

MODERN SCREEN

MAY

10

CENTS



BARBARA STANWYCK

HUNDREDS OF INTIMATE PHOTOS OF YOUR SCREEN FAVORITES!



Even if you were born Plain Jane . . .
TAKE HOPE...If your Smile is Lovely!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

*say well-known beauty editors of
 23 out of 24 leading magazines*

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HOPE—plain girl! Look in your mirror—and smile! There's your chance for beauty. For if you keep your teeth sparkling, gums firmer, you, too, have a loveliness to turn the eyes of men.

But truly, how is your smile? Bright and radiant—or dull, dingy? Help make your smile sparkle, make it the real, attractive YOU. Start today with Ipana and massage. Remember, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away. He

may say your gums only need more work—natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the extra stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Try Ipana and Massage

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to sturdier, more resistant firmness. So be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth.

Start with Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile winning and attractive.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

The lion roars "See 'Men of Boystown'!"

It will be money properly spent.

It will blend the golden laughter and tears of April, as in William Watson's poem.

In September, 1938, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—conversationally called M-G-M—decided that the world should know more about Father Flanagan and his famous home for homeless boys of all faiths. Result—"Boystown".

It was one of the five most successful pictures ever produced. There were letters from the public. There was a demand for more.



And so with time and care a new great hit was created—a worthy sequel—a successful successor.

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are together again.

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are Father Flanagan and Whitey Marsh again!

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are wonderful again in "Men of Boystown"!

The original screen play by James K. McGuinness was directed by Norman Taurog, produced by John Considine.

Time is the master critic and Time has awarded every medal and trophy to M-G-M, the master of entertainment.

Sorry. We were told not to blow our own horn.



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

MODERN SCREEN

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PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor

SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter

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IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN BOYS TOWN

SPENCER

MICKEY

Tracy · Rooney
IN
"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"

with
BOBS WATSON · DARRYL HICKMAN · MARY NASH
LARRY NUNN · HENRY O'NEILL · LEE J. COBB

Original Screen Play by
James Kevin McGuinness

Directed by Norman Taurog

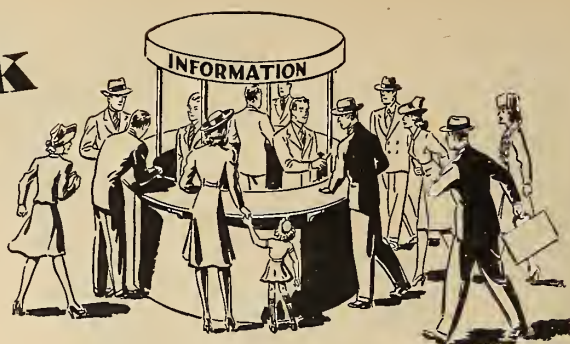
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER'S NEW HIT



information desk

THE COMPLETE UNABRIDGED ANSWERS TO
ALL THOSE TRICKY QUESTIONS OF YOURS!



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

Dorothy Shenfeld, Denver, Col. Musically speaking, Lew Ayres strums on the banjo and guitar; Claudette Colbert sings a throbby blues number when she's in the tub; Mickey Rooney beats it out on his trap drums and Fred MacMurray wields a sweet 'n' low sax.

Ruth H., Anaconda, Mont. Robert Paige is at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. . . . Larry Nunn's at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.

Lorraine Schnoor, Milwaukee, Wis. You're right, your Dad's wrong—"Waterloo Bridge" takes place during the first World War, all except the very first and very last scenes.

Mildred Byrne, South Boston, Mass. Here's to completing your scrapbook! Jane Wyman's appeared in the following pictures since she's been in Hollywood: "My Man Godfrey," "Cain and Mabel," "Smart Blonde," "Ready, Willing and Able," "The King and the Chorus Girl," "Public Wedding," "The Singing Marine," "Death Flies East," "Fair Warning," "Second Honeymoon," "Under Suspicion," "The Gladiator," "Charlie Chan in Reno," "Gambling on the High Seas," "My Love Came Back," "Tugboat Annie Sails Again" and "Honeymoon for Three." Ronald Reagan's played in "Love Is On the Air," "Submarine D-1," "Sergeant Murphy," "Swing Your Lady," "Accidents Will Happen," "Cowboy from Brooklyn," "Boy Meets Girl," "Girls on Probation," "Going Places," "Dark Victory," "Naughty But Nice," "Hell's Kitchen," "Code of the Secret Service," "Smashing the Money Ring," "Angels Wash Their Faces," "Brother Rat and a Baby," "Secret Service of the Air," "Queer Money," "Murder in the Air," "The Life of Knute Rockne," "Tugboat Annie Sails Again" and "Santa Fe Trail."

Gloria Ozburn, Miami, Fla. Vic Mature's got several "best" girls: Betty Grable, Wendy Barrie, Liz Whitney and Lana Turner. Born in Louisville, Ky., 24 years ago, he left there in an old tin lizzy to try his luck in Hollywood while still a boy. Dead broke when he arrived, he pitched a tent wherein he camped during his term at the Pasadena Playhouse and long after he was playing in the movies. He's an extra-special dancer, somewhat conceited and definitely an unusual character. He's six feet two inches tall, weighs 198 pounds. He's now on Broadway in "Lady in the Dark."

A Hawaiian Fan, Waialua, Hawaii. Your favorite, June Storey, hails from Toronto, Canada, where she was born 23 years ago. She's five feet four inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. While she was just a child the family moved to Connecticut where she was educated. Her parents were determined that she should be a schoolteacher, but her persistent interest in the stage finally won their cooperation, especially after she went so far as to organize a juvenile stock company! June loves sports (hunting, badminton, golf, tennis, swimming) and dancing and traveling. Her hobbies are collecting old coins, playing the piano and finding new ways to cook eggs. She already knows 32 styles! Her pet delight is southern fried chicken and the bane of her existence is parsnips. She's footloose and fancy free and devotes all her interests to her work. Right now she's just completed "The Lone Wolf Takes a Chance" with Warren William at Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. . . . Bonita Granville is at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mrs. Mabel, Pulaski, Ill. Johnny Mack Brown was born with that name in Dothan, Ala., on Sept. 1, 1904. He's married to Cornelia Foster and has three kids. . . . George O'Brien (that's his real name) was born in San Francisco, Cal., on April 19, 1900. He's wed to Marguerite Churchill and has one little girl. . . . Gene Autry has no children. . . . Jane Withers, who celebrates her 15th birthday on April 12th, has completed "Her First Beau" at Columbia and is now working on "A Very Young Lady" at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Jennifer, Cleveland, Ohio. Billy Halop was 21 on February 11th. Write to Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., for his picture. . . . Ty Power is 27 years old, five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. You can get his photo at Twentieth Century-Fox, Beverly Hills. . . . Roy Rogers is 28, five feet ten and three-fourths inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood, sell his likeness for 25c. . . . Bing Crosby will be 36 on May 2nd, is five feet nine inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. You can get his picture at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Ave., Hollywood, Cal. . . . and don't forget to enclose 25c for each of the above photos!

Videly Taylor, Oklahoma City, Okla. Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland aren't going to school any more. . . . Nope, Margaret Lindsay isn't married. . . . Ginny Simms is Kay Kysers' vocalist and chief cook and bottle-washer. . . . Billy Halop was born in Brooklyn, but grew up on Long Island. . . . Yessiree, Jeff Lynn (Continued on page 92)

*The most beautiful fingernails
in the world!*



COLOR NEWS

Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
Dura-Gloss Pink Lady
Dura-Gloss Indian Red

*The continuous use of Dura Gloss
will make your fingernails more beautiful!*



Be coy, coquette! But let the incandescent beauty of your fingernails blaze out the story of your allure, your exquisite, fastidious charm! Give your fingernails this boon—the flashing loveliness of gem-like lustrous color—give your fingernails the boon of Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents, a thrifty dime, yet it is as perfect a polish as can possibly be made! See for yourself—try, buy Dura-Gloss today!

Protect your nails—make them more beautiful with

DURA-GLOSS

It's good for Your Nails **10¢**

**THE DIFFERENCE
between NAIL POLISHES**

Other polishes put color on your nails, but DURA-GLOSS imparts to them a gleam of brilliance—a LIFE and LUSTER—that you get only from DURA-GLOSS' new nail polish formula. Never before have you been able to get such remarkable, jewel-like brilliance in any nail polish. You, too, can have the most beautiful fingernails in the world. Don't be satisfied with less—don't delay. Get DURA-GLOSS. Use it. It makes your nails more beautiful!

This, of course, is a movie you will want to see no matter what anyone tells you about it. It is not only better than the stage play it stems from, but it is one of the very finest films ever produced.

It has everything you could possibly ask for: Magnificent acting, solid direction, imaginative writing and entrancing photography. The dirt of the novel and stageplay was cleaned up very simply by dropping it completely, and it isn't missed.

The film turns out to be funny! You will laugh and laugh at the antics of the Tobacco Road folks and their curious way of handling the vicissitudes of life. But you will leave the theatre a little ashamed of yourself for having laughed.

The story? Well, Jeeter is the last of a long line of Lesters. The old South is gone, and people like the Lesters now occupy the broken-down, claptrap mansions—practically squatters on their own land. Then along comes the bank and tells 'em they must get off. All this, incredibly, is in a comedy vein, and it's beautifully done.

Charley Grapewin as Jeeter is astonishingly good. The role seems to have been created for him. Gene Tierney doesn't get much to do as Ellie May. The supporting cast, including Elizabeth Patterson, William Tracy, Ward Bond and Marjorie Rambeau, is brilliant. It's the sincerity of the whole cast that makes "Tobacco Road" a truly great film.

There is a happy ending which is a cheater—but it won't distress you, because it completes the circle from futility to futility. Directed by John Ford. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*



In the screen version of "Tobacco Road," Ward Bond appears as Lav Bensey, Charley Grapewin as Jeeter Lester and Gene Tierney as Ellie May.

TOBACCO ROAD ★ ★ ★ ½

Movie Reviews

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

This is primarily a picture for pop and mom. It's a remember-when epic, but everyone of you youngsters should have a good time too. Here's a boisterous conglomeration of shrewdly molded entertainment values with all the elements of fun and hokum you can think of.

You may have seen the story once before, some years back as "One Sunday Afternoon," but don't let that keep you away. The two films have nothing in common. This one is a fast frolic all the way and has a tiptop crew of actors. Jimmy Cagney is at his best, Olivia de Havilland has never been better, and Rita Hayworth is an eyeful.

Jimmy is an ambitious young dentist in the very early 1900's with a yen for Rita, "The Strawberry Blonde," a flirtatious wench who has all the boys on the block popping their eyes as she walks by. Jack Carson marries her, and Jimmy marries Olivia de Havilland. He's got the best of the deal, of course. He's such a dope, though, that Carson kicks him around all through the film, and it's not until the finale that he realizes what a very lucky guy he is and what utter no-goods Rita and Jack are.

Carson carries out one of this department's prophecies by proving that he is ready for lead roles. Alan Hale and George Tobias are both funny in supporting roles. The whole picture is swell, but it's the light, frothy spirit of the production that counts above everything else. That is what makes it the kind of movie you will remember and tell your pals about. Directed by Raoul Walsh. *Warner Brothers.* (Continued on page 12)

STRAWBERRY BLONDE ★ ★ ★ ½

In "Strawberry Blonde," coquettish Rita Hayworth of the red hair upsets the equilibrium of correspondence school dentist Cogney!



*"Sometimes
there's a terrible penalty
for telling the truth . . ."*

BETTE DAVIS

**will appear
soon
in her
stunning
new triumph**

The Great Lie

GEO. BRENT

Her co-star of 'Dark Victory' and 'The Old Maid' in the Warner Bros. drama that magnificently surpasses both!

MARY ASTOR

LUCILE WATSON • HATTIE McDANIEL

Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • From a Novel by
Polan Banks • Music by Max Steiner

Directed by **EDMUND GOULDING**



FOREVER AND A DAY

BY BETTY HARRIS

HERE'S ONE FRANCO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE THAT'S AS SOLID AS GIBRALTAR—TY AND ANNABELLA POWER!



Tyrone, who once ushered in a Cincinnati theatre, is giving a young usher protégé of his a part in the remake of Valentino's "Blood and Sand."



Ty says their rambling, friendly house is a haven of peace and quiet, but he's christened it "Power House."

Late one afternoon about two years ago, two tired people drove up to a house in Brentwood. The man was dark, lean and handsome. The girl was small, blonde and lovely. They were engaged to be married. They'd been looking at houses all day and had reached the point, familiar to any home-hunter, of wondering whether they shouldn't rig up a tent.

Driving through the gate, they eyed without enthusiasm the white brick and stucco building. The slender columns flanking the doorway were nice, but the oval flowerbed facing it looked like an orphan.

"I never did like gray roofs and shutters," said Tyrone.

"I don't like flowerbeds," Annabella said, "unless with flowers in them."

"Come on, let's go—"

"All right—"

The caretaker barred their way. "May I show you the house?"

They hesitated, exchanged glances. "Well—since we're here—"

She showed them over the lower floor, then led them upstairs and into a bedroom that opened on a balcony. They stepped out. The sun was setting—rose-washed clouds against the far blue curve of the sky. Below them a garden—green velvet carpet bordered by viburnum hedges—to the right, a miniature woodland sloping toward the road—flowerbeds cascading with color to the left—an orange tree splashing its gold and emerald against a white wall—the turquoise glint of a pool—a faraway line of poplars stretching on tiptoe to the horizon, and beyond them a square white tower soaring above the foliage and looking as if it had been filched from a castle and etched on the sky for purely decorative purposes. All within a few yards of Sunset Boulevard, yet all so tranquil and cloistered that, as Annabella says, "you don't know if you are in Hollywood or France or the place where the sleeping beauty waited for her prince."

They looked at each other. Her eyes said, this is the place. His eyes answered yes. Gray roofs could be painted. Naked flowerbeds could be filled. But a garden like this happened once in a lifetime, and what fool would turn it down!

"We wanted to laugh and smile," says Annabella, "but we didn't dare, because of the woman. We wanted to say right away, we'll take it, but it wouldn't be good business. So we squeezed our arms and said 'sh!' and told her we'd let her know next day. But in the car we shivered that someone might come in the night to take it first. I can tell you we were there very early next morning to sign for that garden."

It's pleasant to see Tyrone and his wife together. You don't have to hold hands and coo "darling" to make it apparent that you're in love. As a matter of fact, it's more persuasive when you don't. There's something palpable about such a relationship—a fragrance, if you like, as refreshing and inescapable as any other. A word, a smile is enough to bring you the smell of a happy marriage and a happy house. The house with the garden has that fragrance.

You've seen the piquant beauty of Annabella's face in the movies. Add to that grace of manner, warmth of heart and an unforced gayety that sparkles through her talk like light through water, and you'll begin to understand why Tyrone (*Continued on page 65*)

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT I WAS LONELY



WHY didn't romance come to me in the Spring-time as it did to other girls? I asked myself that question one soft and starry night in spring as I sat listening to romantic music on the radio. Then I heard the announcer say, "Dandruff can stand between you and love. That's why you should use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. It is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff instantly—a guarantee backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms." He went on to say that Fitch Shampoo lathers richly and rinses out completely in hard or soft water. Penetrates and cleanses tiny hair openings on the scalp. A real re-conditioning treatment that leaves hair shining, manageable and completely free of dandruff.

There was my answer! The snapshot on the left shows how good an answer it was. Springtime should bring romance to you, too. Try Fitch Shampoo today!

GOODBYE DANDRUFF



Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Men

After and between Fitch Shampoos, use Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. It stimulates the scalp, and keeps the hair neat and good looking!

LISTEN TO THE FITCH BANDWAGON
Presenting your favorite orchestras
every Sunday, 7:30 p.m. E.S.T., over
N.B.C. Red Network



Fitch's
TRADE MARK

Copr. 1941 F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Iowa

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

★★★★½ I Wanted Wings

If this movie does nothing else, it marks a new peak in aviation photography. There is some of the most magnificent flying here that you have ever seen or imagined in your whole life. It's real thrill stuff.

The story, which isn't quite worthy of the better-than-average actors, has to do with a group of guys who join Uncle Sam's flying forces. It tells about their various problems in the battle to earn wings—those miniature insignias of aerial superiority. Ray Milland, Wayne Morris and William Holden are a trio of youths who join up as the picture starts. Brian Donlevy is the tough teacher they draw—with the proverbial heart of gold. Constance Moore and Veronica Lake are the two gals who figure most prominently in the plot complications. Which, as you must admit, is a potent combination of acting talent.

Milland is rich, spoiled; Holden is poor, nervous; Morris is more or less the fall-guy—anything anybody says is okay with him. All three boys handle themselves expertly, with Morris a distinct surprise. Connie Moore, as a photographer who falls for Milland, shows great possibilities. Veronica Lake is the heavy, a tough gal with a lot of flash but not much sense of decency; she messes up practically everybody in the picture before the magnificently exciting finale.

You've heard a lot about Veronica, of course, and probably want to know a good deal more. Well, she's a luscious dish with a terrific chassis and lots of ability. She should attract a great deal of attention.

The story gets terribly melodramatic and hokum-y in spots, which seems a shame. But perhaps it doesn't matter. Because what will remain with you—and for a long time, probably—is the really breath-taking thrill and action stuff, of which there is a super-abundance. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Nice Girl?

"Nice Girl?" may not be Deanna Durbin's best picture, but it's real fun, real entertainment and a pleasure to sit through. Deanna is a typical American girl again, a lovely daughter in a lovely American family, and with typical average American family problems to worry her.

Deanna is in love with Robert Stack, who is in love with her. But there is no romance about this, because both of them have grown up together and take each other for granted. Then along comes a really romantic gent, Franchot Tone, for whom Deanna immediately falls. He plays along, very sweetly, in an attempt not to hurt her, and that makes for complications, of course.

Besides Deanna, there is an extra strong cast in this film. Robert Benchley is astonishingly good as Deanna's understanding and kindly father. Franchot Tone is the one who doesn't quite convince, but probably it's a matter of writing; he seems to have tongue in cheek just a bit too much of the time. Bobby Stack, of course, is perfect as Deanna's boy friend; Helen Broderick and Walter Brennan get a lot of fun in support bits, and there is a surprise in little Ann Gillis as Deanna's younger sister. Watch this kid. If she isn't a star very soon, there's something decidedly wrong somewhere. She's absolutely terrific.

The music is not up to par in this picture. There are five songs, four of them brand new but not especially exciting; the fifth is the nearest to being a classic, Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home." Directed by William Seiter.—*Universal.*

★★★ Back Street

Here is an adult movie that will linger long in your memory. It's primarily what is called a woman's picture, full of tears and heartbreak—but it also has the artistry of Margaret Sullavan and

JOLENE shoes
STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

JOAN BLONDELL
Co-Starred with Dick Powell in
"MODEL WIFE"
A Universal Picture

*Your Hollywood cue
for a starring role—*

Zetta

Mama

3 TO 4 Handcrafted Styles
Slightly Higher

Free
RUN-STOP
HOSIERY KIT
... For your kit and
name of your nearest
Jolene dealer write—
JOLENE'S HOLLY-
WOOD STUDIO MS
4715 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

Sonja

Adorable Jolene Shoes are Hollywood
styled to bring you new glamour.
Exquisitely crafted! Expensive-
looking... true movie star styles, yet
they're modestly priced!

TOBER-SAIER SHOE CO.
SAINT LOUIS



Bonita Granville and her cute mother—who loves costume jewelry and wears an ankle bracelet—have succumbed to Hollywood's newest epidemic, "Gin Rummy."

Charles Boyer in the leading roles; brilliant direction by Robert Stevenson and an exceptionally intelligent script.

By present-day standards, Fannie Hurst's story may seem a bit dated. That is why the writers very carefully laid the plot a couple of decades ago and ended it in 1928. Something happened in 1929 that changed America, something more than a Wall Street collapse; it was an entire era that went. The writers felt this. So look at this yarn, today, as a costume piece, if you would understand it and believe it.

The story is a simple one of a man and woman in love, but who cannot marry because of a series of circumstances over which they have no control. Boyer is in love with Sullavan but marries another woman. Because her love for him is single-tracked and real, she becomes his mistress, living the rest of her life in the shadow of his rising importance in the business and social world.

It is not a pretty story, nor a very logical one, today. The screen play tries hard to soften Boyer's role and give him some decencies, but he remains a selfish gent throughout, and a bit of a heel. Boyer manages to infuse the part with a certain amount of sincerity, but it is by no means his most successful performance. Miss Sullavan, on the other hand, is at her very best, charming, lovable, believable, making her interpretation of Ray Smith extremely sympathetic. Which, of course, means fluttering of handkerchiefs in the audience—and sure box-office.

One distinctly negative note is Boyer's over-long and over-agonized death scene; it is far too clinically realistic. The superb acting of Miss Sullavan on the other end of the telephone would have been sufficient.

Remember the director's name—Robert Stevenson—and get set for some really important work from him in the future.—*Universal.*

★★★ Adam Had Four Sons

Here is Ingrid Bergman again, and it's about time. Miss Bergman made an
(Continued on page 16)



Lana Turner's the lucky gal who nabbed the coveted leading role of show-girl Sheila Regan in "Ziegfeld Girl."

Even a Mask can't disguise the Girl who needs Mum!



**Guard underarms against telltale odor.
Use Mum every day—before every date!**

JUNE isn't fooling *anyone!* Behind that mask there are tears—under the masquerade there is heartache! June wants the admiration other girls rate—a rush from the stag line, popularity and a man to call her own! But underarm odor is no help to popularity.

The sad part of it is a girl can offend and never even suspect she's at fault. She trusts her bath alone, but a bath can fail her. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—smart girls depend on Mum to prevent risk of odor to come. Just one quick dab of Mum under each arm—takes only 30 seconds—and your bath

freshness lasts all day or all evening long.

Every single day—and before every date—play safe with easy, sure Mum.

QUICK! A dab under each arm—and you're through. Takes only 30 seconds—can be used even *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—get Mum today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

MUM SOLVES ANOTHER PROBLEM FOR YOU!



For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe... guards against unpleasantness.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

CHEERS FOR MISS SCOTT

AND HER . . .



SAVING SUGGESTIONS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

The school teacher in "Cheers for Miss Bishop" is charmingly portrayed by Martha Scott.

Get out your notebooks and pencils, girls, for Martha Scott—fresh from new triumphs gained through her fine portrayal of that lovable schoolmistress, Miss Bishop—has consented to take over our cooking class for a Lesson on Left-overs.

Back in the days when Miss Bishop started teaching they knew more about this important subject than we seem to; but then the habit of thrift was learned at an early age, to be observed instinctively forever after. However, "Waste not, want not!" is still a good by-word, so Martha suggests that we start a collection of what she calls "Saving Suggestions." (She refuses to give the uninspiring name of "left-overs" to combinations of foods which, when handled with imagination, can be works of art!)

Such a collection should include recipes for mealtime "Feature Attractions" as well as shorter, but no less helpful, ideas—all carefully classified. Start your collection by noting the suggestions given here. Then continue gathering material from every possible source so that where left-overs are concerned

you can claim to be a star pupil—ready to add and subtract ingredients with the best of them to get the right answer to vexatious dinner problems, quickly.

SHORT SUBJECTS

Use left-over fruit, juices for sauces. Or, substitute juices for equal amounts of water for desserts made with flavored gelatin, adding lemon juice also, as required. Or, "set" juice with unflavored gelatin in the correct proportions, and when firm cut into cubes and use to "extend" fruit cups and salads.

Pour about a teaspoon of juice left from maraschino cherries over grapefruit to add color, flavor and sweetness.

After meals, place left-overs that might otherwise be thrown away—such as a spoonful of vegetables, an olive or a stalk of celery, a half cup of broth, a little diced meat, a single new potato—in the refrigerator in a bowl with a tight-fitting cover. After a day or so make this collection into a molded salad in this manner: Strain and add to liquid enough tomato juice, bouillon or vege-

table water to make 1½ cups. Heat, dissolve in it 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin, softened in ¼ cup cold water. Season well and when it begins to get firm fold in strained left-overs. Chill.

Never waste even a crust of bread! Dry it out in slow oven, roll into crumbs, store in covered jar for use in preparing breaded meats, croquettes, scalloped dishes, etc. Other uses for day-old bread appear under "Feature Attractions."

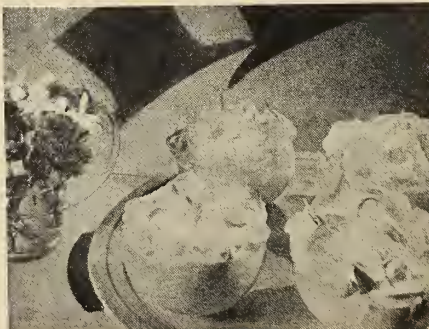
Day-after meats and fowl appear to fine advantage when made into pies. Use a biscuit topping; or left-over pie dough rolled out and baked on top of pie.

Use left-over yolks to make a smooth custard sauce. Pour this, while still hot, over cubes of stale cake or store sponge cake. Top with small "dabs" of jam or jelly—the spoonful or two so often left in the bottom of the jelly jar. If you have an egg white on hand add that in the form of a meringue topping cooked in fluffy mounds. Stale cake also can be steamed and served with a sauce; or try it instead of bread or macaroon crumbs in desserts where they are called for.



HASH IN TOAST SCALLOPS

A novel presentation, such as this, assures a more enthusiastic reception for any dish.



GRAPEFRUIT RITZ

Grapefruit goes "high hat" when it dons a topper of meringue and steps out in style.



OLD-FASHIONED BREAD PUDDING

As nourishing and thrifty as it is American is this fine dessert. Serve with a rich sauce.

FEATURE ATTRACTIONS

HASH IN TOAST SCALLOPS

(For left-over meat, potatoes, bread)

Prepare and cook hash in usual fashion in hot well-greased skillet. Good proportions for hash are a cup of diced cooked meat to a cup of diced boiled potato. This should be seasoned to taste . . . with salt and pepper, a few drops of Worcestershire or other bottled sauce, minced parsley, a pinch of mixed herbs, a bit of garlic, a little mustard and, by all means, some finely minced onion in any amount you favor.

TOAST SCALLOPS: For each Scallop allow 2 slices of stale bread. Cut these into rounds—one round to a slice—with a cookie cutter that has a scalloped edge (see illustration) or with a plain round cutter. Remove center from one of these two rounds and place the resulting ring on top of the uncut round. Brush well with egg beaten with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Brown slightly in hot oven. Pile hash high in center, serve immediately.

GRAPEFRUIT RITZ

(For left-over egg whites)

- 2 grapefruit, halved
- granulated sugar, to sweeten
- 4 egg whites
- 6 tablespoons powdered sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons grapefruit juice
- 1 cup pineapple gems

Select quite large, smooth-skinned Florida grapefruit. Cut each in half, core carefully—removing considerably more of the center than usual. Remove all seeds and with a thin sharp knife cut around sections to loosen them from dividing membranes. Sprinkle generously with sugar; chill thoroughly. When ready to serve make the meringue. Place grapefruit halves on board covered with white paper; fill centers with pineapple gems. Top with meringue, heaped on lightly so as to cover entire top. Brown quickly in hot oven (450°F.) Slip from paper, serve immediately.

MERINGUE: Beat egg whites until stiff, add 4 tablespoons of the powdered sugar; beat until mixture will stand up in peaks. Fold in grapefruit juice and remaining sugar.

This same meringue may be used on top of custards and other puddings (such as the Bread Pudding given here), on baked apples, on cream pies, fruit pies and tarts of all kind. However, for such uses the meringue is baked a longer time (about 10 minutes) in a slow oven (325° F.) and is cooled before serving.

OLD FASHIONED BREAD PUDDING

(For left-over bread, egg yolks)

- 2 cups scalded milk
- 2 cups bread cubes (stale, but not dry)
- 3 yolks, slightly beaten*
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Soak the bread, crusts and all, in the scalded milk for 10 minutes. Mix and add remaining ingredients. Turn into well-buttered individual molds or custard cups. Set in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes or until a knife comes out clean when inserted in center of pudding. Serve hot or cold with fruit sauce.

VARIATION: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped seedless raisins, or chopped nuts, or chopped dates, to bread mixture. Or: Substitute 1 cup orange juice for 1 cup of the milk, adding this to the egg mixture. Or: Cut 2 squares semi-sweet chocolate into small pieces and add to cooled milk mixture.

**In making the above pudding 2 whole eggs may be used instead of 3 yolks when there are no left-over yolks to dispose of. Or the 3 yolks can be used in the pudding and 1 or 2 egg whites used to make a meringue.*



Lady about to change her Laundry Soap...

Overworked, roughened hands can cause as much annoyance as *anything you can think of . . .*

—And it's no secret that this condition is aggravated by a half-way laundry soap.

It's a sensible idea to change to Fels-Naptha Soap

for the sake of your hands! Fels-Naptha provides two diligent cleaners to do the hard part of washing. Gentle, active naptha loosens the stubbornest grime. Richer, golden soap fairly floats dirt away.

Try a tub-full of fragrant, foamy, Fels-Naptha suds

next wash day. You can forget most of the rubbing that ruins clothes and roughens your hands. And when you use the husky golden chips, you are never bothered with 'washday sneeze'.

Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



"I wanted to hide

**BUT I FELT
LIKE THIS!"**



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



25¢

Modern society expects a woman to be personally dainty through long hours of strain and excitement—expects her loveliness to last from one engagement to another. Difficult, indeed, without Kleinert's never failing dress shields!

Many women have discovered the clever new ways to wear them... attached to a dainty little bra perhaps, or pinned in the seams of dresses and sweaters. Kleinert's makes shields in all shapes and sizes, in colors of course, and even on tiny straps that slip in place in no time at all!

Important to remember—never wear a dress even once without shields, important to remember, too, insist on "Kleinert's" for quality that's guaranteed.

TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON

You, too, will find it PAYS to buy



**Kleinert's
DRESS SHIELDS**

(Continued from page 13)

auspicious American debut in "Intermezzo," almost two years ago, was hailed by everyone—and hasn't worked since. Which does not make sense. And here she is again, outstanding, strong, competent and practically holding up this entire movie on her own slim, little shoulders.

"Adam" was once entitled "Legacy," which is a better title. It is one of those long-winded but fairly interesting histories of a family. As film fare, it attempts to span too long a period, thereby becoming episodic and slow. Nevertheless, it will touch on familiar points in the lives of almost any parent in the audience, and should appeal to quite a large percentage of filmgoers.

Warner Baxter is Adam, a well-to-do American at the very beginning of the twentieth century. He is married to Fay Wray and they have four sons, with Ingrid Bergman as the governess. Time marches on, Fay dies and the fortune fades. The children grow up, and young David (Johnny Downs) marries Susan Hayward, a pretty minx who proceeds to disrupt the lives of all of them. It is, of course, primarily the story of one rotten apple in a barrel of good ones. But it is more than that. It is a saga of an average American family.

Besides Miss Bergman, who is heroic in her part, Warner Baxter is perfectly cast as a stuffy businessman, and Fay Wray is a pleasant surprise as his wife; she should get a lot more work than she's been getting, too. Susan Hayward doesn't quite manage the tough role she was assigned to. In support roles, Johnny Downs, Helen Westley and June Lockhart are best. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.—Columbia.

★★★ Andy Hardy's Private Secretary

Well, Andy's grown up. It had to happen, of course—and thank goodness it happened entertainingly. This newest of the Hardy series is, in some ways, the best of the lot. It hasn't the simple charm and youthful abandon of some of

the earlier pictures, also it's about ten minutes too long—but it is still solid entertainment and good fun. Added to which is the fact that this particular picture introduces two new actors you may expect to hear a good deal about—Todd Karns and pretty little Kathryn Grayson.

Young Karns is Roscoe's boy and an actor of real merit; there should be a lot of work for him. He has personality and individuality. The Grayson lass has a voice and looks; she reminds one a bit of Deanna Durbin in her formative years. With proper handling she can develop into important player status.

Mickey Rooney finds himself with an overdose of his usual muddles in this picture, as he is about to graduate from high school. The business of graduating is a big job and he hires a private secretary to help him. Now he has something else to worry about. He begins trying to straighten out her life, to say nothing of her brother's and father's. He flunks his English exam. Things look blackest, of course, just before he manages to graduate and all is well.

Mickey is his usual boisterous self and the rest of the regular Hardy family cast are swell. Ian Hunter, too, is excellent in a support role. Directed by George B. Seitz.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★½ The Hard Boiled Canary

Susannah Foster is a pretty young girl with a lovely voice, and if she were put into pleasant little pictures and told to sing pleasant little songs you'd think she was very good. But, no. She has to keep trying to reach high C and the audience isn't impressed—it's bored.

That is a pretty harsh way to open a review of this movie, because the picture has a good deal of merit—but it really seems necessary to make the point. The career and life of Susannah and other little girls like her, with talent, ability and possibilities, are at stake. They're good, Mr. Producer; give them a chance to be themselves. But don't ask them to be junior Mme. Melbas.

(Continued on page 63)



It's a three-cornered love affair for Tony Martin, Hedy Lamarr and Philip Dorn in M-G-M's dazzling "Ziegfeld Girl"—but this one has a happy ending!

LORETTA YOUNG

Universal's exciting costume film, "The Lady from Cheyenne," is her first Western



RAY JONES



RONALD REAGAN

His next is a romantic comedy, Warner's "Miss Wheelwright Discovers America"



She's adorable as the dancer who becomes a star in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Girl"

JUDY GARLAND

IDA LUPINO

Warner's psychological drama, "The Sea Wolf," involves Ida in a sea-going romance



HURRELL

LAUGHING, FIGHTING, LOVING
their way into your heart!

William A. Wellman, Producer of "Beau Geste," brings
you three modern musketeers in a rousing, rollicking
romance that hits straight at the heart with a wallop!



Paramount Presents
JOEL MCCREA
ELLEN DREW

"REACHING FOR THE SUN"

with
Eddie Bracken • Albert Dekker • Billy Gilbert
Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM A. WELLMAN** • Screen Play by **W. L. RIVER**

MY *dates* WITH MICKEY

THE NATION'S MOST LOVABLE ADOLESCENT THROUGH THE EYES OF HIS BEST GIRL!



Mickey and Linda on a rare "big night." He asked for this date in advance—but usually doesn't. Loves Linda in feminine clothes and very little make-up. Sits out all dances but fox trots.



Mickey (with ex-crush Judy Garland) is mad about music. He's written a symphony and lots of what he calls "jive junk."



The versatile Mick beats a Krupa-ish drum, plays "pro" tennis and shoots just under par golf. Calls himself "The Muscle Man."



Every kid in Hollywood's a Rooney fan. He's wonderful to them—signs autographs galore and does impromptu imitations.

BY LINDA DARNELL as told to Gladys Hall

I didn't want to have a date with Mickey.

This is how it happened: We are both with the William Morris agency in Hollywood. One day Mr. Freeman of that agency invited me to go to the Follies with himself and his wife. Then he added:

"By the way, Mickey Rooney is dying to meet you. I thought we might ask him to join us tonight. How about it?"

I thought of all the things I'd heard about him . . . fresh, conceited, smug. "Well," I said, "if you say it's all right, I know it will be."

After that first date with Mickey, I decided that either everyone else was wrong or he was putting on an act!

But now we have been going together for five months, and I know he can't be putting on an act. He never does except for business. Even if he wanted to he couldn't because, believe it or not, he's too shy!

But that first night it was arranged that Mickey should pick me up at my house and drive me to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman's. From there, we'd go on to the Follies.

I thought, I suppose he'll be late. No doubt that's his idea of being important.

Mick was *twenty minutes early*. He came driving up in that specially built Zephyr of his, with a squeak of brakes against the curb. Mickey as a curb-squeaker has no equal!

That was my first experience with Mickey's punctuality. He is never late for a date; on the contrary,

he is apt to be fifteen to thirty minutes early! At first I explained this by the fact that Mickey was a vaudevillian, trained to be quick on his cues and entrances. Now I know it's just that Mick would never keep a lady waiting.

People don't understand him, they really don't. They don't know the serious side of him. You'd be surprised at the thinking that boy does. You'd be surprised how sensitive he is, how easily he can be hurt.

Well, the night of our first date, we had just moved into our new house on Sunset Boulevard. It was a mess. Chairs were standing on tables, rugs were all rolled up, and my pets were wandering about the place as if it were a barnyard. I wasn't dressed when he arrived, so Mother greeted him and was terribly embarrassed. Mick said, "Look, I've moved, too, you know." Then nothing would do but he must see the rest of the house. He was interested in every detail. Mother fell head over heels in love with him.

When Mick and I shook hands after I came down, he said, "Gee, you look awful pretty!" I was wearing my beige suit with black accessories.

That's another surprising thing about Mick. He's kind of old-fashioned. I mean, you'd expect him to say, "Hmm, snappy little dish!" or something like that. Not, "Gee, you look awful pretty," and he was kind of bashful, too, when he said it. He is really very shy. At least, he is with me. He blushes like a sunset, too. Why, he is (Continued on page 76)

A SMATTERING OF

Says he's just "a musical Dead End Kid" though he's composed a Nocturne and a magnificent Dirge in memory of George Gershwin.



Back in N. Y. after making "Kiss The Boys Goodbye," Oscar's about to kiss the girls hello. They're wife June Gale and daughter Marcia.



BY IRVING WALLACE

LEVANT

At 15, he played the piano for girls' ballet classes at \$1 an hour. Now earns about three hundred times that, but is always broke.



His best friends and amateur publicists are Harpo Marx and Mary Martin. Adores Mary. Can't bring himself to insult her—even slightly.



A FEW NEW NOTES—NOT STRICTLY MUSICAL—ON OSCAR, THE ECCENTRIC GENIUS!

In Hollywood, a land dedicated, during the last three or four years, to the antics of a juvenile with curls named Shirley, to an animated mouse named Mickey and to a crooning cowboy named Gene—it's not at all startling to find a guy named Oscar, the season's current dramatic sensation!

Oscar Levant is a very strange character, indeed.

Ask him who he thinks is the cleverest person in the world. He answers, "Oscar Levant, and to hell with the rest of them!" Ask him how he broke into Movieland. He replies, "I told them I couldn't act. But I guess my modesty beguiled them!" Ask him if he thinks he'll be back. He sighs, "Unfortunately, yes." Ask him to describe himself. He pinches his face and cracks, "My face? An epic in bloat!"

This is the same fellow who, with only three minor appearances on the cinema screen, has made himself as much a household favorite as termites.

He made his movie debut 12 years ago. He had been enacting the piano player in "Burlesque," which ran two years on Broadway. It came to Hollywood, lock, stock and Levant. Hollywood, having paid

Havelock Ellis \$10,000 for the title of his philosophic essays, now renamed the play, "The Dance of Life," put Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Carroll in it, and introduced Levant to the masses in the role of an inanimate but musical prop.

Last year he played in his second picture, "Rhythm on the River," which also included someone named Bing Crosby. Levant didn't want to be over-publicized, afraid that the critics would then jump on his neck. As a consequence, he refused to see interviewers and the press—and was called a snob by Hollywood. Actually, he was just plain scared stiff.

Today, Pittsburgh-born, Times Square-bred Oscar Levant, who will be 35 years old two days after next Christmas, is participating in his third flicker. He is playing a press agent in Clare Booth's "Kiss The Boys Goodbye."

The minute he arrived from Manhattan for this picture, Oscar Levant, wearing the same sloppy coat he once borrowed from the fabulous gambler, Nick the Greek, and never gave back, hurried to the Paramount set. He didn't (Continued on page 84)

OBJECT— *Garyety?*



Cary and Roz night-spotted often in the pre-Barbara Hutton era, and Mr. G's responsible for the Russell-Brissson twosome. They met at his party last summer.

WHO IS THIS FELLOW THAT'S MONOPOLIZING

They met at a party about a year ago—Freddie and Roz—and they've dated steadily, but not exclusively, since. Roz goes out with Barton Lee and with John McClain, the writer, but not as often as with Brissson. He dates other girls, but he dates Roz more. They dance at Ciro's, they dine at Chasen's, their favorite night spot of the moment is the Mocambo—probably because it's the newest.

He spends with generosity but not with folly, tips liberally and finds life brimming with zest. So does she. They both have wit and sparkle. It was these qualities which drew them together, say their friends. They stimulate each other. Phone conversations between them feature a succession of roars from Brissson and answering shrieks of delight from Roz. They also share quieter interests. Ardent lovers of music, they attend concerts and the ballet together. They're both sophisticates. She was



They dance till dawn, as neither requires more than five hours' sleep. Wind up their evenings at a hamburger stand where vegetarian Roz watches Fred stow 'em away.



John McClain, the writer, is Roz's second best beau. He takes her to Santa Anita, reads all the stuff she writes and *likes* it, and doesn't mind if she breaks dates.



He calls her Roz, she calls him Freddie. Both loathe terms of endearment. He likes tailored clothes—preferably black or white. Hates women who don't wear hats.

OUR ROZ, AND JUST WHAT ARE HIS INTENTIONS?

brought up in New England, he in Europe, but they have in common a background of breeding which gives them the kind of assurance that requires no pose.

Roz says they don't contemplate matrimony. They go together because they have fun together. Either out of conviction or loyalty, their friends say the same.

Fred is the son of Carl Brisson, Danish actor and singer, who had a short-lived Hollywood career some five years ago. It's about eighteen months since the younger Brisson came over from England. A talent agent in London, he joined the Frank Vincent agency here, one of the top outfits in the entertainment industry.

He handles both radio and movie players—among the latter, Nigel Bruce, James Stephenson, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Lloyd Nolan. It was his acumen and persistence that uncovered Stephenson's (Continued on page 71)



Roz and Freddie often double-date with his young and attractive parents, Cleo and Carl, who're back in Hollywood after a narrow escape in a London air raid!

BY IDA ZEITLIN



It's a bull's-eye if she's aiming for fun!

MADE FOR EACH OTHER...

You've heard of "casting to type." A producer picks up a script, sees a gangster character on page nine, and dictates a memo reading "Get Humphrey Bogart." If there's a luscious-looking Lorelei in the story, he'll look up Rita Hayworth's agent. And if he needs a typically American girl and boy of teen age, he'll do his darndest to get Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper. Because not only do "Bunny" and Jack look the part—they *are* the part.

The Cooper-Granville steady friendship is a beautiful balance of common sense, fun and mutual interests. Both kids are sportsminded. They swim, bowl and ice-skate—often in that order and on the same day. They spend hours dancing at the Palladium when their favorite orchestra, Tommy Dorsey's, is there. And they like long afternoon drives with the car-top down and the wind whizzing in their ears. He calls her "Bun." She calls him "Jackie" except when she's mad. Then she sternly switches to "Jack." If he's unavoidably late to dinner at her house (he makes a point of always being prompt), he brings her a "forgive me" present. Last time it was a Schiaparelli perfume merry-go-round with a music box concealed in its innards.

Jackie loves to ride horseback, so Bonita resolutely learned to canter and trot. For a less strenuous pastime, they have dinner at the Hillcrest Country Club

with a bunch of pals, usually the Forrest Tuckers, Ann Rutherford, Rand Brooks, Helen Parrish and Charles Lang. Then they play gin rummy, with the boys at one table, the girls at another. "Coop" also loves to organize jam sessions in his unsoundproof playroom. However, he's been too busy working lately to get the gang together. The neighbors are complaining about the silence!

Mister Cooper likes to take Bonita to Ciro's and the Cocoanut Grove at least once a week, if possible. That runs into big money, so he has to do a lot of maneuvering to make his \$25-a-week allowance stretch over the dress-up dates as well as car expense, presents and "the necessities." For example, Bonita's birthday caught Jackie financially embarrassed. By snappy salesmanship via his bedside phone (which he had installed after years of pleading) he managed to sell two bicycles he'd received as presents. He only got half as much as they were worth, but he did make enough on the deal to get his girl a bracelet to match the pin, clip and earrings he'd given her for Christmas.

The two eighteen-year-olds love to eat, and every date is climaxed with a stop at a drive-in for steak sandwiches—plus one order of fried onions for two. Jackie's mother once said, "If the girl Jackie marries will feed him well, she won't have a thing to worry about." Bonita doesn't know how to cook . . . yet.



Bonita and Chi Chi listen to Franck's Symphonic Variations—part of "Bun's" huge collection. They also love swing.



She knitted those angora sleeves herself! Received the cedar chest as a gift after posing with it for an ad.



Adores tailored clothes, crazy hats and odd jewelry. Her lovers' knot ring, bracelet and earrings are from Jackie.



Jackie has thirty pairs of shoes and hundreds of ties. He collects loud sports jackets and pays \$40 for each.



The rifle's a gift from uncle Norman Taurog. Picture of Bonita's inscribed: "Jackie, it has been wonderful. My love."



He usually smokes one of his 25 pipes while reading. Loves history and Will James' stories. Reads book-of-the-month.

A CLOSE-UP OF THE CUTEST ROMANCE IN TOWN!

Jackie and Bonita date each other exclusively. They hate people who call their 17-month-old romance "puppy love."



She collects perfume. "Sleeping" (a gift from Jackie's mom) and "Shocking" are her favorites.

Comedy on Canvas...

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Shoving art
down the throats of Mr. and
Mrs. Average Citizen is no cinch job.

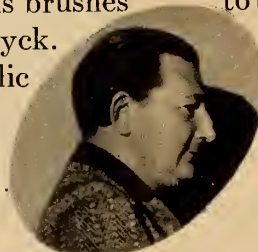
To the citizens, whether they live in Waukegan, Podunk, or even Hollywood, paintings have always been something remote and unattainable—something they might “look at but not touch.” And most of the time, they’ve chosen not even to look. • John Decker is changing all that, for he’s learned the secret of making great art palatable. He knows that ordinary folk enjoy anything that gives them a belly laugh, so he offers them comedy on canvas! • A generation ago, Decker was typical of the painters of the time. He worked hard, he prayed hard—and he didn’t make any money. Then he turned to caricaturing. For a newspaper-

man’s microscopic salary, he poked pen-and-ink fun at the famous names of the screen and theatre. Slowly his reputation grew. But not his income. Decker came to Hollywood. • Today, in a beautiful Beverly Hills

home, he practices his profession by painting Hollywood stars as the old masters might have painted them. He touches his brushes to the canvas

and Mickey Rooney emerges in the style of Van Dyck.

Gable’s he-man face becomes Gainsborough’s angelic Carole Lombard is a masterpiece by Holbein, and so roars—but Hollywood pays. • Since introducing his painting Ben Turpin in 1919, Decker has whipped out these take-offs. Generally, people recognize that it’s all cheek idea, but sometimes, subjects take the paintings prominent young producer, for example, who on hearing



John Decker

Clark
“Blue Boy.”
on. Hollywood
technique by
several hundred of
a tongue - in - the -
seriously. There was the

Rembrandt was really dead, murmured: “Too bad, too bad.” Then, more cheerfully: “Well, let’s get Decker. He’s just as good!” It was this same young producer, by the way, who when his portrait was completed (Decker did him as Henry VIII), called Decker so many times to find out “who you did me like,” that Decker finally had to have his phone number changed! • Decker also likes to tell about the time he painted Charlie McCarthy as Franz Hals’ “Laughing Cavalier.” He carried the finished product up to Edgar Bergen’s office and showed it to Bergen’s secretary. “What do you think of it?” he wanted to know. “It’s nice, I guess,” came the reply, “But you know—Charlie never wears that kind of costume!” Then there was the no-longer-young wife of a well-known movie star. Unfortunately, Decker painted her as he saw her, and not as she saw herself. The woman was furious.

When her cook inadvertently raved about the likeness, she was fired on

the spot. When a director friend of the star called it a great

work of art, he was turned out of the house. And when

the star agreed with the director, his wife almost

left him. At last, in desperation,

(Continued on page 69)



Decker, who has been painting since he was 12, did Gable as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." Ty Power owns it.



A liquor manufacturer wants this one of Fields. Would use it on his labels—sloganned "Fit For a Queen."



Decker painted Charlie McCarthy (as Hals' "The Laughing Cavalier") for fun, but works mostly on assignment.

HOLLYWOOD'S IRREPRESSIBLE JOHN DECKER ADDS A MODERN TOUCH TO THE OLD MASTERS' TECHNIQUE AND—BOY—DOES HE MAKE IT PAY!

He rarely does movie kids, for they never come out as their mothers want them to. Mickey's mom loved this.

Garbo done in the Raphael manner. Her classic features made it easy to get the flavor of the old masters.

Most stars like to be flattered, but not Fannie Brice! She paid \$1,000 for this take-off on Lawrence's "Pinky."





ALL-AMERICAN HEART

MEMOIRS OF A SUPERMAN—EXPLAINING WHY

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

And now it's Tony Martin who is stepping up the national feminine pulse, kindling the eye and firing the imagination (also feminine). On the air the Martin manner has always been contagious. On the screen there is every indication that it will be fairly fatal, bolstered by the Martin good looks and personal graces.

You would suppose that a gentleman like this would be bogged down in love seven Fridays a week, as the Russians say. But—

"I've got no time for romance," is what Mr. Martin told us when we saw him on the set of "Ziegfeld Girl," not so long ago. "I don't want to seem ungallant—or ungrateful—but right now my problem is how to get by on twenty-four hours a day."

We blinked.

"Romance is a luxury that I can't afford for a while," he went on. "True romance is a full-time job. Not bad employment at that, I used to think. But that was before Martin the gadabout became Martin the greyhound."

He paused to light a cigarette.

"Please don't get me wrong. I get my quota of fun. I'm not exactly a stranger to the local hot spots—and I don't stag it either. But I do my romping as a sideline. And strictly for laughs—not love."

Mr. Martin, we discovered by diligent probing, has something of a case. For the benefit of those unhappy Hollywood ladies whom he never gets around to calling up for a date, we will try to present a brief for the defense.

To begin with, Tony Martin right this minute is astride a comet en route for the Milky Way. This year he ought to pick up something like \$200,000, if not more. The Decca record people will probably forward \$25,000 and their love. His

Tony was born on Christmas day 26 years ago. Always demands both birthday and Christmas presents!

MODERN SCREEN



THROB ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

EVERY GAL'S A WOULD-BE MRS. TONY MARTIN!



Ironical that Tony and Lana Turner—who've had stars in their eyes for more than six months now—play no-love scenes together in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Girl."

sponsors on the air are good for \$75,000. Metro, always a soft touch, will hand over \$100,000. We will not pause to speculate on how much money he may snag from his short story writing, a career always just on the brink of being born but, at this writing, still non-existent.

These chores take time (even if you are a greyhound) especially if you're as hepped up about "keeping in shape" as is Tony Martin. Between his art and his athletics, the man does well to find time to sit down with his business manager to discuss his bank balance or to inquire about his mercury mine in Central America.

You don't have debbies (or dowagers for that matter) making a fuss over your "marvelous voice" merely because you happen to be able to coax pleasant sounds from your vocal chords. For some strange reason, music appreciation is always getting entangled with wavy hair, flashing teeth, a classic profile, eloquent eyes and, above all, a good physique. Of this coincidence Tony Martin is very much aware.

Six feet tall, broad-shouldered, vital as a wild stallion and exuding what the ladies call personality, he weighs exactly 175 pounds, is as hard as nails and means to stay that way at all costs.

Up early, all except Sunday, he goes through a vigorous half-hour workout followed, of course, by a shower. There is a very light breakfast, after which Tony is apt to come out on the lawn and swing at fifty imaginary golf balls. Or do some impromptu leaping over chairs, love seats and hedges, until he's had enough.

A gentleman of tremendous nervous energy, he does a lot of scampering around the Metro lot between shots. A Metro publicist once computed that Tony knocks off approximately six miles every day just churning around the spacious Metro acres!

On free afternoons he heads for the golf course. He does 36 holes and thinks nothing of it, although 18 is more his speed. Those extra 18 get him to fretting; he wonders if he isn't squandering precious time.

Back home in the evening, he spends twenty minutes weight-lifting. No cream puff, his specialty is the one-hand over head lift.

If dinner isn't ready, he's apt to jog around the house a dozen times.

This is Martin the athlete.

Martin the artist is even more occupied.

Mornings, just before he takes off for the studio, he puts in a spell at the pianoforte. He plays very well. And for his enjoyment.

Then off to work—which involves singing with Judy Garland and making love to Hedy Lamarr. Not very grueling, but it does take time. In the evening after dinner, he goes over the songs he plans to do for his next radio show. He gets them down cold, even to that last sighing note that slays the ladies. If there's any time left, he goes over new arrangements, examines songs to see if they look like numbers he ought to be introducing.

Then there are rehearsals at the CBS studios. Between these and the actual show, a good part of three evenings is lost. Admitting to nervousness just before the show goes on, he is glad when it's all over, swoops down on the oases to let up.

Whether he is out "just for laughs" or no, he has an attraction for women that is as terrific as his Crosley index. For a while now, he and Lana Turner have been on the merry-go-round, but when she isn't available, he manages to show up at Ciro's and elsewhere with the most exciting entries in Hollywood. Impersonal as a supreme court justice, he likes blondes, brunettes and red-heads—just for laughs, that is. (Cont'd on page 83)



It all started with a mutual love for popcorn, and an Valentine's Day Daug Dawson and Jean Parker decided that was grounds for a wedding!



Linda Hayes, who used to be Rachell Germana, a San Francisco hatcheck girl, changed her name again the other day when she became the bride of Lou Crasby, NBC's sportscaster.



Annie Sheridan and George Brent are telling people it'll be July in Honolulu—but we caught her twitting with attorney Barney Brennan.

CANDIDLY YOURS...



Hank Fonda, who's recovering from an eye operation, pampers wife Frances with an expensive evening at the Macamba, before leaving her for a week or two. He and crony Johnny Payne are off on a Mexican fishing trip.



Cedric Gibbons, whose divorce from the Welles-wacky Del Rio is pending, is pacing Gene Markey for first place in Carole Landis' date-back.



Liz Whitney, famous locally for wearing tons of jewelry, but almost no make-up, celebrates her brand new movie contract at the Macamba with champagne cocktails and Bruce Cabot.



Miriam Hopkins, who calls herself the poor man's Peggy Hopkins Joyce (she's been thrice married) dines with playwright Edwin Justus Mayer.



Temporary blonde, Eleanor Powell, and M-G-M's very handsome art and music director, Merrill Pye, who altered their wedding plans last year, are rumored to be on the verge of *altar-ing* them—but any minute!



Since Gail Patrick divorced her one-in-a-million meal ticket, restaurateur Bob Cobb, Lieutenant "Ace" Hasting of the United States Air Corps has been keeping her in filet mignon. He's smitten!



Here's two thirds of Hollywood's intriguing new trio—Ginny Field (who lost thirty pounds in three months) and Alf Vanderbilt. Oscar Levant, the missing third, was on a flying visit to wife and baby in New York.



Remember Claire Windsor? She retired from the movies on account of ill health, but she's all well again and being dined, wine and orchid-ed (these are green ones costing \$5 apiece) by man-about-town Frank Kennedy.



It's a tenth anniversary for the blissful Mel Douglas. Know how Helen keeps Mr. D. enslaved? She flatters him scandalously, and feeds him Southern-fried chicken (he comes from Georgia) every other night.

IS SHE ANOTHER BLONDE



Veronica, who's starring in "I Wanted Wings," eats two hot fudge sundaes a day, but never weighs more than 98 pounds, and her 21½-inch waist is Hollywood's tiniest. Says that when she retires she'll do nothing but swim (she's a regular Weissmuller, by the way) and bake chocolate cakes all day long.

Bombshell?

BY JAMES REID

SHE DRESSES LIKE AN INGÉNUÉ, IS MORE DOMESTIC THAN MA HARDY—BUT WITH IT ALL, VERONICA LAKE IS STRICTLY TNT!

For a girl who was supposed to be The Sexiest Find in Years, Veronica Lake was certainly completely out of character.

Waiting to go to lunch, she was sitting in a big armchair in a Paramount office—working on a “shaggy” rug.

“Just being a typical young bride,” she said—which was no kind of dialogue for a Blonde Bombshell.

She stuffed her handiwork into a huge knitting bag at her feet, moved the bag to one side and stood up. When she stood up, she didn't look much more than five feet tall. She didn't look as if she weighed a hundred pounds. That was surprising. But, more surprising, the dress that she brushed fuzz from wasn't designed to persuade anybody that a *little* girl could be a big sensation.

It didn't cling to every curve, and it wasn't a passionate red. It was a simple sports dress—something a trim, young college girl might wear. It was dusty pink, trimmed with powder blue (approximately the color of her eyes). It had long sleeves, it buttoned all the way up to her neck, and it had a hood, lined with powder blue, that almost entirely hid her hair.

There wasn't anything about her that suggested that she was The Dangerous Type. Except that she had a pert, challenging face.

Then, in the commissary, she pushed off her hood.

Instantly, she became a magnet for all the eyes in the place, both male and female. Her hair did it. One look at it, and people were bewitched—the way seamen, in the old legends, were bewitched after one look at the flowing golden hair of a sea-siren.

It was perfectly natural blonde hair. But what made it fascinating was the way she wore it. In a long, unfettered bob that clung close to her head, flowed down past her shoulders, and was unwaved, except on the ends, and then only slightly. It was parted on the left side, and with nothing holding it back on the right side, it had a mischievous tendency to half-hide her right eye and make her look enigmatic, exotic.

Jean Harlow had hair that had the same electric effect on all beholders. And, by a strange coincidence, Jean's first big picture was also an aviation picture

(“Hell's Angels”), and she played the same kind of role that Veronica plays in “I Wanted Wings”—a sultry eyeful who demolished men's will power.

But did the sex appeal of her hair, and the emotional havoc that she wrought in her first big screen role, justify the rumors that Veronica Lake was “a second Jean Harlow?” Were there any other grounds for comparison?

She smiled wryly at the question. “There's one,” she said feelingly. “People seem determined to believe that I'm like the girl I portray in ‘I Wanted Wings’—just as they were determined, at first, to believe that Jean Harlow was like the girl *she* portrayed in ‘Hell's Angels.’”

“I'm learning, too,” she continued, “that if the long arm of coincidence reaches out and gives you the same kind of break another girl once had, they immediately say you're trying to be like that girl—even though you don't even remotely resemble her.”

“I wish I knew of a way to stop all this ‘second Harlow’ talk. I happen to know how millions of people feel about Jean Harlow. She was one of my favorites, too. I even had the good luck to meet her once, in New York. I thought then that there could never be anyone else like her, and I haven't changed my mind.

“That's what makes these comparisons so ironic. No one realizes more than I do that no one can ever be ‘a second Jean Harlow.’”

She sounded as if she had developed a strong sense of irony—something unexpected in a newcomer hailed as a sensation.

“Oh, I have,” she said, with a quick smile. “Another thing I keep thinking about is the irony of my coming to Hollywood, still wet behind the ears, and getting a break like this—when there are so many girls out here with talent and beauty to spare, who can't even get extra work.

“I know there has been gossip about how I got such a break.” The girl wasn't afraid to bring *that* out in the open. “And that gossip hasn't made life any easier. . . . I suppose people can't help being suspicious. How could any unknown become ‘famous’ overnight just by luck?

“It's incredible to me, too, that anyone could be so lucky. But I've been (*Continued on page 90*)

ON THE SET WITH

"One Night in Lisbon"

**WARTIME IS LOVETIME AND LAUGHTIME,
AT LEAST ON PARAMOUNT'S BATTLEFIELD!**

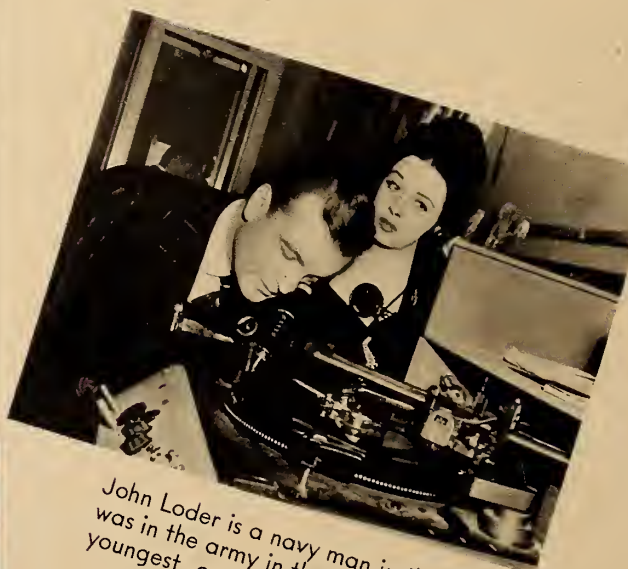
Pat Morison, who broke in a new pair of shoes one day, has some sizzling lines that'll probably be cut.

"War," said General William Tecumseh Sherman, "is hell." And producers all over Hollywood agree with him. Ever since the outbreak of the European conflagration, the town has ground out so many war films it's beginning to look like a combination of Dunkirk, Coventry and Bardia. Unhappily most of these efforts have gotten a box-office brush-off from moviegoers.

"One Night in Lisbon" doesn't declare any Armistice. But with the aid of blondly beautiful Madeleine Carroll and tall, terrific Fred MacMurray, it does prove that General Sherman was not 100% correct.

"Lisbon," the fourth co-starrer for Madeleine and Fred, is the gay little tale of an American flyer who ferries bombers to Britain and falls in love with an English girl serving as volunteer chauffeur to a British Foreign Office official. The flyer follows the girl to Lisbon where, after a mad week-end interrupted by the arrival of her fiancé (John Loder) and his ex-wife (Patricia Morison), they are convinced that a new Anglo-American alliance is in order.

The plot is as simple as all that—but not the problem of producing the picture. In order to make their English sets look and sound authentic, Paramount carefully erected about \$10,000 worth of typical English buildings and then blew them up so they'd look properly bombed. They fabricated a long, tubular air raid shelter of wood and papier-mâché, made it look like steel and concrete and then almost wept when MacMurray, strolling along, poked an elbow through the "bombproof" wall. They sent a newsreel crew all the way to London just to make a sound track during an air raid. The track will be dubbed into the film



John Loder is a navy man in this film but was in the army in the last war. (Was the youngest commissioned British officer.)

Fred and Madeleine confine their screen dancing to fox trots, but between takes she practices congas with dance director LeRoy Prinz.



and paying customers will hear the actual wail of the air raid alarm, the shriek of falling bombs, the cough of anti-aircraft and finally the "all-clear" call.

Having set its stages, Paramount rolled up its sleeves and went to work on its stars. They taught Madeleine and Fred how to stand on tiptoe and talk with a cork clenched between their teeth—a little trick the English practice to keep their eardrums from breaking during bombings. They had Madeleine, who had never before driven an automobile, learn to handle an English style car. Since English cars are driven on the left-hand side of the street, studio employees, driving their own flivvers around the lot, nearly jumped out of their skins when they encountered Madeleine out for a noon-hour spin. And they also insisted that poor Fred learn to make duck calls!

As we go to press, Paramount's greatest worry (to say nothing of the Portuguese's) is that Portugal will enter the war before they complete their picture. If this occurs, the locale of "One Night in Lisbon," which has already been shifted from Paris and Switzerland, will have to be shifted again. Because it's almost impossible to keep abreast of world events, Paramount even cut from their film a scoop shot of Winston Churchill leaving the famous No. 10 Downing Street. They were afraid that by the time "Lisbon" was released, there would be no No. 10 Downing Street!

Despite the grimness of its behind-the-scenes problems, "Lisbon" is rolling merrily on. Its production gears are greased with a \$750,000 budget and, in case you're interested, that's exactly \$39,250,000 less than it is costing England to run its war every single day.



Madeleine put on blinders when she did this scene! Ruined a dozen takes with her blushes—which photograph black.



"Lisbon" is adapted from the Broadway hit, "There's Always Juliet," and Fred and Madeleine have the original Bart Marshall and Edna Best roles.



Madeleine studied to lose her accent for her American girl portrayals and had to be tutored back to her broad A's for this British part.



BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

“WHO?...”

“Miss Virginia Bruce, please.”

“Twenty-third floor,” said the clerk in one of New York’s swankier hostelryes.

“What apartment number?”

“None,” said the clerk with a firm look, “just twenty-third floor.”

So we went up there, and, as we emerged from the elevator, there was Virginia Bruce and likewise the twenty-third floor—all of it. It was a relief to see that she was all there, too, because we had lately seen a wacky little cream puff of a picture called “The Invisible Woman” in which she was currently appearing—or rather disappearing—both in toto and in sections, and there was a feeling that she might have carried the habit of atomic dissociation into private life.

Mr. J. Walter Ruben, hereinafter known as Jack, was also on the twenty-third floor, and he seemed to have felt very much like ourselves about her because, until 1937, he had known her for nine years, and every time he tried to talk to her she had vanished. His first memory of this early touch-and-go acquaintance goes back to the time when she was a breathless, colt-like young thing in her teens, known as a stock player on the same lot where he was sometimes a writer and sometimes merely one waiting to write. He reports that whenever he approached her, she giggled and ran away. Sometimes when he called to her she stopped just long enough to say, “Who?—Me?” before she dashed.

This “Who?—Me?” seems to have been the theme of Miss Virginia Bruce’s song from the beginning right up to now.

Mr. Ruben had advanced through the hectic nine years from writer to director before he was able to get the Bruce eyeful to stay in one spot long enough for a proposal of marriage. When a picture pretty marries a director on the same lot, it is often with the idea of combining business and pleasure. Not so the Bruce. She had no more than said, “I do,” when she asked to be released from her contract with the studio and, as a free-lance, immediately



Director Ruben majored in psychology at Columbia University but after graduation got interested in the theatre. Has dabbled in acting and script writing.

GINNY BRUCE IS IN A PERPETUAL STATE

...ME?"

started off in all directions. Meanwhile her husband remained where he was and moved on to the job of producer.

Her sudden burst to freedom can scarcely be called a rebellion. There were no battles, not even a measly little argument. It seems the studio had given her a number of sappy parts in succession, and she had protested in a mild way. But as a protester, she makes a butterfly look like a Stuka dive-bomber. They just laughed at her, nicknamed her "Squawkie" and went on with the job in hand. She laughed back politely for a while, because as she says, "They had a lot of important stars they had to take care of."

"So," explains her husband, "she asked for the release and decided to free-lance."

Well, she made six pictures in little more than a year, and she's booked for several more, so free-lancing isn't so bad. "The trouble with me," she confides earnestly, "is that I've always lacked ambition. Besides, I've learned it's better to just let things happen to me instead of trying to make them happen myself."

Some time before things started happening to her in Hollywood, she happened to Fargo, North Dakota. At least, that was the impression of the teaching staff in the Fargo schools. To be sure, she had come there quietly enough, at the age of one from Minneapolis where she'd been born, and her kindergarten period was comparatively uneventful. During this time her father, Mr. Earl Briggs, established himself in the insurance business. But by the time little Ginny Briggs got into high school, the brisk prairie air had filled her with a captious energy which she expended upon practically everything but study. It is true that when she played accompaniments for the school's singing programs, she looked almost angelic in her pale, still slightly unhatched beauty. It is also true that her devotion to the football team was balanced only by the devotion of the entire football team to her. She was the only kid in school with a car and she took the lot of them to and from (Continued on page 74)



Ginny and Jack were married in 1937, having known each other 9 years. It was a second marriage for both.



Virginia's daughter, Susan Ann Gilbert, is 7 and unspoiled in spite of ponies, bikes and closets full of dresses. Has brown hair and grey eyes like her mom.



Virginia, who stole the name Bruce at random from the phone book, giggles with Dottie Lamour before a broadcast. Never gets a trace of stage or mike fright.

OF SURPRISE—AND NO WONDER!

1938—Earning \$1,500 weekly, but still struggling at studio school 3 hours daily. Loathed algebra, adored languages. Could sing in French and German.



1939—Became the world's only girl boy scout; had stage and operatic ambitions and had amassed her first million.

memo to

VAUGHN PAUL



1937—A \$300-a-week movie contract and much fan mail. Her hobby at this point was collecting fuzzy toy animals.



1936—Eddie Cantor heard 14-year-old Deanna at a film audition, hired her as a foil for Bobby Breen on his Sunday radio hour—at \$50 a week!



1940—Turned into a raving beauty; made her eighth smash hit; averaged 9,000 fan letters a week and got herself engaged to Vaughn Paul.



1941—Mature and lovely, she's planning a future built around associate producer Paul. His mother and dad (left) approve of the match, as do hers.

A PREVIEW OF THE PRACTICALLY PERFECT WIFE—DEANNA DURBIN!

On the historic day of July 7th, you, Vaughn Paul, will take unto yourself a wife named Deanna Durbin, her two-dollar pet mongrel dog named Tippy, her three midget turtles named Penny, Joan and Kay, her boundless personal love and the unconcealed envy of at least ten million eligible American, Japanese, English and Spanish young men.

Let it not be said, though, that you are unaware of your burdens. For, in becoming engaged to the universe's sweetheart, in marrying the girl whose fame and income dwarf your own, you realize you're taking the world on your shoulders. But we hear you're made of sturdy stuff—that you're not in the least worried. You have no reason to be. You realize that Deanna has her virtues and faults, her assets and shortcomings and, having observed the characteristics she has displayed day in and day out, good mood and bad, under happy conditions and under strain, you know you have nothing to fear.

You know, for instance, that she's sensitive. It almost hurts her physically to walk into a room and find it outlandishly decorated or bearing an atrocious design of wallpaper. Also, when someone says something a bit off color and in poor taste, she makes believe she hasn't heard—never objects or makes a scene, but just pretends she hasn't heard.

You've undoubtedly found out how marvelously straightforward she is. Never tells a lie. You'll

always know where you stand with Deanna on important things. And, as you know, she's extremely intelligent. Henry Koster, who's directed five of her films, went so far as to call her the most intelligent young lady he'd ever met—professionally or otherwise.

Of course, you must have discovered that Deanna's very self-conscious. There are those around town who thoughtlessly claim that she is conceited and egotistical because she doesn't fall all over everyone she meets and wrap her arms around them. She's reserved, but she's the most unconceited girl in the world.

Not that she's utterly perfect, Vaughn. You wouldn't love her as much if she were. You realize that she's stubborn. For example, one day on the set Deanna was chewing gum. Koster shouted at her to get rid of it immediately. She blushed with embarrassment, but absolutely refused to budge. Activity was suspended until Koster apologized for scolding her publicly.

Incidentally, Vaughn, any apologizing that's done in your house will have to be done by you. Verbal apologies go against the grain with Deanna. She hates to humble herself that much. She'll apologize by her actions, though, and her forgiveness is enormous. She simply cannot bear a grudge.

Another word of warning! It takes her ages to get dressed. She could preen for hours if you'd let her. However, she's (Continued on page 61)

JIMMY'S BIRTHDAY SUIT

When they're going-on-ten, most suits have one foot in a second-hand shop—but not Jimmy's pride and joy!



George Raft may give away his suits the minute a button comes off—but Jimmy sews 'em back on instantly. Even does some light dry cleaning!



Brushes his suit like mad nightly—says it keeps it in candition! He's only had it repaired once, when the lining went completely on the rocks.

The other day Jimmy Stewart ambled down to the corner drugstore and tossed off a chocolate soda birthday toast to an old, old friend. As he puckered his lips about his straw, Jimmy closed his eyes and looked down through the years he and his friend had spent together. Jimmy sighed. He remembered how his friend had clung to him through fair weather and foul, how he had borne abuse without complaint, how he had never forsaken him for another, and how he had stood loyally by, waiting to be called on at all hours of the day and night.

Setting down his glass, Jimmy let his thoughts drift back to the occasion of their first meeting. It was in Princeton in 1932, the year of Jimmy's graduation from the great university. Jimmy had wandered into the campus tailor shop on that fateful day. He had glanced around, bored, disinterested, unimpressed. And then he had seen it. A brown, basket-

weave suit, single-breasted, belted in the back, and sporting a huge yellow tag reading, "Price—\$50." That was

a lot of dough to Jimmy in those days. But he had felt an immediate kinship with the suit and he had bought it. He's grown fonder of it every hour since.

The tired, old basket-weave has seen Jimmy through eight years in Hollywood. It has appeared in more than 20 Stewart pictures. Directors wail

because it's outmoded, but Jimmy won't give it up.

It keeps him comfortable—puts him at his ease when he's working—and he'll wear it till it falls to pieces. Not that that's ever likely to happen.

Its heavy tweed is practically indestructible, and its lone pair of pants hasn't yet grown shiny.

Being the grandpappy of the Stewart wardrobe, the suit no longer goes along on Jimmy's social dates. When its day's labors are done, Jimmy

hangs it on a hook and permits it to rest. On its ninth anniversary, Modern Screen gives it a fourteen-gun salute—and bows low to its owner, the only man who wasn't born in his birthday suit!

STYLE YOUR SMILE.....



BY CAROL CARTER

The teeth behind Lynne Roberts' smile account for half its beauty.

HOLLYWOOD TELLS JUST WHAT IT TAKES TO WIN YOUR WAY WITH A SMILE!

Your lips may be lovely, your eyes may shine and, when your mouth is closed, your face may simply radiate personality—but what happens when you start bandying words about—or laugh at the boy friend's favorite jokes? What's behind that smile of yours? Thirty-two straight, white, healthy teeth in two pretty rows? Or do you exhibit an incomplete set of dingy, dull, discouraged cuspids, molars and incisors that look like they ought never to be exposed to the light of day, much less to the critical gaze of friends and family?

Girls bent on carving careers in Hollywood have often felt indignant at their studios' demands for teeth nothing short of perfection. But when the draft came along and exacted equally faultless ivories of all the boys who go to training camps and whose faces, goodness knows, have no connection whatever with glamour or the business of being photogenic—we all began to realize that good teeth are important for two very distinct reasons—appearance and health.

Teeth were well designed by nature to do the work cut out for them, that is, to chew the solid foods we eat. Each tooth consists of three sections: roots, which lie under the gum; crown, which lies outside the gum; and neck, where root and crown join.

.....
(Continued on page 49)

STYLE YOUR SMILE . . . (Continued)



RECOGNIZE THE FLASHING SMILES? FROM LEFT TO

RIGHT, THEY BELONG TO LANA TURNER, ROCHELLE

HUDSON, JANE WYMAN AND PERT JUDY GARLAND



Here's the real reason everyone likes to tell jokes to Nan Grey who's in "Under Age."



The crown is covered by a hard enamel and the roots are covered with cementum, a sort of bone-like material. Inside of all this is the dentine, which is a softer, more vulnerable substance. And inside the dentine itself is a hollow space or pulp chamber where blood vessels and nerves hold forth in a soft, spongy substance.

A child's small jaw isn't big enough to hold a full set of adult-sized teeth, so resourceful old Mother Nature first gives us twenty baby teeth, which start putting in their appearance at the ripe young age of seven to nine months and depart again around the age of six to seven years.

By the time we've reached the so-called age of discretion (twenty-one to you), most of our thirty-two more or less permanent teeth have put in their important appearance. Third molars, or wisdom teeth, though, may hold out on you for several years longer, or even refuse to sprout at all. Then "impaction" exists. Impacted teeth may press on nerves or other nearby molars and have to be extracted, or they may never be heard from at all.

Your four front teeth, or incisors, were built to cut food. The cuspids, on either side of these, were made to tear and shred it. The bicuspid beyond are there to break and crush your viands, and molars are present to finish the job by grinding.

Now that we've settled all that, how shall we care for what we've got? Strong, healthy, beautiful, even teeth depend a great deal upon sound general health; a well-balanced diet, which both nourishes and exercises them; on thorough regular cleanliness and, last but not least, skillful dental care.

Foods rich in calcium, minerals and phosphorus are absolute "musts" for continued tooth health. And which are these, you want to know? Milk, eggs, cheese and butter; tomatoes; citrus fruits (lemons, oranges, grapefruit, limes); leafy vegetables, nuts and fish; meat, bread and cereals. And let us repeat—milk, in one form or another, should never be omitted from the daily diet of young or old, for it is one of the richest sources known for calcium, phosphorus, minerals and Vitamin A.

Dried peas and beans, cod and halibut liver oil preparations will also help to build sound teeth. So will irradiated milk or any products whose Vitamin D content has been increased. Some hard, coarse foods are absolutely essential to healthy teeth, because they exercise gums and jaws and the bony sockets that hold the teeth. Toast, crusts, ready-to-eat cereals, apples, celery and other raw vegetables, all are just what the doctor ordered. Sunshine is important, too, because it helps your body to produce its own Vitamin D, so essential to sound, beautiful teeth.

So much for general health and diet. Now for home care and cleanliness of teeth: A clean tooth is a healthy tooth and a healthy tooth seldom decays. Brushing your teeth has a very definite object. First, it removes bits of food caught between the teeth and which would ferment and decay if allowed to remain. Brushing also helps to break up gummy

deposits, which escape ordinary rinsing. Another important function of your tooth brush is to exercise not only the teeth themselves, but also the gums. This strengthens and fortifies both against all the softening and deteriorating germs that constantly wait to attack and break down these regions.

Your tooth brush should be small to medium in size so that it will reach comfortably around all the curves and corners. The bristles should be medium stiff, strong and long enough to get at every crack and crevice, and the bristle groups are most effective when spaced far enough apart to allow for thorough cleansing of the brush. Your tooth brush should be dry and firm each time it's used. When possible, keep it in a clean, airy, preferably sunny corner, rather than in a dark, closed cupboard. Better still, why not have several tooth brushes and alternate them daily?

There are so many excellent dentifrices that the choice is largely one of personal taste. Some like paste, some powder, and others prefer the new liquid dentifrices. Whichever you choose, be sure it is one whose flavor, strength and consistency are pleasing to your taste, for brushing should be frequent and thorough, and fun—not a chore. Teeth should be brushed at least twice daily—when you get up in the morning, the last thing at night, and also after your noon meal, if possible.

When cleaning your teeth, slant the brush diagonally and use a rotary or circular motion—neither straight up and down nor entirely horizontal. Harsh, direct brushing sometimes causes actual injuries. Concentrate on two or three teeth at a time, brush that group thoroughly, then go on to the next.

Dental floss should be in every medicine chest. Used carefully each day, it will break up tartar deposits and reach important surfaces impossible to penetrate with a brush. Don't jerk or pull your floss, though. That might cut or injure sensitive gums. However, used with ordinary care, dental floss is a valuable aid to tooth health.

And don't forget your gums. They need regular massage, exercise and stimulation, if teeth are to stay healthy. Massage them gently with a brush, a special rubber gadget for the purpose or even with your finger wrapped in clean gauze.

If you smoke, drink or indulge in many rich foods, pay especial attention to thorough mouth cleanliness. Be wary, though, of dentifrices that contain very harsh abrasives. They may scratch away the enamel itself and leave teeth exposed to the attacks of all kinds of dangerous infections.

Decayed teeth, you know, are infected and often cause disturbances in entirely remote parts of your body. Anemia, neuritis, rheumatism and even heart and kidney conditions frequently result from toxins originating from such a condition. So, if you wake up some night with an aching cavity, do, for goodness sake, hie yourself the very next day to the nearest and best dentist you can find. And don't stop treatments until the last vestige of decay has been cleaned out and the tooth is sealed (*Continued on page 69*)

How TO LOSE FRIENDS AND



Sit too close and blow smoke in his eyes if he's a confirmed non-smoker.



Pick your teeth after every meal. It's so dainty, clean and feminine.



Forget all about mouth washes and give halitosis a chance. It shouts.



Get lipstick on your teeth and let it stay there, like a misplaced sunset.



Bite your dirty fingernails and chew your thumb. It looks so poised.

Mouth mannerisms are not only distressing and embarrassing to watch, they are extremely deglamorizing. They plunge a girl's popularity as low as a barometer just before a hurricane and the most insidious thing about them is that many otherwise charming girls practice one or several of these offensive little habits without even knowing it.

A famous psychiatrist once told us that people who indulge in them usually have some kind of an inferiority complex—a sense of shyness or inadequacy—unless, of course, such mannerisms originated from a consciousness of actual physical defects in that region, such as poor teeth, defective dentistry, offensive breath and the like.

Take conscientious stock of your mouth mannerisms and remedy the causes first. If your teeth are at fault, the suggestions for daily care in the preceding article may help solve your problem. If your lips don't measure up to your ideal standards, clever make-up will perform minor miracles to bolster up your self-confidence. If your breath is at all questionable, check over every possible cause for its impurity. There's no reason in the world why you can't change it to the breath of spring with just a little care and forethought.

Halitosis may be caused by either local or systemic malconditions. Spongy, infected, bleeding gums may cause it, or perhaps, you have some unsuspected tooth decay present. Possibly all your mouth needs is more thorough tooth brushing with a good mild dentifrice and more frequent rinsing with a good, clean-tasting antiseptic mouth wash. Rinsing with a mouth wash should follow every single brushing and go before every date or any contact with people, whether for business or social purposes. Swish your mouth wash around vigorously and hold it in your mouth for two or three minutes for really effective results.

Drink six to eight glasses of water every day and take a glass of

DISCOURAGE SUITORS . . .



Wipe lipstick on your hostess' best napkins and towels. She'll adore that.



Let stains stay on your teeth—white is such a glaring color anyway



Cough and sneeze in people's faces—they need a shower bath anyhow.



Blow your breath down people's necks and in their faces. It's so chummy.



Don't chew gum—all it does is just make your teeth and lips beautiful.

orange, grapefruit juice or lemonade before that extra special date of yours. Try one of these tart drinks the first thing after brushing your teeth in the morning, too. A parched system has caused many a case of halitosis, for without sufficient fluids, toxins accumulate and are reflected in a sour breath.

Over-eating and drinking are sometimes at the bottom of an offensive breath, and so also are strong vegetables, such as onions, garlic and the like. A good tooth brushing and a thorough mouth rinsing should immediately follow the eating of any of these. A bit of milk of magnesia swished around your mouth and teeth just before retiring will help guard against an acid breath. This aids in counteracting tooth acidity, too, which is the commonest cause of decay.

Some of the more remote but potent causes of halitosis may be acid indigestion, infected tonsils, adenoids, sinuses, bronchial or lung conditions or common nasal catarrh. Even infections in far-removed regions of the body may be carried by the blood stream to the lungs and evidence themselves in the form of unpleasant breath. However, most halitosis is due to careless and inadequate local mouth cleanliness—so your most faithful allies against it are thorough scrubbing of all teeth and oral surfaces, and frequent rinsing, as we said before, with a good reliable mouth wash.

If you'll get at the cause of every conscious defect and mouth imperfection you have, you'll be taking the most important step toward curing those unglamorous mouth mannerisms. The rest is a simple matter of poise, self-confidence and the right mental attitude. You'll gain these easily enough, too, with the knowledge that all is as it should be behind that smile of yours.

So, mind your mouth manners and let no mere man ever be able to say of you, "There's a four-star example of the kind of girl who is mistress of the art of losing friends and discouraging suitors."

By Carol Carter

Good News

by Sylvia Kahn

Accent on Youth

It looks as though Gaylord Hauser plans to make a perennial juvenile of Greta Garbo. The good doctor's latest prescription for Greta is a Vitamin B derivative which he promises will prevent gray hair from ever growing on her beautiful Swedish head. However, intimates are wondering what man will be fortunate enough to enjoy the star's eternal youth. When Garbo visited New York recently, she did the hide-away haunts with writer Erich Maria Remarque—and we hear tell that Mr. Hauser's annoyance was second only to that of Mr. Remarque's girl friend—one Marlene Dietrich.

Didja Know

That Gary Cooper never leaves the Warner Bros. commissary without popping two or three toothpicks into his mouth . . . That Joan Crawford's chauffeur actually goes by the name of Robert Taylor . . . That Tyrone Power's hair is so curly, it has to be straightened with oil each morning for his job in "Blood and Sand" . . . That hostlers who shove braces on film horses' ears to make 'em stand up and look glamorous call the things "leather Gables" . . . That after 58 years in show business, May Robson is getting tough. She refuses to appear in anything but comedy roles from now on, because she wants to spend the rest of

her career making people laugh . . . That it's rumored Veronica Lake is expecting a package from heaven . . . That director Fritz Lang, who's been spinning Virginia Gilmore around town, is back to Kay Francis . . . That Virginia is now a full-fledged poet, having sold two ditties to a national magazine . . . That Darryl Zanuck has banned Jane Withers' famous "knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out" fights from all her future pictures. Claims she's getting too big for that sort of thing . . . That now they're saying Henry Fonda is so homespun, he's unraveling?

Short Shots

Bob Hope thinks his new starrer, "Caught in the Draft," should be re-titled "Tanks—For The Memory" . . . Speaking of "Caught in the Draft," watch for Marie Blake in the same picture. She's Jeanette MacDonald's sister . . . Bette Davis' aviator husband, Arthur Farnsworth, will do his cloud-soaring alone. There's a no-flying clause in Bette's contract . . . Bob Montgomery's daughter, Elizabeth, owns hundreds of pictures of Clark Gable . . . Gene Autry's fan mail exceeds that of any other film star, past or present. And his records outsell Bing Crosby's . . . Arthur Lake wears dizzily-spotted ties when he broadcasts on the "Blondie" show. They make him feel like Dagwood Bumstead . . . There's talk going round that Judy Garland's been written in for a role opposite Gable . . . Ginger Rogers won't enter a dressing room if there's anyone whistling—not even if Jimmy Stewart's inside . . . Dorothy Lamour's still recovering from the shock. Paramount gifted her with a \$20,000 bonus, unexpectedly and voluntarily . . . Humphrey Bogart tenderly refers to his wife as "Sluggo."

Reelism vs. Realism

Vivien Leigh, writing from bomb-pocked Britain, has a very funny story to tell about Winston Churchill. Vivien was introduced to the chunky Churchill immediately after the Prime Minister had attended a London showing of "GWTW." Having been properly congratulated for her own performance, Vivien asked Churchill what he thought of the movie as a whole. Churchill shuddered briefly, according to Vivien, and replied, "That

picture reduced me to a pulp. There isn't a bone left in my body. Thank God I can now get back to my own war!"

Recovery Program

Someone ought to found a hospital for repairing broken-down actors. And we're not referring to the has-beens and hangers-on, either. We're talking about the talented attractive players who never get through a picture without suffering a strained back, a blistering sunburn, a broken ankle or a black eye, all in the pursuit of their art. Take Gene Tierney, for example. Gene had to get herself so messed up for her role as the miserable hare-lipped heroine of "Tobacco Road," it'll be months before she's back to normal. Even though she wound up the picture several months ago, her hair still requires frequent oil applications and her skin screams for daily toning treatments. She pays regular calls on a chiropodist who is gradually removing all the callous from her feet, and she swallows gallons of milk to make her fingernails grow. "I'm such a wreck," giggles Gene, "the only way I recognize myself is by a mole on my right shoulder!"

Putting on the Dog

We hope our fashion department won't object, but we picked up an interesting Hollywood style note we'd like to pass on to you. Take one dose of George Raft, one dose of Alfred Vanderbilt, add one toy French poodle—and we guarantee, you'll emerge the smartest-looking gal who ever sauntered beneath the noon-day sun. Anyway, that's what Virginia Field did and we'll follow her lead any day. Virginia, it seems, had a brief romance with George which terminated not long ago. Before they called it quits, George gifted her with a little black-haired pup which she named Bah-Bah. Soon after the bust-up, Ginny met young Vanderbilt. Being plenty impressed by the dark-eyed trillionaire, she decided she needed a snappy new outfit for her first date with him. Racking her brain, she finally hit on an idea. Tucking Bah-Bah under her arm, she drove him to her tailor, and ordered the poor dazed man to stitch her a suit that would match the dog! The tailor complied and three days later Virginia, her dog, her suit and her beau were the niftiest quartet that appeared at the Santa Anita betting booths!



Laurence Olivier's in the R.A.F., and Vivien's doing war work in England. Her 7-year-old daughter, Suzanne, is safe in Canada.



Bette Davis' air-minded husband, Arthur Farnsworth, is bending every effort toward getting a flying instructor's license!



Gene Raymond's famous wife, Jeanette MacDonald, not only packs U.S. theatres but is also tap box-office star in the Orient.

They Won't Dance

No one knows what's gotten into the good old hip-swinging rumba set in this town. The ballroom cut-ups certainly have developed leaden legs. The other evening at the Mocambo, we watched Hollywood's newest shiny-eyed romancers, Betty Grable and George Raft, spend three consecutive hours at a tucked-away table, moving nothing but their lips. Nearby sat Cesar Romero and an unidentified lovely, both ignoring the music and busily engaged in something dimly remembered as conversation. We don't mean that the art of the dance is dead in Movietown. Heck no. But the torch sure has changed hands. While Betty and George, and Cesar and his lovely cooed and chattered, nice conservative mamma and papa Gilbert Adrian surprised everyone by swinging and swaying like a gleeful pair of teen-agers. Next thing we know, Edna May Oliver will be leading the conga line!

"Hitch" to a Star

It happened on the set of "Before the Fact." An inspired Cary Grant approached director Alfred Hitchcock with a suggestion for the interpretation of a scene. Forgetting that Hitchcock is the most biting, sarcastic, unpredictable man in the film colony, Cary smiled charmingly, fluttered his script and launched into his speech. "I don't want to bore you, Hitch," he began, "but . . ." Hitchcock eyed him coldly. "People never want to," he interrupted, "but they usually do." And with that he strolled away yawning. Suffice it to say Cary hasn't been the same since.

Herd at Dinner

If Cary was embarrassed he ought to meet up with George Raft who not long ago got a real dose of Hitchcock Acid. George and Hitch were guests at a dinner party in the home of a mutual friend. Eventually the conversation switched, as it generally does, to actors. "Tell us, Mr. Hitchcock," queried George, coyly angling for a compliment, "what do you think of actors?" "Actors, Mr. Raft?" snorted Hitchcock. "I think they're cattle!" And before George could answer, Hitch slumped into his chair—and fell asleep!

Genie With the Dye-Hair

Thanks to a snip of a scissors and a cup in the dye, Gene Raymond is a new man today. Everyone knows that when Gene had his blonde tresses darkened and his glorious waves chopped away, he was given a new lease on screen life. What few people realize, though, is that his new hair-do has enabled him to kick aside an inferiority complex that has traveled with him since childhood. As a kid, Gene was forced to wear a Buster Brown bob way beyond the time most boys are discovering girls, with the result that a day never went by without some wiseacre calling him "Goldilocks." When he grew older, he took to wearing a hat at every possible moment, but even that didn't help. Gushing females and joshing males still made his life miserable. Since the birth of the new Raymond, however, he's been holding his head high and facing the world like the best of 'em. And what about Jeanette? Well, she fell in love with that blonde hair. But she's a good little woman and even if her husband decides to switch to pigtails, she'll probably stay home nights and braid them for him!

Major Barbara

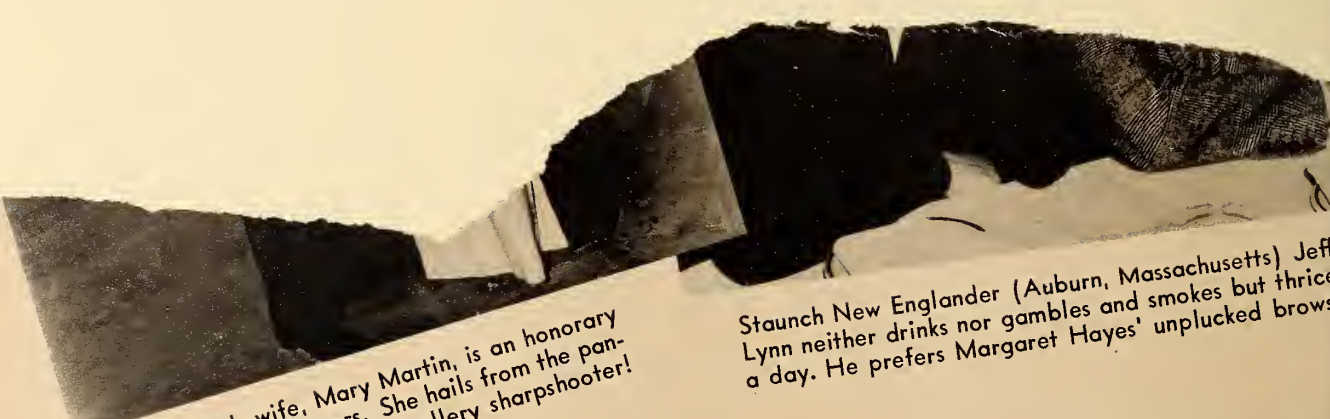
Paste another gold star next to Barbara Stanwyck's name. Shucks, paste a whole box of gold stars next to Barbara Stanwyck's name. Surely no single person in this whole mad town will ever deserve them more. Barbara's sweet and thoughtful acts are legion, but our favorite is the one that's just come to light about the cute Mrs. Bob Taylor and her adopted son, Dion. Dion is currently a student at the very excellent California Prep School. He is a bright scholar and, in his little military uniform, cuts one of the nattiest figures in his class. But from the day he enrolled, one thing has troubled him. He's been miserably lonesome for his mother. Barbara learned of this recently quite by accident. So now to make up for her son's unhappy hours, she goes up to school once a week, dons a uniform that is an exact replica of Dion's, and falling into line, drills for two solid hours with the boys. The other students are ecstatic—but Dion—well, his small chest marches four inches ahead of the rest of him!

Advance Showing

If you're lucky enough to be invited to dinner at Mary Martin's home, gird yourself for a shock. Mary and hubby Dick Halliday will probably lead you into their upper hallway, point to a portrait of a small girl, quaintly garbed in polka bonnet, crinoline and pantaloons, and proudly announce she's their daughter! When that happens, don't turn tail and run. Mary and Dick aren't crazy. Neither do they have a scarlet past. The truth of the matter is the painting has been in Dick's family for years. The young Hallidays found it one rainy afternoon and, with typical honeymoon balminess, decided their first child would look just like the adorable little Colonial. "We call her Heller Halliday," beams Mary. "Any child of ours is bound to be a heller!"

After You, Jimmy

Bette Davis has Jimmy Cagney in a bad spot. The two are now hard at work in "The Bride Came C.O.D.," a comedy which Bette begged the studio to let her do. When the casting was announced, Bette was delighted and so was Jimmy. But Bill Cagney, Jimmy's brother and producer of the picture, was not. In fact, Bill was a very worried man. Summoning Bette to his office, he spoke as follows: "You know, dear, if you go into this picture, you won't be the star. Jimmy's contract gives him solo billing every film he makes. If you do this one with him, your name will have to appear below his and the picture's." To which Bette is said to have replied, "Of course I know that. I know everything that goes on around here. But that doesn't bother me. I want to make a comedy—and this is it!" And that's how it stands at present. Unless Jimmy waives the rule he fought so hard to have written into his contract, James Cagney will be the star of "The Bride Came C.O.D." and Bette Davis, first lady of the screen, will be listed as a featured player! Our dough is on the Cagney galantry, however. It hasn't failed yet. (Continued on page 70)



Dick Halliday's wife, Mary Martin, is an honorary member of Texas Rangers. She hails from the pan-handle state and is a crack gallery sharpshooter!

Staunch New Englander (Auburn, Massachusetts) Jeff Lynn neither drinks nor gambles and smokes but thrice a day. He prefers Margaret Hayes' unplucked brows.



George Raft will have the entire Army, Navy and Marine Corps on his neck if he keeps on dating their idol, Betty Grable. She gets more ardent fan letters from enlisted men than any other actress in Hollywood!



The Jon Halls are rarely seen around Hollywood these days. They've practically deserted Calif. for a home and orange groves in Fla.



Shirley Temple and mother go over a script for a radio show, the first of several such broadcasts stipulated on her new \$2500-a-week M-G-M contract.



Lupe scandalizes Hollywood by snoozing with a revolver tucked under her pillow! She keeps 'em guessing, too, what with that mysterious new suitor, Armand Delmar, with her at Charlie Foy's.



When Rudy Vallee drinks champagne, Hollywood bistros get only a \$2 cork fee. He and Maria Montez bring their own straight from a Vallee-owned winery!



The expectant Gables have done a complete turnabout since their marriage on March 3, 1939, when they vowed they'd never settle down and add little Gables to Clark's ranch house.

To an Easter Bride . . .



The bride wears ninan. Under \$25, R. H. Macy. Violets crown her veil and the wedding band matches her engagement ring, an 8-carat marquise diamond!

You want to look extra special for HIM, don't you? Not just the day you're married, but ever after? It's easy to do, and you don't need much money or a raft of clothes. Just remember how you're going to live, then choose clothes to have fun in!

About \$9



Add a white sailor and you're ready to go shopping. Plaid gingham, pique collar. Charles A. Stevens, Chicago. The cute navy Middie shoes by Jolène, about \$4.

About \$15

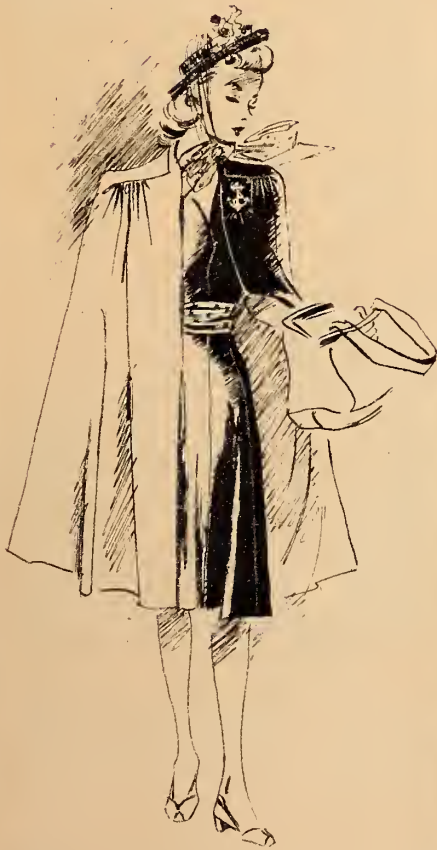
By Elizabeth Willguss

CLOTHES WORN BY LEILA ERNST, PARAMOUNT STARLET, APPEARING IN THE BROADWAY PLAY, "PAL JOEY"



"The very fairest in all the land," answers the mirror! Sage green rayon crêpe with smart red corded pockets. Saks Fifth Avenue.

About \$17



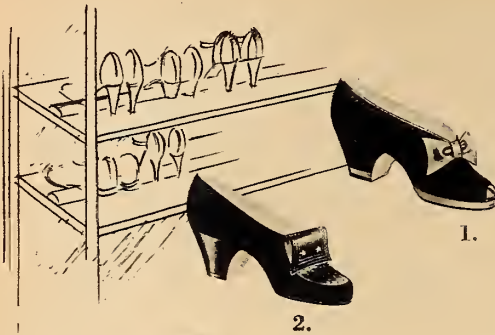
Go away in a chic navy ensemble, from Franklin Simon.

About \$15



For gay evenings, a crisp white pique with jacket, blue and white seersucker top. Leon Frohsin, Atlanta, Ga.

Under \$8



It's smart to have Jolène shoes for every mood.

1. Zabbo, in black gabardine with light tan trimming. About \$3.
2. Middie, a blue gabardine with white sailor trimming. About \$4.
3. Mogul, step-in navy gabardine pump with calf trim. About \$3.
4. Cabana, keen spectator pump in brown and white. About \$4.

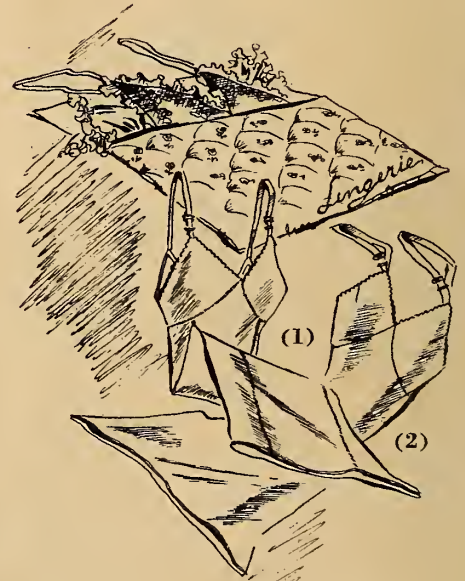


Wonderful for chilly days! A soft blue rayon crêpe dress with wool jacket. At John W. Thomas Co., Minneapolis. The Jolène shoe is about \$3.

Under \$17



A dream of a negligée in dainty bud-rose chintz. The yoke and sleeves are voile and the skirt is ten yards around! Why not wear it dancing? At Lord & Taylor.



When you pack your pretties, remember to put in two tailored Movie Star Slips. (1) The Ziegfeld Girl and (2) The One Hundred. Both about \$1 at leading stores.

Putting him in a Mood for *Matrimony*

A LESSON IN

*How to Become Some Man's
Dream Girl—for KEEPS*

Your romance is in the crucial stage where you *may* simmer down to just another telephone number in his little black address book—or you *can* give him such an acute case of Dream-Girl Fever that he spends his lunch hours pricing solitaires! It's up to you, lass! If your technique's Right, you win. If it's Wrong—well, make it Right—



to get huffy or possessive when he smiles at another female. You have to give a man *some* rope, or what's he going to hang himself with?



to make mighty sure that no other girl can make you look faded! That's where your complexion casts the deciding vote. When he looks at you, let him see a complexion that radiates the loving care you give it with Pond's every night. The Other Woman menace will vanish into limbo.



to take him at his word when he phones for a last-minute date and says, "Don't fuss—come just as you are!" He may *think* he means it, but when he sees your face buried under a layer of smudge and stale make-up, the disillusion will be terrific!



to improve the golden moments between his call and his arrival by whisking through a Pond's glamour treatment. 1. Slather Pond's Cold Cream over your face. Pat like mad with your fingertips. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with more Cold Cream to dispose of the last smitch of dirt and old make-up. 2. Over your immaculate skin, spread a thick white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Remove after 1 full minute. Then wield the powder puff and you'll glitter with glamour!



to hold him at a coy arm's length so long that he gets discouraged. Love can't thrive indefinitely on a starvation diet!



a little close-range eye-making and such. Extremely effective unless a close-up of your face reveals clogged pores and a network of squint lines. Help keep pores, "dry" lines and blackheads from blighting romance by thoroughly cleansing and softening your skin with Pond's Cold Cream—*every night!*



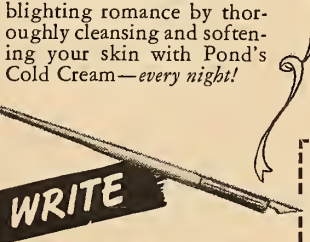
Fatal, in fact! To fumble nervously in your hand-bag for a powder compact when the poor fellow is desperately working himself to proposal pitch. He may never reach that point again!



to encourage him by looking sweet and *knowing* it! No distracting worry of bleary make-up or glistering nose will give you the fidgets, if you have used that amazing 1-minute mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream before your date. The mask smooths away little roughnesses—gives your skin a glorious "mat" finish that you can trust to hold powder right through the crisis!



being just terribly brave and noble when he half-heartedly courts you for 7 years without mentioning churches and ministers.



Close the deal while it's hot! Get going *now* on a sweep-him-off-his-feet complexion! Here's a dotted line to sign on—it isn't a wedding license, but one may well follow!

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVE, Clinton, Conn. I'd love to try the same Pond's complexion care followed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and other leading society beauties. Please send me Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Tissues and Skin Freshener. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name
Address



This offer good in U.S. only.

ODDITIES ON THE OSCARS

GINGER ROGERS AND JIMMY STEWART PLAY UNREHEARSED
LEADING ROLES IN ACADEMY AWARDS' 13TH ANNUAL SHOW!



Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne present miniature Oscars for best supporting roles to Jane Darwell ("Grapes of Wrath") and Walter Brennan ("The Westerner").



1940 Awards to Ginger for her performance in "Kitty Foyle" and to Jimmy for his trouping in "The Philadelphia Story."

The gardenia-bedecked Hotel Biltmore Bowl was the scene of the 13th Annual Academy Awards banquet . . . 1,500 guests were present; 1,300 were turned away . . . Those who were lucky enough to get in paid from \$11 to \$25 for a single ticket . . . A giant Oscar, done in glittering neon tubes, was perched atop the hotel's entrance marquee . . . Only one person in the Bowl knew the names of the winners before they were announced. He was the embarrassed representative of the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse and Co. who had custody of the envelopes containing the answers . . . There was considerable betting done at each table before the presentations were made.

Jimmy Stewart had planned to stay at home. On a hunch, two men from M-G-M went and fetched him a half hour before the Oscars were awarded . . . Ginger Rogers refused to appear for the Academy dinner when she was among the nominees a few years back. She was coaxed into coming this time by "Kitty Foyle" producer, David Hempstead . . . President Roosevelt opened the ceremonies with a radio address direct from the White House . . . Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, appearing around the corner from the Biltmore in "There Shall Be No Night," rushed through their performance and arrived in time to present the Stewart-Rogers awards.

Miss Fontanne and this year's Oscar girl met originally in 1930. They were both on the train which was bringing Ginger to Hollywood for the first time. Before they

parted, Miss Fontanne told Ginger she was sure she'd make good in Hollywood. As she handed her her statuette, Miss Fontanne whispered in Ginger's ear: "I told you so" . . . Jimmy gulped and stammered before he could make his acceptance speech . . . Ginger came close to sobbing and so did everyone in the room who could see her pretty face twisting with emotion.

Jane Darwell, who won the award for the Best Performance by a Supporting Actress, hasn't had a job in over four months . . . Walter Brennan, 1940's Best Supporting Actor, accepted his third Oscar. He got his first two for "Come And Get It" and "Kentucky" . . . David O. Selznick, two-time Academy winner for the best picture of the year ("GWTW" and "Rebecca") announced there would be no more Selznick productions . . . Preston Sturges makes thousands of dollars a week, but he received his Oscar for the Best Original Screenplay ("The Great McGinty") in a rented tuxedo . . . Buddy DeSylva, new production head of Paramount and himself a noted composer ("Sonny Boy" among others) presented the musical awards. "When You Wish Upon A Star" from "Pinocchio" copped the honors for the best song of the year . . . Nicest surprise of the evening came when Walter Wanger presented Bob Hope with a special plaque for "Achievement in Humanities."

Hope delivered his funniest crack when his boss, Buddy DeSylva, left the podium. Nodding toward DeSylva, Bob chirped: "He just made a deal to loan me to Samuel Goldwyn . . . a sort of lend-louse bill!"

MEMO TO VAUGHN PAUL

(Continued from page 45)

always so beautifully groomed that this particular shortcoming is more than forgivable.

You've learned, no doubt, how very natural the future Mrs. Paul is. She doesn't paint her nails. She uses rouge and lipstick very conservatively. What's more, she's economical. We have designer Vera West's own word for it that her sole extravagance is shoes. She loves variety of footwear and pays \$17 for every pair. Buys most of the clothes she wears in her films—and gets them at the second-hand rate—usually about \$12.50.

Probably the most wonderful thing about your bride-to-be is her A. M. glamour. Practically any gal can sparkle after dark, but Deanna's ravishing from a dreary seven-thirty on. And cheerful! Her studio hairdresser claims Deanna's disposition is unique among feminine stars.

You can't help being impressed by the fact that she's so well-balanced. She's no helpless Dulcy. She's self-reliant, stands on her own feet. Most important, since she always accomplishes what she sets out to do, she can't fail—because now, we know from listening to her, she's out to establish Hollywood's most successful and happiest marriage.

DEANNA'S musical tastes are wide. She likes classical, certainly. But she also likes boogie-woogie and swing. She's not a musical snob—that is, doesn't think all classical music is good and all popular music bad. She judges a piece on its own individual merits. And since you're a lover of music, but admit you're not an expert, this should be fine for you.

She goes out of her way to be obliging, and that's an asset in any marriage. Remember the time Ray Jones, Universal's still photographer, got that wire from New York requesting still photos of Deanna immediately? And he knew it was impossible since Deanna was going to school, taking fittings, being made up, working on recordings and toiling in a movie. And when Deanna learned of the wire, what did she do? Skipped her entire lunch hour to come over to Ray's department and spend the time posing for the necessary stills.

And that's not all. Without ever being a student of Dale Carnegie, she knows how to win friends. And she doesn't do it consciously. The point is, she's interested in you. There was that other occasion when Deanna learned that a color photo which Ray had taken of her was selected as one of the best of the year and published as the only Hollywood star's photo in the 1941 U. S. Camera Annual. Of course, Ray was secretly proud, though he didn't think it would excite anyone else. But when Deanna got wind of it, she was thrilled, bubbling, congratulatory, and told the whole studio about it. And this trait alone would be a great cement in solidifying her wedlock with you. It shows she'll be interested, by word and by action, in your work as associate producer at Universal.

She's always taken her co-workers' mild gags with a grin. Of course, the gang has never tried practical jokes on her, but now that she's grown up, they will, and she won't mind. Her humor is harmless and innocent. It's this kind of stuff. "Do you know that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet—because there are no twacks!"

(Continued on page 63)

"I'm a coward about spanking children"

A modern mother learns how to solve an old problem
the up-to-date way



1. I dread spanking children—I'd far rather reason with them. But sometimes a child can almost drive you mad! One day, my Janet was so stubborn. I found myself thinking, "A good smack in the right place would save us both a lot of time and energy!"



2. Janet needed a laxative and she refused flatly to take it. I know it tastes awful, so I offered to give her a lollipop if she'd take it like a good girl. And she still refused. So, for the first time, I spanked her and forced her to take it. She didn't cry. She just looked at me.



3. I felt perfectly awful all day. That's why I looked so gloomy when my cousin dropped in. She's a registered nurse for the best child specialist in town. So I asked her what to do about Janet and her laxative. And she said, "Give her a laxative she'll like."



4. "It's dangerous to force a child to take a nasty-tasting laxative," she went on. "It can shock her delicate nervous system. Children should get a laxative made especially for them—not an adult's laxative. I'd give your youngster Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "Children love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria," she added. "And you can be sure it's thorough, but always mild and safe—not a single harsh drug in it. Try it—I know you'll agree with me." So I walked her to the corner and bought a bottle right then and there.



6. The next time Janet needed a laxative, I gave her Fletcher's Castoria. And sure enough—she loved the taste! And me, well, I've settled a difficult problem the way I like best—without spankings. No more laxative tussles in our house!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

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

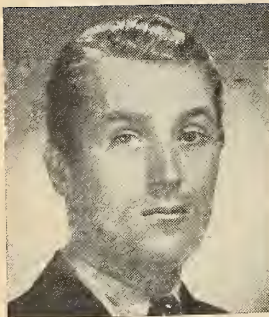
Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

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

SCREEN ALMANAC

The makings of a four-star scrapbook! Pictures, vital statistics and dozens of intimate "little things" about Hollywood's 400

BRIAN AHERNE



Born Brian Aherne; Worcestershire, England; May 2, 1902. Bond Street in every wrinkle . . . Hollywood's top bachelor before he went and fell . . . ducks night clubs and crowds . . . hates red fingernails . . . says "women's first interest should be their husbands" . . . quenchless thirst for tea . . . headful of airplanes and air lanes . . . as versatile as his roles.

RICHARD ARLEN



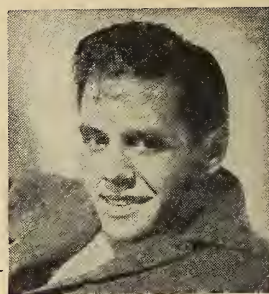
Born Richard S. Van Mattimore, Sept. 1, 1900; Charlottesville, Va. Hollywood's leading sportsman . . . hobbies: swimming, golf, riding, tennis . . . boating enthusiast . . . deep sea fisherman . . . American boy's model . . . biggest thrill in his life is his son . . . owns a flying school, his ambition since his days as a 17-year-old Canadian R.A.F.er.

EDDIE ALBERT



Born Edward Heimberger; Rock Island, Ill.; April 22, 1908. One gal man . . . bashful and bewildered . . . as smart as he is funny . . . hayseed with lady appeal . . . crazy about music and movie idols . . . hates Hollywood gossip, noise and cynics . . . yen to write philosophy . . . chummy with Lady Luck . . . sends invitations and forgets the party . . . no Beau Brummel.

DESI ARNAZ



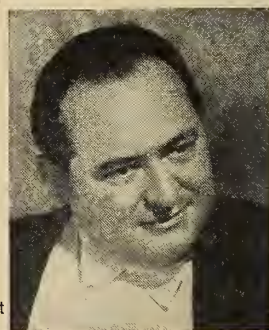
Born Desi Arnaz, Santiago, Cuba; Mar. 2, 1917. Fled a revolution in Cuba. Came north of the border, found a job cleaning bird cages. Popularized the Conga. Loves chicken, rice, a quick game of soccer and red-headed women. Hates early morning phone calls and ugly girls. Stagestruck, wants to go back to Broadway.

FRED ALLEN



Born John Sullivan, Cambridge, Mass.; May 31, 1894. Born with a glib tongue . . . and not in his cheek. Loves to read in bed. Is a serious student of Shakespeare. Wears expensive clothes, but stuffs pockets full of junk. Always sleepy. Has sign in home telling guests to leave at 2 A. M. An accomplished cud-chewer —if no one is looking.

EDWARD ARNOLD



Born Edward Arnold, Feb. 18, 1890; New York, N. Y. Genial and fat . . . lighthearted . . . shining example of self-made man; sensible, scoffs at luxuries, pooh-poohs college educations and prefers experience for his kids . . . suggests days and ways of Diamond Jim but is as tame and domesticated as Pop . . . self confident . . . definite asset around the kitchen.

DON AMECHE



Born Dominick Felix Amici; May 31, 1910; Kenosha, Wis. Starts day at 6:30 A.M. bewildered and cross . . . loves lots of company, his family, thick steak, poker . . . hates telephoning . . . turnabout black sheep of his family . . . hobby's amusement parks . . . refuses to worry and smiles constantly . . . prefers Dago red to any other shade on earth.

JEAN ARTHUR



Born Gladys Greene, New York City, Oct. 17, 1908. Wanted to be a tight-rope walker . . . gets sick before interviews . . . cries when they're over . . . hates parties . . . positively will not talk politics . . . lives in tweeds and saddle shoes . . . has a way with a garden . . . houses 10 goldfish and a mongrel pup.

(Continued on page 68)

She likes attention, as does every girl. To illustrate, this past Christmas some one gave her a half-dozen victrola records as a present. She wrote not one, but two personal thank you notes and then phoned to say she was playing them over and over. And when you consider that with her money she could buy a million of those records!

She adores kids. When her sister had a child, Deanna stayed up from midnight to five in the morning waiting for the birth of that baby. And reported to work on time, too, without sleep!

We think Deanna rates at least four stars, Vaughn—and before the marriage has even taken place, we're sure that the plot involving Mr. and Mrs. Paul will run true to formula. You know—"and they lived happily ever after!"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 16)

The movie—which has to do with life at the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich.—is fairly good. The title refers to Susannah, who sings in a burlesque theatre. Allan Jones, whose pop runs the music camp, wanders into the theatre, decides to help Susannah, adopts her and drags her to the camp. From there on the scenario grows duller and duller, with every cliché you can imagine popping up, but the actors keep struggling bravely and making almost all of it palatable.

There is a lot of good music, including the Meyerbeer "Shadow Song," Liszt's "Liebestraum," Strauss' "Voices of Spring" and other worthwhile items, but they are so thoroughly hashed up that they lose much of their value.

Susannah ought to go places once she relaxes. She has a lot of talent. There is a boy named Heimo Haitto, who is a Finnish violin prodigy, and he has a really outstanding and impressive personality. Allan Jones is himself again; if you like him, you like him. Lynne Overman is always insurance to any picture, because he is sure to contribute a healthy share of laughs. Margaret Lindsay and Grace Bradley are swell in support femme roles. Directed by Andrew Stone.—Paramount.

★★½ Golden Hoofs

This is a pleasant little yarn with no pretensions to greatness, but it is entertaining and it moves Jane Withers one step nearer to romantic leads. She's not quite there, but it looks as though she will definitely make the transition without trouble. That's important news, of course.

There's another important little bit of news in the casting of this picture. Buddy Rogers, who used to make many girls' hearts flutter not so very long ago, makes his movie comeback here. Hard to say whether it's a successful comeback or not. Buddy belongs in pictures, of course, but the part, here, is not strong enough to tell you much about him. Let's give him another chance before we decide, folks.

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.....

Street.....

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

BRUNETTES! There's Beauty for you in these 3 questions



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR has rich auburn hair, blue eyes. She uses Pond's Brunette (Rachel) because it matches her fair skin.



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

Shall I lighten my skin?

Shall I match it?

Shall I warm it?

It's simply a matter of this:

Are you more beautiful when your skin looks frail shell-pink?

Are you lovelier when your skin looks ivory-pale to contrast with the dark lights in your eyes?

Are you more stunning if your skin is a warm, rosy tone to dramatize your brunette coloring?

Pond's has 4 superlative brunette shades to give the effect you desire.

A light rose-pink shade—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

A deep cream shade—Brunette-Rachel. Countless brunettes use this to match their natural creaminess of tone. Some

use it to add warmth to a pale ivory skin. Dark brunettes use it to lighten their skin when they prefer an even beige tone without pink in it. By far our most popular brunette shade.

A deeper, sunnier shade—Rose Brunette—in which there is more rose than cream. This is the powder that matches most successfully the brunette skin with a great deal of warmth. Darker brunettes use it to lighten their skin. A third group finds that the pink in the powder takes the dull yellowy tones out of the skin.

And there is also our new Dusk Rose, the darkest, rosiest of our shades. It brightens muddy tans. It matches a deep, rosy tan. Other brunettes who dislike growing paler in winter keep a warm, sunny tan with Dusk Rose.

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

Brunettes will find their 4 lovely shades and *Blondes* will find an equally successful group. You can pick your own shade easily.

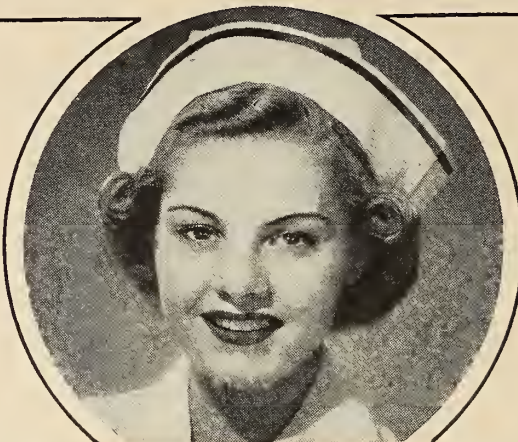


Free Write to Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PE, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples **FREE**.

WANT TO "DO SOMETHING" ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION?

WHICH OF THESE FAULTS MARS YOUR COMPLEXION BEAUTY?

- ✓ Externally-caused blemishes?
- ✓ Enlarged pore openings?
- ✓ Rough, "dried-out" skin?
- ✓ Chapped skin and lips?



Most complexions would be lovelier if it weren't for some common skin fault. If you'd really like to "do something" about *your* complexion, do what thousands of women all over the country are doing every day! Use the greaseless, snow-white *MEDICATED* cream, Noxzema!

NOXZEMA is not just a cosmetic cream. It contains soothing *medication* that helps...
 ...heal externally-caused blemishes
 ...it helps smooth and soften rough skin
 ...and its mildly astringent action helps reduce enlarged pore openings.

Nurses were the first to discover the remarkable qualities of this delightfully soothing, medicated cream. Now women everywhere use it regularly, both as a night cream and as a powder base. Why not try it? Find out what it may do for you!

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER:
 For a limited time you can get the special 25¢ Noxzema for only 19¢. Get your jar today at any drug or cosmetic counter.



The story is one of those typical Withers affairs in which she is little Miss Fix-It again. This time she wants to save her home grounds as a breeding place for trotting horses and balk the efforts of Buddy, a commercially-minded gent who doesn't give a hoot about traditions and wants to convert the place into a bangtail proposition. Janie wins out, of course, but at the cost of a broken heart (?). It's full of hokum and stuff you've heard and seen many times before, but it is handled very deftly and pleasantly, and it won't make anybody mad. Directed by Lynn Shores.—*Twentieth Century-Fox*.

★★½ Blondie Goes Latin

The Blondie pictures, co-starring Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and the Simms tot, have found a peculiar little spot in the hearts of a lot of customers. Result: Columbia is now expanding the pictures, and that's a mistake. This one is a curious goulash which is likely to alienate more customers than it attracts.

The Bumsteads go on a cruise to South America, which permits Arthur Lake to play the drums and Penny to do a rumba and a couple of songs. There is a band and there is Tito Guizar, a sweet-singing Latin. Also there are a good many romantic and business complications. The whole business, however, adds up to not so very much. Young Larry Simms' dead-pan is the only real fun in the picture (and mighty good he is, too) with his dog, Zero, not far behind. Directed by Frank Strayer.—*Columbia*.

★★½ Road Show

Some poor pictures annoy you, some make you angry, a few leave you with a

feeling of infinite regret. Such a one is "Road Show," which has a lot of laughs, and a basic possibility for good fun—but which just doesn't come off. A little more work and concentration could have made it a smash.

It's one of those screwball yarns, having to do with a millionaire who is scared that some dame is going to knock him off for his bucks. He gets himself sent to a bug-house for a while, joins a half-baked carnival company as roustabout, and in various and sundry ways conducts himself in a manner to suggest the bug-house should have kept him. It's goofy, but the laughs are spotty, with long hunks of nothing in between—and the finale indicates that the producer, writers, and director just plain gave up and said, "Oh, nuts."

Adolphe Menjou is top man, and has a royal good time as a wacky chap who helps John Hubbard conduct himself in true millionaire fashion. Hubbard is plenty okay, too; it's about time he got a break in some movie. Carole Landis is the girl—and she tries hard—but she doesn't look as if she's worth all the ballyhoo. Blame it on poor photography. Patsy Kelly and Charles Butterworth garner some legitimate laughs in small parts. Directed by Hal Roach.—*Roach-UA*.

★★½ Scattergood Baines

When a magazine and radio serial has as many followers as the character of Scattergood Baines, it is extremely difficult to bring it to the screen without bothering a lot of people who have mental pictures which they've been carrying around for years. If you never read one of the stories or listened to one of the broadcasts, you're liable to think it's

pretty good—otherwise, you'll be somewhat disappointed.

Future pictures (the studio plans a series of them) probably will have more dramatic action, since the attempt was made here to establish and introduce the characters, thus seeming somewhat slow. The story itself, once it gets started, is pretty interesting, having to do with a pretty schoolmarm forced to disguise her beautiful face because of a prim school board. Also, there is a secondary theme about a big lumber company trying to cheat Scattergood out of some timber rights. Both yarns are neatly integrated.

Guy Kibbee is pretty good in the title role, once you get used to him. He's not as fat as you've been led to believe Scattergood should be, and his voice doesn't even remotely resemble the Scattergood voice on the radio. So what? Don't look for comparisons, and he's convincing. The supporting cast is only fair, with Francis Trout, who does Pliny on the radio, making a successful movie debut in the same role and topping the regulars. Carol Hughes and John Archer handle the romance. Directed by Christy Cabanne.—*RKO-Radio*.

★★½ The Monster and the Girl

The verdict on this one is pretty much up to you—if you want to play ball, you'll think it's grand fun; if you go to the theatre with a show-me attitude you'll probably be bored. It's a chiller-diller, full of action and thrills.

Young Phillip Terry comes to the big city to avenge his sister, who has been seduced by Robert Paige, head of a vice ring. The gang frames Terry and gets him sent to the electric chair. Before he takes the hot seat, Terry makes a deal with a doctor and his brain is transferred to a giant ape. After he dies, the ape wanders around town systematically knocking off the gangsters one by one. The last gangster manages to kill the ape, which seems a shame, somehow, because the ape has become a sort of avenging hero, despite the fact that he spreads death and destruction. That gives you an idea how screwy the whole yarn is—but there are plenty of us gluttons who love that kind of stuff.

The acting is okay, though uninspired. Ellen Drew is the gal; Paul Lukas, Marc Lawrence and Joseph Calleia are best in support. Director Stuart Heisler manages to keep things moving at a sufficiently torrid pace.—*Paramount*.

★★½ Trial of Mary Dugan

For many years now, Bayard Veiller's stage play has been excellent entertainment and the current re-filming of it is still okay movie fare. It is told rather slowly at first, but once it gets moving you'll have a swell time.

Laraine Day is Mary Dugan this time. (Norma Shearer did it last time) and it is a distinct step up the ladder for her; she turns in a wholly believable performance in a tough part. The rest of the cast—Robert Young, Tom Conway, Frieda Inescourt and Marsha Hunt—is okay, but it's Laraine you'll talk about when you leave the theatre.

Just in case you've forgotten, the story has to do with the plight of a girl on trial for murder. Bob Young is her lawyer and—when things look absolutely hopeless for the kid—he manages to turn the tables by a clever court-room trick which gives the picture a really exciting kick finish. Save a lot of your plaudits for the understanding which Norman McLeod put into the direction.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

FOREVER AND A DAY

(Continued from page 10)

fell. If anyone were silly enough to ask for, and I were silly enough to supply, one of those single-word descriptions, I'd make it sunny.

People ask whether marriage has changed Tyrone. Annabella says not. Some of his friends disagree. As one put it: "When I first met him, he was flying off in all directions. He didn't know where he was going or what he wanted. Now he knows." I detected one difference. His eyes used to be restless. Now they're quiet with the serenity his wife must have brought him, since it wasn't there before.

He's also become a devoted householder, another new role. "I care," he admits barefaced, "about the color of drapes and the hang of pictures."

They had neither drapes nor pictures when they moved in a week after their marriage. They had, says Annabella, the garden furniture, a mattress and a marble game—"one of those things you put a nickel in which somebody gave Tyrone. We ate sometimes on the garden furniture, sometimes on the game."

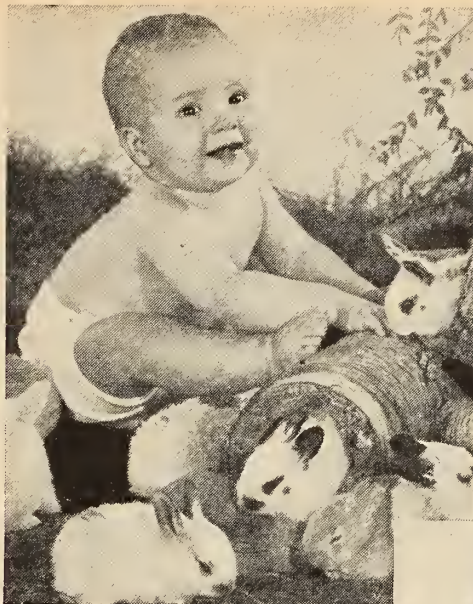
THIS was because, until Annabella's furniture arrived from France, they couldn't be sure what they'd need. Meantime they had some changes made in the house—painted the roof and shutters green—opened Annabella's balcony and added a little winding staircase that leads directly to the garden—built additional bookshelves—ripped out two fancy fireplaces, an elaborately carved one in the library and the living-room fireplace which was all mirrors, replacing them with plain brick and wood. "I live on movie sets all day long," said Tyrone. "I don't want to come home to a house that looks like one."

Asked for her views on the subject, Annabella looks mildly astonished. "I thought Tyrone had a wonderful taste, because he had mine. There are houses for which you have to wear velvet and satin, you have to dress for that house in negligees with lace. But we are always around in slacks, so how could we suit with such a house?"

Then came the beautiful old family pieces from France—rich in tradition and lustrous with the polishing of generations of hands—consoles and chests—a Spanish desk for the library—an old bishop to bless the hall table—a smaller desk fitting into a niche in the upstairs hall as though designed for it, though its exquisitely painted drawers had originally been built to guard the papers of a monk. Still it probably feels at home, upholding at either end a lovely Mexican bottle-madonna.

When these were placed, they began to fill in. An English dining-room with a silver Lazy Susan service under the window, which they hesitate to refer to lest they startle the cook, whose name is Susan. Chintzes everywhere—"to bring the garden into the house." A modern bedroom for Ty—sandblasted Japanese oak and green blocked linen. A gay child's room for little Anni. Annabella's room, feminine but not fussy, the head and footboards of the bed covered with quilted chintz and looking like a flower-starred field in summer. The night table holds two phones, one recently installed.

"I'd call the house," Tyrone explains,



"Hey! Know any tricks to amuse baby bunnies? I've been putting my best foot forward all morning—but it's no use. They just grumble and take naps. Shucks, there oughta be *something* the sillies would like..."

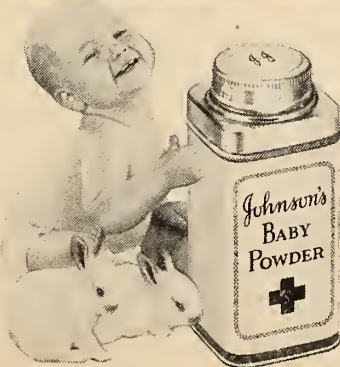
"Hold on—maybe they feel the way I do when I'm hot and cross and some foolish grownup's trying to make me chuckle. Maybe what they really want more'n anything is something soothing to cool 'em off!..."



"Gleeps! That's it! Silky-cool Johnson's Baby Powder! Just two shakes of a rabbit's tail and I'll be back with double rubdowns for everybody. Then see if these fellas don't wiggle their ears and start to frolic."



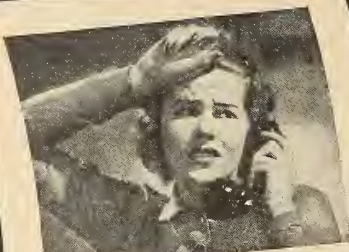
"What a thrill! A rubdown with soft, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder is the high spot of any baby's day! It's swell for chafes and prickles. Mighty inexpensive, too."



JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

From the Private Diary of Gloria N---



Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody! Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.



Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives - but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!



Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upsets or anything. Headache's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

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¢



"and the line was always busy. It drove me mad. So I said to Annabella, let's put in a private phone, just for you and me. Now I can never remember the number and central won't tell me. It turned out to be so private I can't get it!" "Never mind," Annabella soothes him, "we'll have it printed on your key."

After it was finished, they didn't like the living-room.

"It's not warm enough," said he.

"More chintzes maybe," she speculated.

"Well—let's sit in the library."

The idea of a living-room they didn't live in irked them both. Last Christmas Ty got an idea. He'd fix it up as a holiday surprise for Annabella.

THIS required management. A decorator came up to take measurements while madame was out. Tyrone picked his pieces—odd tables, soft couches, a honey of a desk, warm-toned chairs. One day Annabella felt ill and stayed in bed. Her husband wasn't pleased exactly, but neither was he displeased. Grabbing the phone, he told the decorator: "This is the day." They hauled his purchases through the front door on tiptoe, arranged them in the living-room to see how they fitted, and hauled them away again. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve they were all brought back and piled up in the garage. Annabella suspected nothing.

"For one month before Christmas," she observes, "everything is a lie. One says, where do you go? You are going out again? I am not going with you? What are you doing? Nothing. Again nothing? Every day we are doing nothing. Each time I was going into his bedroom, he would say, don't touch anything. We know it is for each other, but we get mad anyway, because we can't wait till Christmas. Oh, yes, I thought I would find new things on the tables, but not new tables under the things."

The René Clairs—he directed Annabella's first French picture—came on Christmas Eve to stay overnight and spend the holiday with them.

"René's never forgiven me," says Ty. "When the girls went to bed about midnight, I broke the news. It took hours to tote the old stuff out to the garage, and the new stuff in." Climbing round packages and Christmas trees, in imminent danger of breaking their necks or at least of rousing the household, they managed to finish the job undetected. They even hung pictures—four old French prints Tyrone had unearthed somewhere so that Annabella should find Paris hanging on her wall.

For a moment next morning, surveying this Aladdin-magic, she stood speechless, then turned to her grinning husband. "Do they all go back tomorrow?" she murmured before flinging herself at his neck. Nowadays, when Mr. Clair seats himself on a Power couch, he shakes hands with it. "Yes, I know this one intimately. It's a heavy one."

There's tradition on both sides of the Power family. If Annabella's forebears are present in the furniture they used, Tyrone's are equally in evidence. The chief treasure of his library is a two-volume book, whose title page reads: "Impressions of America—during the years 1833, 1834 and 1835 by Tyrone Power, Esq."

It was published in 1836, dedicated to "My only Patron and gentle Public" by "Your devoted, humble servant," and from its pages breathes as vibrant and kindly a personality as you'd meet in a year of books, as the author tells with modesty and humor of what turned out to be a triumphal tour of these states, up and down the eastern seaboard, south

to New Orleans and west to the Mississippi.

Ty undoubtedly knows his great grandfather better than most of us know our contemporary kin. He gets a kick out of comparing his impressions of American cities with those of the hundred-year-back Tyrone. Philadelphia, for instance—"the dwellings are chiefly of brick, of a good colour. . . . The windows are furnished with latticed shutters; these, when not closed, fold back on either hand against the wall, and being painted green, and kept with much care and freshness, would invest humbler dwellings with an attractive air, especially in the eyes of an Englishman, accustomed to the dingy aspect of our city residences."

Too bad that Englishman couldn't have peered into the future when he set out from Liverpool in the packet-ship Europe "yards pointed and sails closely furled." His own son sniffed at the father's frivolous profession, and wrapped himself in the respectable folds of the law. He'd have liked to know that his grandson picked up the sock and buskin where he dropped them, and that his great-grandson keeps his memory green with old playbills and pictures on the curved wall of his bar. There's one portrait on the strength of which Darryl Zanuck would have signed the earlier Tyrone without a test. Four photographs only share the honor of the gallery with him—Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Maurice Evans, Noel Coward.

But Tyrone's itching to show you the garden. He leads you along what used to be dirt paths, filled in by himself with decomposed gravel, personally edged in a herringbone pattern of bricks. To date he's laid four thousand.

HE holds the bricks like that," Annabella gibes softly, "and comes in with his shirt all beautiful pink."

To give him his due, though the borders might have been laid more speedily by an expert, to this untrained eye they could hardly have been laid more competently. "Ysidro, the gardener, indulges me," says Tyrone.

He weeds the paths too, and points with pride to the dozen eucalyptus which, when he planted them last year, were as tall as Annabella and are now twice as tall. They gloat over budding almond blossoms and a new tangerine. They pick figs and avocados from their own trees and eat 'em like mad. Ty frowns at the bathhouse awning, beaten to a pulp by the storms California never has. "Joys of owning a home," he growls, "I love it."

Annabella calls all the hedges pitto-sporum, though some are not. "Because it sounds scientific," she explains. "I don't know how it spells." (Neither does my dictionary. A nurseryman told me how it spells.)

Epatant gambols along beside them. Epatant, whose name means extraordinary or striking, belongs to that most ingratiating tribe of dogs, the French poodle. He's called Eppie for short and Tyrone pretends, with extraordinary or striking lack of success, to be sore at him. Annabella jumps to the defense.

"Of course at the beginning that dog was very young. Well, I don't know, maybe he noticed we don't go very often into Tyrone's room, so maybe he thought, it's a nice, quiet room, if I have something to do, that's where to do it. Always it happened on Tyrone's carpet. But no more, Eppie, hein?" Eppie remains sublimely unself-conscious, a black clown stalking a yellow butterfly.

He's the only house dog. Two police hounds and a mongrel cocker share the

grounds with a goat. Annabella's affections embrace all animals, especially small ones. So when Ty was rash enough to come home and tell her that his dentist's goat had given birth to a son whose future looked uncertain, she insisted on taking him in. The baby has now become a menace. He dines, by preference, on roses and, if only for olfactory reasons, has to be kept strictly to his own enclosure.

"Of course we can't give him away," his mistress protests. "Nobody would like to have that thing. Still it isn't his fault if he has grown up like that."

Anni's a dark, quiet little girl who attends the Paulist school in Westwood and thinks America is "good." Her name is Anni because her mother's an individualist. Annabella was christened Suzanne, "and when in school they called Suzanne, twenty-five girls stood up. I thought, rather an ugly name which is yours, than one which belongs to all the world. So to my daughter I gave a name which nobody has in France. Now she is here, where everybody is Ann."

Next to her mother, her grandmother and Tyrone, Anni loves horses. She sits and draws horses, she pores over books on horses, she plans to marry a farmer with a hundred horses. She all but ran a fever when Tyrone brought her from Mexico a *charo* outfit—the long trousers and little jacket worn by native cowboys. Her mother puzzles over the source of this passion. Between herself and horses there is no affinity.

"A horse can be nice with everybody, but with me at once he begins to jump. He knows I'm scared. Oh, don't say it, please. Or if you say I am scared, then say I am ashamed too."

She's ashamed too. Want to make something of it?

I stopped to admire a bowl of azure stock on the patio table. "From the garden," said Ty. "We never have to buy flowers any more."

"No." Annabella slipped her arm through his. "We really were saving money when we bought that house."

Which drew her husband's best grin. Yes, Tyrone's happy. Not perfectly, of course. Who is? What bothers him now is the endless shooting schedule on "Blood and Sand." He still has four thousand bricks to lay.



Eduardo Blasi shows Jack L. Warner, Vice President of Warner Brothers, how they "tee off" down Argentine way.

BRENDA JOYCE, STARRING IN "PRIVATE NURSE", A 20th CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION



BRENDA JOYCE TYPE...THE HONEY SKIN TYPE Amber skin with gold tints. For deep accent, Woodbury Champagne. For a rosy look, use Windsor Rose.

To deepen love interest

ACCENT YOUR TYPE



VIRGINIA BRUCE Type
The Cameo Skin Type

Fair skin with cameo-pink tints. For delicate bloom, use Woodbury Flesh. For radiant warmth, use Blush Rose.



DOLORES DEL RIO Type
The Tropic Skin Type

Vivid skin, dusky or olive tones. For luscious richness, use Woodbury Brunette. For copper glow, Cbampagne.



MERLE OBERON Type
The Ivory Skin Type

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



MYRNA LOY Type
The American Beauty Blend

Lovely light-dark blend, peach tones. For accent, use Woodbury Windsor Rose. For exotic effect, Brunette.

TO BRING out your full beauty, full appeal, heed Hollywood directors. They say—

"It's skin, not hair, that determines type." That's why they divide all beauty into 5 skin types. You are one of them.

And for each, Woodbury now creates powder shades that "light up" skin tones, make hair and eyes "come alive."

They're miraculously clear shades, for the new Woodbury Color Control clears away color dots, color streaks. And Color Control makes Woodbury fine, soft, clinging. Today, get fragrant Woodbury Powder. Discover new loveliness—new allure.

FREE { 6 Color Controlled Shades and tube of new Woodbury Foundation Creamfree—simply address penny postcard to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8119 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

WOODBURY Face Powder





SCREEN ALMANAC (Continued from page 62)

FRED ASTAIRE

Born Fred Austerlitz; Omaha, Neb., May 10, 1900. Contradictory hooper of heels. Aspirations to 2nd baseman yet scores all his innings on dance floor. World-famous for grace yet quakes at ballroom dancing. Suave and smooth on surface yet shy and naïve inside. Orders custom-made clothes via mail, yet gets a faultless fit.

MARY ASTOR

Born Lucille Langhanke; May 3, 1906; Quincy, Ill. Serene... book collector (poetry to mystery thrillers)... willing and able—writes fiction, sketches, knits, speaks three tongues—but falls down on cookery... loves bric-a-brac... hates telephones... economizes on stamps... fond of pets... lives in sweaters, slacks and tailleurs.

MISCHA AUER

Born Mischa Ounskowsky; St. Petersburg, Russia; Nov. 17, 1905. To strangers, he's woeful; to his family, he's infatuated with nonsense, to bill collectors, he's automatically asleep; to tie salesmen, he's a weekly sucker; to real-estate agents, he's a renegade renter; to party-goers a chandelier-swinging ape; to sunglasses a kleptomaniac.

GENE AUTRY

Born Gene Autry; Sept. 29, 1907; Tioga, Tex. Everybody's pal (especially Champ's)... the real McCoy in Westerners from his genuine Texas drawl to his brightly colored cowboy shirts at \$25 a throw... wants to die with his boots (\$75) on... collector of spurs... campfire cook par excellence... non-drinker, smoker... charitable.

LEW AYRES

Born Frederick Lewis Ayer; Minneapolis, Minn.; Dec. 28, 1908. NEVER:... carries a watch... gambles... eats candy or big breakfasts... talks fast... whistles... uses dining room. ALWAYS:... wears 8-year-old tan sweater around the house... sticks to tweeds... lives on high hill... philosophical...

LUCILLE BALL

Born Lucille Ball; Butte, Mont.; August 6, 1911. Here's a redhead whose clothes are red withal; whose weekly allowance is \$10; whose Great Love is hamburger with onions; whose gun shot South American crocodiles from the air; whose "rep" is best-dressed gal in Hollywood; whose tongue slips into torrid tiffs; whose chassis requires gobs of fattening foods!

LYNN BARI

Born Marjorie Bitzer; Roanoke, Va.; Dec. 18, 1920. Minister's daughter with all the virtues; none of the vices—studious, literary, quiet and unassuming but far from dull. Ex-medical student. Goes overboard every time for blue, chocolate, steak, potatoes, perfume, tailored togs and shoes.

BINNIE BARNES

Born Gittell Enouce; London, England; March 25, 1908. Born with tongue in cheek where it's stayed ever since. Youngest of 14. Peddled milk and modeled for Schiaparelli. Early in game learned value of a well-timed fib. Hates publicity and gives reporters run-around. Lives on quiet side, binding her books and real-estating at a profit!

JOHN BARRYMORE

Born John Blythe; Phila., Pa.; Feb. 15, 1882. Has had a "hell of a life" dodging women and bill collectors. "Never married a woman, they all married him." Ad lib lines, loves to shock audiences. Collects wives, old glassware, and risqué stories. Believes in astrology. Worked one day on art department of a newspaper... was fired.

LIONEL BARRYMORE

Born Lionel Blythe; Philadelphia, Pa.; April 28, 1878. Tho' he's a saviour to struggling actors, champ among back fence gabbers, best customer in sandwich shops, most eccentric relaxer in studio (he plays concertos on his dressing room piano), stranger to his comb, idolizer of prize fighters, he's just a scene-snatcher to brother John!

(Continued on page 72)

"QUINTS" GET FIRST CANDY



Naturally, Baby Ruth was selected as the first candy for the carefully nurtured Dionne Quintuplets! For Baby Ruth is pure, wholesome candy made of fine, natural foods.

You'll love its smooth opera cream center; its thick layer of tender, chewy caramel; its abundance of plump, fresh-toasted peanuts; its luscious, mellow coating.

There's deep, delicious candy satisfaction in every bite of Baby Ruth. It's rich in flavor, freshness and good food value. Join the "Quints"—enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth today.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



"Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Allan Roy Dafe, M.D.

Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose—as well as other nutritious ingredients—helps overcome between-meal hunger and fatigue.

... An American Favorite

STYLE YOUR SMILE

(Continued from page 49)

against further inroads. For skin may renew itself, hair grow in again and nails return after injuries, but once you lose a tooth—it's gone and, though store teeth are certainly better than none, they'll never take the place of the ones you grow yourself.

Crooked teeth may be a problem to some girls, but never forget this: that, although teeth may have been more easily aligned when you were in the pig-tail and pinafore years—many a wonderful straightening job has been done long after girls have reached their exciting twenties.

Crooked teeth not only spoil a girl's appearance but also interfere with her digestion, because she can't chew properly. They're harder to clean and are consequently much more easily infected than straight ones. Uneven teeth frequently cause mouth breathing, which is definitely detrimental to good health as well as beauty. For these reasons, your best bet is to go to your dentist and have them attended to—now!

Check up on your teeth regularly. Some may need attention every month. Others may go on as sound as rocks for years—but don't take chances. Many a costly, painful and permanently disfiguring mouth condition can be prevented or indefinitely postponed by a little timely dental care.

If you will give your own precious teeth one half the good care that girls in Hollywood are required to devote to theirs, you'll have a winsome, spontaneous and self-confident smile that girls with dingy, unattractive mouthfuls can never hope to rival. For fashions may come and fashions may go—but the girl with a lovely smile is always in style.

COMEDY ON CANVAS

(Continued from page 32)

Decker tucked the canvas under his arm and marched out the door. He never received a cent for his work. The picture now hangs in his studio. He uses it as a target for his B-B gun. These incidents notwithstanding, Decker is very happy in Hollywood. He knows he'll never starve here. Whenever times get tough, he can always make a living painting Napoleons! He has more calls from actors, directors and producers with Little Corporal complexes than he does from anyone else! In fact, one actor, dying for an important role as the historic Frenchman, ordered himself painted as Napoleon though he looked no more like him than a dish of fried eggs. The actor took his portrait to the producer who was casting the picture—and, with no trouble at all, landed the greatest part of his career!

Decker devotes his leisure hours to serious painting. He hopes to exhibit a collection of these Decker-in-the-style-of-Decker canvases in New York before long. His favorite picture, however, is neither caricature nor serious. It is a sketch of his dearest crony, John Barrymore—a slightly risqué impression of the Great Lover, deep in a chair caressing a bottle, while overhead float two fat Cupids... Elaine Barrie and her devoted mother. Thus does one artist pay tribute to another in this startling movietown.

90% more Porous

*than its nearest competitor
selling at the same price*

THE FACTS: At both skin and room temperatures, Cutex Nail Polish showed on an average a transmission of 90% more moisture than its nearest competitor. With Cutex, moisture can get through to your nails!



Does your Nail Polish Check on all these Points?

- ✓ Is it porous—does it let moisture through?
- ✓ Does it flow on evenly—dry slowly enough for you to do a smooth job—hard enough to take daily wear and tear?
- ✓ Does it resist chipping and peeling? Does it stay lustrous and gleaming until you are ready for a fresh manicure?
- ✓ Do your nail shades flatter your skin tones as well as your latest costume colors?
- ✓ Is the brush always of even bristles, securely set in an aluminum shaft made in U. S. A.?

Get a bottle of Cutex Porous Polish today—and see for yourself that Cutex checks on all these points!

Only 10¢ in U. S. (20¢ in Canada). In exquisite new bottle, designed by Donald Deskey, famous New York Industrial Designer.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London





HAIR REGAINS ITS NATIVE COLOR

after one shampoo with Halo

THE heartbreaking thing about drab, colorless, mousey hair is what it does to the rest of you. You may be as pretty as a movie star, but if your hair-do lacks Oomph, so do you!

Halo is not a soap—it therefore leaves no dulling film to hide the natural luster and color of your hair. And with Halo you don't need a lemon or vinegar rinse.

See how Halo leaves your hair radiant, soft and easy to curl. How it gently cleanses your scalp, and leaves it fragrantly clean.

And Halo, because of its new-type ingredient, makes oceans of lather in hardest water.

Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10c or larger sizes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



HALO SHAMPOO



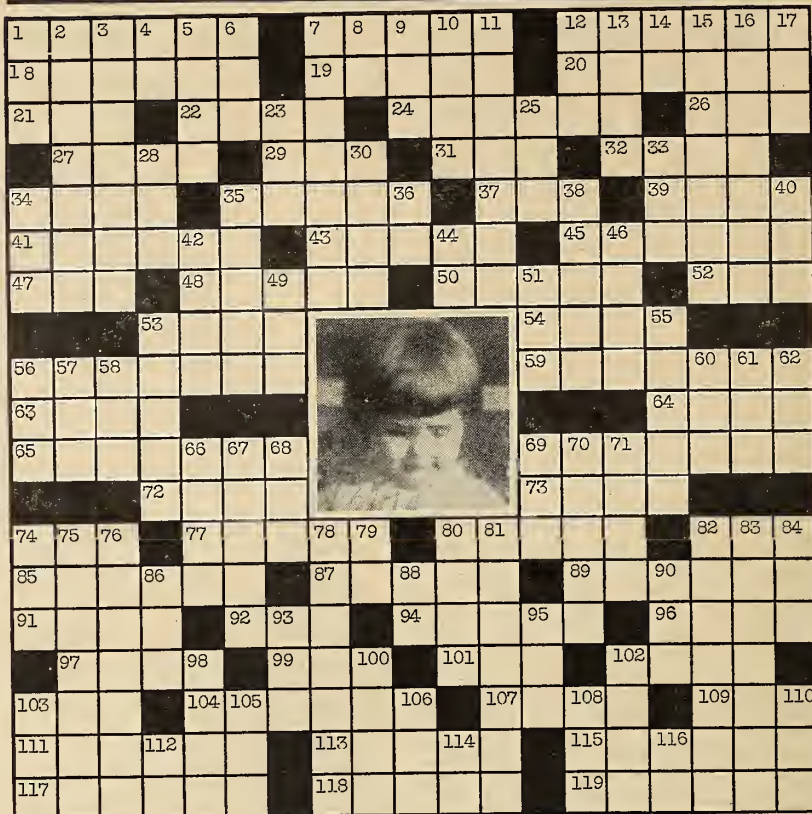
Soft AS A
BUTTERFLY WING

See how smooth, youthful, alluring your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base. It helps conceal blemishes, subtly 'tints' your complexion, gives you a flattering 'portrait finish'.

POWDER-BASE
hampden

25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 15 million sold

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 73

ACROSS

1. Popular actor in "Free and Easy"
7. He's "Tall, Dark, And Handsome"
12. Star of "That Uncertain Feeling"
18. Cagney's wife in "Strawberry Blonde"
19. Femme in "They Met in Argentina"
20. With Stewart in "Come Live With Me"
21. Bark
22. "Alfalfa" Sweetzer
24. Dancer in "Hit Parade of 1941"
26. Affirmative vote
27. Ratlike rodent
29. Hawaiian acacia tree
31. Charlie Ch...
32. Endeavors
34. Fawning
35. Silent day star
37. Husband of "Margie"
39. A list
41. "Nice Girl?"
43. A Hottentot
45. Robert Cummings pilots these
47. Blunder
48. Tracts
50. She's in "Phantom Submarine"
52. Distinguished Service Cross: abbr.
53. Mohammedan official
54. A "January" star
55. Actress in "Maise Was A Lady"
59. She's in "The Bad Man"
63. Mrs. John Payne
64. Prevaricator
65. Impersonator
69. Femme lead of a film
72. S. American evergreen tree
73. Actor in "Buck Privates"
74. "The Wonder Dog"
- 77 & 80. What actress is pictured above?
82. Birth month of 77
84. Across: abbr.
85. Actor in "I Wanted Wings"
87. Shellac
89. Weirdly
91. On the sheltered side
92. Actress in "So Ends Our Night"
94. Irish singer
96. Heroine in Westerns
97. Lucille ----
99. "... Vegas Nights"
101. Clever
102. Learning
103. Evening: poet.
104. She's in "Knock-out"
107. Dog star
109. Actress Munson
111. Orchestra leader in "Let's Make Music"
113. Consumed
115. Hardened
117. Emphasize
118. Fear
119. John Brown in "Santa Fe Trail"

DOWN

1. Yodeling cowboy
2. Nelson in "That Hamilton Woman"
3. Having two poles
4. Evelyn Venable: init.
5. Commentator for sports reels
6. Chinese pagoda
7. Comic in "You're The One"
8. Questioning exclamation
9. Director of "Kitty Foyle"
10. Song like Deanna sings
11. Femme in "San Francisco Docks"
12. Swedish comedian
13. Vamp of silent era
14. Printer's measure
15. Actor in "Mr. And Mrs. Smith"
16. Son of Agamemnon
17. Extinct government code
23. Hollywood studio
25. M-G-M's lion
28. Jeffrey --- n
30. Stuttering comic in "Chad Hanna"
33. Man's name
34. Poem
35. Siren in "Virginia"
36. R -- inald Owen
38. Motion Picture Theatre Owners Ass'n: abbr.
40. Cameramen's organization: abbr.
42. Title
44. Sun god
46. Den
49. Sea eagle
51. Sick
53. Build
55. Parlor
56. Curvacious star
57. Polly in "Andy Hardy" series
58. Fields' daughter
- in "The Bank Dick"
60. Three: Rom. num.
61. --- Grey
62. Before
66. Richard Calvert in "Nice Girl?"
67. The original "Charlie Chan"
68. A course
69. Producer of "Topper Returns"
70. Femme in "The Mad Doctor"
71. Comedienne in "Boys From Syracuse"
74. Triumphant exclamation
75. Star of "Arise, My Love"
76. Dancer scheduled for "Panama Hattie"
78. Mixed well
79. Old pronoun
80. Margaret Lindsay's real name
81. Where "Night Train" was filmed
82. Looking glasses
83. One to whom property is transferred
84. Railways: abbr.
86. Dolores --- Rio
88. Symbol for strontium
90. Film with S. American setting
93. Yale
95. "Those Were The Days"
98. Tennis strokes
100. Box
102. Sweater girl
103. "... tasy"
105. Lya --
106. Summer: Fr.
108. Boyer's son in "Back Street"
110. "Sailor's L..."
112. Massachu... ts
114. Actor in "Meet John Doe:" init.
116. Pronoun

OBJECT—GAYETY?

(Continued from page 29)

buried talents and made a new star. He badgered director William Wyler into badgering Warners to cast the Englishman as Howard Joyce in "The Letter." If he'd done nothing more, he'd have proven himself a gold mine. But he did lots more. Shortly after meeting Roz, for instance, he brought her into the Vincent fold.

He's blonde, blue-eyed, broad-shouldered, stands six-foot-one and has been described as "the laughing Dane." He got his British accent legitimately from the English school in which he was educated. His taste in clothes is quiet. Mostly he wears dark blue, and his ties are either solid in color or pin-striped. Beautiful cuff links are the only touch of sartorial glitter he allows himself. He lives in a swank apartment in a swank apartment house called Brandon Hall and drives a dark blue Buick.

Feature by feature he's pleasant looking rather than handsome, but when he smiles—which is often—girls' hearts do flip-flops. Like Rosalind's, his manner with people is casual, unaffected and friendly. The office force thinks he's swell. Hearing that one of them had smashed up her car, he produced a fat Christmas check to help repair the damage. You can't help liking a man who's both generous and thoughtful. Christmas, however, comes only once a year. It's his day-by-day thoughtfulness that wins people and keeps them won.

ONE'S inclined to credit any statement of Rosalind's, including the one that she doesn't expect to become Roz Brisson. Doubt is bound to sneak in, on the other hand, because of the etiquette among movie players which requires them to deny marriage or divorce until after the accomplished fact. Which still leaves much to be said on her side.

Their attitude toward each other in public smacks more of good fellowship than of orange blossoms. They don't hold hands, they don't cast sheep's eyes. And while that may mean nothing more than a reluctance to wear their hearts on their sleeves, lovers, however discreet, generally manage to give themselves away.

There is also the well-known Hollywood practice of blowing a bubble into a gas-filled Zeppelin. Someone spied a new car in Brisson's garage on Christmas Day. Next morning the gossip columns commented how sweet of Roz to give Fred a car for Christmas. He bought the car himself. Her Christmas gift to him was nothing more extravagant than a desk set—"without a picture frame even," she says dryly.

Then there was the story of the family dinner party, prettily embroidered as the occasion on which the elder Brissons bestowed their blessing on the young folk. Simply and accurately, Fred's parents arrived, Roz was interested in meeting them as she'd have been interested in meeting parents of any good friend, so the four had dinner together.

If they ever do marry, it's likely to be after sober thought and for keeps. Roz isn't one to go for an in-and-out marriage. Lively spirits don't keep her from being level-headed. She comes of level-headed stock. Her father told his large family of girls that as long as they were studying, he'd be glad to have them at home. He wouldn't, however, brook a bunch of idle, bridge-playing, lying-in-

(Continued on page 73)

U. S. SALESGIRLS FIND...



more minutes of flavor
in Beech-Nut Gum

... AND 2 OUT OF 3
PREFER THE DELICIOUS
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
OF BEECH-NUT GUM

PROOF of the extra-lasting goodness of Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum was established by a test among salesgirls in 29 cities.

An independent research organization questioned 245 salesgirls as follows.

Each girl was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified). Each was asked to tell how long she thought the flavor lasted and which stick tasted better.

The results. According to the girls, Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 14% longer than the peppermint flavor of all other brands tested. Also—2 out of 3 girls preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of other brands.

Get Beech-Nut today—in the bright yellow package. It's delicious—stays delicious.

They said:
more minutes of flavor



Why I switched to Meds



—by an airline hostess

We airline hostesses are modern-minded. So I've always preferred *internal* sanitary protection—though I admit I hated to pay the extra cost. That's why I was so tickled when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. Meds certainly are miles ahead. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that cost so downright little.



ONLY 20¢

EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION



**NO
DULL
DRAB
HAIR**

when you use this amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢
for 5 rinses
10¢
for 2 rinses



SCREEN ALMANAC (Continued from page 68)

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

Born Fred Bartholomew; London, Eng.; March 28, 1924. Six feet and gangly . . . wants to grow up in a hurry and be a top star like his idols Tracy and Garbo . . . loves America for its swing music, football, hot dogs, ice cream and girl friends . . . inheritor of quick Irish tongue from his Irish grandma; an affinity for fisticuffs from Eire.

WARNER BAXTER

Born Warner Baxter; Columbus, Ohio; March 29, 1893. Half yachtsman, half farmer; propensity for good clothes . . . fuss budget about his belongings . . . hates to be waited on and abhors female servants . . . hires a chauffeur but always drives own cars . . . cabinful of pelts to prove his prowess as a hunter . . . concoctor of famed chile con carne.

WALLACE BEERY

Born Wallace Beery; Kansas City, Mo.; April 1, 1889. Rough stuff over a tender heart. Passionately fond of kids and has adopted four. Crazy about pups. Hunts, flies his own plane and tinkers around in his home-built machine shop. Would walk a mile for a Chaplin film. Steers clear of night clubs. Murders King's English.

RALPH BELLAMY

Born Ralph Bellamy; Chicago, Ill.; June 17, 1905. That western drawl's a phony; he's an ex-city slicker! Used to live in a Greenwich Village garret and got to hate all of N. Y. except Bronx Zoo. Shuns night clubs because he can't dance a step and rarely drinks. His only vices: chain-smoking and reckless driving. Loathes hats and bow-ties.

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Born Robert Benchley; Worcester, Mass.; Sept. 15, 1889. Businessman with a twinkle. Having swell time. Frank and bellowing laughter. Prize raconteur and life of any party with his dead-panned witticisms. Eye-opening versatility—author, actor, playwright, columnist, critic, commentator and authority on private lives of newts and polyps.

CONSTANCE BENNETT

Born Constance Bennett; New York, N. Y.; Oct. 22, 1905. A great friend to those she trusts . . . to be happy means to be working and well-dressed (she's one of the best-garbed ladies in films) . . . animal fancier . . . temperamental . . . keen business acumen . . . works like a Trojan for British War Relief . . . owner of huge cosmetic firm.

JOAN BENNETT

Born Joan Bennett; Palisades, N. Y.; Feb. 27, 1910. Hates cheerful early-morning risers . . . likes delicate perfume, French furniture, New York, sensible hats, down hair-do, dogs, rose quartz . . . fastidious gourmet . . . super-sensitive . . . honest . . . positively refuses to light three on a match, walk under ladders or disregard No. 13 . . . initial-wearer.

JACK BENNY

Born Benny Kebelsky; Chicago, Ill.; Feb. 14, 1895. Everything's "marvelous." Where there's Benny, there's a cigar. Right eye's bluer than left. Perennial blue and gray double-breasted suits. Changes his shoes thrice a day. Famous cowboy, yet he's rarely seen astride a horse. Such bad taste in socks and ties, his wife has to pick 'em.

EDGAR BERGEN

Born Edgar Berggren; Chicago, Ill.; Feb. 1, 1903. Inventor of shoe polish that resisted water but didn't polish and lemonade-ice cream drink (failure) . . . likes parties . . . holds private conversations with Charlie and won't let anyone else handle him . . . gives him a room and closet of his house . . . member of the American Society of Cinematographers . . . crazy about women and caviar.

INGRID BERGMAN

Born Ingrid Bergman; Stockholm, Sweden; Aug. 22, 1917. Crazy about music, corn on the cob and the color white. Gets a kick out of New York, double decker busses, drug stores for their triple layer sandwiches and yummy sundaes. Doesn't smoke. Uses no makeup or nail polish. Systematic. Frightened by autograph seekers. Cool as a cucumber!

JOAN BLONDELL

Born Rose Blondell; New York, N. Y.; Aug. 30, 1909. A regular gal (they call her "Blondell" on the set) . . . perpetually sun-burned . . . so superstitious she refuses to start a picture on Tuesday . . . two-fingered pianist . . . wants to drive a hook-and-ladder . . . scared of airplanes . . . bad memory . . . sleeps long and hard and on tummy . . . pyjama-proponent.

HUMPHREY BOGART

Born Humphrey Bogart; New York, N. Y.; Dec. 25, 1900. A twentieth century realist . . . no Art for Art's sake . . . likes to make money and does . . . despises all crooners, book jackets and new clothes . . . thinks nudism is sensible . . . plays a keen game of chess . . . likes to study political science . . . has suppressed desire to be great pianist.

(Continued on page 94)

(Continued from page 71)

bed-till-noon women about the house. When they quit school they could go out and earn a living.

Such training tells. Roz earns a good living now, but she doesn't splurge. Her house is bought and paid for. It's a white brick affair behind a white brick wall, New England style, attractive, exquisitely furnished but with a modest seven rooms. She'll tell you it's on the wrong side of the tracks which means that it's not up among the haughty estates with their pheasants and nurseries. She's recently installed a paddock swimming pool—and if you don't know what that is, it's the cheapest kind you can get. She had tons of salt poured into it to remind her of the ocean, and at Christmas time she hangs sleigh-bells on the door to remind her of New England winter.

She has no chauffeur. Her medium-priced coupé of a soft shade of green is driven either by herself or by Hazel, her maid. Hazel used to work for Garbo, but Garbo doesn't keep a maid between pictures. When she asked Hazel to return after one such interlude, Hazel didn't guess she could leave Miss Russell.

Fashion experts included Roz last year among the ten best-dressed women. She considers smart clothes an essential adjunct to her profession and spends a reasonable proportion of her salary on them. But she doesn't come out in a new mink coat each year, and she spends more thought than money on her wardrobe. Many of her things are bought from Irene, the famous Hollywood designer.

She doesn't go in for much jewelry, either costume or real. And she loves crazy hats. Her hobby is collecting luggage, but she's no snob. A burglar broke into her sister's Florida home while Roz was visiting and took among other treasures her matched bags. She proceeded to New York, laden with cardboard boxes and hat-sacks, ignoring the sniffs of porters all the way.

She's worked out a routine of her own to restore her balance when things go wrong. She hops into a car, leaves the green spaces of Beverly and drives downtown where people stand waiting for busses and streetcars, where stenographers snatch their lunch at drugstore counters, where tired men and women relax in a two-by-four park. "What have you got to kick about?" she asks herself grimly and goes on home.

Nothing stands in the way of marriage for her and Fred. So—

Is Roz telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

Have they their own good reasons for waiting?

Will they pack off to Yuma the day this story appears? You figure it out!

Solution to Puzzle on Page 70

R	O	B	E	R	T	C	E	S	A	R	O	B	E	R	O	N
O	L	I	V	I	A	O	H	A	R	A	L	A	M	A	R	R
Y	I	P	C	A	R	L	M	I	L	L	E	R	Y	E	A	
V	O	L	E	K	O	A	A	S	E	A	I	M	S			
O	I	L	Y	M	O	N	T	E	T	O	M	R	O	T	A	
D	E	A	N	N	A	N	E	G	R	O	P	L	A	N	E	S
E	R	R	A	R	E	A	S	A	N	I	T	A	D	S	C	
			E	M	I	R				L	O	I	S			
M	A	U	R	E	E	N				L	A	R	A	I	N	E
A	N	N	E							L	I	A	R			
E	N	A	C	T	O	R				H	E	R	O	I	N	E
			T	O	L	U				A	L	A	N			
A	C	E	N	A	N	C	Y	K	E	L	L	Y	M	A	R	
H	O	L	D	E	N	R	E	S	I	N	E	E	R	I	L	Y
A	L	E	E	D	E	E	R	E	G	A	N	I	R	I	S	
B	A	L	L	A	S	S	L	Y	L	O	R	E				
E	F	N	O	L	Y	M	P	E	A	S	T	A	O	N	A	
C	R	O	S	B	Y	E	A	T	E	N	I	N	U	R	E	D
S	T	R	E	S	S	D	R	E	A	D	M	A	S	S	E	Y



Are Your Teeth Alluring, Too?

*the Answer's on the
tip of your tongue*

1 Make the Tongue-Test...

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth...inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba...and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

2 Your Tongue Tells You

Your tongue tells you what others see... the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull...bars your way to romance.

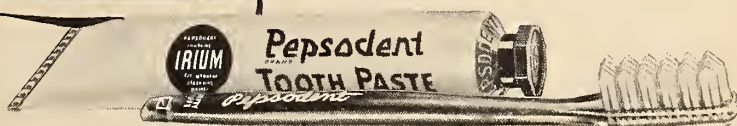
3 Switch to Pepsodent with Irium



Pepsodent will remove that filmy coating that clings to teeth...the coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. Only Pepsodent contains IRIUM...super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away sticky particles that cling to teeth.

Use Pepsodent regularly. Because Pepsodent also contains an exclusive, new high-polishing agent that safely buffs teeth to such a shiny smoothness, this filmy coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

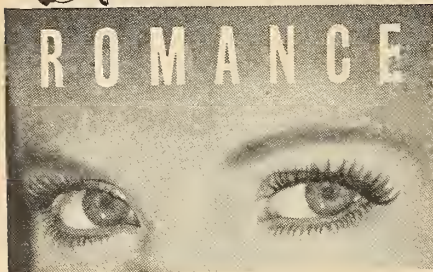
Only Pepsodent gives you this wonder-working combination that makes your teeth feel so smooth, look so bright. Make sure of the loveliness of your smile. Get a tube of Pepsodent with IRIUM today.



—and for double-power cleansing...
PEPSODENT'S NEW
50-TUFT TOOTH BRUSH



Make your
eyes whisper



Beautiful eyes win compliments and 'dates'! Bring out the glamour in yours by using Kurlash, the clever eyelash curler. It curls your lashes upwards—making them appear longer and eyes wider, brighter! Requires no skill—performs "A Miracle in a Minute", without resort to heat or cosmetics! . . . \$1.00

IMPORTANT: Get acquainted with KURLENE, the oily base cream that makes lashes appear darker, more luxuriant! Used with KURLASH, KURLENE makes your lash-curl last longer, too 50c



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The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line
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Send 10c in coin or stamps to Jane Heath, Dept. 5E,
Kurlash Co., Inc., Rochester, N. Y. for trial tube of
Kurlene. Receive free chart analysis of your eyes.

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Address _____
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Don't let gray hair put you on the sideline of Life. In this streamlined business and social world—you've got to look young! And why not? Millions of men and women have licked the handicap of Gray Hair—quickly and inexpensively.

Right today, in the privacy of your room, you can comb through your hair a color that will take years off your appearance. You can give your hair the desired shade so gradually even your friends will never guess. It won't rub off, wash off, change the texture of your hair or interfere with your wave.

And it's so easy and inexpensive. Just ask at your drug or department store for your shade of Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation—just as millions have been doing for 50 years. Competent medical authorities have pronounced it harmless. No skin test is needed.

Make up your mind to look YOUNG! Get that bottle of Mary T. Goldman's today! It has a money-back guarantee. Or, if you want further proof, clip out the coupon below. We'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a complete test kit for coloring a lock snipped from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 8424 Goldman Bldg.
Saint Paul, Minn. Send free test kit for:

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown

☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"WHO? . . . ME?"

(Continued from page 43)

the practice field every day. You usually had to untangle the whole squad before you could find the ethereal blonde at the wheel.

The fact that she was expelled from school was due only incidentally to football. It was really a cumulative penalty, she thinks. Three things happened to her in a row. Being easily bored by pedantic loquacity, she rose during assembly one day to interrupt the orating principal with the friendly and candid information that he'd told them the same story in another speech just the day before. This did not start the week off very well. Then they had a test in geometry. The captain of the football team sat just in front of her and, unlike many athletes, was a whiz at mathematics. Little Virginia wasn't. The geometry teacher was the football coach and she didn't want to disappoint him by turning in a blank paper. So she copied the captain's answers very carefully and neatly. Next day when the coach came to class with the exam papers, she saw detection in his eye and before he had a chance to mention the incident, she got up and said, "Yes, I know now it wasn't right, but it was so easy and I thought I ought to put something down. I'm sorry."

She never quite knew why he didn't flunk her. Maybe it was their mutual devotion to the squad. Then when the team went out of town to play, she persuaded her parents to take her to the game. It required more cuts than she was entitled to, considering the demerits that she'd already won and she returned to learn—joy of joys!—that she was expelled. The family was nice about it, and she was very happy. After a wonderful week untrammelled by studies, she got an abrupt summons to return to school. It developed that the musical organizations of all high schools in the state were to have a meeting complete with programs, and the Fargo school couldn't take part because she was their only accompanist. So they had to ask her to come back. She returned in triumph to the spotlight of the piano stool and once more looked angelic as music

flowed from her finger tips. She felt that way, too, because everything they had blamed her for had simply happened to her while she was acting with the best of intentions. At last, one day the names of seniors who were to get diplomas were read—and lo, the name of Virginia Briggs was included among the others.

"Who?—Me?" she gasped.

"Yes," said the principal with a look of relief, "You."

Shortly after that her father's business went bad, and he took the family to Los Angeles. One day her aunt sat looking at her thoughtfully and then suggested she might stand a chance in pictures. "Who?" echoed Ginny a bit appalled. "Me?" But she did nothing about it. Finally, her aunt took her to meet director William Beaudine, who also looked at her thoughtfully and put her under personal contract at \$25 a week. She was little more than an extra in a couple of films for Fox. But after a singing test, Beaudine placed her at Paramount for \$75 a week. She continued to get only \$25 because he said he had to get back his investment. It was, she avers, her first understanding of the relation of capital to labor. She and her mother and father and a couple of young brothers lived on the weekly twenty-five. This was the period in which J. Walter Ruben first saw and vainly tried to talk with her.

A little later, Jack Harkrider, designer for Florenz Ziegfeld, arrived on the Coast to scout talent for the screen version of "Whoopie!" He, too, looked at her thoughtfully and signed her as a showgirl. At this bit of good luck, her appendix began acting up. But she could not afford an operation until she'd got the money from the job. It was nip and tuck between the appendix and the finish of the work. But eventually she awakened from the anaesthetic with the knowledge that, even had she died for it, she'd held out long enough to be able to pay the hospital bill. By the time she was up and at it again, she found herself without a sponsor or a contract and with a very strong feeling that Hollywood was not all.



On the set of "Rage in Heaven," stand-in Betty Brooks and director Richard Thorpe help benevolent leading-lady Ingrid Bergman sort donations of tin-foil collected for the benefit of the Los Angeles Children's Hospital.

Harkrider, who was back on Broadway working on a new Ziegfeld show called "Smiles," saved the day. The next thing she knew she was headed for New York and a spot in the Ziegfeld décor at \$90 a week, which looked like affluence.

They put some ostrich feathers on her head, a few spangles here and there, and hung a long shimmering train from her shoulders and Ginny Briggs, the erstwhile taxi-maiden for the Fargo footballers, was Virginia Bruce, a Ziegfeld lovely. She also posed for Neysa McMein, who not only painted her for magazine covers but invited her to her home on Long Island and introduced her to a lot of nice people. Life suddenly looked rosy.

It was at this time that she began to get a reputation as one of the most enthusiastic eaters on Broadway. "Men really enjoyed seeing me eat," she relates and adds that she still lays claim to the title of the star best fitted to cope with a good steak and accessories. But at the time when the stage door Johnnies were first discovering the delicate looking gal's gastronomic capacity, they were puzzled by something else.

THEY wondered why she'd never go anywhere that required you to dress up. It just didn't seem natural. In New York as in Fargo, she specialized in the safety of numbers and members of her Broadway squad knew each other. So they got together to solve the problem. They didn't know that a good part of her salary was going to the family on the Coast, but by a process of working through all possible answers and probing their mutual heart's girl friends, they discovered she didn't have an evening dress. They figured she couldn't be offended if they remedied the situation as a group. So, one man chipped in the cost of a dress, another shoes and such things, and a third incidentals and in no time at all, she appeared in a diaphanous blue thing and some new slippers—as desirable a Cinderella as was ever bedecked on a cooperative basis. She managed to become the toast of Broadway without getting burned. When "Smiles" closed, she went into another Ziegfeld show, fittingly called "America's Sweetheart."

Once she actually got a couple of lines to speak. That was when two chorus girls, each of whom had a line on the stage, started slugging each other in the dressing-room. They fought tooth and nail—pulled hair, bit and clawed. "I get terrified when women fight," reports Virginia. "It's different when men sock each other—seems more natural—but the sight of women doing it frightens me." So, she cowered in a far corner of the room and was found there by the frantic stage manager. He'd separated the battling chorines, who were not in fit condition for their one-line speeches, and he gave her both lines that night. But the next day, the girls had made up, so the lines were restored to their former owners.

She was scheduled for a new production for the next autumn called "East Wind," and the saga of the Bruce on Broadway would probably have continued if she hadn't gone home to visit the folks in the summer. Hollywood suddenly opened its eyes, took another look, and M-G-M had her make a film test. They offered a contract, but her mind was set on going back where she'd enjoyed it. She started for New York, leaving a decisive "No" behind her. She stopped off in Fargo to see relatives and the old gang and found a telegram upping the salary of the film offer. She



GONE FOR THE DAY (and night)

Many husbands
grow indifferent because of
"ONE NEGLECT"
that may ruin romance...
"LYSOL" helps prevent this risk!

WHEN he dashes away for the 8:15, she never knows whether he'll return at dinner time—or in the wee small hours of the morning.

Once upon a time he was an ardent husband. But now . . . in spite of her beauty and charm and her perfect score as a mother and housekeeper . . . she is only another lonesome, neglected wife. (Why doesn't someone tell her about "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?)

Few things can cool a husband's love as quickly as negligence about intimate, per-

sonal hygiene. It's a fault few husbands can forgive.

More women should use "Lysol" regularly for intimate bodily daintiness. "Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Probably no other preparation has been so widely used by generations of women for feminine hygiene because . . .

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). **3. Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy** . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.

Lysol
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FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
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Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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Address _____

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The old witch put the beautiful princess to sleep before she had time to open her new package of Dentyne (that chewing gum with the truly royal flavor).



Along came the prince and woke her up. Then he spotted Dentyne and cried, "Say, what's this?"

"Have you too been asleep?" laughed the princess. "Dentyne helps keep teeth white and sparkling. But I chew it mostly because it is so spicy and very delicious. Try some."

"Mm—say, it's good!" said the prince, "extra chewy, too."

"Especially made that way," the princess explained, "to give your mouth the exercise it needs, and to help keep teeth free from tartar and decay. Your dentist will tell you so."

"Smart girl," cried the prince. "Will you be my queen?"

Moral: You'll enjoy a royal flavor-treat when you taste fresh delicious Dentyne. And you'll like its smart handy flavortite package.



6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

said, "No," again. Finally her parents called persuasively on long distance and she gave in. When she reached the Coast again, it looked as though she'd made a mistake. All she did for a time was make tests for parts Jean Harlow always played. Finally, she was in "Sky Brides" and "Winner Take All."

But our fragile heroine had not been the prize eater of all Broadway for nothing. It developed that John Gilbert was to make a picture called "Downstairs," which required a girl who could wade into a bowl of solid meat stew, talk at the same time and still be a fit subject for the camera. The director thought of Virginia. When Gilbert refused to make the test with her, she had one of the few moments of real fury in her life. They put her up against the difficult job of doing it with the director who casually read Gilbert's lines from a chair off-stage. She attacked the goulash with vigor, but her mind was on the lines, not on the way she was eating. When it was over, she ran into Gilbert and made a few pertinent remarks about his being too great to bother helping with the test. Well, she got the part and she also got Gilbert. They were married and a little later she retired from films. And after that, they had a daughter—Susan Ann. But two years of married life convinced the parties most concerned that a divorce was in order. So eventually she got that, too.

From the time she returned to the screen, she began to gain real momentum. The same Jack Ruben, who had tried to talk to her when she first went to Hollywood called for a couple of dates, but she said she was busy those evenings. She really was, but he didn't know that and stopped calling. She made "The Mighty Barnum," played the spitfire showgirl in the picture called "The Great Ziegfeld" with all the authority of an unscarred survivor of actual backstage battles, and was called one day for "The Bad Man of Brimstone." The persistent Mr. Ruben had sent the call. He was to direct it.

"You're to play a rugged frontier character and ride a horse—"

"Who?—Me?" she asked, adding several exclamation points to the question. Aside from the fact that her only frontier experience had been in the front line of the Ziegfeld troops, she had once

ridden a horse. Perhaps the verb *ridden* is too strong. The equine, which was a western pony out in Fargo, hadn't really let her get that far. She'd instantly taken a header off his back and had been scared of horses ever since. Somehow, Miss Bruce failed to see herself as a cowgirl—which is understandable. But somehow, Mr. Jack Ruben persuaded her to take the part and, while they were on location up in Utah where the evenings were long enough for uninterrupted conversation, she discovered that he was right about a lot of things, including the fact that it would be nice for them to get married. But he didn't convince her that she and horses were cut out for each other's company. She did another horse opera later called "Let Freedom Ring," and once again the horse thought the title meant "Bounce that blonde." Now whenever a studio press release reads, "Endangered by the wild plunging of an excited horse, Miss Virginia Bruce was badly shaken up today—" it's no publicity blurb. It simply means that she and the horse have met and parted in their usual abrupt fashion. She just can't get firm with the horse and he knows it.

She is, in fact, very no good at exerting discipline over anything or anyone, including seven-year-old Susan Ann who, like her father, is full of mischief. "Every time I try to scold her, it seems so foolish I get to laughing," explains her mother. "She and Jack understand each other perfectly, so now he's taken over the responsibility of training her—which is very good for Susan." And Susan reports she thinks it's swell.

As you can clearly see by the above notes, a lot of things have happened to Miss Virginia Bruce. But conversation still brings out a good deal of Ginny Briggs of Fargo.

"When she does this, she thinks she's sophisticated," says her husband, doing a neat imitation of her tipping her nose in the air, looking haughty, and poking at her back hair with a languorous gesture. "She *thinks* she's sophisticated—and heaven knows she ought to be—but as a matter of fact she's the most naive thing alive."

"Who?" says Virginia, and far be it from us to suggest that the lazy little smile has anything but acquiescent blue-eyed wonder in it, "Who?—Me?"

MY DATES WITH MICKEY

(Continued from page 25)

no more like "Andy Hardy" than the man in the moon!

On the way to the Freemans we discussed each other's pictures, told each other how wonderful we were. And that's the last time we even mentioned, "shop." Mick never talks about his work, thank goodness. There is nothing duller than an actor who spends the evening telling you what line he spoke perfectly that day. And don't think they don't!

Well, we got to the Freemans. Mick didn't even take a cocktail. We each had a coke. He never takes a drink when he's with me, or any other time that I know of. I guess he's changed, recently. He tells me I've slowed him down, but I think it's more that he's awfully keen about his physical condition. He has to be, with all the work he does.

On the way home from the Follies, we stopped in at Delhavens, in Beverly Hills, and had some ice cream. We always stop in for ice cream on our way home. That was a Monday night. Mick wanted to

know if I would see him Wednesday night. I said "Yes."

Wednesday night we had to go to a Mothers' Club party. Most of the mothers of the movie stars have a club, you know, and this was their big shindig. Mick was the whole show, as usual. People have accused him of being a show-off, but he isn't really. The only reason he ever puts on an act in public is because he feels he's getting a terrific salary and that it's the public who have put him where he is. He feels he should give them what they want at all times. People expect so much of him. It's "Do an imitation, Mickey," "Do this, Mickey," "Do that," wherever he is. He never gets any rest, and he never lets people down in any way.

Driving over to the Mothers' Club that night, Mick apologized for being such a poor conversationalist. He isn't a poor conversationalist. He knows so much about music and world conditions. But he isn't glib. When he apologized, I said,

"I'm not good, either—don't take it so hard!"

Mick picked that up like a snap of the fingers. "That's an idea for a song," he said, "Don't Take It So Hard!" He has written the song, too. He played it for me the other night.

We really talk surprisingly little when we have dates, Mick and I. There will be long stretches of time when neither of us says anything. We quit apologizing for that after the second date.

We have had dates three or four times a week for the past five months. In all that time, we have only been to a couple of night clubs.

Mick hates to go anywhere formal. So do I. He hates me to wear hats, and he never wears one himself. His socks are not too loud, and he always wears "Clark Gables"—you know, those spiffy sports jackets with accented shoulders. He saw Clark Gable wearing one once, and nothing would do but he must have the same. Now he owns plenty of them. He doesn't like me to wear gloves, either. That's because he likes to hold my hand, of course, but that's as far as it ever goes. He never gets fresh. On New Year's Eve we were at a party, and when midnight came he kissed me on the cheek. That's the only time he ever kissed me, or even tried to. I have never had to say, "Mick, I'm sorry. I don't like that."

He senses what my standards are. I think a girl can make that very clear on a first date. He knows I can't go any place I want to go, that I can't get home any time I want to, that 11 o'clock is curfew for me. And he never resents it or makes fun of it. He seems to like it!

He is very protecting, too. When we are out, he watches out for me like a mother hen. One night someone was telling a story and when they came to the

end and said, "that son —" Mick broke in, that quick little way of his, "You mean son of a gun, don't you?"

He tells me, "When I'm around you, Linda, I'm not going to let them use any of that language."

He is awfully unselfish, too. Whenever we are going out, it's always, "What do you want to do?" If there's any "falling in" to be done, he does it.

I hate corsages, so Mick never sends me any. He hates to send them, anyway. Says they're about as routine as washing your face every day. When we go to some big studio affair, he sends me those brown orchids with yellow veins. He thinks they suit my coloring better.

HE notices everything—whether I have a new bag, a different shade of hose, a new lapel clip or an unusual color scheme.

Most of our dates consist of having dinner at his house in the Valley. Just his mother and stepfather, Mick and me. There's usually a discussion about the races. Or we sit around and listen to records. Mick goes in for classics and I do, too. We don't dance very often, though Mick is a wonderful dancer, as everyone knows. He is *very* sensitive about his height. I always wear low-heeled shoes when I go out with him. I bought four pairs with low heels that I call my dates-with-Mick shoes.

We talk a lot about horses, too. Especially Mick's horse which Mr. Mayer gave him. Mick's been training him, goes to the track and clocks him. Mickey christened him "In On Time!"

Once or twice we've gone to Ocean Park and had fun on the roller coasters. Mick's just like any boy about hamburgers and hot dogs. Eats them like crazy! But when we go out in public, it's not a date, it's a Personal Appear-

ance. Why, when you drive down Wilshire Boulevard with him, he calls every newsboy by name and gets home looking like a newsie himself, armed to the teeth with papers.

Not long ago, we had a date and Mick went to sleep! We had gone to the sneak preview of "Men of Boys Town," and were both pretty tired. I had done some of my biggest scenes in "Blood and Sand" that day. All the way over, Mick had been entertaining us with his wonderful imitations of Wendell Willkie and of commercial announcers on the radio. We saw the picture and, as usual, Mick said nothing about himself. He thought it was a wonderful picture. It is, and it's *his* picture—but not a word out of him. On the way home, I said "Now, Mick, you must relax . . . go to sleep, please!" So he just put his head down and slept all the way home! How's that for a date with Mickey?

Believe me, he is a hard worker, Mick is. I went to a broadcast rehearsal with him recently. There wasn't a quip out of him. He knew he was getting \$5,000 for that broadcast and he delivered. He's a very serious-minded boy. Level-headed, too. He knows how fleeting Fame can be, and often is. He wants to be a director when he's a little older and he'd like to have an orchestra of his own.

We are not in love. We are a little romantic, of course, on account of our ages. We are perfectly happy in each other's company, but that's as far as it goes with me.

For, much as I like Mick, I wouldn't marry him, or anyone, for a while. I can *imagine* falling in love with him, oh, yes, and I just hope he doesn't get some fluffy, dizzy little thing when he does marry. Because he wants a home and family. Mickey really has ideals.



Constance Moore and Brian Donlevy, Paramount player, appearing in Paramount's current hit "I Wanted Wings"

Popular Hollywood stars cool off with America's popular flavor...

And Pepsi-Cola is your best bet to keep cool, too! From border to border and coast to coast, Pepsi-Cola's good taste is winning millions. FREE—Send now for the new Pepsi-Cola recipe booklet. Write to Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., Dept. EL.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., and is bottled locally by authorized bottlers from coast to coast.



Girls Rave about this Amazing New WAVE SET!



In a recent survey, girls were asked why LADY YORK WAVE SET was their First Choice. Here are typical answers:

"Easier to apply"... "Dries more quickly"... "Wave lasts longer"... "Leaves no white flakes"... "Has a lovely odor"... "Doesn't leave the hair stiff and pasty"... "Isn't sticky, or messy"... "Hair combs so silky-soft and fluffy"... "Gives hair a more beautiful, natural-looking sheen."

You, too, will be enthusiastic about Lady York Wave Set. Comes in clear and 6 lovely, harmless tints (see coupon). If your 5 & 10¢ store or drugstore doesn't have it, send coupon and dime for full-size bottle, postpaid. Money back if not satisfied.

LADY YORK WAVE SET



Mail Coupon for a Bottle!

York Company, St. Louis, Mo.—Enclosed is 10¢ (coin or stamps), for a full-size bottle of Lady York Wave Set, postpaid. **Check Kind Wanted:** CLEAR, Medium Brown, Med. Auburn, Med. Henna, Med. Black, Golden Blonde, Lt. Blonde.

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Street _____
City _____ St. _____ (MM)

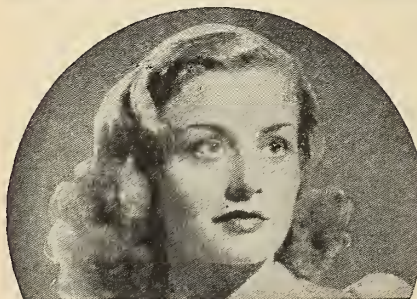
The COMPACT HIT of the YEAR!

Says "YES" on the Front Side, "NO" on the Back



You'll make a big hit with your friends when you show them this lovely novelty compact! Beautiful lustrous enamel in white, pink or blue, with contrasting lettering and beveled gold edges. Well built, sturdy construction.

Send \$1.00 (plus 10¢ for postage) to
Joan Alden, 509 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.



Her Blonde Hair Was Growing Dark

Until She Discovered This Special New 11 Minute Home Shampoo

A single wash with this new shampoo made specially for blondes makes hair shades lighter, helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blonde hair. Called BLONDEX, it is not a liquid but a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. This instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Next, it gives it attractive lustre and highlights and keeps that "Just-Shampooed" look for a whole week. Fine for children, it is absolutely safe. Bears the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. BLONDEX costs but little to use and is sold at 10¢, drug and dept. stores.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and 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

*Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia).....	3★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners).....	4★
*Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)....	3★
Angels Over Broadway (Columbia).....	2½★
Arise, My Love (Paramount).....	4★
Arizona (Columbia).....	4★
Back Street (Universal).....	3★
Bank Dick, The (Universal).....	3★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M).....	3★
*Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia).....	C 2½★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia).....	C 2½★
Boom Town (M-G-M).....	3½★
Buck Privates (Universal).....	2½★
Case of the Black Parrot (Warners).....	2½★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Chatter Pilot (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
*Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists).....	4★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★
Colorado (Republic).....	2½★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M).....	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★
Comrade X (M-G-M).....	3★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO).....	2★
Dancing on a Dime (Paramount).....	2★
Devil Commands (Columbia).....	2★
Devil's Island (Warners).....	2½★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal).....	2★
Diamond Frontier (Universal).....	2★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M).....	2½★
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Dulcy (M-G-M).....	3★
Earl of Puddleston (Republic).....	2★
East of the River (Warners).....	2½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia).....	2½★
Escape (M-G-M).....	3½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney).....	C 4★
Father's Son (Warners).....	C 2★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia).....	C 2★
Flight Command (M-G-M).....	3★
Four Mothers (Warners).....	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Gallant Sons (M-G-M).....	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners).....	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount).....	3★
Girl from Avenue A (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2★
Girls Under 21 (Columbia).....	2★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia).....	2★
Golden Fleece, The (M-G-M).....	3★
*Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★
Go West (M-G-M).....	C 2½★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Great Gatsby, The (Paramount).....	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
*Hard-Boiled Canary, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M).....	3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★
High Sierra (Warners).....	3½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic).....	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★
Honeymoon for Three (Warners).....	3★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal).....	3★
Irene (RKO).....	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★
It Happened to One Man (RKO).....	3★
I Want a Divorce (Paramount).....	3★
*I Wanted Wings (Paramount).....	3½★
Kit Carson (United Artists).....	2½★
Kitty Foyle (RKO).....	4★
Knut Rockne—All American (Warners).....	C 3½★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount).....	3½★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia).....	3★
Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners).....	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M).....	3★
Letter, The (Warners).....	4★
Let's Make Music (RKO).....	3★
Life With Henry (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Little Bit of Heaven (Universal).....	C 3★
Little Men (RKO).....	2½★
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Long Voyage Home, The (United Artists).....	4★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount).....	3½★
Lucky Partners (RKO).....	3★
Mad Doctor, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M).....	2½★

Picture

General Rating

Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Meet Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★
Meet the Missus (Republic).....	2★
Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO).....	2★
Michael Shayne, Detective (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO).....	3★
*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Murder in the Air (Warners).....	2★
My Little Chickadee (Universal).....	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners).....	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M).....	3★
*Nice Girl? (Universal).....	3½★
Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount).....	2½★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Nobody's Children (Columbia).....	2½★
North West Mounted Police (Paramount).....	C 3½★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M).....	4★
No, No, Nanette (RKO).....	2½★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
One Million B.C. (United Artists).....	C 3★
One Night in the Tropics (Universal).....	2½★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount).....	2½★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M).....	2★
Philadelphia Story, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
Playgirl (RKO).....	2★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Pride of the Bowery (Monogram).....	2½★
Quarterback, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Queen of the Yukon (Monogram).....	2★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	2★
*Reaching for the Sun (Paramount).....	3½★
*Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Road Show (United Artists).....	2½★
Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic).....	2½★
Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
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★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
San Francisco Docks (Universal).....	2½★
Santa Fe Trail (Warners).....	4★
*Scattergood Baines (RKO).....	2½★
Second Chorus (Paramount).....	3½★
Seven Sinners (Universal).....	3★
Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga (Universal).....	2★
Sky Murder (M-G-M).....	2★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists).....	2★
Slightly Tempted (Universal).....	3★
So Ends Our Night (United Artists).....	3½★
Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists).....	3★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
So You Won't Talk? (Columbia).....	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Sporting Blood (M-G-M).....	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal).....	3★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Strawberry Blonde (Warners).....	3½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M).....	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO).....	C 3★
Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount).....	2½★
They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
They Knew What They Wanted (RKO).....	3½★
Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists).....	C 3½★
Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M).....	3★
This Thing Called Love (Columbia).....	3½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3★
Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
Too Many Girls (RKO).....	3★
Tower of London (Universal).....	2★
Trail of the Vigilantes (Universal).....	3★
*Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M).....	2½★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Virginia (Paramount).....	3½★
Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
Western Union (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
You'll Find Out (RKO).....	3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
You're The One (Paramount).....	2½★
Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox).....	2★

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 53)

Casting Note

We like the way John Barrymore squelched a heckler the other day. John was getting a terrific rib from an ancient graybeard who's known him since he was a toddler. "John," said the graybeard, "your father was a great actor, and so was his father before him. But you! You only pretend to know what it's all about—and I don't like you for it!" "Zat so?" snapped the Profile, "Well, sir, the only thing I like about you is that you're a great part for Lionel!"

Shopworn Angels

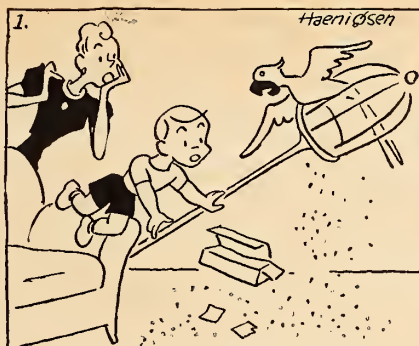
If ever Mrs. Ray Milland comes upon her husband appreciatively eyeing the models in the Gown Department at I. Magnin's, she won't pack her bags and head for Reno. Instead she'll just hurry up to him, peck him on the forehead, and say: "Oh, you darling!" A woman of great forgiveness? No, not exactly. It's just that Mrs. Milland knows that Ray's favorite indoor sport is shopping for fancy duds for her. The girls in the Ladies' Wear Division all know him and marvel at his superb taste as well as his astonishing memory for his wife's measurements. They're thrilled by his liberality, also. No wonder. The last time Ray went off on a shopping binge, he returned home with a half-dozen street frocks—and a \$275 dinner dress! Alexander Korda's another who braves the tape measure and stray pin brigade, to give his wife a hand. Whenever Merle's too busy to get around to the stores, Korda orders her up a batch of clothes, ranging from the fluffy to the severely tailored type—and has yet to select an item that doesn't fit her perfectly!

Pride is Thicker Than Dollars

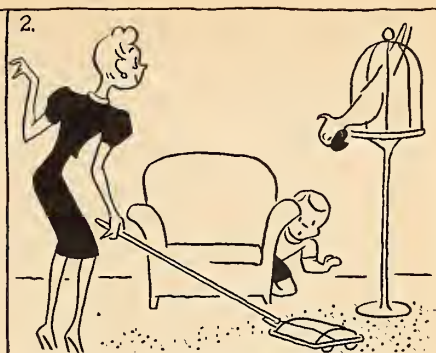
The Milwaukee Militants who sound like a bunch of Nazi Bundists or Kukulux Klan-ers have sent more than one studio head diving for the blessed relief of an aspirin tablet. Though they don't deck themselves out in white sheets or swastikas, the Militants have been working like devils to destroy what the studios have spent thousands of dollars to build. We mean the name Dennis Morgan. The Militants, you see, are a group of civic-minded citizens of Milwaukee who are banded together for the purpose of boosting famous Milwaukeeans. Dennis is one of them. So, for years, whenever a Dennis Morgan picture has come to town, the Militants have gone around, buzzed in theatre owners' ears, and up in lights has gone the name 'Stanley Morner,'—the original Morgan moniker. Hollywood's been screaming, but they haven't been able to do a thing. Only recently did they find a way to deal with the offenders. They made Dennis Morgan a full-fledged star—and the Militants have docilely agreed, now that their Stan has officially arrived, to bill him with his Hollywood tag.

Charity Begins in Bed

Autograph hounds grouped outside of Ciro's were startled the other evening when a young woman broke their ranks and rushed up to Joan Crawford, exclaiming, "Miss Crawford! Miss Crawford! I just had a baby in your bed!" Equally surprised were the saleswomen at a local department store when a shabbily dressed man hurried up to the star, gripped her hand, and cried: "How can I ever thank you! I spent two weeks in your bed, healing a broken leg!" It's a tribute to Joan that



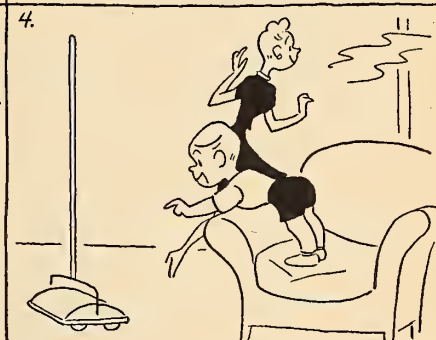
1. HORRIFIED WHEN LITTLE DUDLEY KNOCKS OVER BIRD CAGE, LITTERING JUST-CLEANED RUG



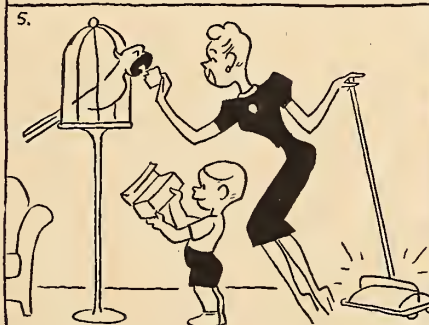
2. BUT IS PACIFIED AS HER NEW BISSELL MAKES SHORT WORK OF WHISKING UP DIRT, CLEANING THOROUGHLY



3. NOTES HOW BISSELL'S HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL ADJUSTS ITSELF IMMEDIATELY TO NAP-LENGTH OF ANY RUG



4. TICKLED PINK THAT BISSELL'S "STA-UP" HANDLE STANDS UP BY ITSELF AS SHE HURRIES TO PEEK AT CAKE IN OVEN



5. THRILLED THAT EASY-EMPTYING BISSELL IS SO SIMPLE TO USE FOR ALL DAILY CLEAN-UPS—SAVING VACUUM FOR WEEKLY CLEANINGS



6. See the Bissell leaders, \$395 to \$750—and others even lower



BISSELL SWEEPERS
SWEEP QUICKLY—EMPTY EASILY

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

neither the autograph hounds nor the salespeople will know, until they read this column, why their favorite was playing hostess to perfect strangers in anything as intimate as a bed. Certainly Joan will never tell them she is supporting four permanent rooms in a local hospital where the needy may go and free of charge receive the best of attention in addition to treatment from Joan's own private, and very expensive, physician. It's things like that that make Hollywood proud of Hollywood.

Under the Influence

The Hollywood Reporter reports this one: Director Rouben Mamoulian spent an entire afternoon rehearsing Linda Darnell and Ty Power in a scene for "Blood and Sand." Next morning they ran through it again, and Mamoulian stopped them after one try. "Linda," he said, "you're not doing it the same way as I told you to yesterday—you have different touches. How come?" To which Linda replied, "Well, I was out with

Mickey Rooney last night—he suggested 'em."

Vital Statistics

Carole Landis probably has the most interesting statistics in town. Besides her 1½ inch fingernails and her waspish 23 inch waist, Carole boasts a chest measurement of 37 inches. Asked by the studio publicity department if she wouldn't rather have the figure released as 36, Carole exclaimed, "Indeed not! I measure 37—and I don't care who knows it!" The Hays office seems to care who knows it, however. They sent a special memo to Fox officials reminding them that all portraits of the seductive Carole must be sent to them for a purity seal before they are turned loose on the impressionable public.

Love At First Hate

Of all goofy distinctions! Among his friends, W. C. Fields is famous as the man who loves to hate! Yep, we're giving it to you



The enDEARing Kiss

A pretty face attracts attention but the ENDEARING fragrance—DJER-KISS—stirs the romantic impulse. And DJER-KISS, the Perfume, the Toilet Water, Cologne, Sachet, Talcum and other DEAR-KISSED toiletries are priced from \$3.50 to only 10 cents.

DJER-KISS
by KERKOFF

straight. Unlike most men who, at his age, come to enjoy the gentle things of life, W. C. brazenly disdains the birds, the bees and the flowers, and finds his pleasure in despising as many objects as is humanly possible. This adorable trait was best revealed when the columnist wife of a man high up in American politics came to Hollywood on a recent lecture tour. Fields has had fun detesting the lady for years. So, on the night of her appearance, he dug deep into his notoriously thrift-bound pockets, pulled out the enormous sum of \$2.50, and had the time of his life sitting in the very first row, just looking up and hating her!

Perfect Host

All of Mr. Fields' loathings aren't as highly specialized as the one we mentioned above. The poppy-nosed comic doesn't like people in general. To keep them away, his strange brain has devised enough wild schemes to scare the German army. His most ingenious, we think, is the one he uses on well-meaning—but uninvited—guests. When he hears the unsuspecting innocents tripping blithely up his front walk, W. C. peels his eye through a slit in the door to see who's coming, and then scurries to his desk and turns on his "gadget machine." This infernal contraption crashes dishes, rattles tin cans, and plays a recording of himself having a battle royal with a screeching woman. The unwelcome guests, startled by the racket, are generally so afraid of becoming involved, they turn on their heels and scramble away, while the delighted Fields, chuckling blissfully, returns to his solitude and sarsaparilla.

Class-Conscious

Time was when all an actor needed to get along was a pair of broad shoulders and a silky line. But not any more. Now he apparently needs culture, too! From faraway New York comes the astonishing news that Victor (Muscle Man) Mature is sneaking away from his debutante worshippers and spending his free afternoons taking special courses at Columbia University. And right here in Hollywood, Dottie Lamour's boy friend, Greg Bautzer, is resisting her allure and spending several evenings a week going to night school! If this "back-to-the-classroom" movement keeps up, we look for the Wednesday Afternoon Debating Society to become the event of the week, and the Public Library the Ciro's of the future! Can't you just see Betty Grable and George Raft armed with butterfly nets, disappearing into the hills to pursue specimens for next Tuesday's biology period?

16-Cylinder Palace

Automobile owners who boast that their \$4,000 buses are equipped with everything but the kitchen sink, have nothing on Preston Foster. His car is equipped with a kitchen sink! And it has a full-sized bed, a stove, an air-conditioning unit, a bar, an electric light plant, and hot and cold running water, besides! Pres paid \$2,500 to have these trifling conveniences built into his station wagon (which he uses for hunting trips) and next year, if times are good, he'll install a swimming pool!

Hollywood Economizes

If you're one of those people who thinks Hollywood producers are so dizzy with wealth, they merrily toss their dough into the wind and never give a care, you ought to take a trip to Warner Bros. You'd find out how really mistaken you are. At the brothers' studio, economy has reached a



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Beautiful NAILS
AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE



BROKEN, SHORT—Ugly
LONG, TAPERING—Lovely

DON'T ENVY long, tapering, smart nails—have them! Simply cover short, broken, brittle nails with NU-NAILS. NU-NAILS can be worn any length and polished with any desired enamel. So natural they cannot be detected. They even have half-moons. Helps check nail-biting habit. Protects fragile nails while they grow strong again. Easily applied, remains firm, waterproof. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c at all ten-cent stores. Nu-Nails, Dept. 15-E, 462 No. Parkside, Chicago

NU-NAILS
Artificial Fingernails



high that not even your stingy Aunt Elsie could hope to beat. On one stage, Edward G. Robinson as "The Sea Wolf" is bossing an enormous ship called the "Ghost." But the "Ghost" is just Errol Flynn's old "Sea Hawk"—with a new set of sails! And two stages down, Brenda Marshall is winding up "Singapore Woman," which the studio decided to film simply because it had all the rubber plantation sets that were used in "The Letter"—and didn't want them to be wasted!

Budget Blues

Should followers of the Brenda Marshall-Bill Holden romance desire some really cozy gossip about their favorites, they can snub all newspaper columnists, radio commentators and studio informants. For intimate details, all they need do is go to the little man who does the laundry for the Brown Derby. And how does he know all? By simply studying the table-cloths! Brenda and Bill both receive weekly allowances from their business managers (Brenda gets \$20; Bill gets \$35) and, in order to keep their finances straight, the kids invariably spend their dinner hour outlining their budgets on the Derby linen. The laundry-man deciphers their pencil marks, and so far has discovered (a) that Brenda had to sacrifice her ice cream for a bottle of perfume; (b) that she then lost the money in one hour at Santa Anita; and (c) that the last time they dined at the place Brenda and Bill had to pool their funds to pay the check because Bill had spent everything up to his last quarter on shells for his new gun!

Paper Passion

When you go to the movies and watch a sizzling love scene between Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr, or Marlene Dietrich and George Raft, maybe you wonder who dreamed up their scorching dialogue and passionate embraces. Maybe, if you ponder on it long enough, you visualize a writer who is pale and poetic—or perhaps a two-fisted ladies' man who knows what women want (verbally, that is)—and gives it to them. Well, here's where you get disillusioned. Scenario writers are too often pretty prosaic fellows who fix the car on Sunday and like to play poker with the boys on Monday. Furthermore, many of them are ashamed of their work. No matter how beautifully it pours from the lips of Charles Boyer, Errol Flynn or Ginger Rogers, they think it's sissy stuff. In a survey taken among them it was learned that male writers are so shy, they usually write their steaming love passages alone, behind locked doors and then sheepishly slip their manuscripts to a typist. Women scenarists, on the other hand, are less self-conscious. They boldly dictate the tender sequences, complete with commas and colons, before rushing off for a lettuce-and-tomato sandwich, or a date with Hattie, the hairdresser.

Angora Anguish

Has anyone reported this one about Rosalind Russell? Roz was in a swank gown shop, the other afternoon, looking for a new dinner dress. She discovered a knock-out number and would have bought it immediately. But one glance at the price tag stopped her. The dress was just too, too expensive. Regretfully, Roz hung it back on its rack and started for home. But all the way, the thought of it nagged her. The dress was a stunner, and she wanted it badly. Finally, damning her budget, she turned on her heel and sped back to the shop to buy it. There, to her chagrin, she saw her beloved gown—on the body of another woman! Poor Roz, you say? Well, save your sympathy. The unbeatable Rus-



DRAW ME!

TRY FOR AN *Art* SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing — perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings — FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, \$185.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning up to \$5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES: This contest open ONLY TO AMATEURS, 16 YEARS OLD OR MORE. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible. 1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches wide, on paper 7 inches wide. Draw only the girl, not the lettering. 2. Use only pencil or pen. 3. No drawings will be returned. 4. Print your name, address (town, county, state), age and present occupation on back of drawing. 5. All drawings must be received by Apr. 30, 1941. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS INC.
5991, Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

sell promptly went into a huddle with the salesgirl and learned that the other woman, a regular customer, was allergic to angora. Grabbing an angora sweater, Roz pulled it over her head and proceeded to flit about the room. As the tickly fluff flew into the air, the other woman began to choke and cough and, at last, desperate for relief, slipped out of the gown and fled from the store. A few minutes later, Rosalind Russell plunked down her check and, smiling like a babe, left the shop with the gown tucked neatly under her arm!

Disa and Data

The reason for Jack Carson's long face these days is the buck-a-week allowance dictated by his wife . . . Since beginning work in

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Spencer Tracy refers to himself as "we" . . . Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner and Ida Lupino have all had wisdom tooth trouble in the past few weeks . . . George Raft has a hatter fly over from Texas when he wants some new lids designed . . . Judy Canova puts sugar in her milk . . . The John Waynes have tagged their new daughter Melinda . . . M-G-M is training twenty deer and twelve bears in their studio zoo, for use in "The Yearling" . . . Mary Astor is dabbling with short stories . . . Loretta Young's kid sister, Georgianna, is grown up enough to have fun with Dead Ender Billy Halop . . . Mary Martin will be off on a "classics and swing" concert tour come autumn . . . Maria Ouspenskaya, whose weight hopped from 90 to 92 pounds, is dieting to take off the "excess fat" . . .

IS YOUR HAIR A HALO OF *Loveliness?*



Does your hair glisten with lustrous highlights that reflect lovely, soft tones in your complexion? It will—when you use Nestle Colorinse. Colorinse helps remove the dull soap film that robs hair of its natural lustre. This magic-like rinse, created by Nestle, originators of permanent waving—rinses sparkling highlights into the hair—gives it a new richer tone and a beautiful silkier sheen. Colorinse leaves hair softer and more manageable—helps curls stay in place longer. Not an ordinary dye nor a bleach, Colorinse washes out easily with shampooing. Whatever the color of your hair, there is a shade of Colorinse to glorify it. Choose your own shade from the Nestle Color Chart at beauty counters. For best results with Colorinse, use Nestle Liquid Shampoo.

10¢ for package of
2 rinses at 10¢ stores



25¢
for five rinses
at drug and de-
partment stores

Jackie Cooper won't go to college for three more years. He wants to take advantage of his movie popularity while he's got it . . . Hedy Lamarr's one-time spouse, Fritz Mandl, provided the bankroll for the Ilona Massey-Alan Curtis opus, "New Wine" . . . Herbert Marshall and Nat Wolff, former and present husbands of Edna Best, have been seen dining and night-clubbing together . . . Joan Crawford's favorite song is "None But the Lonely Heart." She plays a recording of it between "takes" . . . Dennis Morgan is hotly denying those divorce rumors . . . Intimates say the stork is bound for the Justin Darts (Jane Bryan) . . . Richard Ainley, quitting Hollywood for service with the RAF, has broken his engagement to Ouida LaBranche, Basil Rathbone's niece, "out of fairness to her" . . . John Qualen, who will never be forgotten for his role as the frightened film father of the quints, will soon pay them a visit—his first . . . Nils Asther and Norman Kerry, last-generation idols, are back in Hollywood being bombarded with picture offers . . . Milton Berle authors a column called "The Berle-ing Point."

A Tip From the Stars

Are actors generous tippers? That is a question everyone asks us, so we decided to ask someone who really knows—a parking lot attendant at Ciro's. Here's what we found out:—On the whole, the stars are very liberal. If they are solid, substantial family men like Gary Cooper, Eddie Robinson and Clark Gable, they slip the car-boys a 50c piece before claiming their flivvers. If they're play-boys of the George Raft-Franchot Tone calibre, they never tip less than a dollar. And if they're plain, ordinary guys who don't care about impressing the gal on their arm, they hand over a quarter. The car-boys sometimes run into cheap-skates, too. When that happens, they deal with the offender in a novel way. They wait until a mob of important people are within earshot, and then sweetly inquire: "And what kind of car are you waiting for, Mr. er . . . ?" Or if the star is extremely tight-fisted, which is very rare, they handle him as one of the boys did the other evening. When a famous leading man passed him a five-cent piece, the car-boy handed it back, saying: "Keep it. I don't need it as badly as you do!"

Grand Reunion

As we go to press, the Lupe Velez—"Big Boy" Williams marriage plans are still at the "maybe-we-will, maybe-we-won't" stage. "Big" is confiding to pals that the whole deal is no go because Lupe bawls him out in public and he won't take it. And Lupe is saying there'll be no wedding, because she's rich enough to remain single! Frankly, we don't know what to make of it, or of a little incident which occurred the other evening. It was fight night at a local sports stadium when Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe's "ex," wandered in and found himself seated directly behind his former wife and her new boy-friend. Johnny flushed and fidgeted for several minutes and, the next time we looked, was seated a half-dozen rows farther back!

Board and Rumors

Ask Anne Shirley and Cesar Romero how easy it is to start a scandal without realizing it! On second thought, you'd better not ask them. They may not even know that a few years ago rumors of a secret marriage between them were galloping up and down the country! The whispering started when eagle-eyed fans noticed some very interesting details in a series of "at home" pictures published in two different magazines. In one magazine, Cesar was shown swimming in "his" azure pool, re-

laxing in "his" leafy patio, and descending "his" winding staircase. That was all right. But the other magazine ran photographs of Miss Shirley taken in her home—and Anne was seen cavorting in the very same pool, knitting in the very same patio and waving from the top step of the very same staircase! What the magazines forgot to mention was that both Cesar and Anne leased apartments in the same building—and their monthly rent checks gave both the right to call the outside surroundings "home!"

Warning To Warners

Speaking of photographing stars in their homes—Joan Leslie's neighbors are still wondering what happened to her the other afternoon. The neighbors saw a huge truck back up to the curb, and watched wide-eyed while dozens of heavily-shrouded articles were carried into Joan's house. And an hour later they were just as wide-eyed when the stuff was all carried out again. It seems, Warners wanted some "at homes" of Joan, but felt that her home was too comfortable and cozy-looking to match the public's idea of a glamour girl's nest. So, on order from the higher-ups, the studio prop department was raided and the necessary plush-stuffed divans, for rugs and chaise longues were set up within the Leslie portals. After the "shooting" was over, the boys again piled the borrowed "oomph" on their truck and toted it back to the studio. Here's a tip for the Warners, though. If they want to avoid anything like the Romero-Shirley buzzing, they'd better be darned certain they don't pick up the same bits of atmosphere when they go over to Eddie Albert's for pictures!

Better Luck Next Time

At two o'clock one morning, last week, Lloyd Nolan was awakened by a telephone call from the woman who manages the Beverly Hills apartment building he owns. The woman's voice was frantic. "Mr. Nolan!" she cried. "There's been a murder! Come right over!" Lloyd, who has often portrayed a detective on the screen, saw his chance to play an honest-to-gosh Sherlock. Yanking on his pants, he grabbed equipment ranging from magnifying glass to hunting rifle, and rushed to the scene of the crime. There he found the landlady, pale and trembling. She pointed to the ceiling of her bedroom. In the center was a growing red blotch—significant, frightening. "I'll start right on this," whooped Lloyd. "But call the police." In a few minutes, with the aid of the law, Lloyd led the expedition upstairs. Breathing hard, he smashed in the door, and there, on the floor, on its side, gushing crimson, lay—a bottle of California port wine which had fallen from a table! "Nuts," groaned Lloyd. "Give me a good, old movie murder with a script. I never did like comedy anyway!"

Comes "the Dawn"

When you see Paulette Goddard, Olivia deHavilland and Charles Boyer in "Hold Back The Dawn," you might remember that the authoress, Ketti Frings, used to interview these same stars for magazines like Modern Screen. Miss Frings understands movie audiences pretty well and, when she sold her little drama to Paramount, she specified that it be called "Yonder Lies Paradise" because she thought fans would go for that. But Paramount had another idea. They pointed out that since the saga concerned an American girl who was able to spend only one night a week with her refugee husband below the Mexican border—she would want that night to be a long one, and, if the husband were Charles Boyer, she would certainly want to "Hold Back The Dawn!"

ALL-AMERICAN HEART THROB

(Continued from page 35)

At least three of the Martin accomplishments are the envy of rival glamour boys.

First off, he has a way of wooing that pays dividends. Knowing his ladies, he sends them gifts he's sure they'll like, dances attendance on them, notices what they're wearing. Secondly, he's a careful dresser, smooth but not flashy. Finally, he's a dancer of parts, as Miss Turner discovered to her delight.

The Tony Martin who is giving romance the brush-off knows exactly what he is doing. For one thing, with Metro expecting big things from him, he is at the pinnacle of his career. He's going to town.

He's been waiting for this chance to vanquish Hollywood for ten years.

Back in 1931, a Metro scout heard him sing on the Lucky Strike program and was so impressed with his voice that he induced him to come to Hollywood. Nothing wonderful happened. Three years later he was tested for a part opposite Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee." Studio bosses nixed the proposition because of his youth.

Early in 1936 he was crooning with an orchestra in San Francisco when an RKO scout spotted him. He was given a contract. For six months he hung around and did nothing. Chagrined, he asked for his release and got it. That very same night he went to work at the Trocadero. His opening number was "You Hit the Spot," a sentiment which was echoed by Darryl Zanuck, one of the patrons that night. Mr. Zanuck promptly hired him.

At Twentieth Century-Fox he was given a spot in "Sing, Baby, Sing." He was having trouble getting his numbers recorded properly when a luscious blonde swished up to him and offered to give him some pointers, "since I've had a little experience." Her name was Alice Faye. He saw stars. But promptly. He fell in love with her.

There was every reason under the sun why something wonderful should have come of the romance.

Tony Martin, born Alfred Morris, and brought up by his stepfather who owned a ladies' ready-to-wear shop in Oakland, California, had much in common with the pert, scenic blonde. For one thing she was Miss Simplicity. And who was he but Mr. Down-To-Earth? This quality in their make-up wasn't all they shared.

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—thot biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having of your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start, and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries!" Made up in o most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your chart is as good as lossoed!

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I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

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HARSH, SCRATCHY TISSUES AND SWITCHED
TO KLEENEX, THE SOFTER TISSUE THAT
NEVER IRRITATES DELICATE SKIN.

(from a letter by M. B. S., Duluth, Minn.)

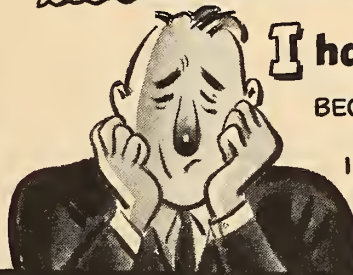
AT THE IRONING, BORED...



IMAGINE! AN EXTRA
HOUR OF IRONING
'CAUSE MY FAMILY USED
HANDKERCHIEFS DURING
COLDS! NOW WITH
KLEENEX THERE'S
NO MESSY HANKY
WASH FOR ME.

(from a letter by H. M.,
Continental, Ohio)

I had the "Blues"...



BECAUSE MY FOUNTAIN PEN USED TO
SPILL INK ALL OVER ME. BUT SINCE
I LEARNED TO KEEP IT CLEAN WITH
KLEENEX, MY TROUBLES ARE OVER.

(from a letter by H. J. P., Chicago, Ill.)

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KLEENEX*DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Both loved to sing. Alice Faye was already a name. Tony Martin had quit St. Mary's College at eighteen (at the invitation of the authorities, he admits) to tout a saxophone. Crooning had been thrust upon him accidentally. He was astonished that anyone applauded. However, he took the hint, concentrated on his voice.

Finally, the two were ambitious beyond belief. To Alice Faye, alumna of Manhattan's Tenth Avenue and ex-member of the "line" of "George White's Scandals" Tony Martin was her kind, a plugger and a winner.

Marriage, therefore, was inevitable.

At Twentieth Century-Fox, Alice Faye caught on like an epidemic and became a box-office name overnight. Meanwhile, as an actor, Tony Martin was not setting the studio, much less the world, on fire. Instead he found himself slowly slipping into a role he despised—that of Mr. Alice Faye. To make matters worse, after his debut in "Sing, Baby, Sing" he was assigned no parts. Fiercely proud, he bought back his contract (for \$30,000). Then he set out to salvage his career. And above all, his confidence in himself.

He salvaged both career and self-confidence in short order, and in such spectacular style as to exceed his fondest

dreams. He did it via a series of personal appearances at \$7,000 per week. There was one tragic postscript to the success he was winning. Alice Faye brought suit for divorce and got it.

His sensational tour brought immediate reactions from Hollywood. He was offered \$50,000 to do "Music in My Heart." He accepted somewhat cynically, mindful of the ill luck that dogged him in pictures. "Music in My Heart" did very well for itself, and for all concerned.

One of the screen's best bets for 1941, Tony Martin is in an eminently fine scoring position. With television on its way to the big time, he will be sitting even prettier.

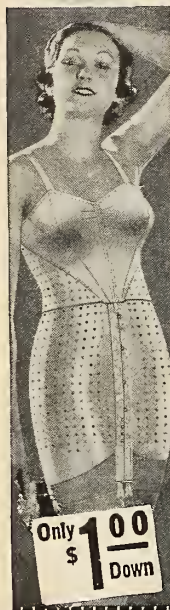
It would seem that Tony Martin is all set. And so he is—except for one important item, which is probably the most important reason why he's so emphatic when he insists he has no time for romance.

Something he said the night he opened at the New York night club, the Versailles, was the tip-off. When the lights were dimmed so that Tony could croon in the gloaming, one of the admiring debbies shrieked:

"But, Tony, I can't see you."

"Neither can Alice," he came back, with a noticeable touch of melancholy.

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A SMATTERING OF LEVANT

(Continued from page 27)

greet director Schertzing. Didn't greet Don Ameche or Mary Martin, the stars. Didn't greet the crew members, who love his puns and between-scenes piano playing. He ignored everyone, asking only one question, "Where's the make-up man I had last time? He was telling me his life story and still had three years to go!"

Levant promptly injected some of his own gags into the script, had the studio hire two Steinway grand pianos for him (one for the set and another for practice at his apartment), tried to avoid the special wardrobe man, whose job was to see that hat-hater Levant didn't try to hide the gray felt he wears in the picture. (Said Levant, "I don't want a hat. It doesn't fit my character.") Said the director, "In this picture you're supposed to look as if you have enough money to buy a hat!"

Asked if he likes Hollywood, he admits he does, very much. "But I won't ballyhoo the place. My enemies'll say I'm on the Chamber of Commerce payroll."

What he doesn't like about the place is the way it disrupts his curious erratic way of life. For instance, the studio demands he be on the set at nine in the morning. Levant is notorious for putting himself to sleep, after reading five newspapers and taking two sleeping pills, at five in the morning and waking at one in the afternoon to breakfast at a drug-store counter.

Other Levant habits are equally famous. In New York, he visits a psychiatrist almost daily. He practices his piano every afternoon. He doesn't drink whiskey, but averages 33 cups of coffee a day. He is a chain cigarette smoker, and smokes through an entire meal. He never walks, takes cabs everywhere, and cabbies know him as "Mr. Oscar." He is

(Continued on page 86)



The cast of Republic's "A Man Betrayed," (co-starring John Wayne and Frances Dee) played hookey one day to help John celebrate the arrival of a baby girl! She's his fourth child.

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Tops in detail is broad-shouldered "Honey-moon" clicked together in a delicate lacy stitch.

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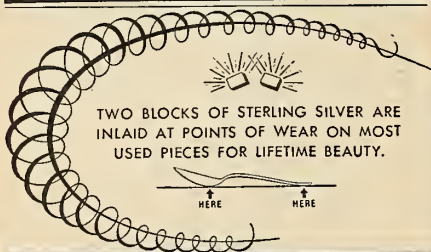
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always an hour late for an appointment, but loses his temper if you are so much as five minutes late. He is, in turn, surly, charming, witty—but constantly insulting.

True, the items that won him a movie contract were his brilliant quips on the radio program, "Information, Please!" and his book, a hodgepodge of brickbats, which sold 75,000 copies in four months and was called, "A Smattering of Ignorance."

On the radio, Levant is a sensation. First appearing in 1938 as a guest quiz artist, he could play 10,000 musical compositions from memory. He knows answers to questions about everything—the White House, French novels, the Brooklyn Dodgers.

On the printed page, his book devotes 267 pages to insulting the great and near-great. In his slender volume, Levant labels Leopold Stokowski, "a musical Lucius Beebe wearing his scores like so many changes of attire." Viciously, Levant, whose Hollywood musical experience was limited to writing scores for early talkies and Western horse-operas, tells of a renowned movie producer who, desiring to create a French musical atmosphere in a film, suddenly shouted: "I've got it! Put in a few more French horns!" He is now penning another book. Rumor has it that this will be entirely about Hollywood foibles.

He isn't a conversationalist; he's a human monologue. But good! Recently, S. W. Behrman had Oscar Levant to dinner, but the guest of honor was Alexander Woollcott. However, Oscar grabbed the spotlight. With the cocktail he began talking, talked through the consommé, and talked, talked, talked through the rest of the meal. Woollcott was amazed. Finally, nodding toward Oscar, he asked the hostess, "Is he reading?"

A short time after that, when Levant was broke, he was spending the summer loafing and writing music at playwright George Kaufman's country place in Pennsylvania. After several weeks, Mrs. Kaufman took him aside and said:

"I thought you'd be embarrassed about
(Continued on page 89)



Jean Arthur picks a subway car set for relaxation twixt takes of the romantic comedy, "The Devil and Miss Jones," which Jean's hubby Frank Ross is producing at RKO-Radio Studios.

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John Shelton's 26, and a bachelor—having recently been unhitched from Bette Davis' stand-in Sally Sage. Cooks breakfast for himself, then runs through a few of his own piano compositions before dashing off for his nine o'clock date with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



His apartment is on the top floor of a cute four-story building. He dresses like a college boy—a hangover from his University of Southern Cal. days. Dislikes formality in clothes or people.



John and Laraine Day debuted in the same picture, "I Take This Woman," and they're swell pals. Date occasionally, usually with a gang—Ann Rutherford, Rand Brooks, Helen Parrish and Co.

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Hollywood Highlights

TWO UNKNOWNNS GET FEATURE BILLING IN THAT WESTERN THRILLER — "THE OUTLAW"

To Jane Russell, 19, and Jack Buettel, 21—neither of whom had ever laid eyes on a klieg light—went contracts from Howard Hughes for the coveted top roles in his million dollar production, "The Outlaw."

It took six months of constant searching before Hughes found the talent he wanted. Countless name actors were turned down; hundreds of unknowns tested and flunked. And when at last he did decide, he chose two absolute unknowns who never had an ounce of publicity written about them in their lives. Why didn't he pick top stars? Why small-timers like Jane and Jack? Hughes gave us the answer. In order to make a perfect picture, he believes the players should be accepted by the public as their screen-life characters. He's a realist and thinks that if he'd chosen established stars, the people who put their money down at the box-office would remember them for their dinner-jacketed background and know they were just playing a part. They've never seen Jack, but the first time they do, he'll be Billy the Kid. The same thing applies to Jane as Rio, Billy's girl friend.

Hughes' reputation for picking 'em dates way back to 1930 when he cast an unknown, Jean Harlow, in "Hell's Angels" and a couple of years later discovered Paul Muni and George Raft for "Scarface." Now, he's once more turning to the amateur ranks for his talent—and Hollywoodites are watching those two lucky newcomers, Jane and Jack, as the possible big film news of the coming year!

the servants, so I tipped them each three dollars and told them it was from you."

Oscar blew up. "Damn you, Beatrice!" he shouted. "They'll think I'm stingy! Why didn't you give 'em five dollars!"

Levant has been married twice. The first one was eight years ago, an ex-chorus girl named Barbara Smith. This lasted seven months. They fought constantly. The worst fight resulted in a philosophic, and then physical, disgression on how long it takes to boil an egg. After the break-up, a reporter said to Oscar:

"Well, your marriage didn't last long, did it?"

"The hell it didn't!" Oscar barked. "You should just live an hour with me!"

But the classic crack came when he was asked exactly why Barbara divorced him. He replied soberly, "Incompatibility," and then with a whisper, "and, besides, I think she hated me!"

In 1939 he married attractive June Gale, who had appeared in "Hotel for Women." At the wedding ceremony, Oscar, in old form, leaned over and inquired of the judge, "Confidentially, sir, do you think I'm making a mistake?"

Eventually, they decided to have a child. Before it was born, Oscar claimed his wife was prejudicing the baby against him. "She writes nasty little notes about me," he said, "and then swallows them!"

The youngster, a girl, finally emerged unprejudiced and is now five months old.

Thus, Oscar Levant, Hollywood oddity. His epitaph will not mention his fame as an interpreter of George Gershwin's serious piano music, nor that his bosom pal and worshipper, Alfred Vanderbilt, once named a horse after him, nor that he composed a smash hit called "Lady Play Your Mandolin." However, in his epitaph will be the item with which he ended his book, a remark Brahms is said to have made upon leaving a party, to wit: "If there is anybody here that I have forgotten to insult, I apologize."

But one last note, please. He is not infallible. Once, in a duel of words, he met his Miss Waterloo.

At an intimate Hollywood get-together, Greta Garbo said to a friend, "I should like to meet this legend Levant."

The friend arranged the meeting in a few minutes. He introduced them.

"Pardon me," said Oscar, "I didn't catch the name."

Garbo frowned and turned to her friend. "It is better," she concluded, "that he should remain a legend!"



Brooklyn's 20-year-old star of "Tobacco Road," Gene Tierney, designs and makes most of her own clothes. (She concocted that mad hat she's wearing.)



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

IS SHE ANOTHER BOMBSHELL?

(Continued from page 39)

lucky all my life. My luck started when I was born."

That called for an explanation. And the explanation led to the whole story of how she arrived where she is.

She was born November 14, 1919, in Lake Placid, New York—and christened Constance Frances Marie Keane. Her father, H. A. Keane, was then a commercial artist who worked long-distance for the New York Herald Tribune. Her mother was "just a plain housewife—one of those wonderful women who are perfectly happy to concentrate on having a home life."

If you think Veronica is small, you should see her mother. At first glance, she looks as if she might be her daughter's younger sister.

"She nearly died when I was born. Neither of us would have lived if it hadn't been for a Caesarean operation."

Veronica started school in Lake Placid, then later was sent to the Villa Maria convent in Montreal, where she was well educated. "Nuns are the best women teachers in the world—because they teach for the love of it."

She didn't rebel against convent discipline. "I thrived on it. I was a serious youngster. I didn't ask anything more from life than to be permitted to bury my nose in books. The nuns had to get after me to go outdoors and play games."

She didn't know what she wanted to be when she grew up. One summer she was drafted for a child's part in an Adirondack Players' production—but the acting bug didn't bite her. And despite her father's talent, she had no urge to draw.

The winter of 1936-37, her father and mother went to Miami and took her along. That was where she finished school. That was also where she started wearing her hair as she wears it now. (Which takes care of the rumor that she invented the hairdress to attract Hollywood's attention.) "I just resented spending hours in beauty parlors and in front of a dressing-table, all because of my



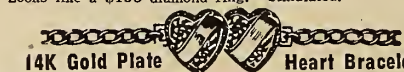
With a pair of grand movie stars for parents (Warner Brothers' Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman) betcha three-month-old Maureen Elizabeth Reagan's a potential Bette Davis!

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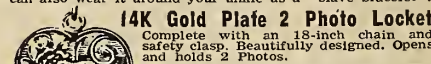


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hair. I rebelled against *that*. I made up my mind that I was going to fix my hair so that I could take care of it myself—and easily.”

About the time that she made that individualistic decision, she also decided that she was going to study medicine. “I was *that* serious. I was going to repay the debt I owed to surgery—for being alive!” That fall she enrolled in the pre-medical course at McGill University, Montreal.

The first year of a pre-medical course is designed to weed out all those who aren't intent on becoming doctors. Veronica sailed past that first year and was well into the second, when her father developed heart trouble.

His doctor prescribed California. Veronica quit college temporarily to be with him and her mother.

The Keanes took a small, quiet apartment in Beverly Hills. Where, as the weeks passed and her father steadily improved, Veronica became desperate for something to do. And desperate to know someone—anyone—her own age. “Desperate enough, finally, to go around the corner to the Bliss-Hayden Theatre and ask to be admitted to their dramatics class. “Not that I had acting ambitions—I just wanted to meet people. I worked hard after I got in and played four parts before I was actually hit by the acting urge. The fifth play had a part in it that I thought would be fun to play—the part of a dizzy little siren. I asked for it, and they gave it to someone else. *That* was the turning point. So they thought I couldn't play it? I felt challenged. I had to show them. I argued and I pleaded and I fought for that part. Until they finally let me play it, the last week of the run, when they knew the show was going to close anyway. Funny, isn't it, that I had to fight to play that unimportant hussy



After what seemed an endless absence (one year), Ilona Massey returns to the screen to star opposite her fiancé Alan Curtis in “New Wine.”

part—and the part of the hussy in ‘I Wanted Wings’ was handed to me on a platter only a few months later?”

No talent scout discovered her in that role, because all the talent scouts had seen the play before she was put in. However, an agent saw her. He persuaded her to let him try to get her in the movies.

“He didn't tell me at the time that his idea of the way to get an unknown in the movies was to have her line up with 200 other girls at a studio audition for bit players and hope she'd be picked. He told me that he could get me auditions, and that auditions were ‘easy.’ I didn't find it easy or even possible to show any acting talent under those conditions, so I gave up the whole idea.

“Then when I didn't care any more, an ironic thing happened. A girl I knew at Bliss-Hayden was going to have an interview at RKO. She asked me to go along with her at the last minute. I did—just to keep her company. I was so cured of my own movie ambitions by then that I didn't care how I looked. I went just as I was, in slacks and an angora sweater, without make-up and with my hair tied up in a bandana because I had just washed it and it was still wet. And just to show you what can happen when you don't care, the casting director said to me, ‘You're the type for this picture.’ And I found myself in the movies, playing a bit in ‘Sorority House’. . . . That's what I mean by pure, unadulterated luck.”

That bit led to a role with Leon Errol in a two-reel RKO comedy, which was also lucky for her, because Errol saw to it that she got a close-up. That close-up caught the eye of Murray Fiel of the William Morris agency, who has repre-

(Continued on page 93)

Hedda Hopper's Lowdown on HOLLYWOOD NIGHT LIFE

NOBODY KNOWS MORE about the movie stars' private lives than does Hedda Hopper, featured actress in films and creator of the newspaper column and radio program, “Hedda Hopper's Hollywood.” In May SCREEN GUIDE she tells the intimate truths she knows about Cafe Society's night life. Read her revelations in the *only* large-size PICTURE magazine of motion pictures—Screen Guide!

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INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 6)

answers every one of his fan letters personally. He has a typewriter in his room where he spends most of his idle time pecking away at letters! His address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Arthur Halloran, Mass. Linda Darnell's favorite actor, Don Ameche, is going to play with Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda in "That Night in Rio," to be released around April 11th. . . . The last of June you'll see him in "Miami" with Betty Grable, Carole Landis and Jack Haley. Neither he nor Alice Faye played in "Thanks a Million." Maybe you're thinking of "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

An ardent fan, East Orange, N. J. Cuban Desi Arnaz was born in Santiago on March 2, 1917. He has black hair and dark brown eyes, is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 160 pounds. During the Cuban Revolution, his family lost their money and position (his dad was mayor) and Desi was forced to flee to Miami, Fla., where he earned his living singing with a dance band. Xavier Cugat spotted him and the rest is history. It was he who introduced the Conga to Miami and New York. Lucille Ball's his missus.

Janet Owen, Newark, N. J. Ocean City, N. J., was the birthplace of Preston Foster, October 24, 1902. A part in opera and a Broadway play gave him his start, and for the last eight years he's been in Hollywood making motion picture news. He's married to Gertrude Warren and has an adopted girl, Stephanie. You can write to him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., where he's working with Patricia Morison and Richard Dix in "The Roundup."

Ruth Fox, Scranton, Pa. You aren't the first to ask us who played Willie in "Strike Up the Band." Everybody's curious about Larry Nunn, 13-year-old Marshfield, Ore., boy, who was chosen for the part after Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives heard his voice on an Irene Rich weekly radio program. He's 5 feet one inch tall, weighs 99 pounds, has light brown hair and blue-green eyes, has a yen for sports, especially soccer, football, boxing, fencing and bowling! While making "Strike Up the Band," he made a name for himself around the studio with his clever cartoons of Mickey and Judy and others on the set. In Hollywood, he lives with his mother in a small bungalow. You'll see him next in "Men of Boys Town," in which he again plays with Mickey Rooney. If you want to write him, address your letter to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Virginia Sherry, Lynn, Mass. Eddie Bracken got his start playing bit parts in "Life's Too Short," "So Proudly We Hail" and "Iron Men." Like Desi Arnaz, he played in both the stage and screen versions of "Too Many Girls," and now Paramount's featuring him in "Reaching for the Sun," coming out on May 9th. Eddie is 21 years old, married, five feet ten and one-half inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. . . . Lucille Ball's that lady's real name. . . . Hal LeRoy did play in "Harold Teen," in 1933. . . . Your "Spanish" Ann Miller was born a solid United States citizen in Chireno, Texas, in 1919.

Alison Wells, Escanaba, Mich. Although Bob Preston was born a New Englander in Newton Highlands, Mass., in 1918, he moved to California with his family at the age of two and was dropped plumb into the heart of the movie business. During high school, he lost his heart to the stage and devoted all his efforts to crashing into films. Six feet one inch tall, weighing 175 pounds, dark-brown haired and grey-eyed, he's married to Kay Feltus, and is making a name for himself in his work. You can reach him at Paramount, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., where he's making "New York Town" with Mary Martin, Lynne Overman and Fred MacMurray.

Sally Wilson, South Norwalk, Va. Jackie Cooper is 18 years old and has grown up to a height of five feet ten and one-half inches and weighs 165 pounds. When he's not with Bonita, he's adding guns to his collection or working around boats in the harbor. His next movie's "Ziegfeld Girl." Bonita's latest was "Wild Man From Borneo."

A. Patterson, Fargo, N. D. Allan Lane was last heard of at Republic Studios, where he made "Grand Old Opry" in 1940. You can write to him there at 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood, Cal. . . . Sheldon Leonard played the part of Phil Church in "Another Thin Man."

An Errol Flynn fan, Latonia, Ky. Lili Damita is Errol Flynn's first wife, and likewise Errol is Lili's only mate. They met on a boat when Errol first came to America and were wed on June 19, 1935. They haven't any children to date, but are expecting. Errol was born in Ireland, June 20, 1909, and Lili was born in Paris, Sept. 10, 1904.

Lucy Torris, New Bedford, Mass. Don Beddoe was born in Pittsburgh on July 1st, but spent most of his boyhood in New York at St. John's School and Trinity College. Although he majored in journalism at the University of Cincinnati, he immediately turned to the stage upon graduation and did several Broadway and radio shows. He ultimately wound up in Hollywood where you can reach him at Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St. He's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair.

J. S., Memphis, Tenn. RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., will send you an autographed photo of Jimmy Lydon for 25c in coin or stamps.

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That Jimmy Cagney majored in art at Columbia U; Alan Curtis was once a Chicago hackie; Richard Denning once tipped the beam at a ponderous 230; Walter Brennan's first screen bit was to bray like a donkey; Joan Blondell tramped at the age of 3 as "Rosebud"; Marlene Dietrich's pappy was a German grenadier; Pat Morison has the longest hair in Hollywood—39 inches; Louise Beavers had to learn Negro dialect for screen work; Henry Armetta pressed pants before hitting the footlights.

That the average high-salaried star in Hollywood supports ten other persons—relatives, "old friends," et cetera.

That Garbo conscientiously dieted off 25 pounds during the filming of "Cammie," to make her screen decline seem more authentic.

That Hollywood's top stars, asked to judge themselves, voted Gary Cooper and Olivia de Havilland most popular, Paul Muni most intellectual, Hedy Lamarr most kissable, Mae West most generous, and Myrna Loy the ideal wife.

These are just a few fascinating nuggets tracked down in the first issue of HOLLYWOOD WHO'S WHO. This exciting new publication thumbnails the lives of 500 actors and actresses—with pictures. It tells a step-by-step story of how films are made—stories by such Hollywood biggies as Will Hays (Censorship); Sam Goldwyn (The Star System); Howard Dietz (Publicity); Frank Capra (Direction); Walt Disney (Animated Cartoons), etc. And that's not all. Many of your favorites—John Garfield, Bill Boyd, Gene Tierney and others—give you straight talk about themselves and their jobs.

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(Continued from page 91)

sented her ever since. And it helped him get her a bit in a Jones Family picture, and then a bit in "Forty Little Mothers"—which was destiny in disguise.

But before we go into that, let's pause for a brief revelation of something else that had happened to her in the meantime; something that gives a sidelight on both Veronica and men. She encountered a man who tried to broach some cozy ideas for the good of her career. She told him off as he had never been told off before. But a few months later when a young girl relative of his arrived from abroad, he telephoned Veronica to try to arrange for the girl to meet her. "I want her to meet a clean American girl," he said.

Of that little incident, she said, "I suppose you can't blame a man for trying. But any man will respect a girl who doesn't say 'Yes.' And, more important, the girl can respect herself. Certainly you can be twice as happy married, if you have a clear conscience."

Something else happened before "Forty Little Mothers" that's worth noting. Her agent took her to Paramount, and the man who was then head talent scout said, "She'll never amount to anything. She's just another cute kid." Just ten months later he found himself assistant director on "I Wanted Wings"—which was destined to make her a sensation!

Veronica's role in "Forty Little Mothers" wasn't important in itself. But it was important in that it introduced her to Freddie Wilcox, then M-G-M test director, now a full-fledged director. He walked on the set one day to look over the outside talent that M-G-M had signed for the picture. He wanted to know who the exotic-looking little blonde was. She was different. And he had been looking five years for a different type of blonde.

"He was the first person who thought I had dramatic possibilities. He told M-G-M what he thought. They couldn't see me except as an ingénue. I was too young and inexperienced, they said, to be anything else. Freddie said to me, 'They won't believe that you can do what I say you can, until they see the proof on actual film. Are you willing to work your head off for five or six months—to show them? I want to make a dramatic test

(Continued on page 95)



In "Singapore Woman," a remake of "Dangerous," Brenda Marshall has the role that won Bette Davis an Academy Award. David Bruce is her co-star.

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AWAY



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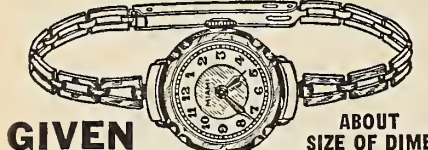
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MARY BOLAND

Born Mary Boland; Detroit, Mich.; Jan. 28, 1880. Troupier since age of 15. Habituee of art and antique shops. Yen for domestic comedy roles (dithery, buxom dames). A good scout—amiable, modest, intelligent. Scared to death of crowds. Loves California and movies. Sculpts, plays piano and raises orchids. Zasu Pitts-ish hands.

RAY BOLGER

Born Raymond Bolger; Boston, Mass.; Jan. 10, 1903. Fiend for economics and figures... dances in his sleep and gets inspirations for new steps in mid-dream... uses horse liniment for strenuous dancing aftermaths... yankee twang... lanky grace... haunter of golf courses and book shops... enjoys living with in-laws... sings and strums guitar.

BILL BOYD

Born William Boyd; Cambridge, Ohio; June 5, 1898. No "Going Hollywood" for him! Known as "Bill" to everyone. Avoids bright lights of the city. Keeps fit by playing Hop-along in real life—punching cattle and ridin' the range of his ranch. Loves to hunt, fish and swim, too. Cooks to perfection over a barbecue. Travels in a trailer.

CHARLES BOYER

Born Charles Boyer; March 4, 1900; Figeault, France. Loves roast beef, but can't pronounce it; says "rozbf"... smokes two and a half packs cigarettes a day... hates nicknames, and his wife always calls him Charles; he calls her dear... can play the violin, but never does... frightfully nervous... impatient... best wine cellar in Hollywood... can tango rings around Arthur Murray... inveterate gambler.

OLYMPÉ BRADNA

Born Antoinette Olympe Bradna; Paris, France; Aug. 12, 1920. Book and dish collector. Studies French so she won't forget it. Alternatively vivacious and dead serious. Pedals a bike, roller skates and rides horseback. Sings as well as she dances. Loves of her life: terrier "Bobbie" and a noisy parrot. Maple-furnished bedroom.

GEORGE BRENT

Born George Nolan; Dublin, Ireland; March 15, 1904. Hates girls who smear their lipstick. Likes brainy women. Takes four showers every day. Plays demon polo and chess. Owns a grocery market and saves his money. Has a house full of dogs—sleeps on two pillows with his pet pooch beside him. Used to marry often—now abstains.

SCREEN ALMANAC (Continued from page 72)

TOM BROWN

Born Thomas Brown; New York, N. Y.; Jan. 6, 1913, the son of a stage actor-producer and musical comedy star who took him into their act at the age of six months. Upon his graduation from private school, he went into radio, stage and screen work. Tho' he's best known for collegiate roles, he's never been to college. He's divorced from Natalie Draper.

VIRGINIA BRUCE

Born Virginia Helen Briggs; Minneapolis, Minn.; Sept. 29, 1910. A lot of fun. Unfalteringly smooth disposition. Possessor of Hollywood's No. 1 complexion. Crazy about her little girl. Fond of cats, dogs, lamb chops, Guy Lombard's music, bridge, dancing and the theatre. Paints and collects first editions. Favorite role: Jenny Lind.

JANE BRYAN

Born Jane O'Brien; Hollywood, Cal.; June 11, 1918, into a strait-laced lawyer's family. Stage-struck at 8 and forever after acting before family or a receptive mirror. Discovered by talent scout at Jean Muir's Theatre Workshop. Ambitious to go on stage. Great friend of Bette Davis who coached her. Perpetually sunburned and freckle-faced.

BILLIE BURKE

Born Ethelbert Burke, Washington, D. C.; Aug. 7, 1885. Daughter of a circus clown. Always planned to write a successful play—never did. Very proud of authoress-daughter. Spends hours each day wooing Youth. Is a jangle of nerves. Frightfully afraid of ants. Loves frills and perfumes. Plays a smashing game of tennis.

SMILEY BURNETTE

Born Lester Burnette; Summum, Ill.; March 18, 1911. Fat and genial. Capable plus—once held down a single job as announcer, radio entertainer, manager and engineer! Natural flair for comedy. Never enters night clubs. Neither smokes nor drinks, but makes up for it in foodstuffs! Honorary mayor of Studio City, California. Collector of interesting hotel letterheads.

BOB BURNS

Born Robert Burns; Van Buren, Ark.; Aug. 2, 1896. Showed an early affinity for music on his parents' houseboat where he organized a band and taught himself piano, trombone, guitar and bazooka (made of two gas pipes and whiskey funnel). During war he organized a Marine Jazz Band which wowed Europe. First real break came when he appeared on the Rudy Vallee radio show.
(Continued on page 96)

(Continued from page 93)

of you. But the test will take intensive preparation on your part. Lillian Burns, the dramatic coach, will work with you, and so will I, if *you're* willing to work!"

"It was an unexpected challenge, and I set out to fight for that break.

"I worked for five solid months without pay—and Lillian and Freddie worked with me. I read every script in the M-G-M files. Aloud, with gestures. I learned how to deliver lines, how to register emotions, how to handle myself in scenes. I learned by daily trial-and-error. I went over scenes until I was ready to drop with exhaustion. Then I went over them again. But at the end of five months Freddie said I was ready for my test: a dramatic scene from the play, 'Spring Tide.' He took a solid day to make it and the result was really something. We all had that feeling. We all felt that our work was repaid by that test.

"Then came the crowning irony. (I can't help it; it's the only word that fits.) What happened to Linda Darnell in the picture, 'Star Dust,' happened to me in real life. Somebody kept the head of the studio from seeing my test."

She looked plenty sultry as she made that revelation.

"That would probably have been the dismal end of my movie career—if I hadn't had incredible luck. If my agent hadn't happened to come over to Paramount a few days later to try to sell some actor to producer Arthur Hornblow for 'I Wanted Wings.'"

HORNBLow had every other role cast, but he was looking for a girl to play Sally; still hoping to find a startling unknown. He was that positive that the role was a star-maker. He said so to Veronica's agent—who went into an immediate song and dance about this girl, Constance Keane, and the test she had made at M-G-M. Hornblow, making allowances for the enthusiasm of agents and wondering why M-G-M hadn't signed her, if she was so startling, reluctantly agreed to look at her test.

"So the test arrived at Paramount, and once he saw it Mr. Hornblow thought maybe I *could* handle the role. He told my agent to get me over to Paramount right away for an interview.

"To everyone's consternation, I showed practically no interest in the role. (I wasn't letting myself in for another terrific letdown.) Mr. Hornblow, baffled, finally said, 'Here's the script. Read it over the week-end—in case we decide to test you next week.' That was Saturday morning. That night Paramount phoned me and told me to be at the studio at 7:30 Monday morning for a test. After that I was more interested.

"I probably owe an everlasting debt to Wally Westmore because, when he made me up for that test, he taped the eyelashes so tightly that I couldn't open my eyes wide. The test was terrible, but everybody who saw it said, 'Boy, does she have slinky eyes!' And"—she smiled—"I got the role. And a new name. They said 'Constance Keane' was too stagey. They said that 'Veronica' would be more exotic (they didn't know that they were naming me after my mother), and that 'Lake' would express the cool appearance of my hair. I'm not used to it yet—though I'm getting used to being called 'Ronnie' instead of 'Connie.'"

"And then," she continued, "I got the works. For days I had one wardrobe test after another, dozens of make-up tests and endless portrait sittings—all for glamour's sake. I collapsed at the end of the week, which gave them an awful scare, because I was supposed to leave

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for location in Texas Sunday night. I never expect to get so much medical attention again, all at once, in my life. But I was on that train Sunday night!

"It's impossible to give you any conception of how hard I had to work—a rank beginner playing an important dramatic role in a big picture. When I wasn't actually in front of the camera, I was in my dressing-room rehearsing my lines with Phyllis Laughton, the dialogue coach. That went on six days a week, including the few days I had off. And Sundays, Phyllis and Troy Saunders worked from 9 to 5, drilling me in putting over a song number, 'Born to Love.' (I had never sung in public in my life!) And now people are taking it for granted that I'm like that girl I portray—that I didn't have to work very hard to portray her!"

She jabbed with mock viciousness at the chicken croquette on her plate and ate a mouthful before she answered the next question: How did she find time to elope—with John Detlie, young M-G-M art director—half-way through the film?

"You would have found time to elope, too, if you had gone with one boy steadily for eight or nine months, and you were in love with him, and you suddenly started reading in gossip columns that you were romantic about two dozen other fellows. I wanted to stop those phony rumors—but in a hurry.

"How did the romance start? Like something out of fiction. When I was making 'Forty Little Mothers' at M-G-M, John would see me in the commissary every noon. He noticed that I didn't fall in my soup from excitement when Gable walked in—which made him decide that I was 'different.' But he could never catch my eye. I began getting daily bouquets from somebody named 'John.'"

I had no idea who 'John' was. Then, somehow, he got my telephone number and started calling. I made Mother answer. He finally said to Mother, 'Can't you persuade your daughter to go out with me just once? Really, I'm perfectly harmless.' And she finally made a date for me to go to lunch with him. He asked her along, too—which made a deep impression on both of us. Most men can't be bothered with a girl's mother. And I was pretty impressed when I met him.

"The night we had decided to elope, I was in Riverside on location. Mother was with me, and I had the hardest time, getting away from her, getting her off to a dinner party. On top of that I had sprained my ankle that day and it was all taped up. I had my foot in a moccasin, and I was supposed to drive to Santa Ana to meet John. But I got there!"

She wasn't afraid for her marriage because of her career. "There's no danger of professional jealousy, because John and I are in different phases of the movies, and any publicity I get won't bother him, because he doesn't pay any attention to those things—and neither will any income I get, because we're going to live on his. And there's no other danger. I'm not career-mad. I want to settle down young and have a home and a family. Also, don't overlook the fact that I understand artists, being the daughter of one! We're living in an apartment right now, but we're looking at lots. When we do build, it will probably be a fantastic house, because we'll build it to suit ourselves, and not care what anyone else thinks. That's the way it's going to be with our marriage. They can think 'it won't last,' but we'll show 'em!"

Yes, indeed, Veronica Lake is different. And—very much of a blonde bombshell!

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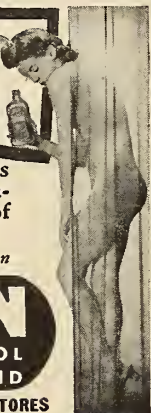


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CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

Born Charles Butterworth; South Bend, Ind.; July 26, 1899. Law school grad... former newspaper reporter (obituary dept.)... maybe that's where he picked up his pious air of a mortician's assistant... hollow-voiced... master of understatement and vague, irrelevant humour... peppermint, pencil, cigar and hotel bible kelpiomaniac.

BRUCE CABOT

Born Jacques de Bujac; April 20, 1904; Carlsbad, New Mexico. Attended University of Tours, France. Has a perpetual tan and sex-appeal plus—a masculine Betty Grable. Liz Whitney has a crush on him. He adores calves liver and bacon. Lost a job as sparring partner when he knocked his boss out. Used to be a cowboy, and still jumps into the saddle whenever he can.

JAMES CAGNEY

Born James Cagney; New York, N. Y.; July 17, 1904. Soft hard guy. Doesn't drink or smoke, but packs a terrific punch. Collects guns, never uses 'em. Spends spare time raising horses. Takes music lessons, wants to play a pipe organ. Loves to read and eat cookies. Sneaks into colored shirt—when wife isn't looking.

RICHARD CARLSON

Born Richard Carlson; April 29, 1913; Albert Lea, Minn. Swears he's going to write the Great American Play. Was Phi Beta Kappa, and taught English in the University of Minnesota. He is a triple-threat man, has an acting, directing, writing contract. Likes moustaches, two clean shirts a day and Strauss waltzes. He'll be a father by Easter. Adores ham and eggs and cream cheese and chives.

JOHN CARRADINE

Born Richmond Carradine; Feb. 5, 1906; in New York City. Cadaverous! 6 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. A villain on-screen, he's a saint after five o'clock. Brings his wife daily gifts. He is still a Big Apple fiend. Knows practically every work Shakespeare ever wrote. Wanted to be a judge, but wound up on the wrong side of the law—cinematically.

LEO CARRILLO

Born Leo Carrillo; August 6, 1899; Los Angeles, Cal. Has a regular armory of guns, but confines most of his trigger-stuff to shooting galleries. Has a huge menagerie, including two baby baboons. Knows more rope tricks than Gene Autry, and once saved a man's life by a skillful throw of the lariat. Owns five houses and a yacht, but certainly hates to part with four bits for a haircut.

SCREEN ALMANAC (Continued from page 94)

MADELEINE CARROLL

Born Madeleine Carroll; W. Bromwich, Eng.; Feb. 26, 1908. Keeps her dresses for five years... and wears 'em... sends name of favorite restaurant to friends as a compliment... wants to form women's league of nations... loves broadcasting... terribly afraid of cops and spiders... carries saccharine in cigaret case... drinks coffee constantly... hankers to be a diplomat.

JOHN CARROLL

Born Julian La Faye; Mandeville, La.; July 17, 1912. Hit Hollywood because he was tired of "it all." Became a gun-runner at the age of ten. Saw best friend stabbed to death; stopped adventuring for a spell. Studied opera; too tame. Treasure-hunted along Atlantic; found a few dead oysters. Is a crack athlete. Has had no time for complexes.

LYNNE CARVER

Born Virginia Samson; Sept. 13, 1909; in Lexington, Ky. Breakfasts on steak and potatoes while listening to a Brahms symphony. Has a voice trained for the opera, but won't sing for the movies. Swims every morning before breakfast. She writes loads of letters, but invariably forgets to mail them. Has a passion for champagne cocktails.

CHARLES CHAPLIN

Born Charles Chaplin; April 16, 1889; in London. Both his parents were stage people, and his own acting career began when he was six. He came to the United States in 1910, and immediately started his phenomenally successful work for Keystone. Couldn't be more versatile; writes, plays, composes music and arranges musical scores, besides being the laughing-with-tears-in-your-eyes type of comedian.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Born Lily Chauchion; Paris, France; Sept. 13, 1905. Easy come, easy go. Keeps "Oscar" in her closet, uses him as a hat rack. Slips garlic in the soup when hubby's back is turned. Always loses handkerchiefs and gloves. Has all kinds of imaginary ills, marrying a doctor didn't cure her. Loves to be babied.

RONALD COLMAN

Born Ronald Colman; Surrey, Eng.; Feb. 9, 1891. A camera fiend... friends live in constant fear of untimely exposures... loves to play jokes... once caught 228 pound marlin swordfish, and never lets anyone forget it... thinks he can play poker... loves the circus... gets slushy over "Danny Boy"... wears the most outlandish neckties.



SCREEN ALMANAC

GARY COOPER

Born Frank James Cooper; May 7, 1901; Helena, Mont. Lackadaisical walker, talker, whittler, sketcher, harmonica blower . . . likes best of all his cowboy friend, Slim, planning ahead, cowboy clothes, loud ties, Russian prints, his foreign-made car . . . goes to sleep anywhere no matter what . . . never forgets . . . practices roping on hired calves.

JACKIE COOPER

Born John Cooper; Sept. 15, 1922; Los Angeles, Cal. Mad about swing music, guns and swords, photography, acting, pipes, loud socks and sports clothes . . . dotes on dolling up once a month, buying a gallon of gas at a time, his butler, Sunday afternoon jam sessions, boxing, bachelorhood, rising and shining at 6 A. M. . . Never takes a date to a "dive."

JAMES CRAIG

Born James Meador; Feb. 4, 1912; Nashville, Tenn. Personal aspirations toward piracy; parental aspirations toward the ministry; compromise in a combination Cary Grant-Jimmy Stewart actor . . . unmarried careerist . . . well-traveled . . . former truck driver, ditch digger, oil field mucker, baseball and football star, boxer and wrestler . . . Kitty Foyle's dream guy.

BRODERICK CRAWFORD

Born Broderick Crawford; Phila., Penn., 1905. Harvard man for one day; deck hand for three years. Had nose broken in a water-front fight—that's why he looks like a yokel. Hurlled from family bosom in disgrace. Mother, Helen Broderick, didn't want another trouper in family. Sonny made good! Owns brace of dogs which are scourge of his studio.

JOAN CRAWFORD

Born Lucille Le Suer Cassin; March 23, 1908; in San Antonio, Texas. Got her movie name through a magazine contest. Is a terrific Garbo fan, and takes her two dachshunds to see all her pictures. Cries at least once a day. Sleeps in a huge bed with a canopy and eats shredded wheat every day for lunch. She runs with her trainer every morning before breakfast, and could probably win the six-day bike races if she chose.

BING CROSBY

Born Harry L. Crosby; May 2, 1904; Tacoma, Wash. Forever turning the tables; changed from playboy into solid family man after marriage . . . made fortune in music although he's unable to read a note . . . went on diet and stuck to Irish stew, fried chicken, biscuits and honey and mince pie . . . proverbial track loser, yet stables forty nags!

ROBERT CUMMINGS

Born Charles Cummings; June 9, 1910; Joplin, Mo. Sticks up his slightly off-center nose at night clubs and meat . . . displays flair on the flute and woodwork as well as for English and Texas accents, getting phone calls meal-time, photography, his Hudson right-hand drive car . . . beams on his terrycloth bathrobe, his pet monkey, Chinese checkers and books.

ALAN CURTIS

Born Harry Ueberroth; July 24; in Chicago. Has the widest shoulders in Hollywood. Used to be a model, but don't remind him of it! Would rather be a sailor than an actor. Has a huge appetite, and consumes a five-course meal before going to bed. Chews on ice continually, and smokes an ancient pipe whenever he can get away with it.

LINDA DARNELL

Born Linda Monette Eloyse Darnell; Oct. 16, 1923; Dallas, Tex. Exception to all rules; doesn't smoke or drink, want to marry an actor, believe in kissing a man before she's engaged, like murder mysteries, employ a maid . . . does answer the telephone in person, retain modesty as her watchword, shoot and develop her own movies, want to tame lions.

FRANKIE DARRO

Born Frank Johnson; Dec. 22, 1916; Chicago, Ill. Has appeared in over 300 films . . . nickname is "Stooge" . . . smokes in bed . . . is an ardent baseball fan . . . can't stand the smell of bathsalts . . . favorite occupation is sleeping . . . has a pet bull named "Pal" . . . detests fish . . . avoids night clubs like the plague.

BETTE DAVIS

Born Ruth Elizabeth Davis; April 5, 1908; Lowell, Mass. Has an enormous appetite, especially for mashed potatoes, but never gains an ounce. She is an expert swimmer and when in school used to swim in snow-drifts! Is a chain smoker, loves steak and mushrooms, but won't look at Italian or Spanish food. Despite her newly-acquired, air-minded husband, Arthur Farnsworth, she is petrified of planes.

LARAINÉ DAY

Born Loraine Johnson; Roosevelt, Utah; Oct. 13, 1920. Joined the Los Angeles Player's Guild under the wing of Elias Day, whose name she later adopted. Born of a family of Mormons, there isn't a single actor in her family tree. Favorite pastime of her childhood was organizing skits and circuses in her backyard. Is one of 7 children, including a twin brother. She loves to read Ogden Nash, and dabbles in writing herself.

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DATA ON THE REMAINING PERSONALITIES WILL APPEAR IN SUCCEEDING ISSUES

SEND GREETINGS TO . . .

HAPPY BIRTHDAY



*Baby Sandy, appearing
in Universal Pictures*

Wally Beery was born
on April 1, but he's no-

body's April Fool! Neither, for that matter,

are Walter Winchell, J. Pierpont Morgan—or any

of you April-ites. Not that you don't have your

giddy moments—the star-gazers tell us you crave

Mickey Mouse and Flash Gordon!

You love glamour—in your job, your mate,

everywhere—and that high-voltage personality makes

you more than a little on the glamorous side

yourself! You're an incurable teller of tall tales, but

people think you're cute, not obnoxious. You won't

play if you're not boss, but you're such fun to work for,

nobody minds. You're extravagant, jealous,

conceited and fickle; you're generous, versatile, dynamic

and affectionate. You're a wonderful, incredible hodge-

podge—and many slap-happy returns!

ALBERT, EDDIE—April 22
ALLEN, FRED—April 8
BARRIE, WENDY—April 18
BARRYMORE, LIONEL—April 28
BEERY, WALLACE—April 1
BYRD, RALPH—April 22
CABOT, BRUCE—April 20
CARLSON, RICHARD—April 29
CHAPLIN, CHARLES—April 16
CONNOLLY, WALTER—April 8
DAVIS, BETTE—April 5
DOUGLAS, MELVYN—April 5
EBSEN, BUDDY—April 2
HENIE, SONJA—April 8
HINDS, SAMUEL S.—April 4
HOLDEN, WILLIAM—April 17
HOWARD, JOHN—April 14
HOWARD, LESLIE—April 24
JEAN, GLORIA—April 14
JENKINS, ALLEN—April 9
LAKE, ARTHUR—April 17
LANE, ROSEMARY—April 4
LANGFORD, FRANCES—April 4
LLOYD, HAROLD—April 20
McPHAIL, DOUGLAS—April 16
NOLAN, BOB—April 14
O'BRIEN, GEORGE—April 19
PATERSON, PAT—April 7
PICKFORD, MARY—April 8
QUINN, ANTHONY—April 21
RATOFF, GREGORY—April 20
ROBINSON, FRANCES—April 26
ROBSON, MAY—April 19
SHIRLEY, ANNE—April 17
STUART, GLORIA—April 4
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY—April 23
THOMAS, FRANKIE—April 9
TOLER, SIDNEY—April 28
TRACY, LEE—April 14
TRACY, SPENCER—April 5
WILLIAMS, GUINN—April 26
WITHERS, JANE—April 12

Did anyone ever tell you ...

YOU HAVE THE **LOVELIEST** EYES !



"Why let other girls get all the thrilling compliments," said a smart young woman we know.

"I've proved for myself that Maybelline *does* make a difference. Now, men often say nice things about my eyes".

Maybelline Eye Make-up is truly glorifying, because it's *natural-looking*. Your lashes are perfectly lovely with Maybelline Mascara, created for realistic effect—never stiff or gummy. You know, Nature fades out all eyelashes at the ends. Darkened to the very tips, they appear much longer and more luxuriant! Then see how expressive your brows are, when clearly defined and tapered gracefully with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. And there's a soft sheen for eyelids...

a flattering background for eyes, in a touch of subtle Eye Shadow. Make your eyes irresistibly enchanting—today—with genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Handy purse sizes at all 10c counters.



BEFORE USING MAYBELLINE →



No Smearing - No Smudges!
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in handsome metal vanity, 75c. Black, Brown, Blue. (Refills, 35c).



Very Popular, Too!

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied with-out water) in exclusive zipper case, 75c. Black, Brown, Blue.



Pointed to Perfection!

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil—just soft enough for best results. Black or Brown.



Added Enchantment!

Maybelline Eye Shadow in six lovely, harmonizing shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Green, Brown, Violet.

Maybelline



WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



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