Sonja because, at the moment, we think he's even more interesting than she. And here's why. A year ago, Brent was a \$50-a-week sound man at 20th Century-Fox. Then he wrote a story and tried to sell it to his studio. Nobody would look at it so Brent sent it to the Saturday Evening Post and received a check for \$5,000. A few weeks later Fox, which could have had the story for a couple of hundred dollars, paid Brent \$10,000 for its screen rights and now Brent is a writer at his own studio and has a seven-year contract for \$250 weekly! Next month we'll tell you about Sonja.

### DIDJA KNOW

That Harmon Nelson is telling friends his reconciliation with Bette Davis is not unlikely . . . That Cary Grant is suffering over six pages of Japanese dialogue, necessary for his role of an American newspaper correspondent in "Penny Serenade" . . . That Jimmy Stewart, his star rating notwithstanding, was haled into court charged with speeding through a 20-mile zone at 45 miles

an hour . . . That the Don Ameches still want a daughter but will probably get her via the adoption route . . . That John Wayne and Ward Bond were teammates on the USC football eleven . . . That brothers Bing and Bob Crosby have seen each other only four times in the past seven years . . . That "Tillie and Mac," famed comic strip characters, will soon caper for Columbia . . . That Brian Donlevy is building his new home next to a cemetery . . . That the Warner Bros. publicity department files all Ann Sheridan portraits under "Annie" . . . That player-pianos make Melvyn Douglas' spine crawl . . . That Ida Lupino's beautifully appointed bar and playroom were furnished from a Sears-Roebuck catalogue . . . That the cake Clark Gable gave Carole on her last natal day was inscribed: "To Ma—on her 75th birthday"?

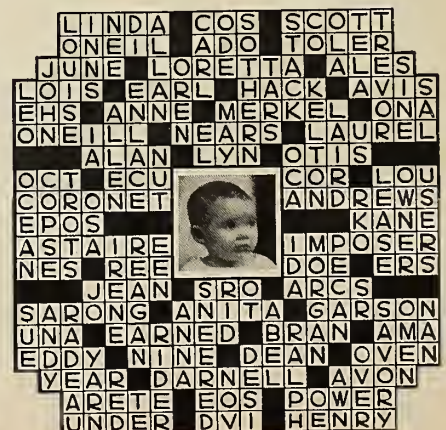
### BEWARE THE VISIBLE MAN!

Lionel and John Barrymore, who chilled when the fair Elaine entered the Royal Family, kissed and made up soon after Elaine's exit. So clubby have they become that John's taken to ribbing the less pixyish Lionel—and Lionel's beginning to think maybe his brother is funny after all. For example, the other morning John noticed that the bushy eyebrows and baggy suits he wears in "The Invisible Woman" make him the spitting image of Lionel. He promptly dispatched a messenger boy to Lionel's house with a photograph of himself in character and attached a note which read: "This is the best picture you've ever made!" Only one thing is marring their touching reconciliation. John's trying to date Lionel's pretty nurse, and Lionel's getting madder by the minute.

### McCARTHY, THE WOODEN WOLF

Edgar Bergen, who hasn't got a wife, became a father last week. The latest addition to his curious clan is flesh-and-blood Thelma Jean Graham, a 12-year-old Nashville, Tennessee, orphan. Edgar found Thelma Jean when he went to Nashville recently to purchase a new airplane. Thelma Jean met him at the airport with her own Charley McCarthy dummy on her arm, and told him she

### Solution to Puzzle on Page 69



Beauteous and chic Ann Miller is on her way to escort Mrs. Miller to the Motion Picture Mothers' Dance where she naturally was the most envied mama of them all.

wanted to be a ventriloquist, too. Being the best-hearted guy in the industry, Edgar tried her out, found she was terrific, and immediately adopted her for the purpose of training her in his art. Thelma Jean now lives at a Beverly Hills boarding school where Edgar visits her regularly to give her lessons. "Can't have her around the house," he apologizes. "You know, that McCarthy fellow. . . ."

## WHITHER THOU GOEST

Has anyone noted that Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor have had a house guest since the day they married? He's "Uncle" Buck Mack, an old vaudeville performer who befriended Barbara in her down days. He used to live with Barbara and Frank Fay when they were Mr. and Mrs. and, when Barbara remarried, he just went along with the bride. "Uncle" Buck worships Barbara and is constantly fearful that someone will harm her. As a result, when they're out together, he always keeps a roll of dimes clutched in his right fist. He knows the dimes will pack more punch into his punches should a stranger molest her—and he'll gladly meet all comers.

## BARBARA BROADCASTS

You can't blame "Uncle" Buck for wanting to protect a girl like Babs. Mrs. Ray Milland reports that the other day she was about to tune out a radio program emanating from a local orphan asylum when she heard the announcer say he was going to introduce a young lady known to all listeners. Barbara Stanwyck took the air and, without fanfare or build-up, quietly spoke her piece in behalf of the youngsters. It's things like these that make us think "Uncle" Buck ought to carry quarters!

## DISA AND DATA

The John Waynes, thinking each baby would be their last, have given away three sets of nursery equipment. They say the newest will go into storage—just in case . . . 20th Century-Fox claims Linda Darnell's kisses add \$500 to the cost of each of her pictures. Her blushes show on the screen and retakes are necessary . . . Under the terms of her new contract, Judy Garland will receive \$2,000 a week for the next three years, \$2,500 weekly for two years after that and, from then on, \$3,000 weekly until she completes her seven-year pact . . . Lon Chaney, Jr., is authoring the life of his famous dad. He believes it can be filmed by only one man—Paul Muni . . . Erich Maria Remarque writes to the accompaniment of symphony records . . . Cesar Romero, disdaining a double, does all his own riding in "Cisco Kid" pictures . . . Greer Garson's glorious coloring may soon shine from a Technicolor screen . . . J. Sinkerton Snoopington, Mr. Hermosillo Brunch and Elsie Mae Adele Brunch Sousé are all characters in W. C. Fields' "The Bank Dick." Fields himself is called Egbert Sousé . . . Connie Bennett raffled off her Persian lamb coat to whip up some money for British refugee children . . . Bette Davis' dog is on a weight-building diet, having lost too many pounds while beating around New York with Bette . . . Robert Preston is getting more larnin' at UCLA. It's a literature course, this time . . . Orson Welles is probably the most highly organized man in the country. He's a member of five unions . . . It's dieting,

bowling and a daily five-mile hike for Lana Turner who must drop fourteen pounds worth of curves before she can face the camera again . . . The cellar of Elsa Maxwell's Hollywood home is packed with vintage champagne . . . Charlie Chaplin's answer to the Paulette Goddard-Anatole Litvak talk was a gift to Paulette of a pair of heart-shaped diamond ear-clips.

## BLOOD IS THICKER THAN CONTRACT

After five long and fruitless years, Olympe Bradna has won a divorce from Paramount on the grounds of cruelty. Seems the studio realized their little Frenchie's career was breathing its last and decided to pep it up by changing her tag. Olympe said "You don't do that to me!" because the Bradnas are one of the oldest and most revered families in show business, and the suggestion that she'd smell sweeter by any other name made her sick. Now, Olympe is marching with the unemployed, but she's still insisting she did the right thing. "There was no alternative," says she. "Bradna is a more important name than Paramount any day—at least to the Bradnas!"

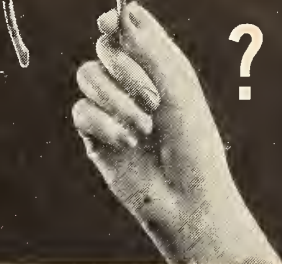
## SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW MOVIES?

If you like odd facts and figures and you like the movies, you'll like the information an ambitious studio statistician dug up recently. He reports that when you see the average American movie, you sit in one of 10,924,484 seats in one of the nations 17,500 theatres, and watch the screen for 73 minutes. If you pay the average admission price, your ticket reads 22c, and if you want to see all of the 500-odd features released yearly, you must hug your seat for 26 days and 26 nights!

## MUSICAL LOVE POTION

Seems as though the newest way to a man's heart is through your harp. Cameo-faced Anita Louise admits she's teaching hubby Buddy Adler to play the instrument, and Deanna Durbin's issued orders she's not to be disturbed between five and six, the hour set aside for her string-strumming lesson. Deanna's learning to play the organ, too, which should squelch the "any minute now" marriage talk that's around again. Wives-to-be, if they're as practical as Deanna, don't spend their pre-nuptial days caressing key boards and harp strings. They study the "Newlywed's Handbook" or volumes dealing with the "Care and Feeding of Babies"—and, to date, Deanna's attitude toward both these subjects has been distinctly frigid.

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## A RIGHT GUY

(Continued from page 31)



Esther Ralston, who plays the role of her late friend, Nora Bayes, in "Tin Pan Alley," swears that in the future nothing will lure her to Hollywood away from her husband and child and their brand-new home in Great Neck, Long Island.

"Sometimes I think I'd like to try the stage. I never have. But then again, I don't believe I'd like those late hours, after-theatre supper parties and all that. I'm an early-to-bedder and a very early riser. The days are never long enough for me so I'm not giving any early morning hours back to the Indians.

"If you should ask me whether I'm satisfied being an actor or wish I'd gone in for some other job or profession, the answer would be 'yes and no.' When you look at it from one angle there are a lot more worthwhile things a man could be doing. On the other hand, entertainment is pretty much of a necessity especially in these times, and some group has to supply it. I like the feeling that what I am doing is necessary. And since I do feel that way about it, I'm content to be one of the group that supplies it.

I try not to kid myself," said Gary, "because if you don't fool yourself you won't fool other people and, in the long run, you'll get along all right.

"For instance, I know that if I were not a movie star I wouldn't get asked out much. I don't pretend that I'm the life of the party. I never kid myself that I got into pictures on my looks either. I was the first of an era of more or less homely guys in the movies. I've had lines on my face since I was twenty. Wind and sun put them there I guess. And no Adonis was ever this tall and skinny!

"Then, so many people contribute to your being a movie star. It isn't a one-man show, by any means. A teacher of mine got me interested in dramatics. Being shy, too tall for my age and self-conscious about it even then, she made me go in for debating. I have her to thank, really, for I did gain a certain degree of self-assurance.

"Then there was a lawyer back home in Montana, a friend of my father's. He taught me how to box. He was interested in 'these movie stars,' as he called them, and always made them sound like some strange species. Anyway, he used to talk about the money they made. Valentino, for example, and the fact that he was said to earn \$250,000 a year. 'What is it these women go for?' he'd ask. 'Is it the shinola on the hair? Is it the girl in his arms, the camera on his face, the look in his eyes . . . and at that point he'd stop, clear his throat vigorously, look horribly embarrassed and ask me brusquely what the hell I was lolling around for! I didn't think, at the time, that I was much interested in the stars or in the money they made. But it must have soaked in because when I needed dough and needed it badly, echoes of those talks came back to me. Valentino, \$250,000 a year—siren songs when your stomach is flat!

"Well, one hundred people like him, suggestions like that in and out of your life, contribute to making you whatever you become. And it takes more people and more factors to make a movie actor than it does to make any other job. The rest of it, for me, was equally unpremeditated and accidental. I wanted to be a cartoonist. I submitted a few things to editors who said they were 'sorry.' I sold advertising here in Los Angeles, where I had come to make my fortune. I did all right except that I couldn't collect my dough. I got hungry. I happened to run into a pal from Montana who was an extra in the movies, riding ponies. I went along and rode, too," said Gary. "That's

how it happened to me. No particular enterprise on my part, no plotting or planning.

"Then, after a movie actor gets established," Gary continued, "at least a million people contribute to keeping him established. The fans, all the people he works with—producer, director, author, sound man, each one about as indispensable as the other. A movie actor can't honestly get up, whack himself on the chest and say, 'Look what I did!' So you really can't get puffed up about it. You can't feel very secure about it either. For in this business, success depends on whether you have five gray hairs in your head or sixty, and the chance for success decreases with the passing of years and youth. There's only one Lewis Stone!

"Another thing, when I'm working I don't see the rushes. 'That's funny,' people say. It's not because I'm indifferent that I don't see them but because they make me self-conscious. I don't go into a huddle over my script before I start work in a picture—not because I don't take it seriously, but because the script is changed so often during the course of production that I find it better to sort of 'feel' my character out as he goes along. He comes to life that way.

LIKE all actors I like to work for Capra. He makes you feel important; he lets you make suggestions. Not that you have to with Capra; he senses things. If an actor seems unhappy in a scene, Frank spots it and says, 'You were unhappy in that scene, weren't you?' He finds out why. Then he does the scene over and over again until you feel comfortable doing it.

"I believe in relegating matters not up my alley to others who can handle them better than I. I'm not much of a business man and so I put my affairs into the hands of my manager. When it comes to picking screen material for myself, the right stories, my judgment is pretty sound. Of course we all make mistakes, but generally I can 'feel out' a story I should do. We see a lot of pictures, and my wife and I go to the neighborhood movies frequently. When we do it's for entertainment, not to pick them to pieces. If I'm entertained, I call it a good picture. And I use that same audience reaction as a basis for choosing stories. In other words I say to myself, 'Would I like to see myself in this picture?'

"I guess I liked 'The Virginian' about the best of any picture I've made. It was my first talking picture, and it was the original Western. I liked 'Mr. Deeds' because I understood the chap and it offered a new twist on a small-town American character. I feel as if I fit comfortably into the clothes of 'John Doe.' I may do 'Sergeant York' next, again at Warners. I feel very self-conscious about playing the part of a man who is still alive, a man who has done so many fine things, built roads and schools in the mountains of Tennessee where education was badly needed.

"I think we are all going to live very differently, very frugally from now on. It's all right with me personally. I'll fit, and comfortably, into a simpler scheme of things than we have known here in Hollywood. Perhaps that's the answer to your questions," he smiled at me, "all of them. I guess I fit comfortably into my life, so why make a fuss about it?"

## THE DOCTOR VIEWS HIS CASE

(Continued from page 43)

a thermometer. In typical Ayres fashion, he got to studying the gadget, and before he knew it he had picked up a strange assortment of barometers, wind-direction indicators, rain gauges and all sorts of weird contraptions dreamed up by himself. One of these days he'll have a licensed weather station up there on Lookout Mountain.

He started out "piddling around" with a dollar camera and wound up with a dark room, a half dozen dream cameras and a reputation for expert picture-snatching. When he isn't entering some of his photographic masterpieces in competitions, he's discussing shots and angles with the studio cameramen. By the time the daffodils come, he'll be ready to photograph all of Metro's pictures!

Having been a medicine man in six Kildare pictures, you can bet your bottom dollar that Ayres hasn't been asleep on the job. He has read the *Materia Medica* through twice, has romped through a library on surgery, and when last heard from was mastering the latest whimsies in the art of diagnosis. One of the Hollywood legends is that once Dr. Lew walked up to a total stranger, talked to him five minutes and informed him, gently that he was suffering from a brain tumor. His hunch proved right.

So studious is Ayres about his role of James Kildare, M.D., that he has haunted hospitals to check up on physicians' habits, has talked with internes until wee hours in the morning, has watched operations by the dozen and has even compared his bedside manner with those of established practitioners.

ALL of which explains why his characterization is so convincing. In fact, the student body of a medical school in Dallas turns out en masse for every Ayres picture, hoping to acquire that ingratiating Ayres manner—especially with female patients—for future use.

Perish the thought that Lew Ayres is eternally buried in books or listening to celestial music. Fact is that the Caliph of Lookout Mountain is one of Hollywood's most sought-after escorts, which fact is reflected in his colossal fan following among college girls.

Every now and then Lew decides to do the town. Then it's more like Mardi Gras than anything else. He will scoop himself up a Mary Beth Hughes or a Ruth Hussey and take off. They descend on the night spots with a flourish, Lew in his white tie and tails and the current princess-consort in an elegant little number from I. Magnin's.

Wherever there's Lew and his lady, there's pandemonium. Lew can rumba with the best of them, and his La Conga, according to report, is even better than that of Señor Cesar Romero.

Somewhere around three Lew hustles her home, bows cavalier-style and departs. He may not see her for months after that. Bachelor Lew is traveling light these days. He's steering clear of romance as if his life depended on it. A good time—yes. But a pact! No, thank you.

Being an idealist, he has his views on the perfect woman.

"The three qualities I admire most in a woman," he'll tell you, if you can get him in the mood, "are charm, poise and intellect. Maybe I'm a sap for feeling the way I do, but I'm convinced that every woman, if she's so determined, can de-

velop these qualities provided, of course, that she has a normal mental capacity."

Concerning Hollywood in general, he feels philosophic. He realizes, at long last, that a man's prestige is as good as his last picture. He jokes about it. "The only thing to do, I guess, is to make all your last pictures stirring and memorable."

About his own art, he's amazingly modest. He thinks he's "an average intelligent actor." He's not waiting for the part that will win him the Academy Award.

"I want no part of glamour. Let me play the man who eats the spiders—the funny little man. There's no trick at all in turning out what the critics choose to call 'a competent job' in the role of a normal young American, because that's what I am. That's just being myself. But to get around to playing the type of characters created by Lionel Barrymore or Jean Hersholt—that's something else again. Let Gable and Cooper be the heroes. I'll take the character parts."

What Lew would like to do above all else is to direct. He took a fling at it a few years back. It was a costly venture. And not spectacularly successful, either.

In order to direct, he made an unusual bargain with Republic Pictures. First he agreed to play in two pictures. Next he promised, in order to learn every phase of production, to follow three pictures from the writing to the final editing—without pay. And finally he had to consent to direct the picture gratis. The upshot of it all was that he worked eight months without getting a cent, living on the proceeds from playing in two pictures.

He has no illusions about what he did over at Republic.

"I directed one picture, 'Hearts in Bondage,' and it was a turkey. But I'm not licked. I'm still going to direct, even if I have to wait until I'm gray and bald-headed. But I'm not going to push success. I'm simply going to drift with the wind and see where it takes me."

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## TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, MY DARLING

(Continued from page 33)

Parade," Deanna's new picture, which was sweet. He's just bought a ranch at Palm Springs and is thrilled about the house he's building on it.

Evelyn Ankers sends regards. She's out here with her mother now and I saw her for a moment at the preem of "Foreign Correspondent."

Faith (Mrs. Charles Bennett) turned over in her plane the other day and smacked her head rather badly. She's been hopping about from airport to airport getting advertisements from schools and aviation companies for the program for British Ambulance Corps.

Hardly ever see Ty (Power) any more. He's been busy working on "The Mark of Zorro" and taking three-hour lessons each day in fencing, dancing and magic tricks. You know what a stickler Rouben Mamoulian is for perfection (worse even than you, my darling, who'll never let me appear in public with the tiniest bit of a chip off my fingernail polish and who insists on bags and hats matching exactly) and Ty is just about exhausted trying to live up to Mamoulian's idea of how things should be done. But I did bump into him on the lot day before yesterday and he wanted to know all about you.

It's not news to you how we all pass letters around. Any letter any of us gets goes all over town in no time at all. Willie (Nigel Bruce), Morton (Lowry) and I spent all of our time on "Hudson's Bay Company" passing letters back and forth.

Larry (Olivier) and Vivien (Leigh) came by the house Sunday on their way to make tests for "Lady Hamilton" and she wore the widest wedding band you've ever seen. Oh, and I must tell you the trick Paulette (Goddard) played on them. Seems that the studio built them the fanciest bungalow for dressing-rooms that you ever saw, and planned a christening event with a big supper, inviting the cast

and their friends. Well, Paulette spotted the bungalow just as she was leaving the lot, crawled in through a back window, ordered caterers to serve supper and invited the workmen on the lot to a pre-christening! When Larry and Vivien arrived, there sat the electricians, carpenters and laborers on all that fancy furniture, eating chicken and salad and hot rolls!

Muni gave a party on our set yesterday—all fancy, with a bar and every sort of delicious dish. Bella (Muni) was there, in addition to the cast and crew. She's going to the hospital soon for an operation.

Had a long letter from Aunt Sybil yesterday, but all she talked about was her vegetable garden. I can't understand the casualness of letters from home. It was a great shock to me that mother was interested in fashions. And it hadn't occurred to me until I received her letter that Hollywood was looked up to as a style center. But tell her I posed for some pictures in "authentic California fashions" yesterday, which I'm sending along by Clipper.

Remember how worried you were about my wardrobe for "H. B. C."? You thought the gowns were cut too low. Well, so did the Hays office. You'll be glad to know all my "stills" were killed.

Got a love of a new hat the other day—a regular halo of multicolored feathers. I wish you were here to help me select gloves to go with it. It's getting cold here, so I bought a new beaver coat, too.

Everybody in Hollywood seems to think Dave (Niven) is married. Somehow I don't seem to be able to convince them the story was only a gag.

It won't be long now until you see Pat (Knowles) again. He's about to complete his training course and will be flying a ship across in a few weeks.

Take care of yourself, my darling.

GINNY.

## CONFESSIONS OF A CAMPUS CUTIE

(Continued from page 58)

a Broadway musical and offered her a part in it. The show was called "Du Barry Was a Lady." She ran away with it. Those legs could run away with anything! Say, by the way, Betty—how about those legs?

"How about 'em?"

Well, they're swell; but seems like somewhere or other we picked up some gossip about 'em, something or other about Grable wasn't very happy with all that leg talk, wanted to be known as an actress; was terribly tired of being just the gal with the gams, the Sheba with the shafts.

"Look." Betty is a very direct girl. When she says this she looks right square at you. Very disconcerting. "The guy who started that business was a very smart publicity man at Paramount. He did me a lot of good. I'm very grateful to him. But naturally, enough is enough. I figure the gag is played out, and it's time to begin selling myself as myself."

So it's true. The great actress complex! "Nuts. I'm not Bette Davis; I know that. I'm just Betty Grable. That's the way I want to be sold. I don't want to be Cutie Pie. I don't want to parade around in shorts all my life.

"I want to sing and dance; I want to act. But the main thing I want to do is keep moving. In show business that's the main thing." She paused and looked thoughtful. "There's bound to come a day, of course, when the public gets tired of you, but when it comes I will be ready for it."

Ready for it? Ready how?

A laugh, a clear, sure laugh.

"Have you ever heard tell of a bank book? I've got one. A nice, fat, juicy one."

A little wrinkle now, on those brows that wrinkle so seldom. A little earnestness on those lips that pout so easily.

"What does a girl expect out of life? I've got a car, a home, some clothes.



The shopely legs ond cellophone bonnets of such world shokers os Gwen Stith form the comely decorotion in the new comedy melodramo, "A Night At Earl Corroll's."

What more do I need? Some girls go in for expensive furs and diamonds. None of that means anything to me.

"Most of my money gets socked away, put in the bank, and when that certain day rolls around, it just won't catch me short, that's all."

In the meantime, however, Betty Grable is the hottest thing in town. She's under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox, and the studio hasn't been so excited about a newcomer in many years.

A newcomer! That's a laugh. But Betty can afford a laugh—if she gets time. She just finished "Down Argentine Way." Before she could change her costume she was working in "Tin Pan Alley." The scripts of her next two pictures are ready and set to go.

Some fun.

But it is fun! Maybe it's fun because it's a merry-go-round, because it's her little-girl dream come true. For a dozen years she's dreamed of being a star. Now she is.

Her mother's been a big help, of course.

"She's not one of those movie mothers—you know what I mean. She doesn't get in people's hair. If she goes out to the studio to watch me work, she sits in a corner and looks on. Maybe she knits. She doesn't try to tell the directors what her darling daughter ought to do."

"How about night life?"

"Well, when I'm not working in a picture I go out, of course. I see a lot of movies. I go to shows if there are any in town. Sometimes I go to night clubs—not an awful lot. I like to dance but, well, smoke gets in my eyes."

Mostly her idea of fun is—surprise!—reading. When she's working, she reads an hour or two every night—can't fall asleep unless she does. When she's on lay-off, of course, she reads even more. All kinds of books—history and biography. It's her way of getting an education. She's interested in people, but she's found out it's more fun to read about them.

That laugh, again. Clear, hearty.

"You meet a much better grade of people in books, you know!"

Boy friends?

No one special. Not just now. She just hasn't met Mr. Right.

She doesn't like to talk about her marriage to Jackie Coogan. Just says, "Maybe we were both too young."

Some day, of course, she hopes to settle down. Some day she'd like to have a husband, a baby; but there's no rush about it.

There are two things that will keep her from rushing it. First, of course, she wants to cash in on her career right now. Success has been a long time coming and it makes good sense to let it pay off.

Also, she wants to be absolutely sure the next time she marries that there isn't going to be any mistake about it. She wants to be right. This is a sort of an obsession of hers, by the way—trying to be right.

"I don't want to kid myself next time. I'm going to face the facts."

Yes, it's true. Take one look at those clear, blue eyes. Note the set of those lips. Look at the tilt of that chin. Betty is a gal who will always know the score.

## YULETIDE DELIGHTS

(Continued from page 15)

### FOUR FOLD FUDGE

#### CHOCOLATE:

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup milk
- 2 tablespoons white karo
- 2 squares chocolate, cut into small pieces, or
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup cocoa
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, milk and karo in saucepan. Add chocolate, or cocoa. Bring to a boil slowly, stirring constantly. When chocolate has melted and mixture boils, cover saucepan and boil mixture gently for 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking, without stirring, until a soft ball is formed when a small amount is put in cold water (236°F. on candy thermometer). Add salt and butter and let cool until lukewarm (110°F.). Add vanilla and beat with a wooden spoon until fudge loses its gloss and becomes thick enough to hold its shape. Turn into slightly buttered pans to make a layer approximately  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in thickness. When cold cut into squares. Makes  $1\frac{1}{4}$  pounds. Also try with chopped Brazil nuts.

#### MAPLE NUT:

Follow recipe for Chocolate Fudge, with these changes: (1) Omit chocolate or cocoa. (2) Use 2 cups light brown sugar instead of the white sugar. (3) Use  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup cream (or evaporated milk) and  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup water for the milk. (4) Cook the fudge to 238°F. (5) Use 1 teaspoon maple flavoring instead of the vanilla.

(6) Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped pecans to fudge just before pouring it into pans, mark off into squares and press a pecan half into each square while candy is still warm. Cut when cold.

#### COCOANUT FUDGE:

Follow recipe for Chocolate Fudge with these changes. (1) Omit chocolate or cocoa. (2) Use  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup cream and  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup milk for the  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup milk. (3) Cook the candy to 240°F. (4) Stir in 1 cup shredded coconut just before turning into pan; or drop mixture from a teaspoon onto heavy waxed paper.

#### MARSHMALLOW FUDGE:

Follow recipe for Chocolate Fudge. While fudge is cooking cut  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound marshmallows into small pieces with wet scissors. Pour a thin layer of the fudge into buttered pan. Press cut marshmallows into this, then top with remaining fudge. When cold cut into squares.

### MARSHMALLOW SNOW MAN

For each Snowman use 5 marshmallows. Place two flat on the table, side by side for snowman's "feet". Put another marshmallow on top of these, standing up on edge, flat side towards you for the body, and still another on top of this one, in the same way and facing in the same direction, for the head. Fasten these together with dampened toothpicks. Cut remaining marshmallow in half, fasten onto body at either side with dampened toothpicks to form arms. Make features and buttons with dampened cloves or specks of bright-colored gumdrops.

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# PAGING DENNIS MORGAN

(Continued from page 35)

"Well, now I've had my fun. Now I've got to get myself a job." That was 1931—the year the bottom fell out of the lumber business. I knew Dad had been hard hit, but I thought maybe I could connect with some big firm in Milwaukee as a buyer of raw lumber which I knew something about. I went to every company in Milwaukee, and I had no luck.

"I had to find work of some kind. So I went down to a radio station, where they knew me from a few contests I'd been in, and asked if they could use a singer. They took me on as vocalist on a commercial program. Then one day they asked me if I could announce. So I became an announcer as well as a singer. I was doing everything after a while from dramatic programs to sports broadcasts. And I was doing all right financially. I even paid off some of the family taxes.

"But the job began to get tiresome. I couldn't see it leading anywhere, and the sports broadcasts weren't doing my voice any good. I was beginning to have a little respect for my voice and had not only enrolled in the Wisconsin Conservatory but was studying with a couple of private teachers on the side. Finally I quit the radio job. With all the over-confidence in the world, I disregarded the fact that I was practically broke and headed for Chicago.

"In my innocence I expected Chicago to be so full of opportunities that I could take my pick. I got educated in a hurry. I was just about six inches from the headline before I talked myself into a job—singing at the State Theatre.

"They got me dirt-cheap, but audiences didn't know it and other theatre managers didn't know it, because my name went up in lights. Pretty soon I was able to afford to enroll in the American Conservatory. I was convinced that opera was my future. I had big ideas, big ambitions."

Dennis was smart enough to realize that most theatre singers were a dime-a-dozen because they didn't give audiences an earful of singing; only an earful of current song hits. He sold himself as somebody who would give them both. He'd sing semi-classical versions of popular songs.

IN 1933," he continues, "the Palmer House opened its new Empire Room, the last word in swank, and I was hired as soloist. I stayed thirty-seven weeks, then came back for a return engagement, at a big boost in salary. I thought I had the world on a string and got married on the strength of that salary boost.

"The Empire Room had a clientele that could take concert singing. I didn't have to stick to symphonic jazz, as far as they were concerned. I could give out with some of my Conservatory repertoire. And don't think I didn't."

Don't think, either, that his reputation as a worth-while singer didn't start spreading. He'd been making some concert recordings for some small radio stations, on the side. Now, suddenly, he got an offer to sing on a coast-to-coast hook-up, soloist with an all-string orchestra. People outside Chicago, people all over the country began to be conscious of the singing voice of Stanley Morner.

Then the University of Chicago asked him to guest-star in its presentation of the Handel opera, "Xerxes," never sung

in English before in America. Mary Garden, the patron saint of Chicago opera, heard him in it and asked him to audition for her.

"I sang three arias for her and she asked me to do 'Carmen' with her. She knew someone who was willing to back a production. So I learned the entire opera in two weeks; worked my fool head off. Then the backer decided to back out.

"It began to look as if I couldn't go any farther in Chicago so I went to New York. A well-known art patron wanted to send me to Europe—to study for the Metropolitan. That sounded pretty good for a day or two. But I decided that I didn't want to go to Europe until I could pay my own way.

"Somebody else wanted me to do a Broadway operetta. I waited around two months for the operetta to materialize—which it never did. Then Mary Garden arrived in New York, sold on the idea that I should have a singing career in the movies. The thought of reaching millions of people, all over the world, with my voice was pretty exciting stuff. She introduced me to the right people at M-G-M, I made a movie singing test and they gave me a handsome contract. Then I came to Hollywood where I sat around for two years without a damned thing to do except study voice. I'll never get over that."

He still gets steamed up when he

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thinks about it.

"I can't tell you what those two years did to me. How would you like to have two years taken out of your life, when you're young and ambitious and eager to accomplish something? I don't know why they kept paying me without using me. All I know is that every week I got a pay-check and the words 'We aren't ready to use you yet.' I felt myself going crazy, asking myself: 'Why? Why?'

"That's the greatest crime of Hollywood: signing young people who show talent, then never using that talent. And there's no recourse as long as they pay you.

"I kept pleading for something to do—anything. I didn't insist on being a singer. I said I was willing to do straight acting. Just so that I could get back a little of that feeling of accomplishing something. They gave me a couple of bits. At the end of two years they called me and said they wanted to take up my option—and promised me big things. The next day I received a script that had four lines for me to say. I told them what they could do with their contract, and they were nice enough to release me.

"I made one desperate effort to make Hollywood conscious of why I had been given a movie contract: namely, because I was a singer. I appeared in a Los Angeles presentation of 'The Student Prince' which was a big success. Except

that nobody gave me a chance to sing on the screen because of it.

"After I left M-G-M I was going to New York, but I had offers to stay. Paramount treated me so well, I signed there. They changed my name to Richard Stanley. I stayed six months during which I played two bits in two gangster pictures. I decided to give up all hope of ever getting anywhere in Hollywood.

I WAS rehearsing to go East on a concert tour with a pianist friend of mine when Bill Pierce, of Producer Charles Rogers' office, dropped in and heard me singing. He told Rogers, and Rogers tried to make Paramount listen, but Paramount was disinterested. So he told Jack Warner about me. Warner called me in that same afternoon. I was leaving Hollywood the next night. Warner said, 'We'll make a test of you tomorrow morning.' So I made my test, with a bad cold, and left. 'Please don't wire me an offer,' I said, 'unless you have something definite for me to do—either singing or non-singing.'

"I went to Milwaukee for a week of personal appearances, then on to Detroit where I got a wire from Warner: 'Report next Monday. Picture starts Tuesday.' I came back. That was two years ago. And"—he grins cheerfully—"I've been busy ever since."

He has done nine pictures in two years, been everything from a tough dock worker to a Philadelphia gentleman.

Considering the fact that he set out to be a singer, how does he explain his acting ability? "I guess you can blame that dramatics course in college and some stock things I did back in the Middle West. But I still have to work to say lines the way actors say them instead of sounding like a singer talking. That's difficult for a singer to do."

How does he feel about the fact that Warners, who have otherwise appreciated him, still haven't let him sing on the screen—except in a few scattered scenes? He says, good-naturedly, "I don't care. If I don't sing on the screen I'll sing at home."

Home is a modest rented house in the San Fernando Valley, whose two most important rooms are a music room and a nursery. In the nursery you'll find a six-year-old boy, Stanley, and a three-year-old girl, Kristen.

When he's working on a picture he goes home and listens to recordings of Tchaikovsky's 4th, 5th or 6th Symphony, Beethoven's 9th Symphony or any song that John Charles Thomas has ever recorded. "Then I'm relaxed." Between pictures, he relaxes athletically playing golf and tennis or hunting in the mountains. His friends are a mixture of musicians and athletes.

He always makes a point of seeing the rushes of his previous day's work—a practice that many directors discourage on the grounds that they don't want players worrying about their performances. Dennis says, "You should worry about your performances. That's the great thing about the movies: you can see yourself as others see you—and try to do something about it."

It's certainly refreshing to meet a successful star who's so unassuming—so honest with himself. No, Dennis Morgan isn't forgetting all those lean years. They're still much too close for comfort!



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