



They begged for introductions but no one took her home!





Yet Ellen could be popular, if she'd remember . . . Mum Every Day Guards Charm!

THE MUSIC was sparkling—the man adorable—the evening started out divinely. Ellen at the start was ringed with admirers, she had the stag line at her beck and call. "Who is this lovely girl?" they asked and begged for introductions. But one by one her partners drifted awaydrifted and never came back.

Long before the last strains of the last waltz Ellen went home in tears-alone. One simple, unforgivable fault can ruin a girl's evening-yes, and even romance.

At a dance or in business, on her job or her dates, no girl can afford to risk underarm odor. That's why smart girls play safe with Mum-why they make daily Mum the quick, dependable safeguard of their charm.

A touch of Mum under your armsafter your bath or before you dress-keeps your bath freshness lingering all day or all evening long. Remember your bath only cares for past perspiration but Mum prevents risk of odor to come. And Mum is so gentle, so safe and so sure that more

women use it than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on ... it takes only 30 seconds and you're through, and you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! For you and for your clothes. Mum won't irritate even sensitive skins. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Hours after you've used Mum, underarms are still fresh. Without stopping perspiration, Mum guards against risk of underarm odor all day or all evening long. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today. Use it every day...always!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS-Thousands of women use Mum on Sanitary Napkins because it is so gentle, so dependable ... a deodorant that belps prevent embarrassment.

CHARM IS SO IMPORTANT. .. NEVER NEGLECT MUM!







MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



this snace every month star of the screen!

"Daddy, do you remember 'The Ziegfeld Follies'?", said Little Cub, looking up at us with large leonine eyes.

* * * And, reaching back into the haunted wings of the New Amsterdam Theatre, we were launched on the bedtime story of those nights of stars provided by the memorable Flo. * *



Soon we worked our way to the chapter wherein M-G-M immortalized "The wherein M-G-M immortalized "The Great Ziegfeld", and we drifted naturally into the glamour story of 1941:



* THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

* * * For many moons Robert Z. Leonard, the director, and Pandro Berman, the producer, have been studding the stars in a cluster designed to give the Aurora Borealis second billing.

As Tony Martin softly sings "You Stepped Out of A Dream", which is Public Melody No. 1, you will step into a dream of glorified girls—of Hedy Lamarr

and Lana Turner.







Romance, in a beaming web, is spun around the personal problems of a guy played by James Stewart, the last three letters of whose name typify his work. Give up?

* * And Judy Garland! Words fail us. *

Lush, plush and splendiferous, this Eyeful Tower gives us a hall of fame for a cast.

For in addition to Garland, Stewart, Lamarr, Turner and Martin, there are (to name but a few) Charlie Winninger, Jackie Cooper, Ian Hunter, Edward Everett Horton, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Holden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls

Settings by Gibbons, Gowns by Adrian.

Magnificent! Glamorous! Mighty!

THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

Glorifying the American lion.



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

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	Cover Girl: Olivia de Havilland, natural color photograph	

Val. 22, No. 5, April, 1941. Copyright, 1941, 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 \$2.20 a year. Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 18, 1930, at the Postofice, Dunellen, N. J. under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second-class entries at Seattle, Wash., San Francisco, Calif., Houston, Exas, 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.



JAMES STEWART
JUDY GARLAND
HEDY LAMARR
LANA TURNER

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents the picture the world has awaited to follow the never-to-be-forgotten wonders of "The Great Ziegfeld." Bigger in cast, bigger in spectacle, it dramatizes the behind-the-scenes lives of the world's most glorified girls... against a thrilling tapestry of dazzling screen magnificence with scores of song hits, (for instance: "You Stepped Out of A Dream", "Too Beautiful to Last", "Minnie From Trinidad"). Plus ravishing show-beauties and the greatest assemblage of personalities you've ever seen in one giant show!

with TONY MARTIN, CHARLES WINNINGER, JACKIE COOPER, IAN HUNTER, EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey, Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Holden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard • Produced by Pandro S. BERMAN

INFORMATION DESK

THE EDITORS PLAY "QUIZ" WITH THE STARS AND HERE ARE SOME OF THE ANSWERS



WE ASKED . . .

- forgotten to pull any of his brawny movie punches. He grunted assent: "In 'Hell Divers' I was supposed to knock out Gable, so's we could set his busted leg. He leaned a little too far on the punch and took it full force . . . or maybe I leaned. Anyway, Clark was a very sick boy."
- ... luscious Joan Blondell who were moviedom's most sexappealing girls and boys. She picked Ann Sheridan, "because she's healthy and vital"; Bette Davis, "because she's intelligent"; Dick Powell, "because he's got oomph and doesn't know it"; Clark Gable, "because he brings out the 'brute' in a woman."
- ... versatile John Carradine what type of role he least liked to play. He looked his dourest and confessed, "I hate to be cast as a two-gun man. I'm scared to death of horses, and horses take the same attitude toward me. They like nothing better than to put me on the ground where I belong."
- ... Dottie Lamour whether they take her picture and record her voice at the same time. So she told us the secret: "All of my music is pre-recorded. Then I sing the songs on the set to this music and am photographed simultaneously. This is no more difficult than singing with an orchestra."
- ... Chinese Roland Got whether an Occidental actor could ever be convincingly Chinese. And he paid this very beautiful tribute to a great actor: "Warner Oland was the only man that portrayed a Chinaman so well that even the Chinese could not detect that he was not one of them. His acting, features and carriage were amazingly real."
- ... Porter Hall what his kid thinks about the old man's villainous roles. Porter wouldn't talk, but he finally admitted the ten-year-old once said: "Gee, Dad, why aren't you a star like Mickey Rooney?"
- ... Hugh Herbert who'd given the funniest performances in the last 10 years. Very matter of factly, he said, "Chaplin in 'City Lights,' Roland Young in 'Topper,' Rosalind Russell in 'His Girl Friday.'"
- ... cowboy Bob Livingston what his horse had that the others didn't. Bob gave his horse this send-off, "The fact that he's such a grand clown. The expression 'horse-play' could easily have been derived from watching my horse. Folks don't know it, but a horse has a great sense of humor!"

- ... brute Nat Pendleton whether those muscles of his were really on the level. As we ran for cover, he shouted, "On the level?" Then he gave us the record: World's amateur heavyweight wrestler at the 1920 Olympics. Later world's professional champ. Retired after 223 successive wins.
- ... Andy Clyde to tell us about his most embarrassing tussle with a fan. He blushed—then taking a stiff-upper-lip point of view, said: "A lady with a baby once asked me to autograph her baby's diaper. Shucks, it was another autograph to my credit. So I complied."
- Hays office ever took a stand concerning Hollywood's portrayal of Chinese on the screen. According to Willie: "The Chinese Consul at L. A. receives all scripts in which Chinese actors are to appear. This process cut one of my better roles in half. The Consul felt that many of my sequences were unfavorable to China. Come to think of it, the Hays office made significant cuts in 'Lost Horizon.'"
- ... Spencer Tracy to review the roles he'd played and single out the best. And it didn't take him long to put his finger on the Father Flanagan role in "Boys Town."
- ... young John Shelton what was the closest he'd ever come to not being an actor. He confessed: "I probably never would have been an actor if I hadn't been picked up while hitch-hiking by Moroni Olsen, stock company owner. He gave me my first chance."
- ... Mary Howard which of the many happy moments of her career had been the happiest. There didn't seem to be any doubt in her mind: "The Sunday night dinner with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt after my role in 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois!'
- ... Smiley Burnette what type horse made the best movie actor. And Smiley really surprised us. "Thoroughbred horses, strange as it may sound, are practically useless as cow ponies. You see, they're much too temperamental and very difficult to manage. Most cow ponies are wild horses captured in the West, broken with a hackamore and eventually brought to Hollywood by a talent scout. My own horse, Nellie—she's three-gaited: start, stumble and fall."

(Continued on page 14)

"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin_ and Camay helped me to have one"

-Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey

Camay's Greater Mildness is an important help to Every Woman-even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.

RS. MACWITHEY is lovely to look at, and doubly de-MRS. MACWITHEY IS lovely to local and licious because her skin is lovely, too. Her blonde hair and bright brown eyes set off a skin of creamy per-

A Soap Gentle Even to Sensitive Skin!

Mrs. Macwithey is keen about Camay's mildness, its soft, creamy lather. "Camay is so mild," she says, "it is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine."

Many women feel that way about Camay, especially if they have a tendency toward a delicate or a dry skin.

For now a great new improvement makes Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as our tests prove. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier.

Get 3 cakes of this fine mild toilet soap today. Let Camay's gentle cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness.

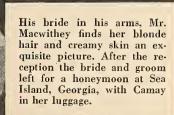


Phatagraphs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church in the fashionable town of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey in wedding gown of blush pink satin is crowned by a Mary of Scotland cap. Mrs. Macwithey is a Camay bride -and about it she says: "I adore its mildness. Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier.'

HE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOME

CAMAY



The Soap of Beautiful Women

Morie Reviews

A poignant moment in "Cheers for Miss Bishop"— Martha Scott realizes she's losing her beloved Del (Donald Douglas) to 16-year-old flirt, Mary Anderson.





Refugees Sullavan and Ford will break your heart as the young lovers in "So Ends Our Night." Looks like a comeback for Anna Sten. She's never been better.

by Welfe Konfman

CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP

Reach for your handkerchiefs, gals, here comes a sobbie. And in case you gents let that approach keep you away from the picture, you're just plain suckers. It's one of the best of the season, and Martha Scott's characterization is magnificent.

The movie unreels the story of the life of Miss Bishop, a school-teacher. It tells how she starts out, sweet and lovely, ambitious and full of dreams. How she suffers a bad disappointment in love, but goes bravely on with her work. How students and seasons and school superintendents change, leaving her grayer, sadder, wiser. That's about all. Just a woman's life.

But it's a woman you'll never forget and a life which will haunt you. When you leave the theatre you will feel that you have met and loved a human being. That's how good the writing by Sheridan Bibney is and the direction by Tay Garnett. And that's how terrific Martha Scott's acting is.

There is a long and excellent supporting cast, but no really outstanding players among them. Bill Gargan has the most important male role as Martha's suitor who's faithful to the very end—but whom she doesn't love. It's not Bill's type of role although he works hard at it. Edmund Gwenn comes closest to making a lasting impression with his mellow, sympathetic treatment of the school president. There is an unknown named Rosemary DeCamp who can be a big and important dramatic star if she gets a break; she has only a small bit here. Also, you might watch Lois Ransom who seems to have a lot of what it takes.

This is a case where the technical gentry deserves a bow. The sets and photographic background are unusually interesting; the feeling of the period has been admirably emphasized, giving a feel of verity which is memorable. Directed by Tay Garnett. A Richard A. Rowland Production-United Artists.

SO ENDS OUR NIGHT

* * * 1/2

"So Ends Our Night" is an attempt to tell honestly and without prejudice or fear, of life as it is lived today in Europe. Naturally, it is not a pretty picture. But it is one you will not want to miss and, having seen it, one you will not easily forget.

The cast is an extra special one with Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan and Frances Dee as stars, and Glenn Ford, Anna Sten and Erich von Stroheim as featured players. The top bracket should certainly be shared by the Ford lad. He walks off with the main acting honors and, if this picture doesn't establish him as a star, there is something decidedly cockeyed somewhere.

The story has to do with the lives of Europe's horde of refugees. Chased out of Germany because of racial or political beliefs, they are kicked from pillar to post, all up and down the musty corridors of Europe. Life goes on. Their hearts and brains don't stop—but officially they have no standing because they have no passports. They are outcasts. March is one for political reasons, while Ford and Miss Sullavan are in this category because they are part Jewish. Their struggle for existence, their frantic groping for a bit of sun, a bit of hope—that is the theme of the film.

Miss Sullavan is at her topnotch best, and young Ford is superb as her young lover. March is earnest but a bit on the heavy side as the cynical man with nothing left to hope or dream for except his wife—who actually is barely a beautiful memory. This role, a short one, is excellently handled by Frances Dee. Von Stroheim and Miss Sten give fine performances, while Joseph Cawthorn and Leonid Kinsky are best among the supporting players.

John Cromwell's direction is sure and unhesitating. William Daniels' photography is topnotch and the musical score by Louis Gruenberg deserves a special nod. Directed by John Cromwell.—Loew-Lewin-United Artists.

BEWITCHED BEWILDERED!

"Eve sure knows her apples!" "Girls, the best way to get a man is to get him bothered!"

Paramount Presents
HENRY
BARBARA
WINGK. FONDA
"THE
THE
Written and Directed by
PRESTON STURGES
PRESTON



PRESTON STURGES, Paramount's new writerdirector genius, blends thrilling love and roaring laughter to give you the vexiest picture of the year.

Martha O'Driscoll • William Demarest • Eric Blore

Screen Play Based on a Story by Monckton Hoffe

Ask your Theatre Manager when this Big Paramount Hit is coming—You'll want to see it twice!

Mrs.W----Solves the Case of Betty



Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a lexative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.



Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lex. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.



Betty slept like an angel. Fx-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



OUR PUZZLE PAGE

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PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 73

ACROSS-

- Star of "Come Live With Me"
 She's in "They Met In Argen-tina"
- 11. Author in "Foot-steps In The Dark"
- 16. Mrs. in "Mr. And Mrs. Smith" 17. Actors' parts
- 18. He's still "Box Office Champ"
- 20. Star of "No, No. Nanette" 21.
- "The 39 ----starred Donat 23. Fondles
- 25. Unit of force
- 26. Girl's name
- 28. Writing fluid
- 29. Lord Shayne in "Bitter Sweet"
- 30. Linda Darnell's home state
- 31. Charles Win-
- 33. Electrified atom
- 35. "The --- Man"
- 37. ---- Duff
- 40. Beneath
- 42. Nora Bayes in "Tin Pan Alley"
- 46. Star of "Rhythm On The River"
- 47. Great German ac-
- 50. Certain
- 51. Bride in "Keeping Company"
- 52. A high priest of Israel
- 53. 52: Rom. num.
- 55. Inlet 56. Played the prin-
- cipal role
 Actor in "The
 Man I Married"

- 60. Former "It Girl"
- 60. Former It Girl
 61. Hawaiian garland
 62. Forecast
 66. Star of "Men of
 Boys Town"
 70. Be ill
 71. Negative reply
- 72. Roman bronze
- 73. Hail!
- 74. Inez in "Mark of Zorro"
- 76. Who is the star pictured?
 82. Units
- 83. Snapping beetle
- 85. The famous "Judge Hardy"
- 86. Hell cat of "Flight Com-mand"
- 88. Paramount gown
- designer
- 90. Reverence
- 91. Actress wife of Charles Laughton
- 92. Villain in "Mark of Zorro"
- 95. Jane's b. f. in
 "Honeymoon For
 Three"
- 97. Ginger Rogers' studio
- 99. Sylvia Sidney's husband
- 103. Jamison in "Lone Wolf Keeps A Date"
- 104. West Indian plant
- 105. ---- Thayer
- 107. Shakespearean character
- 108. A star duck
- 110. Lukewarm
- 112. Given to using common but un-authorized words
- 114. Jacqueline ----
- 115. Book of charts
- 116. Pains

- 1. Star of "Golden Hoofs"
 2. Errol Flynn's dog
 3. Wailing A Olaf in "Gallant Sons"
 5. "Woman Cha---Man"
 6. Ex-hubby of our star

- star Mrs. Carter in "Lady With Red Hair"
- 8. Jimmy and Harry Ritz's brother 9. One who is dis-
- contented On the deep The "Four Daught ---"
- series "Angels Over
- 13.

- 19.
- "Angels Over
 B - adway"
 What Mickey and
 Minnie are
 Variety of chalcedony
 River in Siberia
 Where Hollywood
 is: abbr.
 "- -, My Darling
 Daughter"
 Bind
 High explosive
- High explosive
- Conjunction United Ar --- ts 30.
- Studios
 32. Star of "Comrade X"
 34. Poem
 36. The "One In a Million" star
- Arabian garments Coin
- 38. Coin
 39. Suzanne Charpentier's reel name
 40. Personal protoun
 41. He's in "I Wanted Wings": init.
 43. Jon Hall's first film
 44. City in Pennsylvania
 45. Bring up
 48. Help
 49. Entire
- Entire

- -DOWN
- 52. Stack's pal in
 "Little Bit Of
 Heaven"
 54. Wastes time
 57. Scientist in "Monster And The
 Girl"
 59. Evening: poet.
 62. Our star's sis in
 11 Down
 63. Persian monetary
 unit

- 11 Down
 63. Persian monetary unit
 64. Director of "Meet John Doe"
 65. --- one Power
 66. Salt
 67. Old time "Serial Queen"
 68. Always
 69. Recline
 69. Pertaining to right
 79. Pertaining to right
 79. Elsie in "Little Men"
 79. Lack of activity
 81. French article
 82. A book of the old Testament
 84. Elongated fish
 87. Julie in "Honeymoon For Three"
 89. Mr. Ameche
 91. Age
 92. Cot
 93. In order
 94. Trigonometric function
 96. Femmein "Strawberry Blonde"
 98. "The Dead End

- berry Blonde" 98. "The Dead End
- 100. Last name of 76

- 100. Last name of 76
 Across
 101. Incites
 102. Star of "Colorado"
 104. Paid notices
 106. Masculine name
 109. Wi--iam Holden
 111. Poet Laureate:
 abbr.
 113. Girl in "Dancing
 On A Dime": init.
- - MODERN SCREEN





SUCCESS IN CASSEROLES

WITH THESE TIME AND TROUBLE SAVING SUGGESTIONS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

He may be a menace in "High Sierra," but to his friends around Hollywood Humphrey Bogart is known as the most benign of hosts. He is also, so I discovered, quite a connoisseur of foods with some very special ideas of his own on the subject. One thing he commented upon was the oft-overlooked advantages of casserole cookery—where about everything required for the main course arrives in a single dish. "Each food complementing the flavor of the other to the general betterment of the whole!" he observed.

This, according to Mr. Bogart, is the kind of meal that appeals to men and is the type of cooking that comes easy to amateur chefs like himself. For complete success along these lines he suggests taking the familiar admonition, "Season to taste," literally, by sampling as you go along and adding spices, herbs and bottled condiments with imagination and literally in the season to taste," Iterative the season to taste, "Iterative the season to taste," it is the season to taste, and iterative the season to taste, and taste the season to taste the season to taste the season taste the season to taste the season t discrimination. Try it with these cas-seroles, and you'll be delighted with the magical effect they have on family and friends! Take it from Mr. Bogart!

Casseroles provide the finest way to combine ready-prepared and canned foods in quickest fashion. For example, the following takes only two minutes to

fix up and can then be heating while you are setting the table. By using different vegetables and soups, and with other types of ready-to-eat meats, many's the variation that can be played on this general theme.

KITCHENETTE CASSEROLE

- 1 No. 2 can (21/2 cups) lima beans .
- ½ teaspoon salt
- a few grains pepper
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard 1 small jar Vienna Style sausage (7 oz.)
- tablespoon butter
- 1 can (condensed) tomato soup
- ½ cup hot water

Combine the lima beans, salt, pepper and mustard. Place sausages, cut in halves crosswise, in greased, heat-resistant glass baking dish—the shallow, oval, quart-size casserole is ideal for this butter. Pour in the soup combined with the hot water. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) until hot, approximately 20 minutes. Serves 4.

For a very special fish casserole, one that is a whole meal in itself, feature the sea-going flavor of shrimp. Right now this recipe, and the sure-to-be-popular salmon one that follows, will help you to keep your Lenten menus up to par. While later on you will continue serving these dishes-often and enthusiasticallywhenever meatless meals are in order.

SHRIMP SPECIAL

- 2 (No. 1) cans shrimp
- 11/2 cups coarsely broken, uncooked, wide noodles
 - 2 medium onions, sliced thin
- 1 cup cooked peas 2½ cups canned tomatoes (or 5 fresh tomatoes, sliced)
- ½ teaspoon salt
- teaspoon pepper 3 tablespoons butter

Wash shrimps and remove black vein that runs down the back. Place a layer of noodles in greased casserole. Top with a layer of onions, mixed with some of the peas. Add some of the shrimps, season with salt and pepper, top with some of the tomatoes. Continue in this way until all ingredients have been used. Dot with butter. Herb-conscious cooks will wish to add a pinch of their favorite will wish to add a pinch of their favorite herb-mixture. For down N'Orleans way we suggest that this be Gumbo File. Cover casserole and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Serves 4.



Here's a combination that will make o hit with the men . . . spaghetti and meat balls, enriched with a mushroom saucel



Shrimps and vegetables cooked and served en casserole . . . o fine one-dish main course for you to feature during Lent.

SALMON CHOWDER PIE

½ pound can (1 cup) salmon
½ cup salmon and vegetable juice
2 tablespoons butter

1 tablespoon minced onion 11/2 tablespoons flour

1 can (condensed) mushroom soup ½ cup rich milk

½ teaspoon salt, a little pepper

½ cup cooked diced potatoes

1 cup cooked carrots and peas 1 recipe all-bran buttermilk biscuits

Drain salmon; reserve the juice and combine it with juice drained from vegetables, to make ½ cup liquid in all. Melt butter in saucepan, add onion, cook until tender. Add flour, stir until smooth, then add mushroom soup, milk, seasonings and the salmon-vegetable liquor. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add vegetables and the flaked and boned salmon. Turn into shallow greased casserole. Cover with unbaked bran biscuits. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20-25 minutes.

BRAN-NEW BISCUIT TOPPING

½ cup all-bran ¾ cup buttermilk

1½ cups flour 1 teaspoon baking powder

½ teaspoon soda 1 teaspoon salt 1/3 cup shortening

Soak all-bran in buttermilk. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Cut in shortening until evenly distributed. Make a "well" in the center of mixture, turn all-bran into this depression, mix quickly
—stirring only until all dry ingredients
have been moistened. Turn out onto
floured board, knead lightly. Pat out to 1/2-inch thickness and cut with floured biscuit cutter. Use as a covering for Salmon Pie or other casserole dishes.

Also fine for regulation biscuits baked in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes. Like Humphrey Bogart, any man would go for a casserole that features snowy spaghetti topped with pint-size meat balls and further enriched with a mushroom-flavored sauce. An appetizing blending of color, flavor and textures such as this is seldom found in a single Add a salad, follow with dessert and beverage, for a satisfying dinner.

SPAGHETTI "IN STYLE"

1 package spaghetti 1 pound ground beef ½ pound ground veal

1/2 cup cracker (or fine bread) crumbs
1 small onion, minced fine

1 teaspoon salt 1/8 teaspoon pepper

1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 (8-oz.) can sliced mushrooms
1/2 cup mushroom liquor with water
2 tablespoons butter
1 garlic bud (optional)

1 quart canned tomatoes

½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
Break spaghetti in pieces, boil in salted
water until tender. Drain, rinse in cold water, drain again and place in greased casserole. Meanwhile combine meats (which should have been ground three (which should have been ground three times) with bread crumbs, onion, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Drain canned mushrooms (reserving liquor) add ¼ cup of mushrooms to meat mixture; then moisten with mushroom liquor combined with water to make ½ cup liquid. Blend the mushroom in compil round halfs thoroughly, shape in small round balls, roll in flour. Melt butter in skillet, add remaining mushrooms and the garlic bud if desired. Brown slightly, add meat balls, brown them well on all sides. Remove garlic, add tomatoes. Add additional seasonings "to taste." Pour over spaghetti in casserole, cover tightly and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) ½ hour. Pass grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 6.





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INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 6)

WE ASKED . . .

day she practises her voice lessons. The question seemed to shock her. "Sometimes," she told us, "weeks pass by, and I don't sing a note. And I'll have you know I've never taken singing lessons either!"

played in his vigorous life. Said Rooney: "I've learned that playing golf, tennis, ping-pong, bowling and swimming can be largely responsible for the amount of work you are able to do. And if you can coordinate work, music and exercise along with the proper rest, your life can be really balanced."

.. Georgiana Young to write us a little piece about herself and her illustrious family. We quote: "I was born in 1924 in Hollywood. My real name is Georgiana Belzer. As my whole family is Catholic, I attended Catholic schools. I had my first job in pictures in '33. The picture was 'Caravan,' in which I portrayed Loretta as a child. I can certainly say I can hope for no more than to reach the height of Loretta's success in the business. I've Loretta's success in the business. I've always looked up to 'Gretchen.' She's al-ways said she'd never interfere in the least with my career, and if I do have one, it would have to be my own doing. I have altogether three sisters and one brother. My brother is a lawyer.

"Well, I think I've given you all the

information you've asked for, and would you kindly send me HOLLYWOOD WHO'S WHO C.O.D. when it's finished?"

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

***!/2 High Sierra

It is many moons since we have been regaled with a high-tension action thriller like this one. It is a spine-tingler with all the blast and power of "Little Caesar," which started the original gangwhich was written by the same gent who wrote "High Sierra," W. R. Burnett. If it isn't enough to say that this is a good, exciting film, then the picture is

also in the important class because it finally makes stars out of two troupers who should have been handed the laurel wreath before this. Here they are, Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino, stars at last. And after you get a load of their performances here, you will understand why they are quite likely to retain the classification from here on in.

It is not a simple assignment that Warners handed Humphrey in this one. He is asked to impersonate one of the toughest gunmen that ever was-but one who is a human being, who can do kind things for neighbors, who can love a dog, who can win a woman's respect. There is no toning down of the fact that he is a misfit in modern society, and he is meted out a bitter and stinging end.

Humphrey is paroled from a life term

in an Eastern prison, as the picture opens, and immediately starts a new life of

crime. He takes up with a behind-the-scenes boss-Donald MacBride-and a couple of young amateur gangsters played by Alan Curtis and Arthur Kennedy. While plans are being made for a big haul, he gets himself involved in a romantic triangle because of two girls, a lovable tramp named Ida Lupino and a a lovable tramp named Ida Lupino and a beautiful sap named Joan Leslie. Ida is his kind of gal, as any ten-year-old in the audience could have told him, but he goes the hard way for Joan—who eventually gives him the gate, because she prefers a jitterbug from Ohio. That's about all the story there is—except, of course, for the big hold-up, the exciting chase and the eventual blasting of Humphrey by the cops, as exciting and nerve-thrilling a movie finish as this reporter has ever seen.

Director Raoul Walsh has combined sentiment and melodramatic action in a neat blend here. The movie flows steadily, if a bit lethargically, and it always

ily, if a bit lethargically, and it always

holds your attention.

The acting honors are about equally split between Lupino and Bogart, both of them are absolutely topnotch. Joan Leslie, whom Warners has a lot of big hopes for, does not quite come through. It is hard to understand, from this picture, just why Warners think she is a big star-to-be. But it is her first film, and she is immature and nervous. Let's

not make up our minds until we see her

again.

There are a lot of supporting roles, and almost all of them are well handled, notably those by Arthur Kennedy, Henry Travers, Cornel Wilde and Donald MacBride. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—

***/₂ Reaching for the Sun
One of the most difficult problems
movie-makers have to face is how to get out of the rut, how to keep from saying the same thing over and over again in the same old way. Once in a while someone thinks up a new formula, and eureka! Such a case, for instance, is "Reaching for the Sun." It's not the greatest movie ever made, it hasn't the finest acting or the most magnificent background—but it's real, and it packs a wallop. Hats off, lads!

You may have read this as a novel when it was named "F.O.B. Detroit." If so, it will surprise you to learn that it is out of the rut, how to keep from saying

so, it will surprise you to learn that it is a comedy now. And what will surprise you even more will be the knowledge that the transition was managed without a single change of the book's actual story line. It is still life as it is lived in Detroit in the shadow of the automobile industry, and it is not a very pretty picture— but it is good fun and real entertainment

nevertheless.

Joel McCrea is shown as a big country kid with only one dream or hope; he wants to live in the open, in the woods, on the shore and scratch a living by digging clams. In order to do this, he needs an outboard motor for his dinghy, so he goes down to Detroit and gets a job on the assembly line. He meets a girl, Ellen Drew, marries her, and there is a baby. It looks as if the smoke and the filth of the factory have Joel down for the count. But at the end he wins out, gets his motor and takes his family up north—to the land, to life, to clean air, to sun.

Joel is very convincing and likeable as the country lad with simple desires and dreams. Ellen is a bit too pretty and ladylike for her role; the part was written with a tougher, rougher gal in mind. The reason Ellen got the assignment has robably is that the producer figured by probably, is that the producer figured he needed something good to look at, what with factories, machinery and such in the background. Another topnotch performance is turned in by Eddie Bracken, in his first starring role, as Joe's city-bred sidekick. He supplies most of the comedy,

of course, and he's plenty good.

Director Wellman and scenarist W. L. River rate a lot of credit for this picture. There are very few men who could have taken such a basically depressing story and managed to keep it light and pleas-ant without deviating from the facts. Di-rected by William Wellman.—Paramount.

***/2 The Lady Eve
There's a lot of fun in this movie and laughs galore—but that's not what makes it important; the reason it is an important movie is that it gives you a new Barbara Stanwyck and a new Henry Fonda. You think you know these two people? Well, you don't—as you will admit after you've seen them romp and cavort in "The Lady Eve." Neither one of them has had such opportunities previously-or taken them

opportunities previously—or taken them in stride as well.

There isn't an awful lot of sense in "The Lady Eve" as a story. It's not especially new and—well, we might as well admit it—some of it is certainly pretty corny. But it is the handling that counts. The dialogue is fresh, the acting is inspired, and the pace is terrific.

The story starts on a luxury cruiser



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somewhere in the South Seas. Fonda is the very rich son of a very rich father and is returning from an expedition of some sort. On the boat are Barbara and her pop, Charles Coburn, a seemingly innocent and likeable gent who enjoys playing cards-but who never loses. Barbara is his foil. She goes after Hank, lands him with a thud, and then (yes, it's too bad, but we told you there isn't much basic story originality) she spoils it all by falling in love with the guy. He finds out about her past and gives her the air.

At this point, the story picks up steam and goes around a corner. Barbara vows revenge, masquerades as a titled British Lady, gets taken up by the smart set, is invited to Fonda's home and throws him into utter confusion. He thinks it is simply a case of remarkable similarity between two people, falls in love with her all over again, marries her—and then she gives him the gate.

Broken down this way, it doesn't sound too good—but honestly, it's very fast, very zippy, very amusing and full of honest-to-goodness belly-laughs.

honest-to-goodness belly-laughs.

Barbara and Henry are both topnotch, and you'll probably fall off your seat at Henry's deadpan business as he takes fall after fall in old-fashioned comedy routine manner. To help, there is an exceptionally capable cast including a magnificent job by Charles Coburn and excellent work by Will Demarest, Eugene Pallette and Eric Blore.

While we're handing out laurels let's

While we're handing out laurels, let's not forget one of the top cups—which goes to writer-director Preston Sturges. Once more he comes through to the very top of the heap by instilling his characters with life and zest, dialogue and action—just as he did in "The Great Mc-Ginty" and "Christmas in July." Directed by Preston Sturges.-Paramount.

★★★ Mr. and Mrs. Smith

One of the more curious legends about show business is that the comic always wants to play Hamlet and vice versa. Here is more proof of this old saw. Alfred Hitchcock, who has built up a fullydeserved reputation as the top director of tense and melodramatic action, insists on going into competition with a dozen or so other topnotch directors—but in their field, not in his. "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" is a comedy—and a pretty good one in spots—but it hasn't the pace or

the timing which comedy (especially in American films) must have.

The story of "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" is the same comedy premise we've been kicking around in films for a year or so two people are married, but they're not married, or are they? There have been about a dozen variations on this theme of late, and chances are that this is the picture which'll wash 'em all up. There can't be any more ways of twisting the theme around, we hope.

In this particular case, Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery find out, after five years of married life, that because of a legal mistake, they are not man and wife. Bob is willing to go right ahead, but Carole has different ideas. So, too, has Bob's partner, Gene Raymond, who goes on the make for Carole. Oh, sure, it all ends happily with Carole and Bob reunited legally—but not until there has been some rather hilarious doubleentendre business and a lot of chasing to and fro.

Thinking back on the film, it becomes obvious that there is a lot of good stuff in it; some of the business is screamingly funny. But a good deal of it is in shockingly bad taste—and almost all of it is paced in so lethargic and happygo-lucky a manner as to annoy. The only way this sort of thing can be sold is by playing it so fast that the audience doesn't get a chance to think. The audience will do a lot of thinking through

Carole is beautiful and desirable in the lead role, her best part of the year, and Montgomery, too, is at top form; it should do both of them a lot of good. Raymond is not quite sure of himself as the other man; seems like a directorial fault, too, because Gene is forced to underplay Montgomery too much. There are several good bit performances, but this trio has by far the greatest percentage of the action. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.—RKO-Radio.

*** Come Live With Me

Jimmy Stewart and Hedy Lamarr are a happy enough combination to insure almost any movie, even when the story is as slim and lightweight as this one. is as slim and lightweight as this one. It's a comedy with romance, and if it has to prove anything, it proves that Jimmy and Hedy complement each other beautifully. Both have a good deal of histrionic similarity, especially in their handling of whimsical comedy.

Hedy is a Viennese in the story, and it is important that she get married—

it is important that she get married— but quick—in order to become an Amerbut quick—in order to become an American citizen; otherwise, she'll be deported. She's infatuated with Ian Hunter, a publisher who happens to be married. She meets Jimmy Stewart, a literary novice without a dime, and they arrange an immediate wedding. In return for his citizenship protection, Jimmy is to get her money. Naturally, they are not to fall in love with each other, but as would happen, they do. How does Jimmy keep happen, they do. How does Jimmy keep from being a heel? Simple. He sells a novel, makes a mint of money, pays Hedy back her investment, and they live happily ever after.

Pretty convenient, all that, and pretty obvious, but it's chuck-full of pleasant incidents, and the playing is fresh and sprightly throughout. Also, Clarence Brown's direction is deft and keeps

things humming.

There's a little disappointment in the Hunter role; he deserves better things. Verree Teasdale and Donald Meek are swell, and there is a new actress, a 70year-young woman named Adeline de Walt Reynolds, who grabs a surprisingly big hunk of the honors. Imagine getting a start in life at the age of 70! But she's good. Directed by Clarence Brown.—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★ Tall, Dark and Handsome

The studios are worrying about gangster pictures again, which is a bit strange, since you would think that everything there is to say on the subject has been said over and over again. Anyway, here is a lampoon of a gangster film, a cute comedy take-off which won't inspire you to write letters home, but which will give you a lot of chuckles and a couple

of good full-throated laughs.

The title refers to Cesar Romero, a racketeer whom everyone fears as a nasty killer, but who actually is a softie with a heart of gold. He's so soft, in fact, that he can't get himself to knock off his rival gangsters. Instead, he kidnaps them and keeps them (luxuriously tended) in a private jail, while he sends out word that they've been erased. Which, of course, is what eventually gets him into trouble.

Virginia Gilmore, as his moll, is a lovely dish to set before anybody's eyes; she is probably the fastest stepping young filly in Hollywood these days, and she'll be an important star before you know it. Milton Ber'e (with his new streamlined schnozz) is very funny as Romero's left-hand man. He's headed up again, probably to stay this time. Sheldon Leonard is a guy to watch and remember. He's a heavy who ought to find a lot of movie work. This is only his second picture (he did a small bit in a "Thin Man" movie about a year ago), but he makes a lasting impression.

Charlotte Greenwood, Frank Jenks and Marc Lawrence are best among the sup-porting players, and the director is deserving of a healthy nod for keeping things moving speedily and merrily throughout. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.—Twentieth Century-Fox.

** Michael Shayne, Detective

This is a neat job which ought to be dished out to Hollywood film-makers as a good example of how it can be done. It's an inexpensive, unobtrusive little picture and has nothing at all to recommend it ahead of time (not even a good title, which is criminal), but once you get into the theatre, you'll love it. It's entertainment!

Most of the credit belongs to the writers, Stanley Rauh and Manning O'Connor, because what makes the picture sparkle is the crisp, easy dialogue and the newness of situations used to tell a routine murder yarn. Lloyd Nolan is in the title role, with Marjorie Weaver for the feminine lead, and both of them move up the ladder just by being asso-

ciated with the film.

Nolan is a flip gumshoe who knows all the answers. Clarence Kolb is a rich gent who hires Lloyd to watch Miss Weaver because she can't keep away from race-tracks and roulette. friend, a big-time gambler, is knocked off; Nolan has to protect her, and almost gets himself in a pickle. Sure, the result is routine—but not before a terrifically tense finale chase.

Best among the supporting players are Walter Abel, Donald MacBride and George Meeker. And the direction is worthy of a nod; it's sure and perfectly paced. Directed by Eugene Forde.—Twentieth Century-Fox.

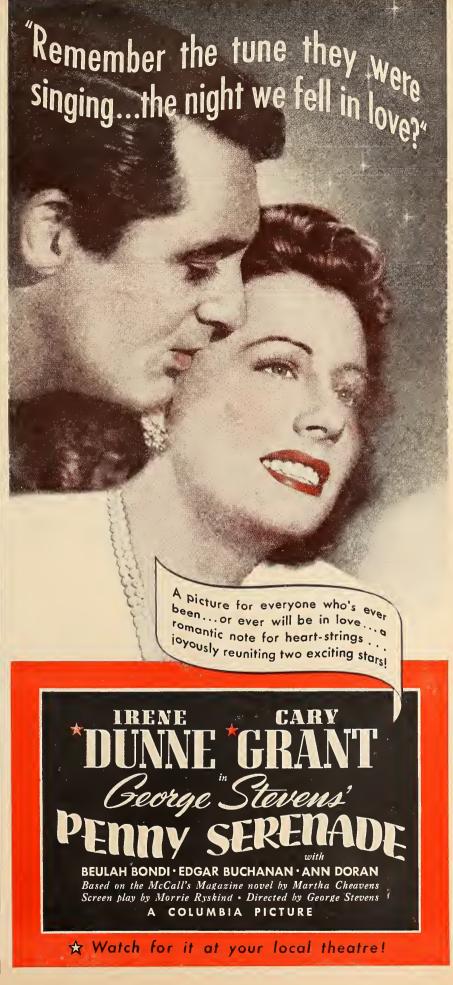
★★¹/₂ Maisie Was a Lady

Ann Sothern in a new Maisie picture is, of course, almost always good news. The current episode in the series, like its predecessors, has a lot of sparkle and good fun-but the authors cheated a bit on the story content, so that it emerges

none too successfully.

Maisie manages to get herself a job as a maid in a houseful of rich people. They are the type of movie rich that you're supposed to feel sorry for, because they've got nothing but their millions to console 'em. Well, Maisie tells them what's the matter with them. She manages to get Lew Avres off his daily hinge ages to get Lew Ayres off his daily binge and weans him down to a mild drunk every other Saturday; she convinces Maureen O'Sullivan, Lew's sister, that the guy she is about to marry is a cad who's only after her money; and so on and so forth. After everyone is told off, and so forth. After everyone is told on, put on the road to pure and simple living standards, Maisie trudges on to, we suspect. another movie. Which is okay by pect, another movie. Which is okay by us, because most of 'em are sure to be better than this one.

All the supporting roles are played in character and are very routine. Nothing is wrong with Maureen, Lew, C. Aubrey Smith, or any of the others—except that you know all about them the minute they first emerge on the screen. Directed by Edward L. Marin.—Metro-Goldwyn—Mayer



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CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • MARJORIE RAMBEAU
GENE TIERNEY • WILLIAM TRACY and Dana
Andrews • Slim Summerville • Ward Bond
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Nunnally Johnson • Directed by JOHN FORD
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



RAY JONES

19

Fannie Hurst's greatest love story, the immortal "Back Street," made history on

Margaret Sullavan the screen in 1933—and with Maggie Sullavan and Charles Boyer co-

starred in Universal's stirring re-make, it looks as if history's going to repeat itself!





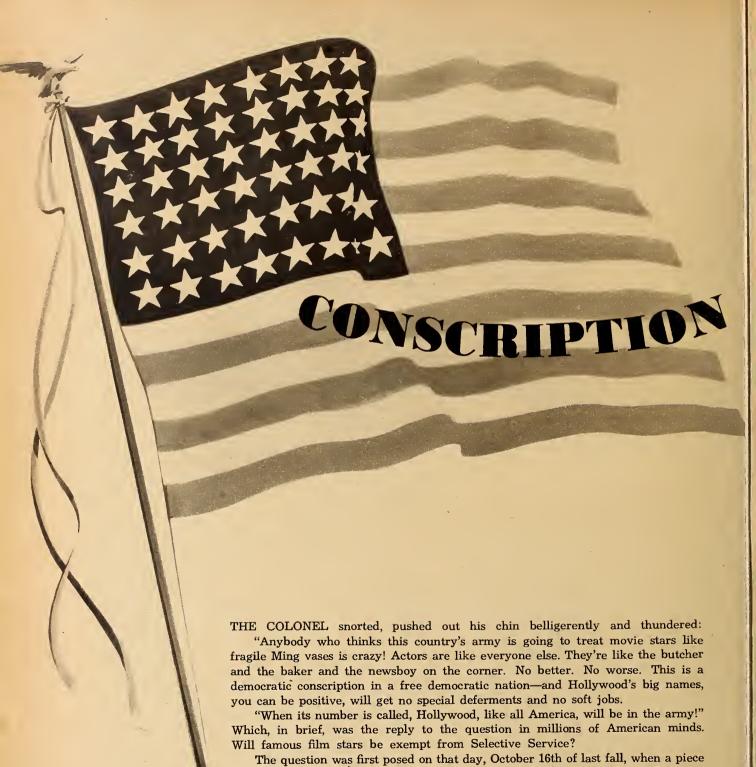
EUGENE ROBERT RICHEE

If you haven't been a Joel McCrea addict for years, his latest film

will cinch it. He's wonderful as the big, bewildered factory worker in

Toll Mc Crea

Paramount's thrill-packed modern romance—"Reaching for the Sun"



of paper known as the Burke-Wadsworth Compulsory Military Training Bill sent seventeen million young American men, between the ages of 21 and 35, into fourteen hours of registering their names on small white cards.

It was a tremendous day, this day of America's first peacetime draft; Uncle Sam's answer to Adolph's stuka dive-bombers and smashing panzer legions. Many things happened everywhere. The Seminole Indians of Florida, still technically at war with the United States, refused to register, and sixty-five of their eligibles fled into the southern swamps. Sing Sing prisoners asked for a leave of absence to sign up and were told they'd have to wait until their release. An Oakland housepainter returned his registration card, unsigned, with the notation, "I will not serve

BY IRVING WALLACE

MITS MOLLYWOOD ***

Allan Jones would moke o topnotch covolrymon.





The ormy excludes crockshooter Gory Cooper!



Licensed pilot Ty would choose the oir corps.



Bellamy's just over-oge. Wayne has dependents.



SIVELY, ARE THE ANSWERS DIRECT FILMVILLE'S DRAFT BOARDS! FROM

in any army or navy as long as Roosevelt is dictator of the United States." Eight New York divinity students, deaf to pleas of their instructors, accepted a year and a day in jail rather than join the draft. Mr. Yet Yow, a Chinese citizen of Manhattan, brought 5,000 fellow Chinese who could not speak English to the draft board. explaining, "I tell them they will get a chance to fight Japan. They come with me quick!"

Thus, on that day the melting pot registered for defense. And on that day, too, Hollywood joined the army, in a manner of speaking. Renowned actors in sleek black cars went to their local draft boards. And days later, Jimmy Stewart broke front pages coast to coast when his number was among the first drawn. Sterling Holloway and Lee Bowman followed him closely with low draft digits.

Hollywood promptly found the draft lucrative. Paramount lined up a picture, "Caught In The Draft," for Bob Hope. Republic started "You'll Never Get Rich," a conscription comedy. Two fellows wrote a song, "The Army Builds Men." Zanuck decided to do some short features for boys in the conscription camps. Woody Van Dyke, director of "Bitter Sweet," turned his M-G-M office into a Marine recruiting station and left to become a Major in the 22nd Battalion of the Marine Corps Reserves. Then, of course, there were some typical Hollywood gags on the draft, parody verses, ideas for three-act plays and plenty of gossip.

And American mothers, sisters, sweethearts, relatives, who had seen their beloved and near ones leave for a year's education in the Star Spangled Manner, looked questioningly at Hollywood. They looked at their cinema Gods, and they wondered. Did Clark Gable register? And Errol Flynn? And Tyrone Power? Had Hollywood sent anyone to the army camps? Would Hollywood send anyone in the future? And when the stars went, would they get the easiest jobs?

Well, to begin with, most of Hollywood's greatest names, many of them Academy Award winners, didn't even register! They didn't register, not because they were slackers or divinity students or Seminoles, but because they were under or over the draft age.

On October 16, 1940, Clark Gable did not appear for registration. He was 39 years old. Nelson Eddy and Gary Cooper did not appear. They, too, were 39. Brian Aherne didn't register. He was 38 years old. Fred Astaire and Spencer Tracy were 40. Pat O'Brien was 41.

And now remember again, please, that the Burke-Wadsworth Bill was directed exclusively at those Americans under the age of 35 and over 21!



Brian fought with the Lafayette Escadrille.



Welshman Milland is an ex-British cavalryman.



George Brent is an experienced secret service man!



Jimmy's an ace flyer. Eddie likes the Navy.



CONSCRIPTION HITS HOLLYWOOD CHIMME

Many Hollywood stars just missed being eligible. Some by a matter of days or weeks. George Brent, whose experience as a flyer, miner and sailor might be invaluable to the army, was 36 years old. Bruce Cabot, Jim Cagney and Bing Crosby were all a year over the top eligibility age. Ralph Bellamy became 36 four months before registration. Buddy Ebsen turned ineligible six months before the draft. Robert Montgomery, fresh from piloting an ambulance through flame-gutted France, celebrated his 36th birthday five months before signature time. Lloyd Nolan's birthday came three months before the draft. And George Raft, whose lack of height would have made him ineligible anyway, was counted out by becoming 36 only four weeks before registration.

There was one stickler, however. Many stars, like other citizens throughout the nation, were in their 35th year and signed for the draft only a few days or weeks or months before their 36th birthdays. A delicate point arose. Would these men, perhaps 37 or 38 by the time they were called, finally be exempt?

For example, Mischa Auer, aged 35 at the time of the draft, had to sign the little white card for Selective Service; four weeks later, he became 36. And Brian Donlevy, whose knowledge of blacksmithing made him a great bet for the army, became 36 some four months after he'd registered. And the case of Dick Powell, aged 35 years 11 months when he signed up.

Well, what about Mischa, Brian and Dick? What about all men who'd signed just on the verge of their 36th birthdays? Would these men, at first eligible as draftees, now become ineligible? The answer, according to officials, is "These men are today eligible!" When they are called, they will have to reply.

Inversely, the same problem popped up among the younger set. Jackie Cooper, Gene Reynolds and most of the "Dead End" kids were under 21 and too young. Mickey Rooney, box office king of the year, was only 20 at the time of the conscription—and will not reach the eligible age until September of this year. And Tim Holt, son of the cowboy actor, did not become 21 until a third of a year after registration.

What about Mickey and Tim? When they reached the legal age, would they automatically become eligible for the draft? The answer on this point is, "No." In fact, all fellows who were under 21 last October 16 will not have to worry about army camps, not yet, anyway. Their time will come only, and if, President Roosevelt issues a new proclamation for another official registration. And even then, Mickey Rooney probably would not have to join a camp because his height, five feet two, and his weight, 127, would make him ineligible for the United States army; and Tim Holt, a married man of two years with wife and child already dependent upon his income, would probably also be exempt from donning the olive drab.

However, as most patriotic citizens already know, eligibility for Selective Service requires other factors besides proper age. The next consideration is exact weight and height plus good health.

No man under five feet or over six-feet-six will be considered. No man under 105 pounds of weight or over 205 pounds will be accepted, though the weight requirements have been and are being treated with more elasticity. The average six-footer is expected to tip the scale at no less than 145 pounds and no more than 190.

Other items such as bad eyes, flat feet, various illnesses will all be considered toward deferring a man. Thus, while there's no way of checking the physical health of most movie actors at the present time, it's not too difficult to recognize those who may be exempt from draft duty because of their personal peculiar height and weight problems.

John Howard, who made a great hit in "The Philadelphia Story," though eligible in every other way, may get the army go-by because he is so light. Jeffrey Lynn, unmarried and holder of a low draft number, available for call any day now, is also underweight for his six foot frame. Burgess Meredith, (Continued on page 85)

AGE	•	HEIGHT	•	WEIGHT	•	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
38	•	6' 2''	•	186	•	married wife inactive
33	•	5' "	•	160	•	unmarried
46	•	5' /2"	•	176	•	married wife working
30	•	6'	•	170		married wife inactive faur children
40	•	5' 11"	•	150	•	divorced one child
23	•	5' 10''	•	145	•	married wife warking
40	•	5' 9''	•	140	•	married wife inactive twa children
55	•	5' 101/2"	•	172	•	married wife inactive ane child
36	•	6' 2''	•	165	•	divarced two children
33	•	6'	•	165	•	married wife inactive
32	. •	5' 9"	•	150	•	divarced
26	•	6'	•	180	•	married wife inactive three children
58	•	6' 2"	•	195	•	married wife inactive ane child
29	•	5' 8"	•	160	•	married wife warking
58	•	5' 10"	•	150	•	^e divarced three children
62	•	6'	•	155	•	widower
43	•	5' 9''	•	150	•	married wife inactive two children
47	•	5' 10¾''	•	150	•	married wife inactive
25	•	6′ 1''	•	170	•	married wife inactive
52	•	6' 1"	•	189	•	divarced faur children
36	•	6' 1/2"	•	189	•	married wife inactive
51	•	5' 7''	•	160	•	married wife inactive twa children
46	•	5' 9''	•	150	•	married wife warking ane child
	38 33 46 30 40 23 40 55 36 33 32 26 58 29 58 62 43 47 25 52 36 51	38 • 33 • 46 • 30 • 40 • 23 • 40 • 55 • 36 • 32 • 26 • 58 • 62 • 43 • 47 • 25 • 52 • 36 • 51 • 61	38	38	38	38

LOVE (A. CAREER...

BY IDA ZEITLIN

AN EXTRAORDINARY SOLUTION
TO THAT AGE-OLD STICKLER!



When he married Geraldine four years ago, English-born Edward Lindsay-Hogg not only adopted her family — but her nationality!

Geraldine Fitzgerald met her husband at the horse show in Dublin. She was seventeen. He was a close friend of her elder brother's. She thought him very attractive, only she was engaged to someone else at the time. He, too, had other commitments. She remembered now having heard her brother say so. In view of her own situation, it was unreasonable that the memory should have irked her.

Suddenly her head started to swim. Not through love at first sight, but because crowds affect her that way. She fell flat on her face in a faint. In his agitation, her father picked her up face down while a helpful friend grabbed her by the heels. Thus, ignominiously, she was borne away in full view of young Mr. Edward Lindsay-Hogg. "It was a flat beginning," she observes.

He's the chief reason behind her six-months-a-year contract with the brothers Warner, but her family runs him a close second. She puts human relationships above professional advancement. She's an actress, true, and wants to go on being one but not at the risk of her marriage nor of permanent separation from her beloved people in Ireland. If her movie career should sicken and die under six months' absent treatment, that would be sad, but she could bear it. What she couldn't bear would be any least weakening of the bond between herself and those she loves.

So her contract reads that she shall be free from March 1st to September 1st of each year. "That clause," she says, "is like my marriage lines. Nothing in heaven or earth can budge it. Come fire or flood or act of man or God, six months of the year are mine.

"I don't mean to imply that you can't be happily married in Hollywood. That would be silly and smug, nor is it true. But if I worked all year 'round, we'd be building our lives around my work. We'd be making my work the all-important crux of existence, which it isn't. We're the crux—my husband, the baby and I, my father and mother, my sister and brothers, my uncles and cousins and aunts. Eddy's an orphan, so he's taken my family over. We're never really happy unless we're all together. Even if some of us don't get on, we'd far rather scrap with each other than pine apart."

Miss Fitzgerald is slim and young and, in a dirndl, auburn hair falling to her shoulders, looks like a child. She meets you, too, with the gravity of a well-mannered child, behind which you soon detect an impish and beguiling humor. She's of the new breed of players that's vitalizing Hollywood's bloodstream. It wasn't her beauty that brought her crashing into the public eye in "Dark Victory," but a performance compelling in its truth and simplicity. The same kind of integrity is apparent in the girl. Plus a sparkle that may be Irish or may be pure Fitzgerald. If she's a fair sample of what her family produces, you don't wonder that they like being together.

It's a one-for-all-and-all-for-one clan. With all their young men in France during the last war, Geraldine's (Continued on page 75)



Geraldine started her career as "atmosphere" in Dublin theatricals at 19; at 26, she's a star in "Winged Victory!" Has four idiosyncrasies—can't stand perfume, caviar and Hollywood's famous climate, and will employ only female chauffeurs.





Incredible but true! Mary Beth Hughes, the twenty-one-year-old ex-convent gal who's currently dazzling Milton Berle, rises at six—regardless of her bedtime!

Candidly Yours,

CATCHING THEM OFF THEIR GUARD!



We hear Greg Bautzer and Dottie Lamour are putting their 6-month-old romance on ice. His pals are betting that the rich and handsome Greg and Lana Turner will eventually take up where they left off.



Lovely Irene Hervey breaks up a bull session to ask Hank Fonda for the next rhumba. Her hubby, Allan Jones (who, incidentally, is sporting a twelve-dollar tie), is an incurable sitter-outer.



Greer Garson, who's 5' 8", and boss Ernst Lubitsch aren't letting a couple of measly inches come between them! They talk constantly on the dance floor in strong British and German accents respectively.





The Rog Pryors, who tiffed loud 'n' long, because Mr. P. loves to fly and Ann tried to clip his wings, have evidently signed an armistice. They're hand-holding practically nightly at the gay new Mocambo.



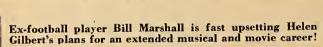
The Buddy Adlers—they'll soon be first anniversary-ing—ogle the colossal artificial orchid that rests on a special pillow in the elegant foyer of Hollywood's newest nitery—the Scheherezade.



Hollywood's official cheerer-upper, Eddie Bergen (just recuperated from a flu siege), does a job on Mary Pickford. She's been none too chipper since Buddy Rogers' studio sued her for breach of his contract.



In spite of skeptics, husky (6' 4", 200 lbs.) Forrest Tucker and wife, ex-Earl Carroll gal Sandra Jolley, are inseparable.





Alice Faye's ex, Tony Martin, still favors blondes, so Idaho's prodigy, Lana Turner, 20, lightens her locks accordingly!

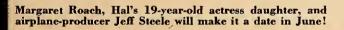
To date, New York deb Cobina Wright has netted herself a juicy Hollywood contract plus blueblood Bob Stack!







British Binnie Barnes, 33, and husband No. 2, announcer Mike Frankovitch, fête their 6-month wedding anniversary!





Prettiest bride of the season was Brenda Joyce, 23, who wed first love Owen Ward, Los Angeles accountant, Jan. 18.

Cuban Desi Arnaz's wife, 29-year-old Lucille Ball, just gobbles fattening food to add to her 120 pound, 5'6½" figure!







THINK WITH YOUR Heart

Hollywood is second-guessing about Hedy Lamarr. This means Hedy, after a long time of getting nowhere, is going somewhere. This also means you don't have to play the Hollywood game if, by chance, you know a better one.

Hedy knows a better game. Her father taught it to her when she was a little girl. And through the years—even through the last six years since his death—her father has been on the sidelines calling the word that has always been a kind of signal between them . . . "Hedylendelein, Hedylendelein . . ."

To understand how Hedy and her father came to play this game, it's necessary to know about the underlying story of her life, a story which has never been told before.

When Hedy was a little girl in Vienna, her father used to go to the cathedral to pray for the woman she would one day be. He never beseeched wealth or fame for her, only happiness. For he knew she would not win happiness easily. Even as a child she gave promise of beauty that would spring like a bright flame from the tilt of her soft eyes, the cut of her ripe mouth, and the way her dark hair would lay against the pallor of her cheeks. And the price of such beauty is so often unhappiness.

"Think with your heart, Hedylendelein," Emil Kiesler used to caution his daughter. "For that's how the good Lord meant women to think. Think with your heart, and you'll

win in the end, even though at times you seem to lose."

The Kieslers lived in a house in the hills. And, aware that words are not enough and the appetite grows on the food one tastes, Emil and Gertrude Kiesler sought to fill Hedy's life with warm, simple things, so that that would be the things she would seek for herself later on. They dressed her in little striped frocks with white collars and patent leather belts. They brushed her hair back smooth. They did not encourage her to dwell upon her looks. When spring came, supper was served outside under the trees. Mornings, before Emil Kiesler left for the Bank of Vienna where he was a director, Hedy carried the bird-cage into the garden where he fastened it on the green bough that reached across the sitting-room window. Solemn family councils decided who among their neighbors were kind enough to have one of the Kiesler's puppies. There were little jokes, and there were little ceremonies. And on birthdays and other occasions Hedy's mother always sent her a bouquet of forget-me-nots and a single pink rose.

Seasons swung into years. Hedy grew up.

"When I watch her, I'm afraid," Emil Kiesler told his wife one day. "She's impulsive and headstrong. Once she turns a certain way, it's impossible to swerve her. I used to fear for her to meet powerful men lest she learn their ambitious ways. Now I wonder where she'll find a man with a will to match her own."

Gertrude Kiesler drew the pale green floss through a leaf in her needlework. "Hedy's fifteen," she said. "Her nature is set. There's nothing we can do about her now. However, I feel it's just as well she's the way she is, Emil. For your prayers have been answered. She thinks with her heart. And I think that will mean she'll need courage and determination always."

Not long after this, Hedy quit school to work in the Sascha motion picture studios. She was fifteen-and-a-half, and she couldn't, she complained, wait any longer to start living. Then, completely unmindful of the criticism she invited, she appeared in the sensational "Ecstasy." And then she married very impressive and very important Fritz Mandl, the munitions tycoon.

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

MORE IMPORTANT THAN HEDY'S TWO HUS-BANDS OR HER DOZENS OF BEAUX, IS THE MAN HER BIOGRAPHERS FORGOT ALL ABOUT!

In Fritz Mandl Hedy found a man with a will to match her own. Besides, she had never known such a young man before. The youth of post-war Austria lived more by words than deeds and thought more, of what was their due than of what was their duty. And Hedy scorned them.

At first Hedy and Fritz Mandl were very happy. They lived in a great house in a great park. They entertained ambassadors, and their table was laid with gold plate. European

couturiers, jewelers and furriers had orders to let Mandl know whenever they had a gown, a gem or a pelt that would suit his wife's famed beauty. And Hedy, in her youth, found natural excitement in all these things.

"Happy, Hedylendelein?" her father used to ask when he and her mother came to visit. "Happy?" And when she answered him, her eyes and her voice were as bright as her words.

Ever since Hedy had been a little girl, her mother had told her that her father was as kind as any man who ever lived. And although Hedy's love for her father had forever swung her eves in his direction. she never had seen anything to make her doubt this was true. He always had a strange closeness with those who were worried or sad or in any pain. And in 1934, when he saw persecutions run rampant and realized it wouldn't be long before the cruelty and hatred would be far spread, it was more than he could endure. The shadow of things that were to come fell upon his heart and killed him.

Things were different with Hedy after her father died. Adult and realistic now, instead of young and romantic, she came to wonder if she was anything more than a rich man's possession, like the imported cars in the garage, the priceless wines in the cellar and the blooded dogs in the kennels. For Fritz Mandl, fearing Hedy's beauty might bewitch other men, (Continued on page 73)

Tucked away on her quiet farm, Hedy is still haunted by the eternal "Hedylendelein . . . Hedylendelein?"



TWAMI THE HOLLYWOOD PLAYBOYS

Believe me, I can't imagine why Modern Screen should consider me an authority on playboys. It came to me as rather a shock. Here I've always felt that I was pretty much of a Boy Scout, always preoccupied in the morning until I have thought out my good deed for the day. After that-sunny, gay, bright. A constant source of solace to family and friends. And now I find out I'm a night owl expert. It's discouraging, that's what it is. But a Boy Scout mustn't

grumble, must he?

Now, in case my wife reads this, let me get this straight right away. I'm merely an observer taking an academic interest in the subject. Anything you've heard to the contrary is base slander. Of course some of the lads we are about to examine in the interest of science may feel the same way about it, and-if so-I can only advise them to use the same excuse I have laid out roughly above. Either that one, or the one about the whole thing being a sad case of mistaken identity. Thus, having provided them with two concrete alibis in advance and, at the same time, having accomplished my good deed for the day, we're ready to look over the various techniques.

Letting youth have its fling, let us first consider the younger generation. For example, there is Mickey Rooney. He and his cronies range through the late spots of a Saturday night with delicious little morsels, aged from sixteen to twenty-two. The truth is that these cubs play havoc in a den of iniquity, drinking Pepsi-Colas and, on a big night, even sinking to an ice cream soda. Thus fortified their hot, mad young blood racing, they take over the dance floor with such orgiastic enthusiasm that the more mature tacticians must retire sullenly to their tables and wait till the blitz dies down.

There is little to equal the fine disdain that curls the lips of Franchot Tone at one of these demonstrations. Franchot probably never went through that period. It is hard to imagine his cool suavity ever broken by loud and unrestrainable yelps of approval over a particularly neat roll on the drums. His forte in dealing with the opposite sex would seem to be reliance on well-rounded dialogue concerning a variety of artistic subjects. He might well have been a fraternity brother of Philo Vance, who professed to be a dilettante of considerable parts. There are girls, and dashed attractive ones, too, whom you can see sitting spellbound by the hour as Franchot discusses music, literature, painting with a casual accuracy that is astonishing and often misleading. Misleading, because as often as not Franchot's mind may not be on his chatter at all, but on the net effect he's having on the young lady. Eyes dizzy, head in a whirl from the subtleties of pure conversation, you can see her melt . . . and, in the quiver of a nostril, they are gone. . . .

And then there is di Cicco-Pat di Cicco, agent and bon vivant. Pat's place on the stagline is no passing thing. He is established. Solid as the Bank of England. He's been one of the more engaging "eligibles" for nigh onto a generation, and (Continued on page 94)







BY JEANNE KARR

NEW KIND OF LOVE STORY—PROVING THAT TWO

UYS CAN LIKE THE SAME GIRL AND STILL BE PALS!



Here's the story of a happy family: New arrangement

The old arrangement must have been pretty good, too. It couldn't have been bad with Mary Martin as its hub. She's a girl who makes other people feel cheerful. But the old arrangement wasn't perfect. The new one is. Mary Martin thinks so; Richard Halliday, her husband, thinks so; and Larry Hagman, her nine-year-old son, pronounces it keen. While her mother beams at all three and works off her elation by hustling out to sell some more real estate.

There was just one feature of the marriage that disturbed Mary's offspring.

"Darling, I'm married," she told him. She'd flown to Las Vegas with Halliday the night before. Now the news had broken, and telephones were shrilling all over the house with calls from Texas and New York.

"Which one did you marry?"

"Dicky."

"That's good." Then a thought dropped like a pebble into the pool of his satisfaction. "Mimi—" (his name for her since babyhood, though now that he's nine, he's inclined to shorten it to Meem)—"Mimi, I have to talk to you quietly. Come on in here. It's the only place where they don't have telephones."

He led her to the bathroom. "Listen, Mimi, what are you going to do about all those other people?"

"What other people, honey?"

He named a number of Mary's ex-cavaliers. "What're they going to think?"

"Why, they'll think it's all right."

He shook a doubting head. "Those other people're going to feel pretty bad. I'll tell you what we mustn't do. We mustn't tell 'em."

It was shortly thereafter that his grandmother passed his room and heard sounds as of Larry talking to himself. She listened. He was weighing possible forms of address for his new parent. "Dicky—" he said, and let the sound fall on his ear—"Daddy Dick—Pal Dick—Dick, old boy." At the brisk note of the last, she choked and beat a hasty retreat. He settled for Dicky, though once in a while Dad pops out almost unaware and sets up a pleasant glow in Halliday's innards.

It was Larry's first wedding. He watched presents arrive by the bale and drew his own conclusions as to the proper course for a son of the house. Out driving with his grandmother one day, he said: "Stop the car, please, Nanny. I want to see that dog." A white wolfhound lay stretched on a lawn beside a sign that said: "Dog for sale."

"How much is it?" he asked the woman who answered their ring.

She smiled down at the very earnest face. "Too much for you, I'm afraid."

"Well, I want to buy it for my mother for her wedding present, and I picked this one out because it looks like them." (What he meant, nobody knows

Mary, star of "New York Town," is given to whims. She's constantly turning from blonde to brunettel exactly, though the Princess Olga is long and lean like Dick and—like Mary—a dark-eyed blonde). "I have twenty-five dollars in the bank. Would that be enough?"

"Do you think your mother would love the dog? That's pretty important."

"Sure, I guess she would. She loves most anything I give her."

So the bargain was struck. Larry phoned Mary at the studio. "When you get home, there's something in the back yard. You're supposed to love it."

Mary got home early to find a wolfhound so desolate with homesickness that it barked and screamed at its new owner's approach. Larry, who was spending the day with his grandmother, phoned again. "D'you love it?" he inquired anxiously.

"Honey, we're crazy about it," yelled Mary to make herself heard above the howls of the Princess Olga.



Mary (with Dick Pawell) sings canstantly far her awn and Mr. H's amusement, occasionally far radio listener-inners.

You should see her now, though—the darling of the house and eating it up. "Here comes my husband," says Mary, pricking her ears to the sound of a step on the walk. The door opens. "Hello, beautiful," calls a masculine voice. Olga, the Princess, having more legs, gets there first. You hear murmured endearments in the lobby, then Mary's firm, "Shut up, Princess, he means me," as she clambers over three feet of wriggling wolfhound to get into her husband's arms.

They reappear together—a tall, dark man with his arm round a slim, small girl in a beige skirt and sweater. His features are those of a monk out of the Middle Ages—sensitive, fine-cut, almost ascetic—but his expression is that of a twentieth-century gent in love with his wife. She laughs at him—fetching with her soft brown eyes under soft blonde hair and her infectious good spirits. It seems that Richard, busy



Dick thinks Mary's "the mast beautiful thing that ever lived." She thinks he's "absolutely a genius—but sweet anyway."

at the agency of which he's story editor, hasn't had lunch yet, though it's three o'clock. She's offered, not too convincingly, to fix him some.

"Just the busy little housewife," he leers, "for benefit of press. Look, the press knows perfectly well that you can't cook."

"The press," says Mary, "never tasted my chocolate cake." She speaks with acid deliberation. "The press never made a pig of itself on my chocolate cake. The press never gorged on my chocolate cake till it fairly dripped out of the press' ears."

Richard throws up his hands and flees toward the lunch Mary never had any intention of fixing, leaving her to tell the story of her gradual metamorphosis into a housewife. "Very gradual," she says.

First, there was the house. They had no trouble picking it. They'd fallen in love with it when they'd gone house-hunting with Richard's mother, who was planning to move to the Coast. Her plans fell through, so the junior Hallidays snapped the treasure up. It's white brick and frame, and stands on a minor hill in Bel-Air, the front lawn with its lovely trees sloping toward the road, the garden rising in terraces behind. They moved in twenty days after their marriage.

Then—not before—came the furniture. Mary'd lived in hotels and in homes run by her mother. She had the feeling that furniture came along and walked itself into one's house. She was both hurt and indignant on discovering her error. But the business of Mary's furniture is a twice-told tale, so we'll skip it here.

Then came the servants. Mary handled the servant problem like a general. Her studio maid had proved a dud. "Call somewhere," she told her secretary, "and get somebody."

It was a feverish day on the set. "Hand me this," said Mary. "Hand me that!" This and that were handed her. Not till the end of the day did she look up into a serene and (Continued on page 88)

ON THE SET WITH ON THE SET ON THE



st the studio way over \$3,000 ented street scenes for the us tomoto-throwing sequence!

Jimmy Roosevelt's father has a good job. He sits in a multiroomed office, runs the nation for \$75,000 yearly and laughs off bad reviews because his option's just been lifted, and he knows he can't be as bad as the critics say.

Jimmy Roosevelt admires his father. He thinks he's a great performer—but he doesn't want to play in the same kind of show. Jimmy yearns to be a motion picture producer, and with "Pot O' Gold," a Paulette Goddard-James Stewart classic, he embarks upon his first term as a mighty mogul of the cinema.

"Pot O' Gold" is hokum from the word go. It's slapstick with kid gloves. Jimmy admits it. The principals are constantly being rushed in and out of jail, the villain gets pasted with a tomato, the big-hearted boarding house-keeper almost loses her home-sweet-home, the hero and heroine suffer the usual misunderstandings, and righteousness doesn't triumph till the very last reel. It's the kind of hokum that stuffs theatres, however, and to producer Jimmy, who has \$800,000 boiling in the "Pot," a money-making dish is more important than a victory for Art.

As chief ingredients in this "Pot," Paulette and Stewart are two extraordinary morsels. Paulette does a hippy rhumba and warbles for the first time on the screen, and Jimmy portrays a Ferdinand the Bull-ish sort of guy who'd rather lie in the grass and sniff the flowers than go to work in his rich uncle's breakfast food factory. Seasoning for the film is provided by apple-cheeked Charles Winninger now entering his fortieth year in show business and white-haired Mary Gordon who used to tote trays in a studio commissary before getting her picture break at the age of fifty. The dessert, of



e comeroman Hol Mohr instructs thusiostic pupil Goddord in that ckiest of tricks—rollin' your ownl



Horoce Heidt ond his Musical Knights, whose Pot O' Gold progrom inspired the picture, beat it out in o mellow jive!



One of producer Roosevelt's Morines gets the thrill of a lifetime from a trip to the set ond on introduction to the stors.



Plus the hormanico, Jimmy swings a mean occardion and a wicked flute!



Paulette's desire to avoid Jimmy Stewart is matched only by his yen to steer clear of her!



The tomataes Stewart tasses at Winninger ore stuffed with whipped cream, chacalate syrup and tamata catsup so they'll give o photogenic splosh!

GODDARD SWINGS, STEWART SINGS IN THIS SUPER-DUPER COMEDY PACKED WITH THRILLS AND TRILLS!

course, is movie-debuting bandleader Horace Heidt, whose famous "Pot O' Gold" radio show gave producer Roosevelt the inspiration for his picture.

In painful contrast to the easy informality of the script is the off-stage behavior of stars Goddard and Stewart. Though the two have never clashed openly, their side lines manner is frighteningly cool and distant. Not even their first love scene (which Paulette played in a nightgown) kindled the smallest ember of friendship. After completing a torrid take, Paulette invariably rushes off to her dressing-room to jab her energies into a piece of needle-point designed especially for her by Mexican artist Diego Rivera, while Jimmy goes off into a dark corner and sits silently with his elbows dug into his knees, his chin cupped in his hands and his eyes fastened to his feet. They'll clown only if the cameraman begs hard enough—and he seldom does.

Happily for James Roosevelt, little of this star strain is brought before his tired eyes. Shortly before his picture got rolling, he was summoned to Marine Corps duty at the United States Naval Base at San Diego, and now he can't spend more than week-ends at his beloved studio! Daily rushes are flown to him, however, (a distance of one hundred and twenty miles) and run off in the barracks' projection room for the benefit of him and his loyal boys.

Incidentally, so intimately do the young Corps members know the picture, they feel they own part of it, too! You might remember that, when you see "Pot O' Gold, if there's any griping to be done, don't bother Mr. Roosevelt—just tell it to the Marines!



Paulette chats with a script gal when naise from nosey airplanes holds up praduction.



"Polly" plays o brisk game of gin rummy with ane of the studia cops. To keep worm she takes ta her fur coat.



'Twixt incessont phone calls, visiting praducers and "takes," Poulette tucks in some ice cream with a little admirer.



Glamaur dress designer Helen Taylar turns aut naïve hausedresses by the dazens far this picture!

BY SYLVIA KAHN





IT'S A

Lupe knows about love, about the ways of love, about the ways of lovers. By the time this piece appears, she and Big Boy Williams may be married and living out in the San Fernando Valley on Big Boy's ranch. Or, of course, they may not.

As Lupe, herself, puts it, "We may marry in five hours, in six months, in a year or maybe never. I do not say things unless I am sure. Besides, I have learned that we do not set times for love.

"Big Boy hated me before we met. He was my worst enemy in Hollywood because of the things he read about me. He said, 'that dizzy dame' and things like that. I tell you, girls, it is nothing to be afraid of if a boy starts by hating you."

"But when I met her," Big Boy explained, "she was altogether different from what I had imagined. I had read about the fiery, tempestuous Lupe Velez. I didn't like what I read. She was everything, I thought, that a man dislikes. I know better now. That temperament business was all bluff. Lupe loves her home and takes pride in it and works in it. Why, she even painted two rooms in her house herself with her own hands. And thrifty! She saves everything. The gardener mows the lawn, and she says, 'Don't throw that grass away. Save it for the pigs; they like it.' When she has mashed potatoes for dinner she saves the mashed potatoes, and the next night we have mashed potato soup, the best soup I've ever tasted. As for the famous Velez temper," said Big, "she must have lost it long before we met. All I know is that when we start to have an argument, she gets into her car and drives away, and there is no argument."

No doubt about it. Lupe, who once was wild, has now grown very wise. But when did the metamorphosis of the Mexican Spitfire take place?

Lupe laughed. "It's simpler than that. It's that I'm not a kid any longer. I'm a grown-up woman, and I behave as such. I do not deny my age. I tell it. I am twenty-nine. I do not want to be a Hollywood 'tradition' with curls on my head and baby-talk inside my head when I am fifty. I am young, yes, but not seventeen any longer. . . .

"Now I do not grease my hands with butter before I shake hands with visiting dignitaries. . . . I do not cut pranks on the sets as I did when first I came to Hollywood and played with Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, in 'The Gaucho.' When I first came to Hollywood, Fanny Brice invited me to a party. She told me, 'Wear an evening dress.' I thought, Migod, an evening dress, that is funny. But my mother always told me, 'When in Rome, do as

Lupe, who has the most fabulous collection of jewels in Hollywood, says a girl's worst mistake is to make the man she loves jealous!

HUSBAND YOU'RE AFTER ...

the Romans do,' so I went to that party in my night-dress! I did not understand the language, and I thought evening dress meant night-dress. If you should hear of me doing these things now, you would say 'that dame is crazy,' and you would be right.

"I do not scream and yell in public as I used to do, though they will write up that I do. They write of me today as I was ten years ago. That is why I do not let them write about me anymore. Because I am not as I was ten years ago. . . .

"I have travelled all over the world, in the United States, in South America and in Europe. I have had men of many races make love to me. I have been in love, and I have had my heart broken, too. And I have come back recovered and much the wiser.

"I have been married to Johnny Weissmuller. I have been divorced. I have had everything of this world—money, fame, flattery, jewels, furs. I still have everything, thank God, and thanks to America. I have worked for what I have; nobody has given me anything.

"A woman like me," said Lupe, "should know about life and love and men and women. I have made many mistakes, yet if I had my life to live again, I would do the same. Because we only learn by making mistakes, our own mistakes. That is why I am hesitating about advising girls about anything. Especially about men.

"But I will say a few down-to-earth truths I have found

out about when you are in love-

"You girls say you want to be actresses; all the time you write to me and say you wish you could be actresses. Well, I say to you, you had better be actresses! Wherever you are, no matter what you are doing, whether you are housewives or stenographers or schoolteachers, when you are with men you had better be actresses, and good ones. Because unless a woman is an actress she will never have any success as a woman in love. She will never have any lasting success with men.

"Please do not misunderstand me. I do not mean you must be the phony kind of actress that imitates and does not mean what she is doing. I mean you must be a fine actress who lives your part because you love it and believe it. I mean you must play many characters with men, but you must truly be each one of them.

"My father was a very wise man. He told me, 'In the streets, be a queen; in the church, be a saint; in the home, be whatever you are. . . .' that is how it is with men; with different men, be different women.

"People are saying that I have changed, now, because of Big. No and yes. Let me (Continued on page 90)

JUST LISTEN TO LUPE! WHEN A GAL'S BEEN IN AND OUT OF LOVE FOR OVER A DOZEN YEARS. SHE CAN REALLY GIVE YOU POINTERS!



In Universal's "Six Lessans fram Madame La Zanga," the diminutive, red-haired Lupe (she's just five feet) ca-stars with "Big Boy" Williams, wha weighs exactly ane hundred paunds more than she does!







"All this rapturous talk about soft, silken, rose-petal complexions is just ducky," writes one of our young friends, "but what if a girl has lost that skin-men-love-to-look-at? Can she ever get it back and, if so, how?"

Indeed, you can recapture the loveliness of a flawless complexion. Thousands of glamour girls, careerists, students and busy homebodies everywhere, after slightly rearranging their designs for living and revising their beauty rituals, have discovered underneath that top layer of blemishes a skin as smooth and lovely as a six-year-old's!

That's because skin is constantly changing and renewing itself—the old sloughing off, the new replacing it. As long as your blemishes affect only the top layer, or epidermis, your task will be simple. There are three layers of skin, you know. The top skin is formed of tiny, horny, scale-like cells which are kept smooth and soft by natural lubricating oils. The second, or true skin, contains all the blood vessels, nerves, glands, ducts, hair follicles and also the pigments which decide your skin coloring. The third layer, or subdermis, is sometimes called the fatty skin. But we won't go into these second two layers, for blemishes affecting them should be treated by doctors, not beauticians. What can be done for the top skin is exciting enough. It's a case of save the surface and you save all.

The worst and most common enemies of skin beauty are dirt, a sluggish system and harsh, drying, aging elements, such as steam-heated air and hard water. These, separately, or in combinations, cause enlarged pores, blackheads, acne, rough patches, red blotches, "fever" blisters and practically every other form of surface blemish you can think of.

Enlarged pores are usually the result of a sluggish system, careless cleanliness or a combination of the two. Vigorous and regular outdoor exercise, a diet of light foods, including lots of garden-fresh fruits and vegetables and a minimum of sweet, rich, heavy foods, together with six or eight glasses of water every day may not sound superglamorous, but they'll do a lot toward restoring your skin to that enviable condition. Add to this care a daily scrubbing with a soft-bristled complexion brush, warm water and mild soap suds. Always follow with a cold water rinse and an ice-cold astringent. Use the finest, fluffiest of creams and powders you can find—and you'll have the perfect formula for a skin as fine as velvet.

Blackheads are enlarged pores that have become clogged, sometimes even infected with a combination of oil and grime, and the overworked pores have relaxed and expanded. To help them back to normal, give them the same care you give to enlarged pores and, in addition, steam the face, either over a bowl of boiling water for five minutes, or via the applied towel-wrung-out-in-piping-hot-water method. This will help soften the hardened masses so they may be more easily dislodged by gentle pressure.

Before either kind of steaming, apply lots of cold or cleansing cream to the skin to aid and hasten the softening process. After your blackheads are thoroughly softened, wrap two fingers in a soft linen towel or two thicknesses of clean facial tissues, and gently press out the contents of each separate pore. There are good little metal gadgets, too, with a tiny hole devised to press down over each blackhead. Either of these methods is safe, but never, never use a bare finger or any part of your finger nail, unless you want a permanent and (Continued on page 93)

HOLLYWOOD SKIN CARE

BY CAROL CARTER

Take a leaf from Hollywood's beauty
book and recapture the charm of a skin
as fresh as April! Here's how it's done



Joan Fontaine says that a flawless complexion has boosted her steady climb up the ladder of fame.

After cleonsing, massage your neck from base to jowbone, oll over.

NEW FACES

ANY DAY now the first crocus is going to poke its bright little face right through your garden wall, the first robin will perch outside your sunny window sill, and you, all of a sudden, saturated with the spirit of spring are going to ransack your wardrobe for clothes to match your mood and scan your mirror in search of a face to go

with all this budding loveliness of a newborn season.

But what do you see when you look in that mirror of yours? Does your face go with the rest of the picture? Or is it a bit winter-worn and sorry-looking, lined from dryness and exposure, chapped or clogged, or just a trifle dull and pasty in appearance? No wonder, after a winter full of indoor inactivity, too many changes from wet to dry, from hot to cold and back again, too many colds and too little sunshine, too many pastries and not enough vitamins.

Then out with those cleansing creams, astringents and tissues. Bring on your complexion soap, soft brushes and lotions. That skin of yours is coaxing for a stimulating facial to restore its glowing freshness-and here's how you go about it.

First, bind back your hair with a towel, net or lastex band. Now cleanse your face and neck thoroughly with warm water, soap and a complexion brush.

Second: Slather your face and neck with your favorite cleansing cream and, with the back of your hands also creamed, pat firmly, first, under the chin, stroking from side to side with alternating hands. Then, with fingers on your chin, massage in a crescent stroke from chin to directly in front of each ear. Next, from chin across the cheeks, massage upward toward your temples.

Third: Continuing the massage, start again at the chin and work in firm, rotary, parenthesis-shaped lines around your mouth and up to the base of each nostril, then following the curve of your cheekbone, continue up and out, ending again at the temples. Fourth: With gentler, lighter strokes, massage from the sides of your nose, around under each eye. Repeat this several times, each time beginning higher up beside the bridge of your nose, and always ending at the

Fifth: Place fingers on your forehead, between the brows, and stroke firmly upward, then up and outward, until you've included the entire forehead. Sixth: Massage horizontally across your forehead to relax tired nerves and stimulate circulation.

Seventh: Now remove all the cleansing cream with cotton wrung out in a skin freshener or astringent. Eighth: Your skin is ready for a rich, oily lubricating cream to be left on for five or ten minutes while your eyes are covered with cotton pads soaked in either eye lotion or skin tonic. Ninth: Remove this lubricating cream with skin freshener and go over your entire face and neck lightly with an ice cube wrapped in thin cloth, or a square of cotton wrung out in ice cold astringent.

Tenth: Dry your face with a clean towel and, if you're going out, apply make-up lightly and with care.

Now, take another look in that mirror. What



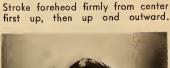
With bock of honds well-creomed, pat and stroke firmly under chin.



Mossage from chin to nose, to eors, then chin to temples.



Mossage from chin to nostrils, to cheeks, to temples, in curves.





AWAKEN YOUR WINTER-WEARY SKIN WITH

FOR OLD ...

a different picture! If such a facial massage is repeated once a week throughout the spring, your skin will respond quickly and gratefully with a soft, smooth, fresh and dewy look that will put spring itself in second place.

Between facials, practice some of the exercises pictured on these pages. They will not only make

muscles firm and mobile but, by stimulating circulation, they will add extra glow and color, fill out hollows and help ward off those bug-a-boo wrinkles.

You see, the same old faithful trio for skin care—cleansing, stimulation and lubrication—has been at work here in a different but very important guise. Whether glamour girl, careerist or homebody, this same famous combination will work minor miracles for you if you will follow faithfully the way it is practiced in Hollywood. Then, no matter what the season, with a little care your skin can be made to look as fresh and radiant as spring itself.

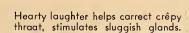
Beauty masks are another short-cut to skin loveliness which may be achieved in anywhere from five to thirty minutes and are real lifesavers when you're in a hurry. There are several kinds of facial masks. The mildest is the quick pick-up type which creates a temporary illusion of beauty when there's no time for more fundamental refurbishing. These are all in cream form. Some dry on the face and should be washed off with a skin freshener or cold water. Others come off easily with clean, absorbent facial tissues. Such masks make your skin feel by turns both warm and cold. You see, they stimulate surface circulation and create a glowing freshness in even the drabbest complexion. Pick-up masks are usually pleasantly perfumed and their very scent gives your spirits a lift while their magic is at work on your skin. The directions on these cream masks prescribe anywhere from a ten to thirty minute application and, for perfect results, you should follow them explicitly. So before your next big date, put one on and watch your skin blossom with new life and radiance.

Oily, sluggish skins are immensely stimulated and enlivened by the use of what might be called circulation masks. These are more drastic than those just described and should not be applied to thin, sensitive skin or to faces with any trace of broken veins. The action of these masks may be slightly burning or uncomfortable but, if your skin is coarse or heavy, they are just what you need. Three to five minutes is all the time circulation masks usually require. And they should be followed by a softening or lubricating cream, either cold or cleansing.

A third type of mask will help to contract large, relaxed pores. And a first cousin to this one is a mask to help dislodge blackheads and hasten the blooming

of blemishes that are still partly concealed under your skin's surface. Both of these might be called pore masks. They are penetrating, stimulating as well as astringent and usually require ten to thirty minutes to do their work and restore the bloom to your cheeks.

Directions on package labels will guide you in the accurate use of all facial masks. A rule which always holds, though, is to start with a thoroughly clean skin and, for best results, rest or relax while your mask is at work. You'll be rewarded.



Massage acrass torehead, ratating

fingers. This relaxes tired nerves.



While massaging flabby cheeks, smile broadly, apen and clase jaws.



For under-eye pauches, draw fingers lightly aver clased eyes.



Far heavy jowls, lift muscles, pinch gently. Increase pressure gradually.

Pased by Darathy Darrell, starlet af Universal's "Meet the Chump."

A STIMULATING AND REFRESHING FACIAL

Some of them were handsome—not all. But their faces had this in common—they all looked alive, and they all looked sheepish. Wonder why men act so shy about discussing their favorite topic—women!

There were ten of them altogether—ten stars whom we considered authorities on the subject—and we put our problem before them without preamble. "Our girls," we told them, "want to know what you boys consider a beautiful woman, and they wouldn't mind having a few tips on how to get and hold their boy-friends while you're at it! Don't try to squirm out of it by saying a beautiful woman's Hedy Lamarr or Loretta Young. They can't turn themselves into Youngs and Lamarrs. Keep it practical. Give them some hints that'll help them make the most of their good points and tone down the bad. All right. What do you notice first about a woman?"

Cagney, the bravest, stepped forward. "I notice the eyes first," he said. "I think everyone does. Personally, I like them dark. But that's beside the point. Any color can be beautiful—any shape—wide eyes, like a kid's listening to a fairy tale, or the oblong Oriental type. What's important is the way they're set, the surrounding terrain and the expression. They should be far enough apart for good proportion. If

went out with bustles. Not a finely-chiseled mouth, it's too cold. Not a square-cut mouth, makes you think she'd rather play tennis than—"

"Kissing games?" we inquired.

"Well, I wouldn't put it that way—but I'll take what you'd call a generous mouth—full at the center and curling a little at the corners. There's something ravishing about that curl at the corners, especially when it's downy like a peach. It's as if a direct wire were strung between her mouth and her mind. When she's amused or feels a little devilish, that's where it shows up first—just a fleeting shadow—it's there and it melts away."

"Gosh!" breathed Jackie Cooper.

"May I also ask," continued Ray with some heat, "why women don't leave their mouths alone? Take a purely hypothetical case. Take a man who wants to kiss a girl. He gets close enough to do it, then he sees the lipline here and the lip somewhere else. Being polite, he'll kiss her anyway. But he kisses her, saying nuts. He's disillusioned. Why can't women learn to put on lipstick a little more subtly? A woman's mouth is herself as much as her eyes. She's not fooling anyone when she tries to change it."

Well, we had the eyes and mouth-who, we asked,

EAUTY AND THE MALE.

they give the impression of trying to meet over the nose, I don't know what a girl can do about it, but anything she does is okay with me.

"There's plenty she can do about the second point. She can stop plucking her eyebrows like an aborigine. I don't mean, if her forehead sprouts thatches, she shouldn't thin 'em out. But if there's anything attractive about a couple of wizened hairs that make the whole face look naked, I'll eat mine. Also, when a man looks into a girl's eyes, it's eyes he wants to see not a smear of make-up. Long lashes are fine, but I'd rather have 'em short than tacked on, and I'd rather see honesty in a woman's eyes than phony allure."

"What about the third point? Is there anything she can do about the expression of her eyes?"

"Sure," Jimmy grinned. "She can be a nice kid. Give me a woman whose eyes are clear and soft and friendly, whether she's stroking a kitten or asking about the price of beans, and there's a woman a man can cleave to. Blue shadows and mascara wash off, and when there's a pair of glazed fish-eyes behind them, you're left with nothing and worse than nothing. So I say, watch the eyes, boys. Whatever she is, good or bad, the eyes will have it."

We summed up. "Eyes clear, friendly and soft, without too much make-up. Who'll give us a mouth?" Several hands shot up. Mr. Milland was called on.

"No rosebud of a mouth," said Ray firmly. "That

would give us a beautiful setting for 'em?

Gable elbowed his way forward. "Let me do my stuff and get it over." A nervous huskiness in his throat wore off after a minute or two. "Oval face, high cheekbones, little hollows under 'em. High forehead going up and back. Don't doody it up with a mess of curls. Leave it bare, makes the face look open. Deep-set eyes, arched brows, kind of astonished looking-hope I'm not horning in on you, Cagney. I like 'em that way, kind of tasty touch. A nose that knows where it belongs and stays there, takes up just enough room, no more, no less. Nicely curved ears, close to the head, not too small-and no cracks, brother. Long neck, but long or short, hold your head high on it." He took a step back, paused and added paternally: "Don't put too much junk on your facescares a man off. That's all."

"No fair, teacher." Crosby was waving his hand. "All he had to do was describe Lombard."

"Who has a better right? You, young man, what are you so excited about?"

"I want hair," said Jackie, "before someone else grabs it."

"Bonita's, huh?" came a derisive chorus.

"Well, if Mr. Gable has a right—" Jackie ploughed in. "I like it blonde—not yellow or platinum—sort of a soft blonde. But if it has to be dark, it ought to have reddish lights. You can almost always get 'em, my girl says, with a lot of brushing. And that's the important thing for any hair, (Continued on page 84)

IF YOU'RE OUT TO CAPTIVATE, TAKE YOUR CUE FROM HOLLYWOOD'S FOREMOST CONNOISSEURS!



Hollywood glamour gal Veronica Lake has more than the usual quota of feminine wiles. She's currently starring in "I Wanted Wings."



JAMES CAGNEY



BING CROSBY



MELVYN DOUGLAS



CLARK GABLE



JACKIE COOPER

BY BETTY HARRIS



SUPER SCOOPS FROM THE GAY HOLLYWOOD FRONT!



Louis Hayward's puns still stump Ida Lupino even after two years of living with 'em!

SAY IT ISN'T SO

The marriage of the Gary Coopers is the latest to land in the Hollywood frying pan. Friends hope it's not true, but rumor has it that the splutterings and sparks heard around the Cooper home aren't all coming from the kitchen stove. Divorce for shy Gary and his handsome wife would be a tragic, agonizing experience which both would do anything to avoid. If any trouble is brewing, they'll do their darndest to clear it up behind bolted doors, and it's our hunch—as well as our hope—that the last laugh will be theirs and not the gossips'.

PUTTING UP A FRONT

Biggest giggle-getter of the month is the story of a top-notch glamour girl whose boy friend took her to the Arrowhead Springs Hotel pool for her first swimming lesson. The cute little suitful breezed through the preliminaries and then weary of the water, deposited herself at the poolside to pose casually for the benefit of the other patrons. She was languidly flexing her muscles and squirming her shoulders when her boy-friend got a bright idea. Curious to know how much she'd learned, he sneaked up behind her and dumped her back into the water. The onlookers howled, but not nearly as hard as they did when the poor girl had sputtered her way back from aqua to air. For only then did they realize that the showoffish glamour queen was equipped with a built-in bosom—and that the bosomhad slipped its moorings and was nestled coyly under her chin!

LUXURIOUS NECESSITY

It was Paulette Goddard who recently stated that no girl need spend more than \$16.50 for a dress in order to be attractively garbed. An intelligent observation, we'll admit. But it's our duty to report that no sooner had Miss Goddard rid herself of this important message, than she was discovered in a swank gown shop ordering a little number that answered to the price of \$150! Her explanation? She simply had to have it to properly set off a stunning diamond necklace she'd just received! Modern Screen makes no extra charge for this fashion hint.

DIDJA KNOW

That Tyrone Power is the toughest guy in Hollywood to shoot for color because his heavy beard makes him photograph like one of the Two Black Crows . . . That Cary Grant is now working as Cary Grant's stand-in, the original jobholder being busy with British war relief work . . That Joan Blondell is president of "Blondes Preferred," an honest-to-goodness corporation dedicated to correcting the impression that "blondes are less desirable mates than brunettes" . . That George Murphy's recent flu attack laid



Discount Bill Holden-Brenda Marshall marriage rumors. It's just an "understanding."

him unconscious for 24 hours . . . That Patsy Kelly is the only Hollywood star mentioned by Gogo Schiaparrelli in her list of America's 10 most interesting women . . . That 15-year-old Jame Withers is burning up the town with her new fire-engine red convertible coupé . . . That Bonita Granville is jealous of the time Jackie Cooper spends with his drums, and that's the only reason they fight . . . That Jimmy Stewart, one of the few licensed airplane pilots in the colony, gets woozy when he climbs a ladder . . . That Rita Lowe, asked why she separated from husband Edmund, replied: "I just couldn't stand the man another minute?"

DISSENSION IN THE RANKS

Angel-voiced Susanna Foster can sure pack a mean verbal wallop when the mood is upon her. Unlike most actresses who eternally gush and goo about all the things they lo-ove, Susanna has two pet peeves and doesn't care who knows it! "I can't stand Her first is Mickey Rooney. the way he carries on," says she, I wouldn't go out with him even if he asked me!" Her second gripe, aimed at an important star on her lot, is a little more violent. "She makes me sore because she thinks she's so beautiful. And I don't like the way she gets so much publicity out of her romances either. But what gets me good and mad is the way she acts whenever we meet. We've been introduced about four times, and each time she just looks at me sort of emptyfaced and says: 'Oh, are you little Susanna Foster?'"

SAD SONG OF INDIA

Producers who dread location trips-because Alicia Applebottom always faints in the sun and Roland Ripplepuss likes to get drunk with the natives—ought to lend an ear to what Michael Gordon, Bombay film producer, has to say. Gordon, just arrived in the United States from India, claims Hollywood location head-aches can't hold a candle to what goes on when he takes a troupe away from a studio. "Our big difficulty is feeding the cast," says he. "In America, you ring a dinner bell, and all your actors come scrambling. In India it's different. Mohammedan won't eat what a Hindu will, a Hindu won't eat at the same table with a Mohammedan, and a Hindu of one caste will scream if a Hindu of another caste prepares his food. We're faced with the problem of setting up a half dozen different kitchens! "That," says long-suffering producer Gordon, "is what I call trouble."

SOME SERVICE!

Spotted at the House of Murphy—Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton chuckling in the candlelight over a table card reading: "In case I'm too G . . D . . . inebriated to get out of this joint, please deliver me and send the bill to: Address——Phone Number (Just in case I won't go)——"



Alice Faye makes news when she lures recluse George Sanders into the social whirl!

BRIEF RAPTURE

Just to give you an idea of what some guys will do for a girl in this town, take the case of Rudy Vallee and Gene Tierney. Rudy lamped Gene at a night club one evening and all but fell on his face with joy. There, he decided, was the answer to his prayers—a girl he absolutely had to know. Not the least dismayed by the fact that they'd never been introduced, he began showering her with flowers, gifts and invitations to dinner. To his astonishment, his efforts drew a complete blank. Gene wouldn't go out with him. She dates no man unless he's okayed by her mother—and her mother hadn't okayed Rudy. But did that stump our hero? Not a bit. For the sole pur-pose of meeting his lady-love, he persuaded a good-hearted friend to throw a huge party to which Gene would be invited. The friend complied, Gene turned up and Rudy had one blissful evening of basking in her smile. What he'll do about their next meeting, we don't know. After all, even friendship has its limits!

SHORT SHOTS

Confidential to Paramount: Mary Martin would like to have a little girl this year . . The Robert Prestons have a pact never to appear in a picture together. Joel McCrea still wears the 50c hat he bought in Manchester, N H., where he honeymooned with Frances Dee . . . On strict orders from M-G-M, Johnny Weissmuller must snub the barber chair for another year . . . Stirling Hayden is shopping for a houseboat. He wants to anchor it at Santa Monica and live there with one manservant . . . The Dionne kids will trill "There'll Always Be An England" for a British War Relief short. Fox wrote "finis" to their movie career, however, when they failed to lift the quints' option . . April 1st is the happy day for Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis. His divorce becomes final 18 days earlier . . . Susan Hayward's ice cream company keeps the Brown Derby supplied with the stuff . . . Nigel Bruce, the most English Englishman of them all, was born in San Diego, Calif. His parents were on a world tour at the time . . . Penny Singleton's daughter, "Dee Gee," was guest of honor when her mother honeymooned with Producer Bob Sparks.

POCKET GUIDE TO HOLLYWOOD

Fred Allen, whose coolness toward Hollywood is matched only by Hollywood's coolness toward him, contributes the following Movietown glossary to the "Hollywood Reporter"—BROWN DERBY: A popular café where people from Iowa mistake each other for movie stars. CIRO'S: The Brown Derby with white tie, where movie stars mistake each other for movie stars. NATIVE: A New York actor whose option wasn't taken up in 1926. MOVIE STAR'S HOME: The ultimate in stucco. An edifice erected on a beautiful lawn to keep strangers from getting a direct view of the star's swimming pool from the street. SWIMMING POOL: A demi-tasse pond that draws flies and guests. BARBECUE: A Hollywood function at which food is cooked and served in the back yard. A barbecue



One reason why Ma Rabinson still adores Eddie after twenty-six years of wedlock!

enables the hostess to get guests and mice out of the house simultaneously. DOUBLE FEATURE: Twin mistakes made by the same—or two different—picture companies. PRODUCER: A dynamic ulcer in charge of making a picture. ASSOCIATE PROD.: The man who gets fired when the producer makes a bad film.

A MATTER OF OPINION

Barbara Stanwyck ran into Bill Holden a few days after his salary tiff with Para-

mount. Bill was blue, discouraged, hurt. He was thinking of quitting pictures, he told Barbara. "What'll you do then?" she wanted to know. "Oh, I'll go into my father's business," replied Bill. "He wants me to and, besides, in his business you never have the heartaches you have in the movies." "Zat so?" up-eyebrowed Barbara. "What business is that?" "Why, er, fertilizer, of course," said Bill. Barbara choked. "Fertilizer business! And what the heck do you think you're in now?"

ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE

At the same time he was having contract trouble, Bill got into a little scrap with Brenda Marshall. Feeling lowdown, he hied himself to the Beachcombers where he embarked on a meal consisting exclusively of Dry Martinis. He was soon joined by Wayne Morris, fresh from a tiff with Pat Stewart and a few minutes later, by Buddy Westmore, who'd just scrapped with Rosemary Lane. For hours the unhappy trio sat at a corner table, pouring Martinis into their miserable systems. Finally, feeling considerably mellowed, Wayne and Buddy got up and left, but Bill wouldn't budge. He wasn't mellow enough. He budged plenty though, when a short while later, a grinning waiter informed him that he and his pals had guzzled \$35 worth of Martinisand he was stuck with the check! That wasn't the end of the incident, however. The next day Bill slunk back to the Beachcombers with a little sign in his hand. When no one was looking, he hung it over the table at which he'd "celebrated" and slunk out again. You can the sign there now. It reads: "This see the sign there now. It reads: "This is Bill Holden's table. He paid for it and how!"

IT'S THE SENTIMENT THAT COUNTS

For months Hollywood has buzzed and whispered about the Great Nelson Eddy Mystery. What, they have asked, is the secret of his closely guarded study? What strange object lies behind the black curtains in a corner of the room? Why does Nelson stare rapturously at the "thing" within when the curtains are parted? And why does his wife lead intimate friends to it as reverently as one might lead a worshipper to the Holy Grail? Modern Screen was intrigued. So intrigued, in fact, that we sent one of our ace scouts to the Eddy home with orders not to return until he had found the reason for these goings-on. Well, he's back now—and with a story that's guaranteed to astound you. The curtains, he reports, conceal a glass-fronted showcase built



18-year-alds Caaper and Granville celebrate fifteen manths af mutual adaratian!

by Mrs. Eddy herself. Within the showcase is a tiny satin-covered pillow and, on the pillow in sweet repose, is—the toy top Nelson used to play with when he was a little boy!

PARAMOUNT PATTI

Patti McCarty is Dorothy Lamour's secretary. But Patti McCarty is no ordinary secretary. Far from being a mousy little creature staring out of shell-rimmed glasses and consumed with envy for her beautiful boss, Patti is a soft-lipped, wellrounded female, whose private life is as glamorous as Dottie's own. Patti travels in the same circles as Dottie, dates Greg Bautzer's law partner, once made the rounds with Robert Preston and is currently engaged in snapping Bob Stack from the tentacles of a furious movie queen. That's not all that's unusual about Patti, however. What's even more surprising—she's the only secretary in the world who has an agent! Though she capably stenogs and cheerfully runs all errands for the gorgeous Lamour, Patti has strong movie aspirations of her own. "Someday I'll be a great star, too," she says. "Why, I just turned down a movie contract for \$100 a week because my agent wouldn't let me sign at such a small salary! What do I get from Miss Lamour, you ask? Oh, that. \$25 a week. Nice, isn't it?"

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

It was midnight at the Mocambo. The lights were dim; music sobbed in the background. Suddenly a woman entered alone. She looked about; took a few steps forward. Finally her eyes found the man she sought. She hurried toward him, oblivious to the gasps and stares that followed her to his table and sunk into a seat beside him. For two hours she sat there, her head close to his, words flowing quickly. Then suddenly she rose, drew her furs about her and, crossing the room, slipped silently into the night. The woman? Alice Faye. The man? David O. Selznick. But hold on a minute! We are not dishing up another juicy scandal! We're merely reporting that David O. is planning another Selznick super-duper, and Alice, long hungry for an important dramatic role, may play a part in same. Their meeting was strictly business and probably sowed the seed from which another great dramatic star will grow.

ALL BUT THE WEDDING MARCH

Mrs. Tierney might have hastened her official okay on Rudy if she knew what a really bright fellow he is. Come to think of it, who but a bright fellow could have dreamed up a stunt such as Rudy inaugurated at his beautiful Maine hunting lodge? Soon after he bought the place, Rudy named every room in the house after a song with which he'd been associated, and in each room installed a music box which plays that special tune. Thus—his barroom is dedicated to the "Stein Song," his study is called "My Sin" and his bedroom—well, you probably guessed it—his bedroom is called "The Vagabond Lover". . . .

by Sylvia Kahn



Gracie Allen watches the ponies at Santa Anita with the perpetually devated Stu Erwins, celebrating their 10th anniversary this summer.



Statistically speaking, it's three years of bliss far 30-year-ald Virginia Bruce and hubby, ex-stage player, J. Walter Ruben who's 40.



Bob Taylor chats with Mrs. Gary Caaper, whose jewels cantributed ta an estimated \$100,000 callectian af gems at their table.

HORRIBLE PAST

Two suffering sisters who ought to know each other are Hedy Lamarr and Mary Livingstone. Both are bawling in their broth over the same problem, and they might as well bawl together. Their mutual headache is, of course, pictures. Only this time it's not a matter of making them, but of destroying them. Hedy, though she may hee-haw the idea, is still tearing her hair because "Ecstasy," her European contribution to the art of cinematic undress, continues to goosepimple American audiences. And Mary's trouble is very similar. She'd spend every last cent of lack Benny's allowance, if she could round up all photographs of herself taken before her recent facial alteration. We just don't understand these actresses. First they knock themselves out trying to get their pictures before the public—then they knock themselves out all over again trying to get them back!

FOR SHAME, HEDY!

Note to Hedy Lamarr: If you've been wonder-

ing why George Sanders never phoned for a second date, here's your answer. George went to a lot of trouble getting himself introduced to you. When your first appointment was set up, he looked forward to a full evening of fun. He wanted to hold you in his arms as you danced at Ciro's; to look deep into your eyes as you cocktailed at the Mocambo—and he even hoped he might snatch a kiss before you parted for the night. And do you remember what happened, Hedy? No? Well, we'll tell you. You greeted him warmly, invited him into your dimly-lit living room . . . and spent the entire evening talking philosophy! Not even Hedy Lamarr can get away with that!

LEAVE IT TO ANNIE!

Unless Warner Bros. bigwigs scan this column, they're going to go right on wondering about the identity of the mysterious "Mrs. Finklestein" who's flooding the studio with phone calls. They haven't the slightest suspicion that the lady is none other than their own Ann Sheridan! When the Brothers flipped Annie off their payroll they also forbade her to have any contact with studio employees. But silly regulations can't stop that Sheridan gall Now, whenever she feels the urge to gab with one of her pals down at the office, she wraps herself around a telephone, dials the studio and blithely informs the operator that "Missie Finklestein is callink Chimmy Cegney, pliz!"

FOWL PLAY

At least one person was saddened by Ann's studio break-her old friend, Cesar Romero. Cesar got to worrying about Annie, one day, and about how she was out of work and all alone in a big house with no one to take care of her. So unhappy did his wondering make him, he was finally moved to go out and buy a little skinny chicken, which he had feathered and delivered to Ann's house. Accompanying the chicken was a note. It Hope this will tide you over till better times arrive!" Topper to the story is that the chicken came on Ann's cook's day off—and Ann was expecting George Brent for dinner. Having nothing ready to feed him, she popped the bird into the oven and that same evening served a delicious roast to her present beau with the unintentional compliments of her old one!

MATER DATA

Joan Crawford hasn't been doing much talking since she returned from New York. However, since one can learn much about a child by studying its parent, we asked our agents to dig up some inside information on Anna LeSueur, Joan's pretty little mother. Here's what they found out: (a) Mrs. LeSueur lives in a seven-room apartment, maintained by Joan. (b) The apartment is furnished with pieces left over from Joan's marriages to Franchot Tone and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. (c) She uses the names "LeSueur" and "Crawford" alternately as the whim takes her. (d) She scorns maids—does all her own housework. (e) She still calls Joan "Lucille." (f) She often drives miles into the country for fresh eggs which she brings to Joan's house. She also brings homemade pies and cakes to the studio. (g) Doug, Jr., is her great friend. He never fails to visit her when he's in the neighborhood. (h) She owns five enormous scrapbooks containing clippings about Joan. (i) She is very proud of two pictures displayed in her living-room. The first is of Joan and her daughter Christina, dressed in identical sweaters, and inscribed "To our dear mother, from her two babies." The second is a portrait of Jeanette MacDonald. That one is inscribed: "To Mrs. LeSueur. How proud you must bel Admiringly, Jeanette MacDonald."

ALOHA DEANNA

Deanna Durbin has chosen her honeymoon spot. It's lush, seductive Hawaii. The newly-wedded Vaughn Pauls will have six weeks on the islands—six weeks of thrilling tropical nights and alorious sun-filled days-before settling down as old married folk in Hollywood. We understand that Deanna named June 7th as her wedding date because there's a boat leaving for Honolulu that same evening. She's fearful of practical jokers and prefers to spend her wedding night risking seasickness on the Pacific to remaining within easy reach of her prankster friends.

FWANTIC MISS FWANCIS

Someday, movie fans of America are going to pick up their morning newspapers and discover that an infuriated writer has clunked Kay Francis over the head with a vase. When that day comes, not even Kay will be surprised. She's been angling for just that for a long time. The whole trouble is her "r's." After all these years, Kay still can't pronounce them! Therefore, whenever she's presented with a new script, she simply sits herself down, cheerfully scratches out every word that contains the offending letter and replaces it with a word of her own! The fact that the author may have labored six months over his beautiful prose doesn't faze Miss Francis in the least. As she explained to fuming writer Eddie Moran on the set of "The Man Who Lost Himself," "I hate to do this, but I must because of those damned cwitics! They just wip me to pieces, evewy time I have a bit of twouble with a scwipt!"

ENTER MAUREEN ELIZABETH

Here's one angle the birth notices skipped. when they recorded the début of the Jane Wyman-Ronald Reagan initial production. The morning Jane discovered she was to become a mother, she put in a mental order for a son. Ronnie, meanwhile, began praying passionately that Reagan, Jr., would be a girl. When the day came for Jane's entrance into a hospital, the Reagans were faced with a problem. Should Jane enter the Queen of Angels Hospital, which is famous for its wholesale output of boy babies, or the Cedars of Lebanon which has an almost unbroken record for producing girl babies? Jane and Ronnie debated the question earnestly. But not for long. Being a loving husband, Ronnie yielded to his wife's pleas, and Jane entered the boy hospital. Two days later she gave birth to a girl!

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

Fred Astaire, nutty about horse racing, keeps a radio in his bathroom so that he can keep up with the Santa Anita bangtails even when he's tubbing. . . A bowl of guppies, presented to him by a fan, lend a cheerful, if somewhat unique, note to Ray Milland's bathroom . . A powder blue rug, almost three inches thick, greets Ann Sothern's tootsies when she steps out of her shower. The rug completely covers her bathroom floor.

TIME MARCHES ON

From the casual manner in which Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford hello-ed each other on the Metro lot, the other day, one would think

they'd just been introduced. Actually, the pair have known each other 15 years. They probably don't even remember it themselves, but they worked together in a picture in 1926! Neither was a star then, but both were young and so very beautiful that a sharp-eyed director who noticed them, signed them up promptly. Their first assignment demanded that they get into scanty costumes and with a dozen chorines form a "living chandelier" over the head of the star. The name of the picture? "Pretty Ladies." The name of the star? Zasú Pitts.

HOPE AND CHARITY

Bob Hope, whose army of gag writers has risen to the astonishing number of 11, got off the best Hope-ism of the month without the aid of any of his high-salaried funnymen. Asked by a busybody when he was going to quit appearing at "all those darned benefits," Bob spanked back with: "When kids no longer have infantile paralysis, when old folks have enough to eat, and when bombs stop dropping on defenseless people's homes."

BILLS FOR BILL

Marriage to Diana Lewis has done something for William Powell that neither of his previous altar treks could accomplish. It's rid him of the haunting fear that he would' someday land in a pauper's grave. In the old days, though he was right up in the chips, Bill always handled his dough caressingly, spent what he had to, and stored the rest away for hard times. Since wedding Diana, however, he's done an amazing turnabout. He's been pouring dollars on his bride from the day he made her Mrs. Powell, and to the moment of this writing, has never come home to dinner without bringing her an expensive gift! Twenty-year-old Diana is said to have more furs than any star in Hollywood, plus a gem collection that could rank with the finest. Why, just the other day, she wandered into a local jewelry shop, admired a \$7,000 diamond encrusted cigarette case and wandered out again. When she returned home the case was waiting on her dressing-room table. She doesn't know how Bill learned she wanted it—but we do. Her adoring groom has asked the town's leading merchants to tip him off whenever his wife displays a yen for an item in their stock—and with sables and sapphires involved, you can bet your last year's snood the boys lose no time whatsoever in doing just that!

THE PIPINGS OF PAN

Having taught a thing or two to some of the most terrific women in Hollywood, dance director Hermes Pan (where did he get that name!) is better qualified than most men to name the perfect Movietown star. According to Pan, the gal who would sock Holly. wood right between the eyes would be a composite cutie made up of Betty Grable's figure, Marlene Dietrich's legs, Alice Faye's lips (He could stop right there!), Hedy Lamarr's eyes, Greta Garbo's shoulders, Lana Turner's nose, Linda Darnell's complexion, Loretta Young's height and Bette Davis' ability. That's what you say, Mr. Pan! According to some beauties we know, your patchwork doll would still require the interest of a producer before she'd stand a chance of getting ahead!

DISA AND DATA

Tony Martin, excited owner of four new race horses, has named them Lana, Hedy, Judy and Jimmy—after mends you can probably identify . . . Humphrey Bogart and wife returned from New York with 18 dogs, 5 cats and 12 canaries . . . No one's happier than their stand-ins when Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope are co-starred in a picture. The two stand-ins are husband and wife . . . Jane Withers' salary will soon jump to \$2500 weekly . . . Billy Gilbert's mom and pop were once Metropolitan Opera stars. Billy, himself, has a remarkable voice . . . Laraine Day, too busy to do much reading as a youngster, is now catching up on children's books. She's completed "Water Babies" and is ready to start "Elsie Dinsmore"... Rumors wafted in from the Riviera say that Danielle Darrieux is separating from her husband and returning to Hollywood shortly . . . Gaylord Hauser's pet name for Garbo is "Liebchen." She calls him "Bengamino" . . . Stirling Hayden receives more phone calls from femmes in a week than he's made to them in a year . . . There's a bedroom and dressing-room standing empty in Cesar Romero's home-waiting for a wife . Gene Tierney always leaves her shoes under the table when she gets up to dance with Mickey Rooney. She doesn't want to embarrass him by flaunting her height . . . The bangs which fans will see on Claudette Colbert in "Skylark" are the same ones that have been hanging over her brow for the last ten years.

TURNER-BOUT

Lana Turner has learned from bitter experience what Miriam Hopkins, Constance Bennett, Ina Claire and many others have learned before her. That Hollywood fan magazine photographers are the friends of the star and, for the stars' own sake, mustn't be antagonized. Lately the camera-boys have been of the opinion that Lana has grown less co-operative than she was in her struggling starlet days. To punish her, they completely ignored her at a recent dinner party while they enthusiastically focused their attention on everyone else in her group. Before the evening was out, Lana was sniffling, her mother was in tears, and Louis B. Mayer, himself, had intervened. However, as we go to press, everything is lovely again and Lana is once more dimpling her beautiful phiz for all of the boys with the little black boxes.

SEQUE

Others who previously have been given the brush-off by the photogs are Adolphe Menjou, who once accused them of being "as annoying as autograph hounds;" Bing Crosby, who used to claim he was getting along well enough without bowing to flashbulbs; and Ginger Rogers, who covered her face with her hands whenever she saw a lens coming at her. Most unfortunate victim of the candid-makers' ire was Carole Lombard. Carole was snubbed for months before the boys realized the whole thing had been a misunderstanding. They later apologized by snapping her so often that poor Carole finally had to beg them to lay off for a little while.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MISSUS

Though we doubt the applause of the crowd could ever swell Pat O'Brien's head—we're certain it could never swell his wife's. There's no more real, down-to-earth unaffected person in all of Hollywood than Mrs. O'Brien. Here's what we mean. A few months ago, Mrs. O'Brien accompanied her husband to the "Knute Rockne" première in

South Bend. There, from the moment they left the train, the O'Briens were wined, dined and hurrah-ed by the town's most distin-quished citizens. But the activities of the first few days were just a warm-up for the tremendous parade, luncheon, reception and cocktail party scheduled to precede their departure. When the big day dawned, Pat dressed himself prettily and looked about for his wife. She was nowhere in sight. Pat was upset. He didn't want to leave without But South Bend was waiting and though he was ill with worry, he had to push through the day without her. Several hours later Mrs. O'Brien turned up. Shamefacedly she explained her absence. She'd discovered that the firm which had manufactured her new washing machine was located in town. Her new machine wasn't working properly. So, while an entire city was playing host to her husband, she had crept off to see the president of the company and find out what the heck he was going to do about his deficient product! P. S. She got a new ma-

Jaan Bennett and Walter Wanger are the living picture of domestic felicity despite widespread rumars af a matrimanial upset.



Arleen Whelan and her Egyptian-barn spause, Alexander D'Arcy, wha was recently vated ane af the best-dressed men in the warld.



It's all came true for Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews wha vowed 3 years ago ta make marriage the big thing in bath their livesl





ABOUT \$15

Have at least one Selective Service print! An Enka rayon in red, white and navy. At Betty Blanc, Hollywood.

Suit Yourself



Carefree Contons

Constance Moore featured in Paramount's "I Wanted Wings"





- Pink rambler roses with dark green leaves are boldly splashed on yellow piqué.
 Tiny green buttons all the way to hem.
- 2. For play or for town. A two-piece dress of red and white checked seersucker, tailored stitching on collar and cuffs.
- A gay seersucker with slim, diagonal lines — red, blue, green and yellow stripes — banded in blue chambray.

How to become Some Man's Dream Girl



Lesson *1 - Launching your Campaign

You've just met him—in fact, you're barely past the "how d'you do" stage. But a hopeful flip of your heart indicates that here is a situation with Possibilities. How are you going to make him feel the same way about things? How are you going to catch his wandering eye and hold it? Here are some pointers that'll help you fool-proof your opening campaign:—



DONT at the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!



DO line up a couple of other conquests for decoy. He'll follow the crowd. P.S. In any Battle of the Sexes, your best bet is a complexion of disarming sweetness. Concentrate on Pond's Creams maneuvers. Nightly. Before make-up!



DONT let any other man drag you into a shady corner and tell you the story of his life. If your hero sees you at all, he'll be too polite to break in on such a cozy tête-à-tête.



DO stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch that with a brisk daily 3-minute patting-in of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off cream-softened dirt and old make-up with gentle Pond's Tissues. Repeat! See how this double cleansing and softening with Pond's makes pores seem smaller—little "dry" lines show less!



DONT take the initiative on the cheek-to-cheek stuff when he asks you to dance. If he's a conservative, he may think you a forward miss. If he im't, you'll soon find out!



have a skin that looks and feels so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness—and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips offlittle roughnesses like—that!



DONT try to dazzlehim with your wit and beauty when he's already blinded by the shine on your nose. There's nothing—no nothing!—so sad and ridiculous as a shinynosed girl trying to be a charmer.



DO look flower-fresh and dream-girly right through to the all-important good-night. Dead or departed make-up won't haunt you a second if you put your powder over a glamorizing foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



DON'T sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.



DO send for Pond's beauty kit! Such beauties as striking Mrs. John Jacob Astor, sparkling Liz Whitney, winsome Margaret Biddle are Pond's devotees. And don't dally! Another She may be luring him on this very minute!

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVD Clinton, Conn.

I want to launch my dream-girl campaign right! Please send me—pronto!—Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Tissues, Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Vanishing Cream. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.



Name_

Address_



EASY...SQUEEZY





New nail glamour

straight from

a tube:

• Now you just squeeze a manicure! The tube is the brush. It paints your nails in a flash. Try it, and you'll never go back to bottles. Carry the light little tubes with you, keep a set in your desk. Never mind a chip...whip out PLEDGE wherever you are and repair it! Glamorous nails for every date, this new easy-squeezy way. Choose from 15 thrilling new colors. At leading variety chain store cosmetics counters.

Complete manicure in 4 tubes

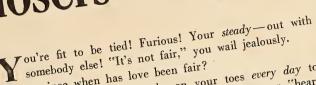
- * LIQUID NAIL ENAMEL ... Almost applies itself . . . from new brush-tube.
- * POLISH REMOVER ... Felt-tip tube does the job . . . no cotton necessary.
- ★ CUTICLE SOFTENER . . . Flows from tube into small NYLON brush-tip.
- * NAIL CREAM ... Felt-tipped tube is cleverly shaped to massage the nails.

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THE OHIO COSMETICS CO. FREMONT, OHIO · NEW YORK CITY



(Continued from page	27) AGE	•	HEIGHT	•	WEIGHT	•	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
BERGEN, EDGAR	38	•	5' 8"	•	135	•	unmarried
BOGART, HUMPHREY	40	•	5' 11"	•	150	•	married wife working
BOLGER, RAY	38	•	5' 10½''	•	135	•	married wife inactive
BOWMAN, LEE	27	•	6' 1"	•	160	•	unmarried
BOYD, WILLIAM	42	•	6' 0''	•	180	•	married wife working
BOYER, CHARLES	41	•	5' 9"	•	150	•	married wife working
BRENT, GEORGE	36	•	6' 1''	•	170	•	divorced
BROWN, JOE E.	48	•	5' 71/2"	•	149	•	married wife inactive five children
BROWN, JOHN MACK	36	•	6' 1''	•	165	•	married wife inactive three children
BROWN, TOM	28	•	5' 101/2"	•	162	•	divorced
BURNETTE, SMILEY	- 30	•	6' 0''	•	230	•	married wife inactive two children
BURNS, BOB	44	•	6' 2"	•	201	•	married wife inactive four children
BURNS, GEORGE	41	•	5' 9''	•	151	•	married wife working two children
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES	41	•	5' 7''	•	145	•	married wife inactive
BYRD, RALPH	32	•	6' 1''	•	180	•	married wife working
CABOT, BRUCE	36	•	6' 11/2"	•	180	•	divorced
CAGNEY, JAMES	36	•	5' 81/2"	•	150	•	married wife inactive
CANTOR, EDDIE	48	•	5' 7''	•	135	•	married wife inactive five children
CARLSON, RICHARD	29	•	6' 0''	•	170	•	married
CARRADINE, JOHN	35	•	6' 1"	•	150	•	married wife inactive two children
CARRILLO, LEO	41	•	5' 10''	•	178	•	married wife inactive one child
CARROLL, JOHN	28	•	6' 1"	•	196	•	divorced one child
CARSON, JACK	30	•	6' 2"	•	195	•	married wife working
CHANEY, LON, JR.	26	•	6' 2"	•-	190	•	married wife inactive two children
CHAPLIN, CHARLES	52	•	5' 6"	•	130	•	married wife working two children
COLMAN, RONALD	50	•	5' 11"	•	158	•	married wife inactive
CONNOLLY, WALTER	53	•	5' 9''	•	190	•	married one child
						(Continued on page 62)

"finders keepers... losers weepers'



But since when has love been fair? Nowadays you've got to be on your toes every day to keep some pretty panther from pouncing on your "heart

Break a date or two, and next thing you know you're sitting home twiddling your thumbs! Popular girls know interest"! how to keep going, and keep smiling, regardless of what day of the month it is . . . know how to take "difficult days"

How do they do it ...? Well-just up and ask 'em! in their stride! You'll learn something worth knowing . . .

You'll learn that most of those carefree, "always-on-the-go"

Ask why and they'll tell you it's because Kotex is so girls use Kotex sanitary napkins.

The more talkative ones will even explain the reason. They'll say Kotex is less bulky . . . less apt to chafe . . . comfortable!

Others will praise the flat, invisible ends . . . and rave because it's made in soft folds! about the moisture-resistant "safety panel". (They're the

But the majority will just say, "Kotex is so comfortable" girls who value peace of mind!) and let it go at that. After all, comfort is the main thing! And it's comfort that has made Kotex so popular. More

popular, in fact, than all other brands put together!

Have you read the much-talked about booklet "As One Girl To Another"? It's new. It's free! And it tells just what you need to know! Discusses swimming, bathing, dancing, social contacts, mental attitude, good grooming, tampons.

Like to have a copy? Then send your name and address (a penny post-card will do) to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MM-4, Chicago, Illinois. Send today! Before you forget.

> Kotex* means comfort . . . at the time you need it most



Regular-Junior-Super-sell for the same low price!



LOST AMONG THE LIPSTICKS?...JUST

Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



Stop experimenting with "fad" shades and ask for Tangee NATURAL Lipstick. As you apply it, notice how it changes from *orange* in the stick to produce your own most flattering shade of vibrant blush rose.

You'll thrill to the smartness of the "Matched Make-Up" that harmonizes with this famous lipstick... Tangee NATURAL Rouge, and the famous Tangee Face Powder.

Remember: Tangee NATURAL Lipstick is made with a pure cream base which helps prevent chapping and ends that dry, "drawn" feeling.



(Continued from page	60)						
NAME	AGE	•	HEIGHT	•	WEIGHT	•	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
COOPER, GARY	39	•	6' 2"	•	175	•	married wife inoctive ane child
COOPER, JACKIE	18	•	5' 9''	•	145	•	unmorried
CORRIGAN, RAY	34	•	6' 2"	•	199	•	unmarried
CORSON, WILLIAM	31	•	6' 1''	•	170	•	unmarried
CRAIG, JAMES	29	•	6' 3"	•	190	•	unmarried
CRAVEN, FRANK	66	•	5' 81/2"	•	142	•	morried one child
CRAWFORD, BRODERICK	36	•	6' 11/4"	•	190	•,	morried wife warking
CROMWELL, RICHARD	31	•	5' 10"	•	148	•	unmorried
CROSBY, BING	36	•	5'. 9''	•	165	•	morried three children
CROSBY, BOB	27 °	•	6' 0''	•	185	•	morried wife inactive one child
CUMMINGS, BOB	30	•	6' 1"	•	178	•	married wife inoctive
CURTIS, ALAN	30	•	6' 1''	•	180	•	married
CURTIS, DICK	39	•	6' 3''	•	204	•	married
DARRO, FRANKIE	23	•	5' 3"	•	114	•	morried wife inoctive
DAVIS, JOHNNY	31	•	5' 10"	•	158	•	married wife inactive one child
DEKKER, ALBERT	37	•	6' 21/2"	•	190	•	morried wife inactive twa children
DENNING, RICHARD	25	•	6' 1"	•	180	•	unmarried
DEVINE, ANDY	35	•	6' 2"	•	245	•	married two children
DINEHART, ALAN	51	•	6' 0"	•	165	•	married ane child
DIX, RICHARD	45	•	6' 0"	•	180	•	morried two children
DONAT, RICHARD	36	•	6' 0''	•	165	•	married three children
DONLEVY, BRIAN	36	•	6' 0"	•	190	•	married
DOUGLAS, MELVYN	40	•	6' 11/2"	•	180	•	married three children
DUNN, JAMES	35	•	6' 0"	•	157	•	married wife inactive
EBSEN, BUDDY	36	•	6' 2''	•	174	•	morried wife working
EDDY, NELSON	39		6, 0,,	•	173	•	married wife inactive ane child
ELLIOTT, BILL	26	•	6' 1"	•	173	•	married wife inoctive one child
ELLISON, JAMES	31	•	6' 3''	•	170	•	married ane child
ERIKSON, LEIF	26	•	6' 31/2"	•	195	•	morried wife warking
						(C	ontinued on page 64)







Alluring, boldly lovely, the twinkling brilliance of your fingernails conveys a message, a message to a man's intuition, of the loveliness of all of you! Let Dura-Gloss bring its gift of gem-flashing beauty to your fingernails! Do what millions of thrilled women are doing, switch your affections to Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting polish that has swept America like a prairie fire! A tiny dime—ten cents—is all you pay for Dura-Gloss—but compare Dura-Gloss to polishes costing up to ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss today!

DURA-GLOSS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

- (1) Some nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.
- (2) Some nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.
- (3) Some nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."
- (4) Some nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss lasts.

Key up your fascination by changing your "beauty pace"

THREE DIFFERENT SHADES OF ROUGE MAKE YOU THREE DIFFERENT WOMEN



"Variety is the spice of life." To keep his interest highly spiced—be one woman today-another tomorrow-still another the next day. Change your "beauty pace"! Varying your shade of rouge does it—amazingly but you can't perform the miracle successfully with single-tone, flat-color rouges. A strange shade of such rouge would look artificial and out-of-place on you. You CAN do it perfectly with Princess Pat duo-tone rouge —(an undertone and overtone). Any of the shades will so perfectly blend into your skin color as to seem exactly, entirely yours! Try

this experiment in the interest of brightening your glamour. Get several shades of Princess Pat rouge. See how a change in your "beauty pace" keys up your fascination! You'll be delighted and thrilled beyond words to tell.

The Right Way to Rouge. Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending

PRINCESS PAT duo-tone Rouge





E THE GIRL— vhose kiss can't smear!

.. use Princess Pat LIQUID Lip Tone Positively cannot smear . . won't ruh off, no matter what your lips may touch. One application stays on many hours. Heavenly shades. At the smarter stores Si. Send quarter for generous trial bottles of LIQUID. Lip Tone and Remover (both for only 25c coin). State color of hair and eyes so correct shade can he sent.

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. L-2741, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago

(Continued from page	62)						·
NAME	AGE	•	HEIGHT	•	WEIGHT	•	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
ERWIN, STUART	39	•	5' 9"	•	165	•	married wife inactive twa children
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS	33	•	6' 1"	•	170	•	married wife inactive ane child
FLYNN, ERROL	31	•	6' 2''	•	180	•	married wife inactive
FONDA, HENRY	32	•	6' 1"	•	170	•	married wife inactive twa children
							1 1

ERWIN, STUART	39	•	5' 9''	•	165	•	married wife inactive twa children
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS	33	•	6' 1''	•	170	•	married wife inactive ane child
FLYNN, ERROL	31	•	6' 2"	•	180	•	married wife inactive
FONDA, HENRY	32	•	6' 1"	•	170	•	married wife inactive twa children
FORAN, DICK	30	•	6' 21/2"	•	205	•	separated twa children
FORD, GLENN	25	•	6' 11/2"	•	155	•	unmarried
FOSTER, PRESTON	38	•	6' 2"	•	200	•	married ane child
GABLE, CLARK	39	•	6' 1"	•	190	•	married wife warking
GARFIELD, JOHN	28	•	5' 9''	•	193	•	married wife inactive ane child
GARGAN, WILLIAM	35	•	6' 0''	•	170	•	married wife inactive twa children
GORCEY, LEO	24	•	5' 7''	•	145	•	married wife inactive
GRANT, CARY	31	•	6' 1"	•	172	•	divarced
GREENE, RICHARD	26	•	6' 0''	•	170	•	unmarried
HALE, ALAN	49	•	6' 2''	•	210	•	married wife inactive twa children
HALL, JON	28	•	6' 2"	•	195	•	married wife warking
HAYDEN, RUSSELL	28	•	6' 3''	•	170	•	married ane child
HAYES, GEORGE	52	•	5' 11"	•	168	•	married ane child
HAYES, PETER	23	•	5' 11"	•	168	•	married wife warking
HAYWARD, LOUIS	32	•	5' 11"	•	154	•	married wife warking
HENRY, WILLIAM	34	•	5' 11"	•	155	•	married ane child
HERBERT, HUGH	53	•	5' 81/2''	•	170	•	married wife inactive
HERSHOLT, JEAN	54	•	5' 11"	•	185	•	married wife inactive ane child
HINDS, SAMUEL .	66	•	5' 11''	•	150	•	married wife inactive twa children
HOLDEN, WILLIAM	23	•	6' 0''	•	165	, •	unmarried
HOLT, TIM	21	•	5' 1 "	•	165	•	married wife inactive ane child
HOLT, JACK	52	•	6' 0''	•	180	•	divarced twa children
						10	74:

(Continued on page 66)



She was guilty of

"One Neglect

few husbands ever forgive . . . "Lysol" helps prevent this

HER newspaper column is eagerly read by millions who seek advice on marital problems. When it comes to keeping love and romance alive, she thinks she knows all the answers.

Yet, there is *one* important answer she has never learned...and so, despite all her beauty, talent and charm, her *own* marriage is a tragic failure.

There is always a reason when a husband's love grows cold. Sometimes the cause is the woman's neglect of intimate, personal hygiene. Thousands of women make sure of their bodily daintiness by the regular use of "Lysol".

"Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Probably no other disinfectant is so widely used for feminine hygiene.

6 Special Features of "Lysol"

I. Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. 2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic

System Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). 3. Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually search out germs. 4. Economy... Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. 5. Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6. Stobility... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD
What Every Womon Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP. Dept.M.S. 441, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A. Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".
Name
Street
CityState
Copyright, 1941, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

New Make-up New Sensation



LIPSTICK and ROUGE

by Elmo

Deep Sea Make-up, the new Fashion sensation, is now available in fifty-cent sizes. It's utterly smart and very, very flattering—the most glamourous make-up you have ever worn!

Ask for the Varsity size Climatized* Lipstick in these lovely high fashion shades—FIRE CORAL, a deep flaming coral; Fathom Red, a rich luscious red with rose overtones. Made from the same exclusive formula as the luxury size lipstick, giving your lips the same protection from harsh weather. Dry Rouge to match, in a dainty, convenient enamel case.

Harsity Lipstick and

Jry Ronge

50¢

EACH

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Elmo

SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page	64) AGE	•	HEIGHT	٠	WEIGHT	•	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
HOPE, BOB	33	•	5' 10''	•	165	•	married wife inactive twa children
HOWARD, JOHN	28	•	5' 10''	•	150	•	unmarried
HOWARD, LESLIE	48	•	5' 101/2''	•	145	•	married wife inactive twa children
HUBBARD, JOHN	27	•	6' 0''	•	165	•	married wife inactive ane child
HUNTER, IAN	40	•	6' 0"	•	195	•	married wife inactive twa children
JAGGER, DEAN	37	•	6' 2"	•	198	•	married wife inactive
JENKINS, ALLEN	41	•	5' 101/2"	•	150	•	married wife inactive ane child
JONES, ALLAN	36	•	6' 0''	•	175	•	married wife warking twa children
JONES, BUCK	51	•	6' 0''	•	173	•	married twa children
JORY, VICTOR	38	•	6' 11/2" -	•	190	•	married wife inactive ane child
KARLOFF, BORIS	53	•	6' 0''	•	175	•	married wife inactive
KIBBEE, GUY	55	•	5' 10''	•	200	•	married wife inactive faur children
KRUGER, OTTO	55	•	5' 9''	•	130	•	married wife inactive ane child
LAKE, ARTHUR	27	•	6' 0''	•	169	•	married wife warking
LAUGHTON, CHARLES	41	•	5' 101/2"	•	190	•	married wife warking
LEDERER, FRANCIS	34	•	6' 0''	•	170	•	divarced
LITEL, JOHN	46	•	5' 11"	•	180	•	married wife inactive
LIVINGSTON, BOB	32	•	6' 0''	•	180		married wife inactive
LOCKHART, GENE	48	•	5' 7''	•	165	•	married wife inactive ane child
LORRE, PETER	36	•	5' 5''	•	160	•	married wife inactive
LUGOSI, BELA,	52	•	5' I''	•	167	•	married " wife inactive
LUKAS, PAUL	50	•	6' 2''	•	182	•	married wife inactive
LUNDIGAN, WILLIAM	26	•	6' 2''	•	170	•	unmarried
LYNN, JEFFREY	32	•	6' 0''	•	158	•	unmarried
MacLANE, BARTON	38	•	6' 1''	•	198	•	married wife warking
						((Continued on page 68)

PHILADELPHIA

NOW-RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME-HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO TAKE A LL YOU DO T

LUX SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL. PAT THE FACIALS are quick, easy LATHER LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN and they WORK! This lovely Hollywood star shows you just how she uses Lux Toilet Soap to guard her priceless complexion. This gentle care removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Try Active-Lather Facials for 30 days! See what they can do for you! STAR OF WARNER BROS. "STRAWBERRY BLONDE" RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COOL PAT LIGHTLY TO DRY. SKIN FEELS SOFTER. SMOOTHER. AND LOVELY SKIN'S IMPORTANT! Milder! Costly Perfume! Pure! ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it to protect loveliness



SOCIALLY ALERT WOMEN USE TAMPAX



STYLE LEADERS don't just "wonder about" new ideas. They try them out themselves...
For instance, take Tampax—monthly sanitary protection that does away with pin-and-belt problems and maintains a perfect silhouette in any costume . . .

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs gently and naturally, permitting no odor to form; therefore no deodorants are needed. No bulging, no chafing, no visible edge-lines. The wearer does not feel Tampax while it is in place. It is so compact there are no disposal problems. no disposal problems.

Tampax comes hygienically sealed in individual one-time-use applicators, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax

genious your hands never touch the rampacat all! And a month's supply will go in an ordinary purse. Now in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. Atdrugstores and notion counters. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED

New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10f (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR	() 30FER	() , , ,
Name		
Address		

City.

(Continued from pag							
NAME	AGE	•	HEIGHT	• V	VEIGHT	•	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
MacMURRAY, FRED	32	•	6' 31/2''	•	185	•	married wife inactive ane child
MARCH, FREDRIC	43	•	6' 0''	•	175	•	married wife warking twa children
MARSHAL, ALAN	32	•	6' 1/2"	•	165	•	married wife inactive ane child
MARSHALL, HERBERT	47	•	5' 10"	•	155 -	•	married wife inactive ane child
MARTIN, TONY	28	•	6' 0"	•	175	•	divarced
MARX, CHICO	50	•	5' 6''	•	135	•	married wife inactive ane child
MARX, GROUCHO	45	• •	5' 7''	•	155	•	married wife inactive
MARX, HARPO	47	•	5' 7"	•	140	•	married ane child
MASSEY, RAYMOND	44	•	6' 2''	•	158	•	married wife inactive three children
McCREA, JOEL	35	•	6' 2"	•	185	•	married wife wärking twa children
McHUGH, FRANK	42	•	5' 7''	•	147	•	married wife inactive three children
McLAGLEN, VICTOR	54	•	6' 3"	•	225	•	married wife inactive twa children
McPHAIL, DOUGLAS	31	•	6' 0''	•	170	•	married wife warking ane child
MENJOU, ADOLPHE	51	•	5' 9''	•	153	•	married wife warking ane child
MEREDITH, BURGESS	32	•	5' 8''	•	134	•	divarced
MILLAND, RAY	34	•	6' 1/2"	•	170	•	married wife inactive ane child
MITCHELL, THOMAS	45	•	5' 9''	•	160	•	married wife inactive ane child
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT	36	•	6' 1''	•	165	•	married wife inactive twa children
MORGAN, DENNIS	30	•	6' 2''	`•	195	•	married wife inactive twa children
MORGAN, FRANK	50	•	6' 1"	•	190	é	married wife inactive
MORRIS, CHESTER	40	•	5' 9"	•	155	•	married wife inactive twa children
MORRIS, WAYNE	27	•	6' 2''	` •	190	•	divarced ane child
MOWBRAY, ALAN	44	•	6' 0''	•	158	•	married wife inactive twa children

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR NAIL POLISH NOW IN

World's Most Beautiful Bottle

50% bigger

ACTUAL SHADE
ON THE CAP

UTEX 10F

NEW BOTTLE DESIGNED BY DONALD DESKEY, FAMOUS NEW YORK INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER

TRIPLE GOOD NEWS for glamour experts! An exquisite new "dressing-table" bottle! 50% more of the wonderful porous Cutex Polish! And a new cap that has the actual shade you're buying painted right on it. The loveliest, biggest bottle in Cutex history. Try the newest shade—thrilling, startling BLACK RED! All Cutex Polish now on sale is Porous—and as long wearing as ever! Get a bottle today—only 10¢.



"I held wonderful cards



You can't HIDE underarm stain but you CAN PREVENT IT!

Kleinerts NU-PIN

Why be self-conscious and embarrassed, why spoil both your dress and your fun for lack of a little forethought and a

pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields! End those unhappy moments of anxiety and useless regret - promise yourself NOW to put Kleinert's Dress Shields in every dress before you wear it even once!

There are so many "Kleinert" ways to daintiness-shields to sew in, shields that require less than a minute to pin in—and shields attached to little bras so they're always ready to wear with any dress. Shields in colors, sizes and shapes to fill every need.

They're inexpensive, too, and simple to keep dainty and fresh. Just swish them through lukewarm Ivory suds and press them with a warm iron. Good Notion Counters offer Kleinert's Dress Shields from 25¢ up – and you can be sure of guaranteed satisfaction if you ask for Kleinert's and look for the name on the shield itself.

TORONTO . NEW YORK . LONDON

You, too, will find it PAYS to buy DRESS SHIELDS

(Continued from page NAME	AGE	•	HEIGHT	• WE	IGHT	•	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
MUNI, PAUL	43	•	5' 10''	•	65	•	married wife inactive
MURPHY, GEORGE	37	•	5' 11'	•	178	•	married wife inactive ane child
NAISH, J. CARROL	41	•	5' 91/2"	•	152	•	married wife inactive ane child
NIVEN, DAVID	32	•	6' 0''	•	170	•	married wife inactive
NOLAN, LLOYD	36	•	5' 10½''	•	184	•	married wife inactive
OAKIE, JACK	37	•	5' 11"	•	170	•	married wife inactive
O'BRIEN, EDMOND	25	•	5' 9''	•	170	•	unmarried
O'BRIEN, GEORGE	41	•	6' 1''	• :	200	•	married wife inactive two children
O'BRIEN, PAT	41	•	5' 11"	•	199	•	married wife inactive three children
O'KEEFE, DENNIS	29	•	6' 2"	•	175	•	married wife warking
OLIVIER, LAURENCE	34	•	5' 10''	•	165	•	married wife warking ane child
OVERMAN, LYNNE	53	•	5''111/2"	•	142	•	married wife inactive
PALLETTE, EUGENE	51	•	5' 9''	•	185	•	married wife inactive
PAYNE, JOHN	28	•	6' 2''	•	175	•	married wife warking one child
PENDLETON, NAT	41	•	6' 0''	• :	200	•	divorced ane child
PIDGEON, WALTER	42	•	6' 2"	•	190	•	separated ane child
POWELL, DICK	36	•	6' 0''	•	l 72	•	married wife warking two children
POWELL, LEE	32	•	6' 2''	•	190	•	unmarried
POWELL, WILLIAM	48	•	6' 2"	•	168	•	married wife working one child
POWER, TYRONE	26	•	5' 11"	•	155	•	married wife inactive
PRESTON, ROBERT	23	•	6' 0''	•	175	•	married wife warking
PRICE, VINCENT	29		6' 4''	•	180	•	married wife inactive one child
QUINN, ANTHONY	26 .	•	6' 2"	•	192	•	married wife warking one child
RAFT, GEORGE	36	•	5' 10''	•	155	•	separated one child



Does your skin look dull, lifeless?...

Try HOLLYWOOD'S

FACE POWDER



TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...

Originated by Max Factor Hollywood, this remarkable lipstick has four features... lifelike red of your lips...2. non-drying, but indelible...3. safe for sensitive lips...4. eliminates lipstick line. Color harmony shades for your type...\$1.00

HAVE YOU been looking for a powder that would give your skin the color, the appeal of youthful beauty? Then try this famous face powder created by Max Factor Hollywood.

First, you'll marvel at the glorious beauty of the original color harmony shades. Second, you'll be amazed how the unusual clinging quality aids in creating a lasting, satin-smooth make-up.

Try the color harmony shade for your type...see how it adds loveliness to your looks...\$1.00

Max factor + Hollywood



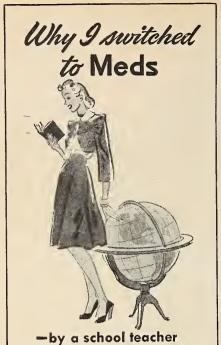
ROUGE...

There's a lifelike shade of Max Factor Hollywood Rouge for your type to complete your make-up in color harmony... 50¢



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

NAME____ STREET___



Ancient history is my subject—but when it comes to sanitary protection, I'm all for the modern, internal way. And I've always wished I didn't have to pay extra to get it. So I certainly was delighted when Modess brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. I like Meds far, far better. And they're the only tampons in individual applicators so wonderfully inexpensive.





Method—Specially
Made for Blondes—Washes Hair
Shades Lighter—Safely!

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep hlonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes throughout the country use BLONDEX, the shampoo made specially for them. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out every glorious highlight. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing finer for children's hair. Get BLONDEX at drug, department or 10c stores.

(Continued from page NAME	70) AGE	•	NEIGHT	•	WEIGHT	•	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
RAINS, CLAUDE	41	•	5' 101/2''	•	165	•	morried wife inoctive one child
RATHBONE, BASIL	48	•	6' 11/2"	•	174	•	morried wife warking one child
RAYMOND, GENE	32	•	5' 10''	•	165	•	morried wife warking
REAGAN, RONALD	26	•	6' 0''	•	170	•	married wife warking ane child
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.	47	•	5' 8''	•	158	•	married wife inoctive twa children
ROGERS, BUDDY	36	•	6' 0''	•	175	•	morried wife inoctive
ROGERS, ROY	28	•	5' 10¾''	•	155	•	morried wife inactive ane child
ROMERO, CESAR	34	•	6' 2''	•	170	•	unmorried
ROONEY, MICKEY	20	•	5' 2''	•	128	•	unmarried
RUGGLES, CHARLES	51	•	5' 6''	•	145	•	divarced
SANDERS, GEORGE	35	•	6' 3''	•	215	•	unmorried
SCOTT, RANDOLPH	- 38	•	6' 2''	•	190	•	seporated
SHELTON, JOHN	27	•	6' 1"	•	171	•	divorced
STACK, ROBERT	22	•	6' 1''	•	175	•	unmorried
STARRETT, CHARLES	37	•	6' 2''	•	180	•	married wife inoctive two children
STEPHENSON, JAMES	38	•	6' 0''	•	172	•	morried wife inactive ane child
STERLING, ROBERT	24	•	6' 11/2"	•	175	•	unmarried
STEWART, JAMES	32	•	6' 3''	•	158	•	unmarried
STONE, LEWIS	61	•	5' 101/2''	•	160	•	morried wife inoctive twa children
TAMIROFF, AKIM	42	•	5' 8''	•	180	•	morried wife inoctive
TAYLOR, ROBERT	29	•	6' 0''	•	165	•	morried wife warking
TONE, FRANCHOT	36	•	6' 0''	•	160	•	divarced
TRACY, SPENCER	40	•	5' 10''	•	165	•	married wife inactive two children
TUCKER, FORREST	26	•	6' 4''	•	205	•	married wife warking
WAYNE, JOHN	- 33	•	6' 2''	•	198	•	morried wife inoctive three children
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY	35	•	6' 3''	•	190	•	morried wife inactive one child
WELLES, ORSON	25	•	6' 3''	•	200	•	divorced ane child

THINK WITH YOUR HEART

(Continued from page 35)

as it had him, allowed her less and less freedom.

She grew homesick for the warm, simple things of her youth. Behind the constant talk of munitions which had once thrilled her as intrigue, she could hear women crying for the men those munitions were designed to kill. And the jewels bought with their profits lay against her throat and arms cold as death.

"Let me go back to the studios!" she implored Mandl. Work had saved others from unhappiness, and she hoped it would do as much for her. She wanted her marriage to endure.

But Fritz Mandl forbade her even to

think of such a thing.

One dog in the kennels Hedy loved more than all the rest. Walking with this dog in the woods that lay beyond the lawns and gardens and meadow, she tried to outdistance her restlessness and apprehension. And it was in those woods, where the moss made a soft carpet, and it was always twilight, that she heard her father's

voice again for the first time.
"Hedylendelein?" It came as gently and

clearly as when they had been together in the same room. "Hedylendelein?" Simply enough she explains his voice reaching her. "Either he was there in spirit, or I heard him in spirit," she says. "Which it was doesn't matter in the least." "Which it was doesn't matter in the least." The result was the same! "Hedylendelein" had been her father's endearment for her, and it reminded her of things she had nearly forgotten. It reminded her, among other things, to think with her heart.

In 1937, when Fritz Mandl was in the mountains hunting, Hedy ran away. She went from Austria to France. She crossed the channel to England. She crossed the sea to New York. She crossed the continent to California. For there comes a time when those who listen to their heart must turn away from security and go on alone no matter how rough or uncertain the road may be.

"She's just another foreigner!" Holly-wood said. There was no fanfare over her arrival. And Metro, aware Hedy was not an actress of any wide experience, put her to work with a dramatic coach.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months, and nothing happened. Hedy might have changed this by impressing many with talk of the splendor she had known and by entertaining

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10

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"They said I shouldn't have adopted the baby!"



1. The girls didn't realize that I was on the bench behind them, or they wouldn't have been talking about me. I didn't interrupt them because I was naturally curious to hear what they'd say.



2. "She should never have adopted that baby! She's spoiling it terribly," Jane was saying. "Why, I was there the other day and, my dear, I wish you could see the things she has for that child! She's raising her like an orchid!"



3. "Special diapers, foods, soap, and I'll be darned if she didn't even have a special laxa-That was my cue! "Jane Thompson," I cried, "how can you say I'm spoiling my baby when I'm following the doctor's orders!"



4. "The doctor says you can't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. A baby needs things designed especially for her. You give her special foods, so of course she should get a special laxative. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "He said Fletcher's Castoria is made especially and only for infants and children. There isn't a single harsh adult drug in it. It's effective but mild. And safe. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system."



6. Well, the girls came home with me. And when they saw how the baby loves the taste of Fletcher's Castoria, that clinched it! Jane said if it was that easy, she was certainly going to get a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on the way home, and try it for her children!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea. (2) Senna works primarily 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 especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chart Tletcher CASTORIA



EVERY day, more and more women are discovering this amazing advancement in feminine hygiene. A method that is not only dainty and safe—but gives continuous medication for hours without the use of poisons. And settedly kills germent to content. actually kills germs at contact.

actually kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a greaseless, protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor. Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

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lavishly. Instead, heeding the voice she could still hear calling "Hedylendelein . . . Hedylendelein?" she proceeded differently. She worked hard. She lived simply. And she sent every dollar she could spare to her mother in England.

At last Walter Wanger borrowed Hedy from Metro for "Algiers." Long before "Algiers" was released, Hollywood knew it was a hit. On the opening night they couldn't fill the requests for seats. The crowd in the lobby and on the street was tremendous. There was commotion every time a car dis-charged a famous star at the marquee. The photographers' flashes were continuous.
"Miss Hedy Lamarr!" announced the

master of ceremonies.

You could hear the intake of breath. Most of those who were there were seeing Hedy for the first time. The crowd surged. Men stared. And women, reaching for their little mirrors, freshened their lips and gave reassuring pats to their hair.

Hedy wore orchids. But at home on her bedside table there was a little bouquet of forget-me-nots with one pink rose. Her mother counted this a particular occasion.

They put plenty of pressure on Hedy after "Algiers."

"Follow up this success," they told her. "Play all the publicity angles. Be a glamour girl in everything you do, wear and say. Speak slowly. Be seen with the

right men. Live luxuriously."

Hedy was impressed. There was much at stake. She tried to slow down her naturally quick motions. She began looking for a properly luxurious house. She went about more. Then she met Gene Markey, and everything changed. When she was with him, it was as if she closed a door on the cold winds of loneliness and warmed herself by a friendly fire.

The groans which Leo the Lion emitted over Hedy's marriage to Gene grew louder as the pattern of their married life resolved itself. They bought a farm in the hills. They had Scotties named Jack and Jill, a Great Dane named Dona and an amber cat named Mitzi. They raised ducks and chickens, and every day Hedy stamped the eggs that came from the hen house. She painted the weather-vane rooster golden and gave him a red crest. She searched high and low for upholstery for the dining-room chairs that would embrace every color in the wallpaper. She furnished her bedroom with peasant furniture like that she had had in Vienna and bought brown blankets and a brown and white candlewick spread for her simple bed. She wore slacks and shirtwaist dresses which were not unlike the striped frocks of her childhood. She and Gene had their supper outside under the trees. She hung her bird-cage on a green bough that reached across her window. And she was ecstatically happy. But her producers weren't happy at all.

One picture doesn't make a star," cried Hollywood, still skeptical about her as an actress. "And they can't keep on finding stories like 'Algiers,' in which she doesn't have to do anything but look beautiful!"

Hedy knew what they were saying. She's far from a fool. In fact, she was much concerned over the work she would do in "I Take This Woman," her next pro-

duction.
"Phyllis," she said to her dramatic
"Phyllis," she said to her dramatic coach, Phyllis Laughton, one day, worried about the scene where Spencer Tracy walks out on me, where I have to cry. I'm afraid I won't be able to do it!"

"Just listen to Spencer," Phyllis told

her. "If he can't make you cry, no power on earth can!"

They did the scene in a long shot first.
Then Hedy faced the camera alone for the close-up in which her tears must show

while Spencer, behind the camera now, read his lines for cues. Being a fine gen-tleman, Spencer didn't merely read his lines; he gave them everything he had.

And Hedy, listening, cried easily enough.
"Print it!" called Van Dyke, who was directing. "Wonderful, Hedy!"

They had said she couldn't act. But hard-boiled Van was satisfied with the first take of her big emotional scene. And they hadn't had to bring glycerine for her tears. Her head rose. She turned proud.

"Hedylendelein . . Hedylendelein?" Again she heard her father calling. She went straight to Spencer. "Thank

She went straight to Spencer. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you very much." Her courtesy was the lovely, generous courtesy she had learned as a little girl. It left no doubt in the mind of anyone that she knew full well how much she owed Spencer for her performance. And many who heard her never again were to stand by silently if she was criticized.
"I Take This Woman" was no better

han the croakers predicted it would be. Neither was "The Lady of the Tropics," her next picture. This resulted in the pressure being put on harder than ever. "You can't sit back now!" they warned. "You've got to buy smart clothes, furs, they warned they warn

load yourself with jewels, be seen at smart places, pose for seductive pictures and give interviews in which you sound as if you know everything there is to know about men and love. Baby, you're in a spot!" But Hedy continued to live quietly on

the farm, stamp the eggs, play with the dogs, work in the flower garden. She continued to live her life her own way.

Marriages contracted as speedily as Hedy's and Gene's rarely survive. Theirs was no exception. Soon enough both realized that, because of the great loneliness they had known when they met, they had made a mistake.

IT was during this unhappy time that Phyllis Laughton, who had just had her first baby, telephoned Hedy one day. "I've let my nurse go, and this is the maid's afternoon out," she explained, "so I don't think we'd better try to work

The maid had been gone only an hour when Hedy arrived. But the baby had brought up some of her bottle, and Phyllis,

brought up some of her bottle, and Phyllis, her hands shaking, was in tears.

"Mary's sick," she sobbed when Hedy came in. "Mary's sick, Hedy!"

Hedy took the baby in one arm and put her other arm around Phyllis.

"And," Phyllis says telling about it. "I can never explain the relief I knew when I say my Mary in Hedy's arms. I had a

I saw my Mary in Hedy's arms, I had a feeling she was home."
I think Phyllis Laughton realized then what "Boom Town" and "Comrade X" and "Come Live With Me" have since proven -that, because Hedy didn't allow ambition to drive her away from the things that are important in a woman's life, she slowly and surely is developing into one of the most truly glamorous women Hollywood has ever known.

"Think with your heart, and you'll win in the end," Emil Kiesler told Hedy. He meant, of course, that thinking with her heart she would find her way to the things that are right for a woman, and so in the end find happiness. He didn't know she also would find fame and riches.

As for her future, that's safe, too, unless all signs fail. Because, irrespective of how great her fame and the demands it makes upon her, she won't be allowed to forget to think with her heart. On special occasions for a long time to come, God willing, there'll be a little bouquet of forget-me-nots with one pink rose. And there will be her father's voice calling "Hedylendelein . . . Hedylendelein . .

LOVE VS. CAREER

(Continued from page 29)

gathered her daughters, grandmother daughters-in-law and their children un-der the roof of the eighteenth-century house on Fitzwilliam Street in Dublin and kept them there for the duration. Even when the several units scattered, they didn't scatter far and, in spirit, not at all. Family affection reaches back to embrace the more remote ancestors. "It's a haunted house," house," says Geraldine serenely. "But none of us minds being haunted by his own dear relatives.

Her parents are Edith and Edward Fitzgerald. As far back as the record goes, the men on both sides have been lawyers and jurists. "That's why I'm able to un-derstand my own contracts," she observes, "and have even been known to pick flaws in them." Edward Fitzgerald is a lawyer and citizen of such repute that his daughter winces at the disproportion implied in his being referred to in print as Geraldine Fitzgerald's father.

Her older brother is a lawyer, too, in his father's office. Her younger brother is the first of many generations to forsake the legal tradition for medicine. Geraldine herself, until she was eighteen, had no intention of being an actress, though the idea had often been urged on her by her mother. Mrs. Fitzgerald's younger sister, Sheila Richards, was leading woman at the Abbey Theatre, and it seemed to her that Geraldine, the family clown, might do worse than follow in her aunt's footsteps. But "No, no, no," the daughter protested, "I shouldn't like that a bit." Till one night in bed, a thunderstorm shattering her eardrums, she suddenly decided for no reason she can give a name to that she'd like it very much.

This happened in London, where she'd gone to be near her flancé. Next morning she betook herself to a theatre. "I want to be an actress," she told the man at the

box-office.
"Think of that!" he marveled. "Well, you can't be an actress here. This theatre's

gone bankrupt.'

So she scurried back to Dublin, and through her aunt's good offices, she was admitted to the Gate Theatre, where she served a successful season. Meantime she'd seen Mr. Lindsay-Hogg only once Shortly after the indignity at the race-track, he'd invited her, her brother and her fiancé to spend the week-end at his country place. She's known pleasanter week-ends. The host took a violent dislike to the fiancé, which even Irish courtesy failed to mask. After that, Edward's and Geraldine's ways lay apart. Through her brother, though, she heard of him often and of the beautiful blonde he was engaged to. "References to her always made me very angry," she says.

Their next encounter was in London.

Too impatient to wait for the re-opening of the Dublin season, she'd gone down there to find what she could find. She was by now sufficiently tempered to stay away from bankrupt box-offices and go to the only producer she knew-Robert Milton,

"I have to do something and you have to help me," she informed him.

"Mmm. Well, right now, I have to do something. Go down to Twickenham and see a rough cut of my picture. Want to come along?"

She went along for the ride. At Twick-enham an executive appraised her and asked her if she'd like to go into pictures. "No pictures," she said. That was the first time she said it. With the addition of the





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word "more," she was destined to say it often.

It was filthy lucre that changed her mind. The executive phoned a few days later and offered her two hundred a week. 'I'd been making ten at the Gate, and the notion of turning millionaire overnight staggered me. I said yes before they could change their minds and went to work

"Now comes the touching part. I didn't know what a 'quickie' was. Neither do you till you've seen the English brand. I thought I was contributing my art to something colossal. I'd brood for hours over those dreadful lines and how they ought to be read. I'd say to the others, 'D'you suppose they'll like this in New York?' They'd turn away—in sorrow and shame, as I realize now. They hadn't the heart to tell me that these horrors were specially fabricated for third-run houses in the provinces. I don't remember the exact ghastly moment of disillusion. Only that when it came, I said: 'No more pictures.' "Two hundred a week seemed little enough to pay for the pleasure of regarding myself without loathing."

She was walking gloveless down Bond

She was walking gloveless down Bond Street one day, still in the wretched throes of the utter disillusionment. It would take the Irish, perhaps, to understand her reason for going gloveless in all its illogical beauty. "I was making plenty of money, but I wouldn't look at my bankbook, so I felt very poor and as if I couldn't afford to buy gloves."

A cab pulled up at the curb for the traffic light. Inside sat Eddy with a lovely blonde girl. Outside stood Geraldine, with her naked hands and her aching heart that now started a new and furious ache on a

separate count.
"Hello," said Eddy—eagerly—that was something. "Are you staying in London? Where do you live?" He introduced her to the menace, whose hands were exquisitely gloved. Then the cab moved on, leaving our heroine desolate on the curbstone and very, very angry with the beautiful blonde.

The following week brought an invitation from Eddy to a house party and the first faint lifting of the gloom. Geraldine took emotional stock and broke her engagement. But she didn't know that the blonde had melted from the horizon till, at a second party, Eddy faced her de-manding: "Are you in love with anyone?" Anger and misery fled together. She shook her head. "Well, let's go out and talk her head. "Well, let's go out and talk about it." They went out and came back

engaged to each other.

They went to New York on their honeymoon—because they wanted to see New York and because Geraldine wanted to try for a job on Broadway. An agent took her to Orson Welles, who had also served a season at the Gate. Of course she'd heard tell of the fabulous Orson, and the fabulous Orson had heard of her. He promptly offered her the part of Ellie Dunn in "Heartbreak House," which she as promptly accepted. Came the opening. Came the morning after. Came the critics' raves.

"And then," says Geraldine, "came the wicked, wicked men from the movies with great bags of gold. And I said: 'No more pictures. I'm divorced from them forever.'"

There was always a good reason for saying it and a better one for eating her words. "Heartbreak House" ran for her words. three months. She discovered that as an alien she could do only one play every six months in New York. If the play ran a single night, she'd have to wait six months to become re-eligible.

Hurt and incredulous, she demanded: "When have the Irish ever barred Ameri-

cans?"
"The Irish stage isn't big enough to mat-



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ter," they grinned. "For our purposes, you're a citizen of Great Britain."

It was after this interview that she began peering gingerly now and then from behind her fingers at the wicked, wicked movies and their hateful bags of gold. At length, with her husband's help she drafted the kind of contract that would be possible for her and impossible, she felt, for any studio. Six months a year, beginning at a specific inviolable date, ending at a specific inviolable date, never to be telescoped, never to be re-arranged.
To her amazement, Warners agreed. She

was summoned to Hollywood for a test. Did they understand the contract? They did. "But we don't like it," they said after

the test was made.

"You don't like the test?" "We like the test very much. We don't like the contract."
"But you said—"

"We said we understood it. We still don't like it."

"Goodbye, then," said Geraldine and took ship with her husband for Ireland.

Cosily back among her people, Hollywood seemed more remote and alien than ever. So she proceeded on the theory that if you sit very quiet and don't blink an eyelash, people will forget you're there. All summer she sat like a mouse in Dublin. She didn't answer the cable. She didn't answer the letters that followed. Huddled within a cloak of silence, she'd whisper to herself: "They'll think I'm sick or dead and gone to heaven. They'll look at the test again and say, 'Why bother to drag the wench all the way from Ireland?' "

The ostrich act didn't work. W. B. possessed more action than the game they also gave they

sessed more acumen than she gave them credit for. As autumn drew near, the cables grew more peremptory, and she had no choice but to crawl out of her hole, to pack and to go. She was rushed off the train into the tweed suit of Bette's friend, where I stayed for two or three years, she exaggerates like a true daughter of her

Because of Michael, now seven months old, she didn't go home last year. But for the war he would have been born in Ireland. It was in Dublin that he announced his approach to the mingled delight and concern of his prospective par-Their concern was on two scoreshow to keep the news from the family who'd be doubly worried with Geraldine on the high seas and war in the air-and how to break the news to the studio, who'd have to adjust an already difficult schedule to accommodate a baby.

Safely in New York, with one problem behind her, she still had the second to face. It haunted her across the continent.

I'M an employer-hater by tempera-ment," she explains. "But this time I felt they had a legitimate grievance. I felt conscience-stricken. I felt guilty and ashamed. And when at last in faltering tones I laid bare my secret, they made matters worse by heaping coals of fire on my head. They were wonderful from the front office down. Never a reproach, not so much as a look of pain. Not even toward the end when they had to resort to shooting me from behind tables." (The picture was "Till We Meet Again.")

Michael was born without untoward incident in a New York hospital, to the joy of an extensive circle of kinfolk whose acquaintance he has yet to make. mother enjoys talking about him but finds

it strange that people should inquire.
"At home," she says, "there were so many children that you took them for granted. 'Out!' is what you said to children, or 'Go away' or 'Take your hands from under my feet.'"

With no nostalgia to bother him, the baby likes Hollywood unreservedly and proves it by laughing and growing fat. If he has a beef, it concerns his mother in studio makeup. He didn't care for it at first but, being a tolerant boy, has come to accept it. "Now when he sees a face that's accept it. Now when he sees a face that's green today and yellow tomorrow, hair short today and long tomorrow, he thinks, 'Oh, it's mother dear,' and lets it pass."

Mother dear likes Hollywood better than she did. Naturally. "Dark Victory" and "Wuthering Heights" went far toward up-

rooting the movie-phobia planted by Brit-ish quickies. She's not too happy about her role in "Flight from Destiny." Neither are her admirers. An otherwise excellent picture, it gave her little scope for her proven ability. Her current picture, "Winged Victory," is another story and a far stronger one for her, made doubly interesting by the fact that her leading man is James Stephenson—he of "The Letter." "Besides," she says, "if you can't be in

the place you love best, then your fondness for the place where you have to be depends on the people. And we've met some people whom we like enormously."

They're enormously liked as well. Ida Lupino says she'd rather go to a party at the Lindsay-Hoggs than anywhere else. Geraldine, she adds, has original ideas about entertaining.

"Not at all," counters Geraldine blandly.
"We simply invite eight or nine people who like each other very well or who loathe each other. We give them food and drink, and we turn them loose. If they like each other, they're bound to have fun. If they loathe each other, some kind of dra-ma ensues. Either way, it's interesting."

Nice people or not, good parts or bad, half her heart remains in Ireland.

We hope she'll be able to take Michael back before long.



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When Gene Autry heard that he was Box Office Star No. 4, he cut loose with one of those he-man yowls that Oklahomans learned from the Indians! He emitted still another "Yee-ow!" that put a strain on the ceiling construction. Then, suddenly, he sobered, stabbed by a thought. "There must be some mistake," he said to himself. "I can't be up THERE!"

When Hollywood read that Gene Autry was Box Office Star No. 4, Hollywood was stunned, too—but instantly. Hollywood said positively, "There's some mistake. He CAN'T be up there!"

How could he be in the Top Ten—when no other Western star in the history of Hollywood had even come close to being there? And how could he be in the Top Ten—when no other star who worked for a small, independent studio had ever been in the running before?

But there was no mistake.

The annual poll that decides the most popular stars in Hollywood is no poll of demon fans who wouldn't hesitate to stuff the ballot boxes for their favorites. It's a poll of theatre managers all over America.



NO. 1 SHOWMAN

BY JAMES REID

Hard-headed business men. They're asked to tell which stars have brought the most people into their theatres in the past year.

And they said unmistakably that, except for Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable—all M-G-M players—no other star brought as many people into theatres in 1940 as did Gene Autry, and his films are shown in nearly 11,000 theatres in the United States!

How did Gene get up in the 11,000 league, making unpretentious pictures for an unpretentious studio? And what's the secret of the satisfied customers, no matter how many times a year they see him?

He isn't a Great Actor, or a Great Singer, or a Great Profile or a Great Lover. But—he's a Great Showman. The greatest in the business. That's the explanation. He has forgotten more about showmanship than most stars will ever learn.

But tell him that he's the most colorful star on the screen today, or ask him how he got that way, and he gives you a quick look to see if you're kidding him. When he sees that you aren't, he grins sort of self-consciously and asks in that unexpectedly quiet voice of his, "Just what do you mean, brother, by 'colorful?' That's a word that can mean a lot of different things to a lot of different people, you know."

What does it mean to him? That's the question. The grin broadens exposing the whitest teeth in Hollywood. "Well, now, I don't know as I can put my finger on it exactly. I guess Jack Dempsey comes pretty close to being my idea of somebody who's colorful, or Dizzy Dean. Dempsey hasn't fought for years, but you still think of him as a fighter—because of the way he fought when he did fight. He was something to see. And even when Diz isn't pitching so well, people like to watch him pitch—because, win or lose, he always puts on a show."

That's Gene's way of saying that *he's* just trying to put on a show that will make the customers want to come again. If that's what it takes to be colorful, he hopes he has it.

His dad, an outspoken gent, never misses a chance to say that he doesn't understand how Gene, of all people, ever became a movie star. Why, Oklahoma's full of cowboys who are better-looking and can sing better and maybe could act better.

"And that's no joke," says Gene wryly, indicating that he knows how lucky he has been.

When Gene got out of school, he went to work on a farm ("it wasn't big enough to be called a ranch") for 50c a day, plus room and board. The 50c a day was clear profit, but it dawned on him after a few months that even if he saved every cent (which he didn't), he'd be old and tired before he had enough saved to buy a farm, himself. He thought maybe he could do better at something else, somewhere else. Only he didn't know where he wanted to go or what he wanted to do. While he was making up his mind, he got a job on the railroad—so that when he did decide to leave Oklahoma, he could travel on a pass. He thought ahead, even then.

He worked as night telegrapher in a little town named Sapulpa, one of the loneliest stations on the C. and Q. Messages like trains were few, and the waits between were endless. He had to do something to pass the time and break the long and heavy silences, so he got himself a saxophone and started learning how to play it.

The dismal discords he found himself producing were no comfort even at 3 a. m. Besides, the reed made his lip sore. So he swapped the sax for a guitar. That was easier on the eardrums and, besides, he could sing while he played—hear the sound of a human voice even if it was only his own. He killed many a long hour, picking out old cowboy tunes on that guitar. But singing was just something to pass the time until:

"One night about 7:30 or 8, a man came into the station to send a telegram. He wrote out what he wanted to send, then he happened to notice the guitar. 'Do you play that?' he asked. I said, 'Oh, I sort of peck at it.' He said, 'Let's hear you knock off a tune.' So I sang a couple of old cowboy songs. He said, 'Young fellow, you're just wasting your time here. People would pay to hear that kind of singing.'

"He grinned, then laid some money down on the

counter, more than enough to pay for the telegram, and said to me, 'Keep the change, son, and think over what I said.' I still didn't know who he was. I nearly fell through the floor when I read the name signed to the telegram: 'Will Recent'.'

Rogers.'
"That started everything. after that, the Depression hit. That was 1929. The railroad started reducing its force, and I was one of them that got reduced. I had to decide, sudden-like, what to try next. I said to myself, 'Maybe I could sing. Will Rogers thought I could.' I had a pass coming to me from the railroad, so I decided 'I'd go to New York and see if I couldn't I'd go to New York and see if I couldn't get a job making phonograph records. I'd noticed something. There seemed to be a million hill-billy singers making phonograph records-but no cowboy singers. I sort of figured maybe that field was uncrowded."

(Gene doesn't say so, but in figuring like that, he was unconsciously obeying one of the first rules of showmanship. Namely: "Give 'em something they Namely:

haven't had before.")

He grins in reminiscence of his arrival New York. "I was such a hick, you'd in New York. "I was such a hick, you'd have needed a curry comb to get the cockleburrs out of my hair," he says. "I was just plain numbed by all those big buildings. But I was conscious of one thing. People in the East weren't used to fellows in big hats. They kept turning around to look at me in mine. I got to thinking about the attention a fellow would attract if he wore highheeled rawhide boots, too, and real cowboy garb.

Gene started making the rounds of the record companies, alphabetically. He didn't get past the front door at any of them. That one question: "Experience?"

stopped him. Finally he arrived at the V's and Victor. He knew he wouldn't get an audition there, either, if he made the kind of application that unknowns were expected to make. So he figured out something different to do.

When the receptionist asked him what

When the receptionist asked man kind of singing he did, he said, "Why, I kind of singing he aid, would you make make the said, "Why, I kind of singing he aid." sing cowboy songs, ma'am. Would you like to hear one?" And before she could say "no," he had his guitar out!

H^E had crooned about eight measures of a cowboy lament when two office doors burst open. Out popped two dis-turbed executives. Gene smiled his best smile at them, as much as to say that they could listen, too; he didn't mind. They couldn't help but listen. They couldn't stop him, short of using physical violence. When he finished his song, the two executives looked at each other, both with the thought that maybe here was a "natural," and said to Gene, "Young man, won't you step inside?" They told him inside that they would like to hear how his voice recorded.

If he hadn't used a little showmanship, he would never have landed that audition-which led to other things.

The audition wasn't a success. two men told him that he had possibilities, but he needed a little more experience; they invited him to come back in a year. "I had a suspicion they thought that was probably the last they'd ever hear of me," Gene comments, "because that was what I was thinking myself." But he asked them to put the invitation in writing anyway. The way he fig-ured, it wouldn't do any harm to have some proof that he had been there.

Back in Tulsa, he showed that letter

to the right people and got himself a job on radio station KVOO at no salary,

as "The Oklahoma Yodeling Cowboy." He supported himself by working on a farm again.

But he had made up his mind that singing was what he wanted to doand he concentrated on how to get himself a reputation as a singer. Since he wasn't bringing any cash into the studio coffers, KVOO didn't spend much on advertising him, and Gene had to be his own press agent.

He started by making a point of answering every fan letter. He figured that if somebody thought enough of him to write a letter, that person was a friendand he couldn't have too many friends. So he wrote friendly letters back letting them know he was anxious to find out what they personally would like to hear him sing. That encouraged them to write again and to have their friends write, too.

He kept a card index of the people's letters, so that when they wrote again, he would know it and could comment on it when he answered. Week by week, the letters snowballed until he was hardpressed to answer them all. But he in-

vited more.

A pal of his did him the favor of telling a reporter friend about the honestto-goodness cowboy who was singing on KVOO. The reporter came around for a Gene made a point of being friendly. The reporter reciprocated with a big feature story about him. The publicity began, and, with it, the reputation.

At that time, there wasn't an unlimited supply of cowboy songs. After a while, he ran the danger of wearing out what songs there were. He was smart enough to see that danger in advance and, to sidestep it, he started making up new cowboy songs. Only he wasn't content just to turn out songs that nobody had heard before; he wanted to turn out a



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IMP Encle post	co. osed	, 740 10c (c 1MP	N. Hu coin or DEV	dson stam "LISF	Ave., ps) fo	Chic or wh D L	ago ich ipsti	send ck	me
Nam	e								
Addr	ess.						• • • • • •		
City						tate			

hit. Something that would spread the Autry name around. Looking over songs that had been hits, trying to find the formula, he made a discovery: people liked to sing about Mother. That made him wonder why there weren't any songs about Father. And the showman in Gene about Father. And the showman in Gene told him that here was a chance to give people something that they hadn't had. So he and a pal named Jimmy Long wrote "Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine."

It was an instant hit—at least, with Oklahomans and Texans. They deluged

Gene with requests to sing it again, and again and then again. They grabbed up the sheet-music as fast as it came off the presses and deluged Sears Roebuck with mail orders for records of it.

The American Record Company, manufacturing for Sears Roebuck, had to do something about that. They tracked down the song, discovered the existence of Gene Autry and asked him to make a record-

ing in New York.

The record people wrote that they were The record people wrote that they were looking forward to meeting a singer who was also a cowboy. He didn't know what they expected, but he had a faint idea, and he didn't want to disappoint them. This might be his big chance. So he went to New York in a five-gallon hat and the fanciest cowboy outfit he could find. "I was dressed like the master of ceremonies at a rodeo," says Gene.

Sears officials attended the recording. They liked this singing cowboy—because he was different from any other radio personality they had ever seen or heard—and they asked him to become the star of their radio program.

A RADIO contract is for 13 weeksafter which your sponsor may or may not take up your option for another 13 weeks, depending on the number of listeners you attract. The number of listeners Gene attracted kept him on that programmer.

gram for 156 weeks with only summers off. He says now, "I had no idea it would go as it did. I was the first cowboy to sing; I guess that was the answer. Anybody would have clicked in the same spot—though I'm awful happy somebody

else didn't.

Gene is too modest. He should tell how he didn't overlook an angle that might encourage more listeners. He should tell how he started wearing nothing but loud clothes—not only to make people ask "Who's that?" but to help people who listened to him on the air keep their illusions about him in case they ever saw him in person. He case they ever saw him in person. He should tell how, now that he was earning some money, he spent a lot of it on photographs. Anybody who thought enough of him to ask him for one could have one—free. He should tell how he went all over the Middle West making personal appearances, making people everywhere within range of Station WLS Cane. Autry-conscious Gene Autry-conscious.

Those tours were grueling things; one night stands, sometimes in towns hundreds of miles apart, in all kinds of weather. And there wasn't much money in them—not the way Gene made them. He didn't go solo; he took along a troupe of about eighteen comedians and musicians. He says simply, "I figured that, the more help I had, the better the show would be. That was what I was after. I wanted people to say, after they spent

their money, 'He put on a good show.'"
Then Nat Levine, a Hollywood producer
of Westerns, had a brainstorm. He had watched people steadily losing interest in The formula was worn out. Westerns. He wondered about trying something new—a Western with music. He broached the idea to his boss, Herbert Yates, who owned Mascot Pictures (which later be-



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came part of Republic), and who also owned the American Record Company. Yates thought of the "Singing Cowboy" and the way his records sold, and how a movie appearance might sell more records—and that was how Gene Autry happened to get an offer to sing in the picture, "In Old Santa Fe."

If Gene had been primarily interested in money, he wouldn't have been interested in the offer; it was that small. \$500! And he had to pay his own expenses to and from Hollywood. But he saw how a movie appearance, even if it cost him money, could boost his stock as an en-tertainer. So he took the offer.

tertainer. So he took the offer.

The picture did good business where he was known on the radio. Levine offered him \$1,000 to make a serial. That was chicken feed, too—because by this time Gene was making \$500 a week in the East—but he made the serial for publicity. Then Levine offered him a seven-wear starring contract. At a startseven-year starring contract. At a starting salary of \$150 a week. A quarter of what he was earning back East.

If Gene had been less of a showman, he wouldn't have been interested in making movies-for that kind of money. But he saw farther than his pocketbook. He gave up radio for movies.

HE had a horse back in Oklahoma that he had practised trick riding on during summer vacations—the original "Champ." He sent for the horse, and he

"Champ." He sent for the horse, and he invested in an expensive silver saddle. Levine said, "I wouldn't go to that expense, if I were you. What if this doesn't last?" Gene said, "Well, if I look better dressed up, I figure the horse will, too." And what Gene did after his first picture is also revealing. "I realized that I could make all the pictures in the world, but if salesmen didn't sell 'em or theatres didn't play 'em, people wouldn't see 'em," Gene says. After that first picture, he arranged to make some personal appearances down Texas way. He stopped over in Dallas to meet the manager of the film exchange for that territory, and he stopped in countless other ritory, and he stopped in countless other towns to introduce himself to theatre managers. He left behind him a trail of exhibitors who were conscious of Gene exhibitors who were conscious of Gene Autry pictures for the first time having met Gene Autry in person. They took an interest in this young fellow who seemed interested in seeing exhibitors make some money, and who took the trouble to listen to what they thought about Westerns. They started booking his nictures.

about Westerns. They started booking his pictures.

After every picture, he went to some section of the country where he hadn't been before, to build up more good will for Gene Autry. And it paid dividends. By tens, by twenties, by hundreds, more and more theatre managers booked his pictures. Until today, 11,000 U. S. theatres are booking them.

When he did that first singing in "In Old Santa Fe," he was called by his own name in the picture—for the publicity value. And he wondered why that stunt wouldn't have permanent publicity

stunt wouldn't have permanent publicity value. If he were Gene Autry on the screen and cff, it ought to make it easier for people to believe he was like the characters he played and vice versa.

He had definite ideas about those char-He had definite ideas about those characters. Most of the cowboy heroes that people had ever seen had been the grim, silent type. Well, he'd give 'em something different. Cowboys who were friendly hombres with senses of humor.

When the fan mail started arriving by the truckload, he didn't toss up his hands and say to the studio, "You've got to handle it for me"—as stars who have never received a quarter of his mail have (Continued on page 83)

(Continued on page 83)

MERLE OBERON STARS IN "THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING", AN ERNST LUBITSCH PRODUCTION



MERLE OBERON TYPE... THE IVORY SKIN TYPE

Creamy skin, ivory tints. For striking clearness, Woodbury Rachel Shade. Or for deep, velvet tone, use Blush Rose.

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NOVIE 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 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 films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating	Picture Genero	
All This and Haguer Too (Warners)		Meet the Wildcat (Universal)21/2	*
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners) Angels Over Broadway (Columbia)	21/2 ★	Meet the Missus (Republic)	*
Arise My Love (Paramount)	4★	Michael Shayne, Detective (20th Century-Fox) 3	× ★
Argentine Nights (Universal)	4★	*Midnight (Paramount)	×
Bank Dick, The (Universal)	3★	Moon Over Burma (Paramount). 21½ Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M). 4 Murder in the Air (Warners). 2½ My Little Chickades (Universal). 2½ My Love Came Back (Warners). 3½	*
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia)	C 2½ €	Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M)	*
Boom Town (M-G-M)	3½★ v-Fox). 3★	My Little Chickadee (Universal)	^
Captain Caution (United Artists)	21/2★		*
Captain Caution (United Artists)	21/2★	New Moon (M-G-M)	*
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox)	Century-	Night Train (90th Century-Fox)	+
		Nobody's Children (Columbia)	*
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox)* *Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists)	4★	Northwest Passage (M.(i.M)	*
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3½ ★	No, No, Nanette (RKO)	£
Colorado (Republic)	2½★	Oldehame Kid The (Warners)	4
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount) 2€	Oktahoma Renegades (Republic)	*
Comrade X (M-G-M)	3★	One Night in the Tropics (Universal)	Ż.
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO) Dancing on a Dime (Paramount) Devil's Island (Warners) Devil's Pineline. The (Universal)	2 ★	Opened by Mistake (raramount)	*
Devil's Island (Warners)	2½ ★	Pastor Hall (United Artists)	*
Di I Frantis (Haisenal)	9 🛨	Philadelphia Story, The (M-G-M)	*
Dispatch From Reuter's, A (Warners)	3★	Playgirl (RKO)	*
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox Dulcy (M-G-M)) ∕ã €	Playgirl (RKO). 2 Playgirl (RKO). 21/2 Pop Always Pays (RKO). 21/2 Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M). 31/2	*
e i (p i i i (p Lit -)	0 +	ride of the bowery (Mollogidiii)	~
East of the River (Warners)	21/2 ★	Quarterback, The (Paramount)	×
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columb Escape (M-G-M)	oia)2½★	Queen of the Yukon (Monogram)	₹
Fantasia (Walt Disney)	C 4★	Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal)	*
Father's Son (Warners)	C 2★	Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO). 31/2	*
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia) Flight Command (M-G-M)		Rangers of Fortune (Paramount)	*
Foreign Correspondent (United Artists). Four Mothers (Warners).	4★	Road to Singapore, The (Paramount). 2½ Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic). 2½	*
		Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox)21/2	*
Gallant Sons (M-G-M)	2½±	Safari (Paramount)	*
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners). Gay Caballero, The (20th Century-Fox). Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount) Girl From Avenue A (20th Century-Fox) Girls Under 21 (Columbia) Glamour for Sale (Columbia) Golden Fleecing, The (M-G-M) Gone With the Wind (M-G-M) Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox Great McGinty, The (United Artists) Great McGinty, The (Paramount).	21/2 ★	Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox). 2 Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO). 2½ Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO). 2½ Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal). 2	×
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount)	C 2★	Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	*
Girls Under 21 (Columbia)	2★	Sed Flaw size Degle (Universal) 91/2	2
Golden Fleecing, The (M-G-M)	3 €	Santa Fe Trail (Warners)	î.
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)	······ 4★	Second Chorus (Paramount)	*
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	31/2★	Sky Murder (M-G-M)	*
Great McGinty, The (Paramount) Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½ ★	Santa Fe Trail (Warners). 4 Second Chorus (Paramount). 31/3 Seven Sinners (Universal). 32 Sky Murder (M-G-M). 2 Slightly Honorable (United Artists). 3 Sightly Tempted (Universal). 2 *50 Ends Our Night (United Artists). 35/4 South of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists). 3 South of Page Pages (United Artists). 25/4	*
ALC ALL WAR CAN	. 37	*So Ends Our Night (United Artists)31/2	*
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M). He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia). High Sierra (Warners). Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic).	3½ ★	Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists). South of Pago Pago (United Artists). So You Won't Talk? (Columbia). Spirit of Culver, The (Universal). Sporting Blood (M-G-M). Spring Parade (Universal). Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox). Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO).	*
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)	21/2 *	So You Won't Talk? (Columbia)	2 🛪
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	3½★	Sporting Blood (M-G-M)	×
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)	3★	Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)31/2	*
1 Coult Cine Vou Anything Rut Love Ro	hv	Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO)	*
(Universal)	C 2★	Stanger on the Third Floor (RKO). 33/Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO). 33/Stranger Than Desire (M-G-M). 24/Susan and God (M-G-M). 33/Susan and God (M-G-M).	*
I Married Adventure (Columbia)	3	Swiss Family Robinson (RRO)	*
Invisible Woman, The (Universal)	3★	Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)3	*
Married Adventure (Columbia) Invisible Woman, The (Universal) Irene (RKO) Isle of Destiny (RKO) Take This Woman (M-G-M) Want A Divorce (Paramount)	2 🛠	Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount)21/2	2*
Take This Woman (M-G-M)	3★	They Knew What They Wanted (RKO)31/2	*
Vit Careon (United Artists)		Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M)	*
Kitty Foyle (RKO)	s)C 3½ ★	Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)	*
# TI (Danner augh)	31/4	Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal) 3	*
Lady in Question, The (Columbia) Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners) Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3 *	Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox)3½ Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	3 *
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★	Too Many Girls (RKO)	*
Letter, The (Warners)	3★	Tower of London (Universal). Trail of the Vigilantes (Universal). Triple Justice (RKO)	*
*Life With Henry (Paramount)	21/2 ★	Triple Justice (RKO)	*
Little Men (RKO)	21/2 ★	Victory (Paramount)	
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M)	3★	Virginia (Paramount)31/2	2*
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount)	31/2★	Westerner, The (United Artists)	8 ★ 8 ★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M). Letter, The (Warners). Let's Make Music (RKO). *Life With Henry (Paramount). Little Bit of Heaven (Universal). Little Men (RKO) Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M). Long Voyage Home, The (United Artists). Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount). Lucky Partners (RKO)	21/2★	Wyoming (M-G-M)	3★
*Mad Doctor, The (Paramount)	21/2 ★		3★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox). Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox).	31½ ★		×

(Continued from page 81)
been known to do. He realized the importance of that fan mail and the importance of doing right by it. He had to portance of doing right by it. He had to hire two secretaries to help him handle it, but he handled it himself. He also made sure that everybody who asked for a picture of him got one—free. "They're doing you a mighty big favor, putting your picture up where their friends can see it," is the way Gene looks at it. It gets him hundreds of dollars a month costs him hundreds of dollars a month to send out those photos, but he doesn't know how he could spend money better.

People told him that he ought to form

a nation-wide fan club of boys-such as another Western star had, but Gene didn't another Western star had, but Gene didn't want to give anybody the idea that he was more interested in one kind of fan than another, because he wasn't. The only club he has gone for is the Gene Autry Friendship Club—a letter-writing club, designed to keep Gene posted about what his fang and thinking and what his fans are doing and thinking and to keep his fans posted about him. There's a lot of mutual liking implied in that word "friendship."

word "friendship."

He goes out of his way to make people feel that he likes them. Any time, any place, he's willing to meet anybody who wants to meet him—including autograph hunters. He figures that people don't collect autographs to annoy stars but to show their friends which stars they wanted to meet in person. When crowds wanted to meet in person. When crowds collect, he doesn't duck out the back way. He walks out the front way smiling, glad to see so many people.

T'HIS business of being colorful is a costly one. He has \$75,000 invested in his wardrobe alone—in specially made cowboy suits of every color and description (white's his favorite), hat to match every outfit and hand-tooled outfits.

It cost Gene plenty, too, to have a 36-foot trailer truck specially built for "Champ" and his other horses—but wherever that truck goes, it's a colorful ad for Gene and "Champ"

Nobody else would ever have thought of chartering a plane for \$3500 to transport a horse across the country as Gene

port a horse across the country as Gene did last year when he flew to New York for the rodeo at Madison Square Garden. But Gene figured that \$3500 was a bargain price for a million dollars' worth of

publicity.

Two years ago, Republic's distributor in England pleaded with the studio to send Gene over for a personal appearance tour—to make English theatres more conscious of Republic Pictures. Yates, the president of the company, said he was willing to donate \$50,000 for an English willing to donate \$50,000 for an English campaign, if Gene would be willing to donate his time. Gene was willing. He didn't get a cent for his trouble. But millions of people who had never heard of him saw him—and got the idea of seeing his pictures. The first pictures that the British Government bought for army camp entertainment were six Gene army camp entertainment were six Gene Autry Westerns.

When Gene was voted Box Office Star No. 4, the sponsors of the poll, obviously baffled, attempted to explain his popularity by saying that the war had given the American public a taste for Westerns

again, Westerns being so far removed from any suggestion of war. Maybe so. But Gene isn't the only Maybe so. But Gene isn't the only Western star or the only singing cowboy. A well-known Hollywood agent, visiting Republic the other day, asked how he could join the Gene Autry fan club. He thought maybe he could learn something for the benefit of his clients about how to make fore keep coming back.

how to make fans keep coming back. In other words, the city slickers can take lessons from the country boy who made good. He's Showman Number 1.





This Simple Care helps prevent awkward Roughness, Chapping

Quick as a wink-smooth Jergens Lotion on your hands. Many doctors help harsh, hard-used skin to rose-leaf softness by applying 2 fine ingredientsboth in Jergens. The favorite Lotion! Never sticky! Be glad when you, too, have darling hands. Get Jergens Lotion today. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00.



JERGENS LOTION

I COULDN'T PLAY, MARY. I'M SO ASHAMED

OF MY RED, ROUGH HANDS.

FOR SOFT, **ADORABLE HANDS**



JERGENS LOTION RIGHT HERE IN THE

DRESSING ROOM! JERGENS FURNISHES SOFTENING MOISTURE

YOUR HAND SKIN

NEEDS.

FREE! ... PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish) The Andrew Jergens Company, 3722 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario) Let me see how soon Jergens Lotion helps me have lovable, soft hands. Send purse-size bottle, free.

N	ame	_



BEAUTY AND THE MALE

(Continued from page 51)

more important than the color. If your hair looks clean and glossy and, you know, with a kind of spring to it, any color's nice. Oh, yes, and I like it to blow. I don't mean untidy. But I hate those pompadours and those tight curls and when it's plastered against your head. I think you should story in the beauty I think you should stay in the beauty parlor till you're finished, and I don't think you're finished till your hair looks soft and loose. Even with formals, I like hair a girl can toss. Gee, she looks pretty
—I mean—" But Jackie refused to be
confounded. "I like it to smell nice, too,"

he shouted defiantly through the whoops.
"Attaboy, kid," said Bing. "You and me both. Now, may I say a word about this lady's complexion? The skin that's been doused in soap and water is the skin for me. I'd sooner meet Dracula in the dark than a woman with a glazed face in the sunlight. She may look like a flower, but I never did go for wax blooms. Give me a scrubbed-looking skin, clean, fresh me a scrudded-looking skin, clean, fresh and healthy. Make-up's okay—it's swell—if it's not put on with a trowel. We men like our girls tanned in summer—and we even like 'em freckled, what do you think of that? A flock of freckles on a sunwarm face'll draw more money than fake camellia netals." camellia petals.'

Mel Douglas stepped up and gravely pumped Bing's hand. "Count me among the nine who agree with you. But I'd like to go farther—"
"Which way?"

"Behind the skin," said Mel blandly.
"Behind the mouth and the eyes. I don't

feel that beauty of feature is the determining factor in a woman's attractiveness. She could be a Greek goddess and still be a pain in the neck—yes, even to still be a pain in the neck—yes, even to look at, after the first month or two. What makes a woman lovely day by day, year by year, is the expression of her face, and it's character that makes expression. Cagney touched on it when he spoke of the eyes. Some of the most beautiful women I've seen have been old women or women who, taken feature by feature, would have been called homely. But there's a kind of spiritual experience, an inner radiance that comes throughgives the face sweetness, serenity, strength—nobility even. I don't know, boys, maybe I'm getting beyond my depth. I'm certainly beginning to feel self-conscious."

"That was well put," we approved.
"But space presses. Mr. Stewart, let's hear from you.

Jimmy ducked his head and swallowed. Jimmy ducked his head and swallowed. As always, his voice sounded mournful, though his words didn't. "Well, if I'm not depriving any of you fellows, I'll take the figure. I like 'em small. Purely a personal idiosyncrasy, you understand. Pay no attention to it. Small, tall, or in between, the curve's the thing. A woman should be round in the right places. between, the curve's the thing. A woman should be round in the right places—fore and aft. Put it like this. When you see her in profile, she should look like the letter S. Flat chests are a crime against nature. I like 'em high. I like shoulders broad, waists slender, but not so slender they look squeezed. If squeez-

ing's necessary, the man can take care of it. All bones should be nicely covered. Chicken wings sticking out of the neck and back make a girl look pathetic. I like her a little longer from the waist down

her a little longer from the waist down than from the waist up. I like round, slim thighs. I like legs—"

Dennis Morgan shoved him aside. "Don't be a hog, Jimmy. I like legs, too. Long slender legs. The kind that look as if they started from under the armpits. Straight in front. Curved at the calf. Not those awful bulges, though. There's no excuse for them. I don't care how much exercise a woman takes. She owes it to herself and her public to massage those herself and her public to massage those bulges out. Trim ankles, but not so thin you start wondering if they're going to

Legs were made to move on, among other things—to support the body. They should look as if they could do the job. Also, except in bed or on the beach, they should be inside stockings. I don't care snould be inside stockings. I don't care how lovely they are, silk makes 'em look more so. Silk, and straight seams. As for feet, they can be as long as they like, provided they're shapely. With straight toes that never knew tight shoes. And—nothing's prettier than a dimpled knee—"

"Unless it's a dimpled elbow," said Brent. "Which has this advantage over the knee. It's less likely to be hidden. The professor will take for his discourse, gentlemen, arms and the hand. A good arm, like a good leg, should be long and slender but not fragile. There should be no visible muscle, but neither should it feel like a sausage to the touch. You should be able to sense the ripple of life which comes from elasticity under the skin. The lower arm tapers gently to the wrist, from which the hand flows. The hand is also long and slender but not

hand is also long and slender but not bony, with tapering fingers if possible, a faintly rosy tint and dimpled knuckles." "Write 'em a letter, George," said Bogart, "and let me speak my piece. You've got the girl now from tip to toe, but you've got her stationary. The most beautiful woman I ever saw was an actress. She was sitting down. Then her cue was called, and right under our noses beauty turned sour. She moved so badly beauty turned sour. She moved so badly that you lost sight of the face and figure. All you could see was that ungainly swivel. It was inexcusable in an actress, and almost as inexcusable in any woman. You can learn how to walk in any good school of gymnastics, or you can teach yourself. Carry books on your head the way Indian women carried baskets. They knew how to walk because they didn't have cars to haul them. Throw your shoulders back, hold your head high, swing easily from the hips, don't let your arms dangle. Your movements should flow into each other like a cat's. If any now into each other like a cats. If any part of you bounces or wiggles, the harmony's destroyed. Try for grace of body and the grace of mind Douglas talks about, and you won't have to worry about the minx next door. Whew!" He wiped his forehead. "Who's the professor

now?"
"Class dismissed," we said, "and thank
you all." We left them then and walked down Hollywood Boulevard, mentally reviewing

Hollywood Boulevard, mentally reviewing what we'd learned and furtively obeying a few of the commandments. We made our eyes soft and friendly, brushed offsome of that excess mouth, tossed our hair a little and walked with our heads high and our shoulders back. Results were instantaneous! For the first time in years we got the horn from a dozen drivers and "the eye" from a couple of drugstore cowboys. drugstore cowboys.

They certainly knew what they were talking about—those guys!

CONSCRIPTION HITS HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 26)

an experienced seaman, would definitely be unacceptable to military medicos because his five-feet-eight body weighs only 134 pounds. Cesar Romero might be regarded much too thin to shoulder arms. On the other hand, Smiley Burnette, a setup for army cavalry, would have his 230-pound carriage discounted as too heavy. And Andy Devine, who became 35 nine days before the draft, would certainly be writed. tainly be waived because of his 245 poundage. Stirling Hayden, the hand-

some newcomer, might be too lanky.

But physical aspects of the draft can
only be speculative. The decision on each man's person cannot be made in a book of rules—but only upon observing each man's individual body. One thing's certain, America's army in these years of the blitzkrieg demands perfection. Dr. Robert Plunkett, army X-ray expert, admitted recently that \$250 was being spent on each young man examined—just in an effort to find tuberculosis and to establish a defensive unit free from tuberculosis.

Second to health as an army exemption would be the business of marriage. This, however, must be clarified. There is, today, no clause in the Burke-Wadsworth Bill stating that a married man is ineligible for the draftee cantonments. There is a clause, though, stating that any man with dependents may be temporarily deferred, and the word "dependent" is defined as:

"Such person who is either the registrant's wife, divorced wife, child, parent, grandparent, brother, or sister, or a person under 18 years of age or a person of any age who is physically or mentally handicapped, whose support the registrant has assumed in good faith."

Concerning dependency, the boards are at present being very liberal. A movie star with a wife will probably not be summoned, at least not until a half million men have been trained.

MANY Hollywood bigwigs will, for a time, not be bothered by the army because they are married men who are supporting their wives. Joel McCrea and Dennis Morgan, each married seven years, each the father of two kids, would be deferred. Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Vincent Price and Gene Autry, all wedded, would also be deferred. Don Ameche, father of four boys, and Dick Foran, father of two, would not be bothered. Richard Carlson, Robert Cummings, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., John Garfield, William Gargan, Bob Hope, Johnny Weissmuller, Robert Young—all of them eligible as to health and age—would be deferred because of wives requiring support. John Wayne, with his wife's fourth child on the way, and husband Errol Flynn, who would make a fine able seaman, also would be passed temporarily by the army.

Then there are married men whose wives work. The Selective Service will not be so lenient with this group. As long as their wives can support themselves, these men must forego the camera and kliegs for bugle calls and cusses

of top-sergeants.

But now, the big news, straight from California draft boards. The Hollywood actors who, because of their health, ages, lack of dependents, are most likely to become draftees when their mail-

boxes bear the tidings:
Francis Lederer, William Lundigan,
Tony Martin, Bob Stack, Jimmy Stewart, Eddie Albert, Lew Ayres, Cary Grant, William Holden, Franchot Tone.

Of these, only Jimmy Stewart has been called to appear before his local draft board. When he showed up a draft board. When he showed up a short time ago, the army doctors gave him a strict going-over. They found his 158 pounds too fragile for his six feet three of height. So, though Stewart, a topnotch commercial pilot, wanted to serve—he was rejected because of the health clause. And, as this is written, others who already have received questionneits a prelude to examination and tionnaires, a prelude to examination and then service, are Vic Mature, Lee Bow-man, Broderick Crawford, recently married, Dan Topping, husband of Sonja Henie, and Sterling Holloway, comedian in "Cheers for Miss Bishop.

According to the Burke-Wadsworth Bill, there is one exemption clause read-

"Nothing contained in this act shall be construed to require any person to be subject to combat training or service in the land or naval forces of the United States who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed





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to a participation in war in any form, and is so found to be a bona fide objector."

There are no objectors in Hollywood! Every thespian is ready to exercise his trigger finger—but only when his number is announced!

Thus, America's first peacetime draft in history is now in its début year determined to prove that democracy with dynamite in each fist can be dynamic! This year, a million boys trained in countless camps will do their share in giving democracy muscles—and among them, you can be certain, will be the proper quota of movie stars.

Camp life for one year will be a new and strange life for Robert Stack, chamian ride that a constant of the cons

and strange me for Robert Stack, chain-pion rifle shot, or Cary Grant, reformed acrobat, or Bill Holden. It'll be a gray, hard-hitting world of blasting bugle calls, chow lines, bellowing officers and

chattering machine guns.

The movie star will have to leave his sprawling mansion behind for a tent to be shared with five other men, some of them perhaps who had once written fan letters to him, or a barracks to be shared with prize fighters, grocery clerks, mama's boys, rural hayseeds, accountants and dozens of others.

It'll be a new world, but it'll be

democracy.

"I wish every boy in the country could have this year of training . . ." stated Dr. John Erskine. "What a great opportunity for all our boys to meet at least for one year on terms of absolute democracy! I should like to see the young conservative bunking in with the young radical . . . I should like the boys from one section of the country to do their year of service in another section."

There will be many surprises for easy-going film celebrities. Cary Grant, for example, used to earning perhaps \$20,000 a month, will now have to be satisfied with the regular draftee wage of \$30 a month! Topnotch stars, in the habit of wearing \$145 suits, will now have to don woolen underwear, khakis, thick-soled shoes, plus blanket pack, a year's attire

worth maybe \$90!

Franchot Tone, used to dating until early in the morning and sleeping until noon, would have to forget his past the moment he entered camp. At 5:45, in the cool dawn, the bugle call. And no breakfast in bed, sir. Franchot would have to race to the mess hall for grapefruit, oatmeal, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee.

Vic Mature, Tony Martin, Eddie Albert, would find the female situation



It's romance for those up-and-coming youngsters Ruth Hussey and Bob Cummings in their latest, "Free and Easy."



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really a situation. No Lana Turner to take to Ciro's. Oh, there'd be a Recreation Hall, where a pool game or penny ante poker game could be indulged in.

ante poker game could be indulged in. And, once a week, a dance or beer party with women from a nearby small town. Most of the army life will involve basic training—the object being to make the United States military like the Rose Bowl football teams—precise, quick, coordinating, with an answer for every emergency. And so, hour after hour, through baked and sizzling meadows, over hot highways, through slush and rain and hell, draftees will learn to protect their bodies and beings from howling shrapnel and exploding bombs, will ing shrapnel and exploding bombs, will toughen their muscles, will learn about tear gas through use of fake smoke pots, will learn about the mechanisms of streamlined coughing rifles and about

monstrous tanks.

There will be, in this conscript army, a new language, too, for possible draftees like Wayne Morris and Lew Ayres. There will be words like "hay-burner" meaning cavalry, and "shavetail" meaning second-lieutenant and "stove pipe" meaning trench mortar.

meaning trench mortar.

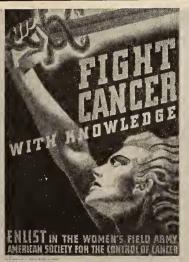
And there will be no worries. An actor forsaking a Bel-Air home, a 1941 roadster half paid for and premiums due on his life insurance will have no fears. Because there exist special laws to protect him. There will be no mortgage foreclosure or repossession of credit wares to harass him. There will be no grabbing of his auto if it's half paid for And the government will some his

no grabbing of his auto if it's hair paid for. And the government will carry his insurance, if it's not over \$5,000.

Eventually, during that hectic year after basic training, each man will go into his niche. Thirty per cent will be rushed into the Air Corps, but these must be the most perfect, physically and mentally, to prepare for the blitz in the sky. If married men were eligible, Fred MacMurray would be placed in the army band to give out on swingy, martial music; Henry Fonda, who'd had experience as a scene painter, would be channeled into the painting corps; Ray Milland, or anyone else with draftmen's training, would go into the Engineer Corps.

America may be sure of one thing. Hollywood and its rich and celebrated colony will do its part. Hollywood will have its share of the million conscripts

trained during 1941.



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HAPPY ENDING

(Continued from page 39)

gentle face. Her jaw dropped open.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Pearl, and I'm working for you."

The soft voice fell like balm on tired nerves. "Pearl," Mary sighed with exquisite relief, "is right."

When the picture was finished, Halli-day chartered a boat for a delayed honeymoon of two weeks. They left Pearl in charge of the house and the Princess Olga. Incidentally, it was a birthday as well as a honeymoon boat. Larry was nine on September 21st, and he and Mrs. Martin joined the Hallidays for a celebration. They swam. They fished from dories. At night they had a party with balloons strung up on deck. "I had a wonderful time on your boat, Dicky," said Larry.

"It's not my boat. I just hired it."
"Well, never mind. Maybe by the time my next birthday comes around, it'll be

your boat.'

He was sent back to the mainlandthrill of thrills!—by plane. His elders returned to a house staffed only by Pearl. Richard said, "You'd better do something about it"

thing about it.

Mary said, "That's easy." And to her secretary, "Hire me someone, but hire me colored people. I don't understand anyone else." Melissa and Jack arrived that night on approval. Melissa still chuckles over the memory. "Nobody ever hired us like Mrs. Halliday hired us She walks in, takes a look, says 'Well, all right' and walks out." The question of help is a sore one in the movie colony. Among women it makes conversation by the yard. Mary doesn't know what they're talking about, so she keeps quiet, feeling half guilty and half smug.

She's made three additional conces-

sions to domesticity:

a-flower arrangements, such as

they are

b-one white sweater

c-one chocolate cake

"I never did arrange flowers in my whole cockeyed life," she says. "My husband's crazy about them. So am Iin gardens and other people's vases. But I thought how pretty, me fixing flowers with my own hands for my own husband's delight. So? So I fix 'em. I go out and cut 'em, come in and try to make 'em stand up. If they stand up, Richard's proud. If they flop, I get 'em out of the way before he comes home.

"I made him the sweater for Christmas. Everyone at the studio was making a sweater for someone, and it suddenly came to me that, in the whole world, no one was making a sweater for my husband. I didn't know how to knit, but one of the girls stood over me and I did what she told me. I decided on a tennis sweater, because that's the kind where you use the heaviest yarn and the biggest needles. No, he doesn't play tennis. He's going to frame it."

One day the phone rang at Mrs. Mar-

tin's house and was answered by Bee, the pearl Mary's mother brought from Texas with her. Bee heard a voice she thought she recognized say, "I want that

chocolate cake recipe of mother's."

Bee's known Mary for a good many years. "Who did you say you was?"

"It's Mary." "It's Mary."

Came a heavy pause. "What for you want to make a choc-late cake?"

"I've got nothing else to do. I can't stand around looking at things."

"Look, honey, you're tired. Why don' you just lay down an' relax yourself?"

EVENTUALLY she got the recipe. As with the sweater, she did what it told her. All went well till she came to the fudge icing. "Here I sat in the middle of the kitchen table with the bowl in my lap—I can't do anything with my feet on the floor. I beat it and nothing happened. It was beat it, and nothing happened. It was raining, which is bad for any icing, really it is. I took it outdoors—thought the rain'd help cool it off. Melissa and Jack and Pearl all got hysterics. I got furious. I told Melissa she could have the darn old icing—she's nuts about fudge. We poured it, and as it poured, it started getting hard, and I started screaming at Melissa, 'Give me back my fudge!' We finally got it smeared over the cake."

She throned the cake on a silver platter and had it borne into the dining-room that night. "Mmm," said Richard after the first bite. "It's good. Who made it?"

For answer, she pressed the service button. In trooped Pearl and Melissa and Jack, all beaming.
"What is this, a dining-room game?"

"Ask them," said Mary.
"Ask them what?"

"Who made the cake."

"Who made the cake?" he echoed in a slight haze.

'Mrs. Halliday made it," they chorused. "The effect," says Mary modestly, "was terrific. Like the second act curtain on opening night. When he took a second hunk, I thought maybe he was being nice. But he took a third hunk. No man's nice enough to take a third hunk of chocolate cake at the end of a good meal

unless the cake's nice, too."

Larry came in with his grandmother. He goes to military school and wears a cadet's uniform, which suits him fine because, since he's worn pants at all, he's refused to wear them short. At nine, his chubby face retains something of its baby contours. His conversation doesn't. He hugged his mother, bared his teeth and stuck out his foot all at the ms teeth and stuck out his foot all at the same time. "We been to the dentist, 'n' we bought new shoes. Know what happened? Tell 'em about the ole lady, Nanny. —All right, I'll tell 'em. Know what she called Nanny, Meem?" His eyes blazed. "'You ole pigheaded fool.' 'Cause she wented to make a left to the same was to the make a left to the same was to the make a left to the same was to the make a left to the same was to the make a left to the same was to the Cause she wanted to make a left turn, 'n' Nanny stopped to let her make it. Then a man behind us started honkin', 'n' she thought it was Nanny honkin', so she said 'you ole pigheaded fool.'—I wish she wouldn't have been an ole lady, I'd've socked her one." From the garden



came a piteous whine and a scratching at the door. "Excuse me," said Larry. at the door.

'Olga needs me."

"Olga needs me."

Mrs. Martin looks like the grandmother every kid should have—pink-cheeked, gray-haired, twinkling-eyed and tranquil. Till she came to Los Angeles, she'd been exclusively a housewife. There, with time and energy on her hands, she looked around and presently found herself selling real estate. "Earned my first check at sixty-three," she says crisply, "and got the thrill of my life."

Guess what she did with it! Bought Larry a set of professional drums and her other grandson a clarinet.

Larry a set of professional her other grandson a clarinet.
"So they'll have some way of making through college," Mrs. Market their living through college," Mrs. Martin explained. "In case we all go broke.

—Come along, Larry, we'll be late for the picture.

Larry came along, his hand on the neck of the dog that was almost as tall as he. "Mimi, what are you going to do with those horseshoes?"

The girl Mary played in "New York Town" was a champion horseshoe-tosser. To mark his appreciation at the picture's close the disease and her form it. close, the director sent her four silver horseshoes dripping with flowers. Larry had his eye on them.

'Going to have 'em made into lighting

fixtures, honey."
"What's that?" "Just an idea—' "Screwy idea-

"Might work."
"We hope," said her son on a note of disgusted skepticism.

As a movie star, he takes his mother for granted. Till someone else doesn't. He'd gone shopping with Mimi and Dick for the first Christmas tree for their new house. Since it was the first, they were pretty fussy. A salesman decided to put



Tall (5' 7"), blonde Alexis Smith is literally on her toes every single minute in "The Bride Came C.O.D."

them in their place, informing them in his best Franklin Pangborn manner that "we've sold dozens of trees like this to movie stars." Mary and Dick moved away to look at another. Larry stayed put. A few seconds later the salesman was tagging them, buttering them up, Miss Martin-ing Mary all over the place.

Back in the car, she fixed her child with a baleful eye. "What did you tell

that man?"

"Told him 'whaddaya mean, movie star? My mother's a movie star just as much as any other ole movie star."

As for Richard, he isn't sure. Not since

the day Larry played interlocutor at the school minstrel show. Mary had two broadcasts that day. To make up to both Larry and herself for having to miss his performance, she dashed home between broadcasts to get him togged out in the white dress suit she'd brought him from Havana. He was all agog. He went through the whole business for her, his part and all the other children's. Mrs. Martin and Richard went down to school with him. Mary joined them there after the broadcast, and they drove home to-gether. Seated between two excited entertainers, Richard tried to give his attention to both. "Did I do my song all right, did the people like me?" babbled Larry, while Mary babbled about her radio show.

"Heaven help me," groaned Richard at last, his hands to his ears. "I'm married

to two hams.

"Know what I want to be, really hon-est to goodness? The greatest actress, the greatest singer, the greatest wife, the "It's an idea—" says Richard.
"Screwy idea—"
"Might work—"

"We hope," giggles Mary.

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IF IT'S A HUSBAND YOU'RE AFTER

(Continued from page 43)

tell you: No one sees me in public places now. I do not go to night clubs, to the polo, to the fights. Big and I were going together for six months before he saw me in an evening dress. Is this be-cause of Big? Wait . . .

"I do not go out much any more because if I enter a night club and say to my escort, 'Please, my coat,' the next day appear headlines which read, 'LUPE VELEZ SCREAMS IN NIGHT SPOT!' When I go to the fights, which I love more than anything, I sit now like this," (Lupe folded demure hands in her lap, cast her eyes down, compressed her lips) "and the gallery that loves me shouts down, 'What's the matter, Lupe, you sick?' But in spite of how quiet I am they give me in spite of how quiet I am, they give me a terrible write-up. They say I have a race prejudice at the fights. If I make a

squeak at the polo games, they say I scream at the other players against Big. "The way they write up about my language drives me crazy. If I tried to talk like they write I do, if I tried to say 'heem' instead of 'him,' 'I lof you!' instead of 'I love you,' I would not know bow."

how.
"So what has all this got to do with love and men, you wonder? I tell you this to prove to you that I am not playing a part because of Big. When I stay quiet in my house or work on the ranch with Big, when I say I am content with the pictures that I make now, I am living a part into which I have grown, a part that fits me. I am proving that we can change our roles in life, but we cannot

"The part I play now, the woman I now am, is the part Big gave me to play, yes. But I say this: It is always the man who must cast the woman in the part she is to play. After that, it is up to her how she plays it. But it is the man who gives her the script.

cheat on them.

"It is the truth that a girl cannot have only one 'line.' She cannot treat one man

"Men remind me exactly of horses.
There are five-gaited horses, and there are two-gaited ones. And men are the same. You must suit your gait to theirs if you want to walk a long way with

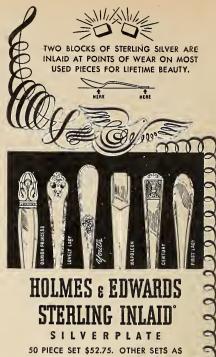
them.
"Once I was stupid with men. I was the most stupid when I thought I was very clever, very cute. How exactly was I stupid? By talking too much, by talking

"It stupid? By taiking too inten, by taiking too insulting, by being too independent.
"I used to brag, too . . . 'I know a guy who wants to marry me—he's got millions.' I would say, 'I want a great, big house with a swimming pool, limousines and diamonds and trips to Europe.'

"Today, if I think of something I would like to have, I say, 'If we can afford this, someday I would like to have it!'

"Now do you know how I behave with

INFORMATION DESK MODERN SCREEN 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing. Name.......



LOW AS \$29.95. AT AUTHORIZED DEALERS.

This Old Treatment Often **Brings Happy Relief**

Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pen and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Scratching Action Fast or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. PRESCRIPTION.



The X-Ray shows how outgrown shoes injure baby feet. Better buy the correct but inexpensive WEE WALKERS and geta larger size often. Ask your baby doctor. Sold in the Infants' Department of these low-profit stores.

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FREE: Baby foot measuring scale in pamphlet on fitting. Moran ShoeCo., Dept. M; Carlyle, Ill.

men? Just like they are horses. Look, you put some grain in your hands and you pass by a horse. You don't let him know what you have in your hands. And he will follow you for ten miles, and you need never say a word. "When I meet a man, I watch him for

hours before I open my mouth. He may want to talk about politics, he may want to talk about the race-track. Whatever it is, I watch for the thread, and I pick

it up.
"Gangsters have the right idea. They don't talk. Girls can learn from them how to get along with men. Girls chase men away by talking more than by any other mistake. I ought to know. I did it many

times

"The very worst mistake that a girl can make is to make a date with another man when she has a little fight with the man when she has a little light with the man she loves. I won't mention names, but I wrecked something pretty fine in my life by just such monkey-shines as that. We had a little fight, this man and I, and what did I do? I go and get it said that I am engaged to a big producer. I get my name in the papers with this producer.
"To make a man jealous is, I know now

a very cheap trick. For if he is a real man, he never comes back. Only if he's a sucker does he come back. Remember that. And then you don't want him

back. So, either way, you lose.

"And here is another big, bad mistake—men do not like women who are glammen do not like women who are glam-orous and exciting. Women like that scare men away. They may take such a woman out two or three times, but it is like they would take out the purple cow or the Siamese Twins, to be exhibitionists, to have people stare at them. They may marry such women sometimes, but it is not for long, such marriages to such



Acting wacky for her role in "Topper Returns" comes easy to Joan Blondell!

women. They are interludes in men's lives, not the until-death-do-us-part wo-

"Look what Big said about me. When he read about me being glamorous and exciting, he hated the thought of me. I didn't intrigue him. Not until he found I could paint walls and be an electrician and a plumber and a fine cook did be

"I tell you, men detest extravagant women. I once lost a young man who was women. I once lost a young man who was in love with me, because I thought I would be smart, and I said, 'Look, I wear eighteen-dollar stockings; I can't wear any cheaper kind.' This young man was rich, himself, but his father had raised a family on eighteen dollars a week. It was

"Now, when I meet a man and he says to me, 'Would you like to go to Ciro's?' I say, 'No, thank you, I know a little place in the Valley where we can get hamburgers and dance for five cents a dance.

"And I mean it. I am not being selfsacrificing. I am not being a phony. I used to go to night clubs all the time. I would put on all the chinchilla and all the rubies, and I would think, I bet they burn when they see me; I bet they burn! But what did it get me? I was the one who

"And here is some wisdom that is real: And here is some wisdom that is real: the first time you buy a house, they rook you maybe. Because you look at it once quickly, you see how pretty the paint is and you say quickly, 'I buy it!' The second time, you are more wise. You look to see if the basement has termites. It is

"Don't take one quick look at a man and say 'I buy!' Take many looks. What I mean is, don't, whatever you do, don't marry for physical attraction. Not even if the man has the face of a Gary Cooper,

HOLLYWOOD LOVE-

What It Costs, Who Loses, Who Wins

FALSE STANDARDS that threaten sincere loves like Judy Garland's are exposed in Screen Guide's daring photo-story. Read intimate details of the romances that make headlines.

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Horse Sense for Bob Taylor: Is he miscast as "Billy the Kid"? Lana Turner and Her Men: Startling story about most-headlined

All this and heavenly color portraits, too-Carole Lombard, Barbara Stanwyck, Carole Landis, Laraine Day. Also gossip, reviews, beauty hints, fashions.

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SCREEN GUIDE APRIL ISSUE Now on Sale at ALL NEWSSTANDS

New Lipstick For Brunettes Gives Your Lips That

"NAUGHTY LOOK"



Eat, Smoke — Yes Kiss IT STAYS ON

IRENE HERVEY one of Hollywood's Loveliest Who Uses Tayton's

TOREADOR RED . . . It's a knockout for brunettes! A new, flaming, red color. You know how wet lips glisten and attract. That unblotted, moist, naughty look. You see it on the movie queens in their love scenes. Glamour. Sex Appeal, Hollywood calls it. And now the House of Tayton's has produced a new special Moisture-Mix lipstick which gives your mouth that moist, wet, glistening, naughty look, though not actually wet at all. . And it stays on. Created in Hollywood. An instant hit; neither greasy nor dry . . Try it. See how glamorous and naughty you look. Lips all shimmery—kiss tempting. So exciting. Romance inviting. Get this naughty Toreador Red for Brunettes (or Barbaric Red for blondes), also 8 other colors of Tayton's Moisture-Mix lipsticks in loc and 25 cguest sizes at your dime store. If your store is out ask manager to order or send 25t to Tayton's, Hollywood, Cal., stating whether blonde or brunette.



TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, justrub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Just rub it on the gums TEETHING LOTION Buy it from your druggist today the physique of a Weissmuller, the bank-roll of a Jock Whitney. Don't marry him unless you like what he is under the way

"Try to find out what a man thinks of women. Not just of you but of all women. Remember that a man in love will say anything to you. It is not what he says to you, but what he does for you that is important. Men play parts when they are after a woman. You cannot trust a man that is in love with you. He will fool you because he fools himself. Try to find out how he is with other women, his mother, his sisters, his friends. Try to find out

what kind of a little boy he was.
"Me, I would advise girls to want a hard-working man. A man who can turn his hand to several jobs. Big, for instance, could become a teacher again, could raise cattle, could use his hands and his brains

for many things besides acting.

"And the smartest thing I ever did with men was not to let myself completely go. I mean, a girl should always keep something behind her, something to rely on in herself.

"I got married, but I kept on with my work. If I marry again, I shall still and always will keep on with my work. Every woman should have something to domake the best biscuits or write the best them. story—something you can do to make money. Because then the man does not feel he owns every little piece of you; then the man knows you have still a door that opens, and it is not good for any one human being to completely own any other human being; love should be free."

Yes, Lupe knows about love.

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Boyfriend Mischa Auer isn't the only one who appreciates Peggy Moran!

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Could Henry VIII Have Had Stomach Ulcer Pains?

History tells how Henry VIII would gorge himself with food and suffer afterward. Don't ignore your sufferings. Try a 25c box of Udga for relief of ulcer and stomach pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn, burning sensation, bloat and other conditions caused by excess acid. Udga Tablets must help you or your money will be promptly refunded. At drug stores everywhere.



HOLLYWOOD SKIN CARE

(Continued from page 47)

disfiguring pit on your precious physiognomy. Following this treatment, be sure nomy. Following this treatment, be sure to close each little pore by splashing on cold water or rubbing on ice wrapped in a clean kerchief, followed by a dab of alcohol, toilet water or cold astringent.

Acne requires more attention, but it can be altogether overcome with strict, patient care. Correct diet, plenty of rest, fresh air and exercise are absolute essentials in treating this condition. Bich

tials in treating this condition. Rich, greasy, heavy foods are taboo for you. Quarts of drinking water; fresh, green vegetables and fruits; eight to ten hours of sleep every night; and daily exercise, preferably out of doors, should form the

basis of your program.

Keep your face scrupulously clean with a soft complexion brush (unless there are open eruptions), warm water and pure soap. Dry your skin very carefully, blotting every inch of it with a fresh, clean towel. One secret of success is to keep and the secret of success is to keep to the secret of success is to keep to the secret of success is to keep the secret of towel. One secret of success is to keep acne dry. Use astringents (applied with absolutely clean cotton) and spare the softening creams while this condition is acute. Cream of the vanishing, drying type will be better for your skin. Use powder sparingly temporarily and, more important still, change your puff every single time you powder. This is smart at any time, but essential when there's across any time, but essential when there's acne to combat. And, uh uh, don't touch your face with your little white hands however clean you think them. Use disposable cleansing tissues instead of linen hankies—and be sure that each one is fresh and spotless.

To sum up, a light diet, plenty of rest, exercise, thorough skin cleansing and drying twice daily, antiseptic precautions, topped off with the application of a drying, healing, specially prepared cream or lotion, all mixed with a dash of patience and personverages and readily of patience and perseverance—and you'll soon be able to say good-bye forever to that trying traitor to beauty, acne.

While acne usually is accompanied by

an over-oily skin, rough patches frequently result from over-dryness. A cold or some local infection may have left an ugly roughness in its wake. Now is the time to apply generously all those rich, oily, lubricating creams after every cleansing as well as regularly every

cleansing as well as regularly every night and morning.

Speaking of colds, this time of year often finds us with pretty discouraging skin hangovers from a series of these winter bugaboos. What to do about that chapped, rough, irritated skin, just when you wanted it to look so lily white and lovely? Of course, first clear up the last vestige of those colds. Drink water and fruit juices by the gallon and rest more than usual. Stow away your linen kerchiefs in that sachet box Aunt Jenifer sent for Christmas, then stock up on soft, sent for Christmas, then stock up on soft, disposable cleansing tissues. Use them exclusively for hankies as well as after every cleansing and creaming. They'll prevent reinfection, thus helping to overcome your colds and, used regularly after cleansing or creaming, their clean, soft freshness will safeguard your skin against all kinds of germs and unnecessary irritations.

Red blotches on your face are often traceable to some germ infection caused by ordinary dirt combined with weak skin which, through neglect or ill health, has lost its normal tone. Conscientious scrubbing will help a lot. So will stimulating creams and the use of skin tonics.

TELL ME ANOTHER KICCHEX and win \$5.00 - says

We will pay \$5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



IT'S NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE

WHEN I HAVE A COLD, I USE VELVETY-SOFT KLEENEX, THE TISSUE THAT'S EASY ON TENDER SKIN!

(from a letter by A. S., Fresno, Calif.)



My Towels Had Measles

WHEN I USED THEM TO REMOVE POLISH FROM MY FINGERNAILS. NOW I USE KLEENEX, AND THE PLAGUE IS OVER!

(from a letter by G. J. J., Vandalia, Mo.)



I was Driving Blind

... UNTIL 1 STARTED KEEPING KLEENEX TISSUES IN THE CAR TO WIPE MOISTURE, FOG AND DIRT OFF THE WINDSHIELD

(from a letter by E. W. B., Birmingham, Ala.)



SOME DUMB BELLE!

I DIDN'T REALIZE ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX THAT ENDS FUMBLING AND WASTE! PULL A FRESH KLEENEX -- ANOTHER POPS UP!

(from a letter by M. M., Ogden, Utah)

Don't put a Cold in your Pocket... KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pai. Off.)

Fever blisters or cold sores may follow a cold, upset tummy or be evidence of generally low resistance. Don't touch them with your hands, and never attempt to open one. An infection and scar may result. Spirits of camphor or a drying powder help soothe and heal cold blispowder help soothe and heal cold blisters, but creams, ointment or any moist dressing will spread and prolong these painful little patches. Use soft, safe, disposable tissues for cleansing, then leave the blister strictly alone. If yours multiply or persist get busy at their systemic

Wrinkles may or may not amount to blemishes, but one usually worries you into another, so here's a suggested stitch in time. Wrinkles are a sign of relaxed muscles and require local attention such as that recommended in the preceding article. They also can be warded off and smoothed out by a program of circulation pepper-uppers, such as outdoor exercise, fresh air and sunshine. Try relaxing a few minutes each day with your feet

elevated higher than your head. That sends your blood to the rescue of starved, depleted facial tissues that are getting wrinkled from lack of tissue-nourishing circulation. Always keep a film of softening, lubricating cream on skin that tends to wrinkle. This holds moisture in suspension where it is most needed. Cold astringents, skin tonics, ice or icy water all are additional surface circulation raisers which do their share of wrinkle

chasing.

That covers those surface blemish problems pretty thoroughly, we'd say. Local and systemic care go hand in hand, and one is handicapped without the

You've just got time to get in some telling blows at those blemishes before Easter, and the undressed season conspire to expose them. Take a note from Hollywood's beauty book and never say die till you've recaptured the charm of a skin that is just as fresh and lovely as a morning in April.

SORE TOES Nature's Warning That Are Coming!

Don't wait until your toes are sore from shoe friction and pressure. At the first sign of sore or tender toes from shoe friction and pressure—protect those tender spots with the New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You will have quick relief, save yourself many an unhappy hour in new or tight shoes and keep FREE of corns, sore toes, tender spots and blisters!

Quickly Remove CORNS—CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads can be used torelieve pain from corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Or, they can be used with the separate Medications included in every box for removing corns or callouses. The New flesh color Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zinopads are delightfully soft, soothing, cushioning. 630% softer than before, Easy to apply. Do not come off in the bath, or stick to the stocking.

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15 Corn Pads and 12 separateCorn-Removing Medications. Cost but atrifle. Insist on Dr. Scholl's! At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, and Toilet Goods







As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottleand book telling All About Gray Hair. ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 3, LOWELL, MASS.

MORE HOLLYWOOD INFORMATION THAN EVER BEFORE IN A MAGAZINE! HOLLYWOOD WHO'S WHO

Now On Sale Everywhere



TAGGING THE HOLLYWOOD **PLAYBOYS**

(Continued from page 36)

as such he has a certain reputation to For example, you never see uphold. Pat dating an extra or even a small part player. The dignity of his position forbids that. Mothers would grow to distrust him, and Pat is nothing if not trustworthy, safe to bring home and in-troduce to the family. He is an ex-cellent dancer and is always available to the discriminating hostess in rounding out her table.

Next on our list, we find Jimmy Stewart, a most interesting and highly successful playboy. His technique is different, if not absolutely unique. In the trade, we call it the Little Boy Approach. It is charming and works almost exclusively on a lady's maternal instincts, makes her want to protect him. They say that Jackie Cooper was properly in-censed the first time he watched Stewart work on a subject. After all, it is an unwritten law among the gay blades never to pinch another guy's stuff, and Jackie had been looking forward to mid-Jackie had been looking forward to middle age with considerable anticipation when he, too, could utilize this deadly approach which is characterized by the gently jutting under lip, the slightly hanging head, the from-under-the-eyebrows glance followed quickly by a frankly engaging twinkle and a boyish chuckle. I have seen strong women quiver from head to foot after a five-minute application of this approach. They practically whinny in their eagerness to practically whinny in their eagerness to soothe the furrowed brow.

WE debated for some time whether or not to include Cesar "Butch" Romero on our list. Despite his ardent Latin pan and his fabulous skill on the dance floor, "Butch" is getting a reputation for being safe, and no true man-about-town will ever allow so vicious a rumor to be circulated unchecked. But "Butch's" past success has stood him in good stead. Perhaps, were the truth known, "Butch" is not safe after all but is merely playing is not sate after all but is merely playing a deeper game, or maybe he only needs a good, bracing tonic. In any event, when a local lass needs an entertaining escort with a swell sense of humor and that ineffable ability to make her own rhumba look good, who does she think of? "Butch"—every time. And she can leave her brass knuckles home on the bureau—which is a consideration these bureau-which is a consideration these

days.

Let us consider for a moment Burgess Meredith. His technique is not so very unusual but perhaps well worthy of mention. Meredith is a most effective young actor with a yen for the Little Theatre. Unlike Orson Welles, he relies on an extremely subtle approach. His conversation reeks with references to the experimental theatres where true worth and rarefied art are to be found the year 'round. He insists, quite convincingly, that pictures are not for him. One perhaps, or even two, for the money and the experience, but then—heigh-ho and off to his first, true love—the Living Stage. This approach is virtually guaranteed to entrance any lady whose acting experience has been limited to the screen. The indifference to money as a main objective and the brightly burning flame that cloaks the smell of grease paint and the whir of a curtain rising—all these delivered in a low, tense voice with the eyes far away? Absolutely irresistible!



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE -

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

of bed in the Worning Karin to to
The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into
your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing
freely, your food may not digest, It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and
the world looks punk.
It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver
Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to
make you feel "up and up." Get a package today.
Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢,



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Another small—very small—group is roified by Howard Hughes. Here we typified by Howard Hughes. typified by Howard Hughes. Here we have a director and producer who is, in a sense, unique. When he promises a girl a part in a picture, she not only gets it, but gets a good one to boot. A man as honest as that really almost loses his amateur standing. The cards are stacked in his favor to such a degree that he doesn't have to try very hard to produce a delighted swoon on the part of the most seasoned of the Hollywood girls.

Horses are always a good approach in

Horses are always a good approach in Hollywood. Tim Durant—one of Marlene Dietrich's favorite escorts—relies pretty heavily on riding breeches for his appeal. His social position, financial well-being and lack of reliance on any one phase of the industry place him in the category of a true glamour boy who really fits the horsey background. It becomes his quiet knowledge of his own general su-

periority.

Another comer is John Shelton. His studio feels that he has quite a future, studio feels that he has quite a ruture, and John is wisely preparing for the advent of that happy day when he grabs top billing. He's in his element with the society girl tourists who infest the town from time to time. Shelton is rarely seen in public with aught but a blue blood. He shies away from actresses but in the company of a socialite is flatteringly able to place himself on the same teringly able to place himself on the same observing side of the table, so to speak. A guide in, but not of, the industry's lowly social life.

Among the directors there are many,

Among the directors there are many, many first-class playboys, some of whom show true genius. For example, Anatole Litvak has been known to hold a girl spellbound for hours with his nimble, if heavily accented, speech and his continental ability to remain debonair, if not aloof, at all times.

None of the lads get around like agent Vic Orsatti. He has been accused of meeting all trains, planes and busses in a pleasantly combined search for talent to represent and new fields to conquer. He has the ability to wear the loveliest of the lovely like a boutonnière—and make them like it. And they do meet such nice people that way, too.

such nice people that way, too.

Lest I be accused of forgetting old friends, let me put in a word here and



Possessor of one of Hollywood's most perfect chassis is brown-eyed Marie Wilson, 5'5" tall, weighing 104 pounds!

Now Do This If Your Child Has A Cold

IMPROVED Vicks Way To Relieve Miseries Recommended to Mothers

It's a wise mother who exercises worrysaving care and common-sense when a child catches a cold that causes spasms of coughing, congestion in the upper bronchial tubes, muscular soreness or tightness! And to the wise mother we recommend relieving miseries of colds this improved Vicks way – with a 3-minute "VapoRub" Massage.

Increases Stimulating Penetrating-Vapor Action

THIS MORE THOROUGH TREAT-MENT actually increases the stimulating and penetrating-vapor action of Vicks VapoRub...MORE EFFECTIVELY stimulates chest and

back surfaces like a poultice or plaster . MORE EFFECTIVELY penetrates the breathing passages with soothing medicinal vapors. And starts right in to work bringing welcome relief!

Works Faster, Longer

To get all the benefits of a 3-minute "VapoRub" Massage, you just massage VapoRub for three full minutes on the RIB-AREA OF THE BACK as well as on throat and chest. Spread a thick layer on chest and cover with warmed cloth. Then watch the results! . . . as this improved Vicks treatment makes VapoRub work faster and longer to relieve distress of colds!

FOR BETTER RESULTS USE VICKS THE IMPROVED DIRECT WAY

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HEAVEN-SCENT for ROMANCE

Blue Waltz

In the spring—or anytime—a young man's fancy will be captivated by the fresh, flower-like fragrance of BLUE WALTZ Perfume. Enchanting as a garden in the moonlight and just as intoxicating! For this is a perfume exquisitely blended from a mixture of the world's loveliest blossoms. Make it your own with a touch of BLUE WALTZ on your hair, your throat, your wricts.

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now for a fine old ex-glamour poy—David Niven. Even if David were not already married and therefore no longer officially in good standing, he'd have difficulty in keeping in practice due to the war. David's line was a delight for all appropried to the flight correction at all concerned. A top-flight comedian at all times, he would laugh the gals into partial insensibility, and from there on it was a walkaway. He was the only man I ever knew who could run a flair for mimicry into a romance without a trace of incongruity. But then, he could mimic almost anything.

There's one other thing I want to point out to you in all due justice. Some of these lads may not consider themselves as predatory. They may be misjudged, and I am the last chap in the world to let that kind of misjudgment go unrevealed. No one knows any better than I how easy it is to be hung for circum-

stantial evidence.

For example, look what happened to me—and everyone knows I am no philanderer. That is, everyone but Lili, and with her it is just a matter of Gallic impetuosity. Here I was, dog-tired. Ten o'clock at night after a hard day's work. The downy was a siren-like lure, but I had to restrain the impulse for sleep. I had not yet performed my good deed for the day. So, on the way home, I dropped in at Dave Chasen's, searching for some one to befriend. And whom do I run into? Johnny Meyer. A pal. A sharer of vicissitudes. A lad of whom I have always said, "There is a man one can trust absolutely. A stout fellow.'

Now Johnny looked badly. Peaked. He toyed with his drink, which is not at all like Johnny in his brighter moments.

He does not toy.

At his insistence I joined the table for

At his insistence I joined the table for a bit of egg and salmon.

"Johnny," I said solicitously, "you do not look well. Is there anything that an old pal can do to lighten life's burden?"

"Yes," said Johnny morosely. "You could pay the check." Which cheered me. It showed that Johnny had not lost his serge of humor despite his hitter his sense of humor despite his bitter mood. I laughed softly.



Mary Howard, currently appearing with Frank Morgan in "Wild Man From Borneo," takes her yachting formally in a glamour gown and silver fox jacket!

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CROSSWORD PUZZLES

ON SALE AT ALL **NEWSDEALERS**

The lady who was with him absented herself for a moment. I caught Johnny's hound-like eyes surveying me with

"We're pals, aren't we?" asked Johnny.
"Right. Forever and ever. Through
thick and thin. What's up?"

He fell into a moody silence, like the time Bud Ernst and I shoved him into a tub of ice water. Then he said, "Do a pal a favor and drive this dame home for me, huh? I don't feel so good."

Despite myself, I could feel a defensive look creep into my eyes. I took myself firmly in hand. "Where does she live?"
"Just around the corner. Couple of blocks. Honest, I don't feel so hot or I'd do it myself."

I'd do it myself."

I considered the girl. She was no Hedy
Lamarr. Still she was a woman in distress, and my bosom pal's request was
mild. Just a few blocks out of my way
and then home to the downy. "Will you
pay the check?" I countered.

In a trice the check was paid, and I
sallied forth to the car where Max, my

man, somnolently dreamt of the good old days in the Nicaraguan constabulary when a man could call his life his own. I slid under the wheel without waking

"Where to?" I asked brightly, with that lift that a man gets while performing

that daily deed.

"Turn left and go east on Beverly," she said demurely. The top was down, the radio so softly, and the night air was balmy. Sometime later I turned to my silent passenger to see if she was asleep. She wasn't.

"Around here somewhere?" We were three miles from Chasen's.
"Straight ahead."

DROVE on faintly troubled. I had a six o'clock call, and it was already midnight. My friends, I drove . . . and drove . . . and drove. This designing female lived way the devil the other side of Altadena. About twenty miles from Chasen's. It was one-thirty when I got home after having driven Johnny's girl

Chasen's. It was one-thirty when I got home after having driven Johnny's girl "just around the block."

Now my point is that those of evil intent could and would accuse me of having tried to wolf my pal's gal Sal. They'd say, "Look, didn't he swipe her interest to the same of the swipe her interest." They'd say, "Look, didn't he swipe her right out from under Johnny's nose in the bright light of Chasen's? Didn't he even stick old J.M. with the check? Two hours! Does it take two hours to drive around a corner? You heard Johnny say, 'Just around the corner, old pal,' didn't you? Well, add it up. Add it up!"

And there you have it. Accused of wolfing when all I was, was the victim of a scurrilous knave and his idea of a practical joke. It is such injustice which

practical joke. It is such injustice which turns a man's soul. Now it may be that some of the lad's whose techniques we have examined here just act that way in over-compensation for an inferiority complex. They may leer and snort at a delicious bit of femininity just to cover their aching hearts and sense of shyness.

Yeah, they may.

However, having bared my heart to you in this manner, I am forced in all Honesty to reveal that even now all the Hollywood playboys seem to be converging on my door step, and I think they're out for blood.

Therefore, self-preservation dictates immediate closing of this tale. The Sirocco awaits me at her moorings in Santa Monica Bay. If my footwork is properly nimble, I shall elude them all and be off for an extended cruise. The sharks of the broad Pacific are as nothing against the aroused pack-but don't say I didn't try to tell you!

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9. Bette, take thee, anthur ...



Davis and her newly acquired hubby No. 2, Arthur Farnsworth. He's 34, 5' 11" tall, with the same coloring as hers. Bridesmaid's her younger sister, Barbara Pelgrim.

When Bette Davis sent Los Angeles newspapermen a wire reading: "ARTHUR FARNSWORTH AND I WERE MARRIED AT EIGHT O'CLOCK TUESDAY EVENING AT THE RANCH OF MR. AND MRS. JUSTIN DART IN ARIZONA," she accomplished two things. First, she informed the press that she had become a New Year's Eve bride. And second, she pinned back the ears of all those wiseacres who think women can't keep secrets.

Not since Hollywood came into being has the marriage of one of its children caught it so flat-footed. No one had ever heard of Farnsworth. No one had noticed the lovelight in Bette's eyes. And because they didn't know what to make of it, Hollywood tossed off the wedding as a spur-of-the-moment elopement and predicted its early failure.

Actually, there was nothing madcap about Bette's marriage. The ceremony, performed in the home of Jane Bryan and Justin Dart, just a year to the day after the Darts' own marriage, was as carefully planned as an RAF raid. Bette's white silk jersey wedding gown and exquisite trousseau had been purchased weeks earlier from a tongue-tied department store salesgirl. The bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley with which she faced the pastor had been carefully carried all the way from Hollywood. The simple gold band that made her Mrs. Farnsworth was in her groom's pocket when he flew from New England to Arizona. And the guest cottage which Mrs. Dart had

transformed into a bridal suite had been standing ready and waiting for days.

Despite the secrecy with which she carried off the affair, Bette states there was nothing dramatic about her wedding. That is, nothing except the 500-mile trip to the Dart ranch which she made in her station wagon. She was accompanied only by her radio agent and her dog. "And the only thing that worried me," admitted Bette, "was that my flowers would wilt before I got there!"

Of her groom Bette will say little. It's known that he was a childhood friend; that he's the 34-year-old son of a Vermont dentist; that he was divorced two years ago from Betty Jane Adeylotte, Boston art designer and aviatrix; and that he has a snug spot in the upper brackets of Boston society. He was once the assistant manager of a New Hampshire hotel, but his present career is aviation. He flies his own plane, loves horses and rides magnificently, has a quiet sense of humor and a steadiness that is a balance to Bette's own nervous temperament.

When Bette returned from her recent vacation in the East, there was no understanding between them; but Farnsworth proposed and was accepted by courtesy

If there is no hitch in their present plans, Farnsworth will settle into a California aviation post, his wife will go on to greater celluloid glory, and both will be "at home" in the house Bette bought a year ago.

aro PRESENTS "The Lass with the Delicate

Air!"

Chic, full of airs and graces, utterly feminine-that's "Lady" Cecile. Fastidious to a grown-up degree is this daintiest of the Dionne Quintuplets. She loves clothes and would change frocks a dozen times a day if permitted. Cecile's favorite color is blue. She likes

contrasting accessoriesand insists that gloves, shoes and bag match. She's as fun-loving as her four famous sisters-but mudpiemaking is out!



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and it has been for over two generations! Children -and grown-ups tooenjoy it as a delicious "Spread" for bread. It's

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"Cecile" is the 5th portrait in Karo's series "The Quintuplets as Individuals" painted from life by the famous artist, Willy Pogany. In this series each little girl has been presented in a charmingly characteristic pose ... a gallery of energetic, abundantly healthy children. Dr. ALLAN

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pleasures," says Mrs. Howard. "I must mention Camels. Every time I smoke a Camel cigarette, I enjoy it thoroughly. Camel's slower way of burning means 'extras' to me. More flavor, more mildness—more coolness, too—all in one grand cigarette! You can be sure that whenever I entertain, I serve Camels."



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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