


MODERN SCREEN



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coop! DAVE ROSE TALKS ABOUT JUDY GARLAND



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Roses Cologne to match your
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M-G-M's "Billy the Kid" is a "Western" true enough. But you gotta use those words "saga" and "epic". Real galloping tintypes and buckets of blood.

Never was Technicolor so magnificent. The sunlit freedom of the open plains, the glory of the canyons, the steel blue of the revolver, the jet black in horse and rider, the peachbloom of the fair damsel. Folks, tonight's the night!

You can have your "Easterns" with their villainous demitasses, your "Northerns" with their relentless man-getters, your "Southerns" with their crinoline coyness—

But give us a "Western" like "Billy the Kid" any time. And now's as good a time as any other.

Somehow we can't help sending along a fan note to Robert Taylor for his splendid performance. Bob, you're a really great star and this he-man role fits you the way you fit that horse. Which is better than a glove.

No time for elaboration, but would just like to toss a sprig to author Gene Fowler for the way he does it.

It's another
big hit from

Lea

The

Kid



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MODERN SCREEN

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Cover Girl: Paulette Goddard, appearing in "Hold Back The Dawn," a Paramount Picture.

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● BIGGEST SINCE FAMED "NORTHWEST PASSAGE"

ROBERT TAYLOR as **BILLY THE KID** (IN TECHNICOLOR)

ROBERT TAYLOR as BILLY THE KID (IN TECHNICOLOR)

with BRIAN DONLEVY • Ian Hunter • Mary Howard • Gene Lockhart • Lon Chaney, Jr.
Screen Play by Gene Fowler • Directed by David Miller • Produced by Irving Asher • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Information desk

POST THOSE BRAIN TEASERS TO US. WE HAVE

ALL THE ANSWERS ON THE TIPS OF OUR TONGUES!



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.*

Verdale M. Carter, Dayton, Ohio. Leader of the rootin' tootin' Sons of Pioneers is 33-year-old bachelor Bob Nolan who's six feet two inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, hails from New Brunswick, N. J. All the rest of the gang are married. Six foot, 180 pound Hugh Farr from Llano, Texas, was born Dec. 6, 1914; his 31-year-old brother Carl is just six feet tall; Pat Brady, born on Dec. 31, 1914, in Toledo, Ohio, is five feet eleven inches, 165 pounds; Lloyd "Hillbilly" Perryman who's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 154 pounds, was born in Wild Cherry, Ark. 24 years ago. Their latest is "Outlaws of the Panhandle." . . . In "Li'l Abner" Granville Owen as Li'l Abner gets pursued by Martha O'Driscoll (Daisy Mae). Mona Ray plays Mammy Yokum, spouse of Johnnie Morris (Pappy Yokum). Cousin Delightful is Billie Seward.

Jayne Quigley, Cincinnati, Ohio. Yes, Gene Raymond and Dolores Del Rio played together in a 1933 version of "Flying Down to Rio." That was their one and only co-starring movie. . . . Jane Wyatt was the heroine of "Lost Horizon." . . . Lila Lee was leading lady in "The Night of June 13th" way back in 1932.

Jean Hyner, Detroit, Michigan. Husky six-foot-two-inch Charles Lang's first ambition was to be a professional baseball player. The nearest he ever got to it was a try-out with the Brooklyn Eagles; but he's still an avid fan. Born in New York City on February 15, 1915, he did just about everything possible before turning to the stage—was a Wall Street runner, reception clerk, truck driver, insurance salesman, chemist's assistant and lecturer at the World's Fair. While making his Broadway debut in "Pastoral," he was discovered by a talent scout and called to Hollywood. He's having the time of his life on the Coast, drives a Ford coupé, goes out for all sports (specially hunting) and reads everything he can get his hands on. Is most frequently seen with Helen Parrish.

Tala Beverly, Pittsburgh, Pa. Nope, Anna Neagle of "Irene" and "No, No, Nanette" fame is not Ross Alexander's widow. Mrs. Alexander is Anne Nagel, who's going to remarry soon, incidentally.

A. G. A. L., the Kid, Richmond, Ontario. You can write to Bette Davis at Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal., to find out whether she had an accident near your home. . . . No, Olivia de Havilland didn't play the violin in "My Love Came Back." That was all done by trick photography.

Helen Bancroft, Farragut, Iowa. Sure 'nuf we have everything you want to know about Range Busters. John King will be 32 in July, comes from Cincinnati, Ohio, can be reached at Monogram Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. His buddy, Ray Corrigan, will be glad to hear from you at Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, Cal. He's six feet two inches tall, weighs 199 pounds, was born in Milwaukee, Wis., on Valentine's Day in 1907. Max Terhune's at the same address, is six feet tall, tips the scales at 204 pounds. He was born in Franklin, Ind., in 1891.

Clarice Kirk, Provo, Utah. Your friend, Betty Grable, has thrilled theatregoers in: "What Price Innocence," "The Nitwits," "Old Man Rhythm," "Collegiate," "Follow the Fleet," "Don't Turn 'Em Loose," "Pigskin Parade," "This Way Please," "Thrill of a Lifetime," "College Swing," "Give Me a Sailor," "Campus Confessions," "The Day the Bookies Wept," "Million Dollar Legs," "Down Argentine Way," "Tin Pan Alley" and "Miami."

A. Gonzalez, Tampa, Fla. Here are those vital statistics for you: George Raft, 36 years old, five feet ten inches tall; Jimmy Cagney, 37, five feet eight and a half inches; Judy Garland, 18, five feet five inches; Ida Lupino, 27, five feet six inches; Linda Darnell, 17, five feet five inches; Dorothy Lamour, 26, five feet five inches; Madeleine Carroll, 33, five feet four inches; Jane Withers, 15, five feet three and a half inches.

Jane Inglehart, Boston, Mass. Address your letter to Freddie Bartholomew at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Yes, Stirling Hayden writes to his fans. Direct your envelope to him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood. Jeff Lynn is notorious for his prompt friendly answers to fan mail. . . . Madeleine Carroll gets her letters at Paramount Studios.

Harry Marshall, Providence, R. I. Connie Bennett was born on Oct. 22, 1905, is five feet four inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has blue eyes and blonde hair. Her latest picture was "Escape to Glory" for Columbia, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Incidentally, she wed Gilbert Roland on April 22nd of this year.

Opal Schwabrow, New York, N. Y. Marion Claire played Bobby Breen's mom in "Make a Wish," in 1937.

Wanda Atkin, Portland, Ore. Just send in your 25c to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., for a picture of Shepperd Strudwick.

GREAT NEWS!

'MILLION DOLLAR BABY'

will be shown
immediately!

Hollywood fell head over
heels for this wonderful
story of a girl who falls
into a million dollars!

(You should read those preview raves!)

It's so good, and so gay,
and so lovable that
theatres wouldn't wait a
single moment to play
it for you! Watch for it
and don't dare miss it!

*It stars, in their
very best roles ever . . .*

PRISCILLA LANE
JEFFREY LYNN
RONALD REAGAN
MAY ROBSON • LEE PATRICK

Directed by **CURTIS BERNHARDT**

Screen Play by Casey Robinson, Richard Macaulay and
Jerry Wald • From a Story by Leonard Spigelgass

A NEW WARNER BROS. HIT



movie reviews

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

CITIZEN KANE ★ ★ ★ ★

This is the most talked-about film of recent years. You may agree with the raves that it has been getting prior to release, or you may disagree. In either case, it is a film which will arouse your violent interest.

To this reviewer's mind, "Citizen Kane" is powerful drama and an engrossing human document. In two hours it tells, with infinite detail, the life of a man, from the age of 25 to the age of 80. But it is not episodic, and it is not jerky. And it is not overlong. It seems just about right, and it flows smoothly. That is what makes it an important movie—the way it is done.

The acting of Orson Welles in the difficult leading role is unbelievably good; it is not an actor you are seeing on the screen, but a living, breathing, full-bodied human being. Welles' direction is not far behind; it is masterful and in full control. It seems incredible that this could possibly have been Welles' first movie directing job, because his hand is so sure and deft. And his third task, as writer of the script, is equally impressive, although here he had the cooperation of an experienced screen writer, Herman Mankiewicz.

Another very important item—perhaps the most important—is the technical excellence of the film. As a matter of fact, it seemed as though there was too much attention to the technical end. Bernard Hermann's musical background and Gregg Toland's photography are exceptionally good—but do not blend into the whole the way the writing, acting and directing do.

There are quite a number of astonishingly keen characterizations by the little-known players in the company. Especially outstanding are Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Com-ingore and Everett Sloane.—*RKO-Radio*.



Most of the supporting players in Orson Welles' one-man show, "Citizen Kane," are actors and actresses totally unknown to the screen. With him above are Joseph Cotten and Erskine Fanford.

PENNY SERENADE ★ ★ ★ ½

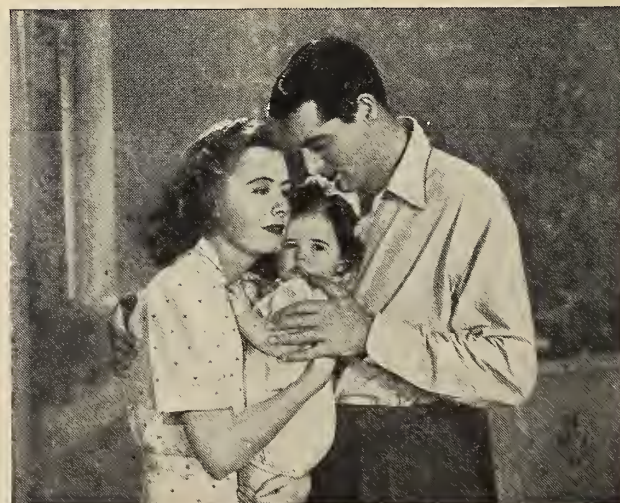
Get ready for a surprise when you see this picture. Cary Grant and Irene Dunne in "Penny Serenade" sounds very much like what it isn't. Because it is, actually, a simple, dramatic affair with heart-tug. In fact those of you gals who enjoy a good cry once in a while had better take your hankies along. The men may sneer at the "mush," but they'll enjoy it, nevertheless.

It is a new variation for Cary Grant, especially; not even for a moment is he his usual sophisticated, debonair self. The change should be good for him because it gives him a chance at some real and honest emotional acting. Irene, of course, is always in full control of herself, a seasoned trouper in the sentimental school.

It is a simple story, dealing with the domestic life of a young couple who adopt a baby. It tells of the fundamental concerns of rearing the child, and the homespun theme is handled with delicacy and rare good humor. The film has astonishingly keen understanding and moves with a fine marriage of mood and timing. You believe it all, every second of the way, and become part and parcel of the lovable family.

Aside from the two stars, there is an excellently selected and intelligently directed supporting cast, headed by Edgar Buchanan, Beulah Bondi and Ann Doran. Ann is a nine-year-old youngster who here joins the parade of the talented younger generation in Hollywood with a good deal of hope and promise for the future.

There are a few sentimental scenes that are overdone, but director George Stevens keeps things moving smoothly most of the time.—*Columbia*. (Continued on page 10)



In "Penny Serenade," Cary Grant drops his sleek sophistication and turns homebody. He and Irene Dunne play foster parents to one-year-old Baby Biffie, who has an identical twin!

Which FOOT TROUBLE is yours?



Wm. M. Scholl, M.D.

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When your feet hurt, you hurt all over! Don't suffer. Go to your Drug, Shoe, Department or 10¢ Store this week—**DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT COMFORT WEEK**—and get the Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Remedy you need to be foot-happy. Remember—There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for most every common foot trouble.

FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, velvety-soft foot plaster relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Can be cut to any size or shape.



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Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy. 2 drops relieve pain quickly; soon loosen and remove hard or soft corns and callouses.



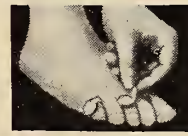
REMOVES CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve quickly relieves pain and soon loosens old, hard corns for easy removal. Dependable, economical. Easy to apply.



REMOVE CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters quickly relieve pain and remove corns. Stop nagging shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.



PROTECTS TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Moleskin, soft cushioning padding for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions on the feet. Cut it to any size or shape.



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Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions give sore, tender heels a soft bed to rest upon. Made of sponge rubber, covered with leather. Easily applied.



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Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in sizes for corns and bunions, instantly relieve pain of these foot troubles by stopping shoe pressure on sore spot. Easy to apply.



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Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed or perspiring feet. Soothing, comforting to irritated skin. Eases new or tight shoes.



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Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet caused by exertion and fatigue. Refreshing. Liquid (Vanishing) or Ointment.



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Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular), loosens secretions of the skin; cleanses skin pores; stimulates normal circulation; aids in promoting foot health.



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Stocking Heel Protector firmly but comfortably grips the heel, saves wear of stocking at the heel, prevents blisters and slipping at heel. Washable.



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CORNS
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
SOFT CORNS
between toes
CROOKED TOES
TIRED, ACHING
BURNING FEET
WEAK ARCHES
FLAT-FEET
SWOLLEN ANKLES
TENDER FEET
ITCHING TOES
ATHLETE'S FOOT
SORE HEELS

Quick Relief From Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

These thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads instantly stop nagging shoe friction; lift tormenting pressure. Relief is then immediate. Help quickly remove corns or callouses.



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LASTS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

★★★½ The Great American Broadcast

There are various ways of looking at these things, of course. Some people believe that every new movie which comes along ought to have a new story. Darryl Zanuck, on the other hand, believes that once he uses a good story and it turns out successfully, why should he bother thinking up a new one? And if this movie is any criterion—our reply is, why indeed? Go right on dishing it out, Mr. Z; change the characters a little here and there, give us new tunes, change the background. And we'll be right there cheering.

By which time you must have gathered that "The Great American Broadcast" is on the okay side. It's light, frothy and full of fun. Jack Oakie and Johnny Payne are the two lads who are life-long buddies this time (same set-up as "Tin Pan Alley"), and Johnny takes Alice Faye (same girl as in "T.P.A.") away from Jack. But the radio business (it was music business in "T.P.A.") booms up and up (yeah!) and the movie characters with it. For purposes of plot variation, Cesar Romero horns in and tries to take Alice away from both Jack and John, but he hasn't a chance.

The radio business, of course, is an exciting hunk of recent history, and this picture makes the most of it—whether any of it is true historically or not. There's a grand piece of editing which permits the inclusion of newsreel footage of the original Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo, and it's so well done that you may think it was staged for this picture.

There are a half dozen okay songs, most of them with the same remember-when flavor which has proved so successful in films of this type. Alice does most of the singing; Johnny, surprisingly enough, does a good deal of it with her, and Jack clowns through several amusing lyrics. All three are in top form. Romero is a bit too heavy in his assignment, which isn't entirely his fault; the role is none too well thought out or written.

As usual in these pictures there are a number of highly entertaining vaudeville specialties, the best among them being, again, the Nicholas Brothers. This young colored duo has caught on astonishingly; they always get (deservedly) a big hand. The Four Ink Spots are plenty good, and the Three Wierd Brothers are amusing. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★★½ Ziegfeld Girl

Girls, girls, girls. You wouldn't think that just girls are enough for a movie—but then these are not just girls, they are the most delectable, the most luscious, the most eye-filling, the most—oh, dear.

It is difficult to find the correct descriptive adjectives for this movie, largely because it is so different from anything that has gone before. It is a lavish spectacle, full of big numbers, beautiful clothes, exquisite girls and lilting tunes. Also, there is a story that fits all this mass of material. As a matter of literal truth, there are, actually, three stories, but they all blend pretty well.

What the movie attempts to do is tell you what it means to be a member of a Ziegfeld show. For this purpose, there are many lovelies to look at, and the camera focuses with especial interest on three of

them—Lana Turner, Judy Garland and Hedy Lamarr. Lana used to be an elevator operator in Brooklyn and was in love with Jimmy Stewart, a truck driver, until she got a chance to be "glorified" in the Follies. Then Ian Hunter, a stage door Johnny, helps to turn her head; and all of her life, as well as that of everyone in her circle, falls to pieces tragically.

Judy Garland's yarn is a happy, though emotional, one. She is the daughter of an ex-vaudevillian who gets her break and employs it wisely. While Hedy is the devoted and straightforward wife of Philip Dorn, a penniless violinist. Hedy, unlike Lana, never permits her love and loyalty to falter despite the attempts of Tony Martin to crash her affections.

Lana Turner is better at her role than she has ever been; it is an incredibly true performance. Jimmy Stewart's part was evidently fashioned directly for him; it is a typical Stewart role. Ian Hunter is first-rate, as usual. Judy Garland scores solidly in a role which, too, was written for her and fits her like a glove. Charlie Winniger couldn't be better as Judy's father. Hedy Lamarr has less to do dramatically than the others but more than justifies her presence in the picture by just parading some magnificent costumes on that chassis of hers. Philip Dorn has authority in his brief role. Tony Martin hasn't much acting to do, which is just as well, but sings a couple of songs very neatly.

And in case you don't think that's enough top talent, there are some A-1 performances in supporting roles by more name players such as Jackie Cooper, Fay Holden, Edward Everett Horton, Jack Kelly, Eve Arden and Mae Busch. And none of them are lost in the shuffle; they all get something to do in the seemingly unceasing parade.

The score is good, the best song being "You Stepped Out Of A Dream," which will probably be a hit. This reporter never did care for Busby Berkeley's ginger-bread specialty numbers, but if you like them, they are there; and if you don't, they won't bother you too much. And certainly there is a bow due to Adrian for imaginative and colorful costuming. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

★★★½ Kiss the Boys Goodbye

A better title for this honey of a movie would have been "Revenge in Hollywood." It may not be fair to hold up the review of the picture in order to gossip; but the two are really related, so listen to this one. "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" was originally a Broadway play kidding the pants off the movie industry. It seemed surprising when Paramount bought the rights to turn it into a movie. However, this is what the studio did: it changed the locale to Broadway and turned the same story into a satire on show business, rather than on movie business.

Well, now to get on with the criticism. Mary Martin is the star and runs away with the picture, easily. Yes, sure, Don Ameche gets top billing, but this is Mary's picture, nevertheless. There's a darb of a cast in support, by the way, including Oscar Levant, Virginia Dale and Barbara Jo Allen.

The story, in case you've forgotten, has to do with a talent hunt for a "typical Southern actress." Now we all know that Hollywood goes on such talent hunts

(Continued on page 12)

"WHOO~STOLE MY HEART AWAY?"



**ANNA
NEAGLE** in



1941's Greatest Dancing
Show, Featuring Famous
JEROME KERN
Hits, Including "Who",
"Sunny", "D'You Love Me"

Songs that stole the heart of America
... in America's favorite musical
romance, now filmed in splendor
with a host of stars and eye-widen-
ing novelties! ... No wonder Holly-
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SUNNY

With

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Helen WESTLEY • And The HARTMANS
Produced & Directed by HERBERT WILCOX

Screen Play by Sig Herzig • From the Musical Comedy "Sunny"
Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II

RKO RADIO PICTURE



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MM-71-C

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

quite regularly, and Broadway producers never do—and the more credit to Hollywood, it seems to us. But here the movies are making believe that a Broadway director named Don Ameche is touring the countryside hunting a songstress. But he doesn't really want to find one. He really wants to give the part to the gal he loves, Barbara Jo Allen, an established Broadway personality. Mary Martin scotches his plans. She's a Broadway showgirl who can't get a job on Broadway (remember that crack about prophets in their own backyards?), so she goes south, makes believe she's an amateur and snares both Ameche and the job.

It's fun. Somewhat strained at times, but fun. And Mary Martin really makes the role stand out. Ameche is only so-so in the male lead. It's hard to believe him as just a plain old-fashioned leading man who gets the girl. Oscar Levant, the sourpuss with the glib tongue on the Information Please radio program, wangles a lot of good, easy-going laugh lines, and Virginia Dale continues to climb nicely. With the right roles, this gal can develop into star material. Or have we already said so? Barbara Jo Allen, who is Vera Vague in radio, is badly miscast as the other woman; it's too heavy a role for her, and she's too good-looking a gal to take it.

There are half a dozen light and amusing songs, but none of them are especially outstanding. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—Paramount.

★★★½ The Great Lie

The women folk ought to like this picture very much. It is strictly a dame's picture, as we he-men say, loudly beating our hairy chests and sneaking a quick peek when no one is watching us. Bette Davis is in her element in the top role, a well-conceived, thoroughly worked-out character portrayal. And Mary Astor matches her performance every inch of the way in an amazingly adult part.

What this film really amounts to, come to think of it, is a triumph of acting and directing over material. The basic premise is old-fashioned, mushy and highly improbable. Theatrical, perhaps, is the word for it. But it is all done so well that you can't help being intrigued.

George Brent has a few fleeting moments as the illegally wed husband of Mary Astor, a concert pianist. That washes out, and he marries Bette Davis. Then he goes off to the jungle and is lost for a year or so, while Mary gives birth to his child. The two women make a bargain. Bette agrees to secretly assume motherhood of the child. Brent comes back and accepts this—but now Mary breaks down. She wants the child and she wants George. She decides to try for both. You'll have to see the picture to find out what the finish is; it is not sloppy, and it is essentially an honest answer to a dishonest basic situation.

It is hard to conceive of any two women in the world playing this picture except Davis and Astor. They are a perfect match. It is impossible to say which is better or which grabs the major honors, and it is to Bette's eternal credit that she permitted herself to be cast this way in a picture, sharing the limelight inevitably with a lesser known personality. Henceforth, Mary Astor is indeed a star.

Hattie McDaniel, Lucille Watson, Grant Mitchell and Jerome Cowan head the above-average supporting cast. Lots of credit is due to Tony Gaudio's imaginative camera work. Director Alfred Goulding guides the picture throughout with

admirable finesse and exact pace. Credit due the writer, Lenore Coffee, for her brilliant dialogue.—Warner Bros.

★★★½ Flame of New Orleans

For many years now we have been hearing terrific things about a French director named Rene Clair. This is the first movie made by Clair in the United States. That fact, plus Marlene Dietrich in the starring role, makes it tremendously important. And the good news is that the picture is distinctly on the credit side of the ledger—a grand piece of romantic entertainment for the girls; replete with amusing satirical commentary to make the men chuckle.

Marlene has never been as beautiful nor worn such gorgeous gowns. The story is eminently well suited to her, and Rene Clair, with his astonishingly keen handling of camera effects, has added new stature to her career as a dramatic actress. No matter what you thought of Marlene in the past you'll have to admit she's breath-taking here.

A New Orleans setting of about 100 years ago makes it possible for Clair to establish the same kind of atmospheric background he would have had if his story were laid in his native France. Marlene, it seems, has just arrived in New Orleans and has an unsavory past. She goes on the make for Roland Young, a very rich banker, and doggone near lands him. Stopping the wedding mid-ceremony is the arrival of true love by way of sailor Bruce Cabot. All he has to do is look at Marlene, and all her play acting is over and done with.

It is interesting to note that this kind of romantic persiflage manages to get over without making anyone unhappy. If you are the sort of person who wants to believe that kind of story, there it is. If not, you will find that the film might just as well be a satire of the very kind of story it seems to be.

There are some delicious humorous incidents, some of which will have you chuckling for days afterwards. At times the picture moves slowly, but there's not one spot that really will bother you.

Besides Marlene the cast includes a new and surprising performance by Bruce Cabot. He's been a sort of heavy in the past but now emerges as an exciting male romantic lead. He reminds you a bit of Gable and more of the elder Fairbanks in his prime. Roland Young is topnotch, of course, and there is a very strong cast of support players including Laura Hope Crews, Melville Cooper, Frank Jenks, Andy Devine and Mischa Auer. And we mustn't forget an outstanding bit of acting by Theresa Harris, a colored gal with loads of oomph.

Rudy Mate's camera work rates special mention.—Universal.

★★★ Men of Boys Town

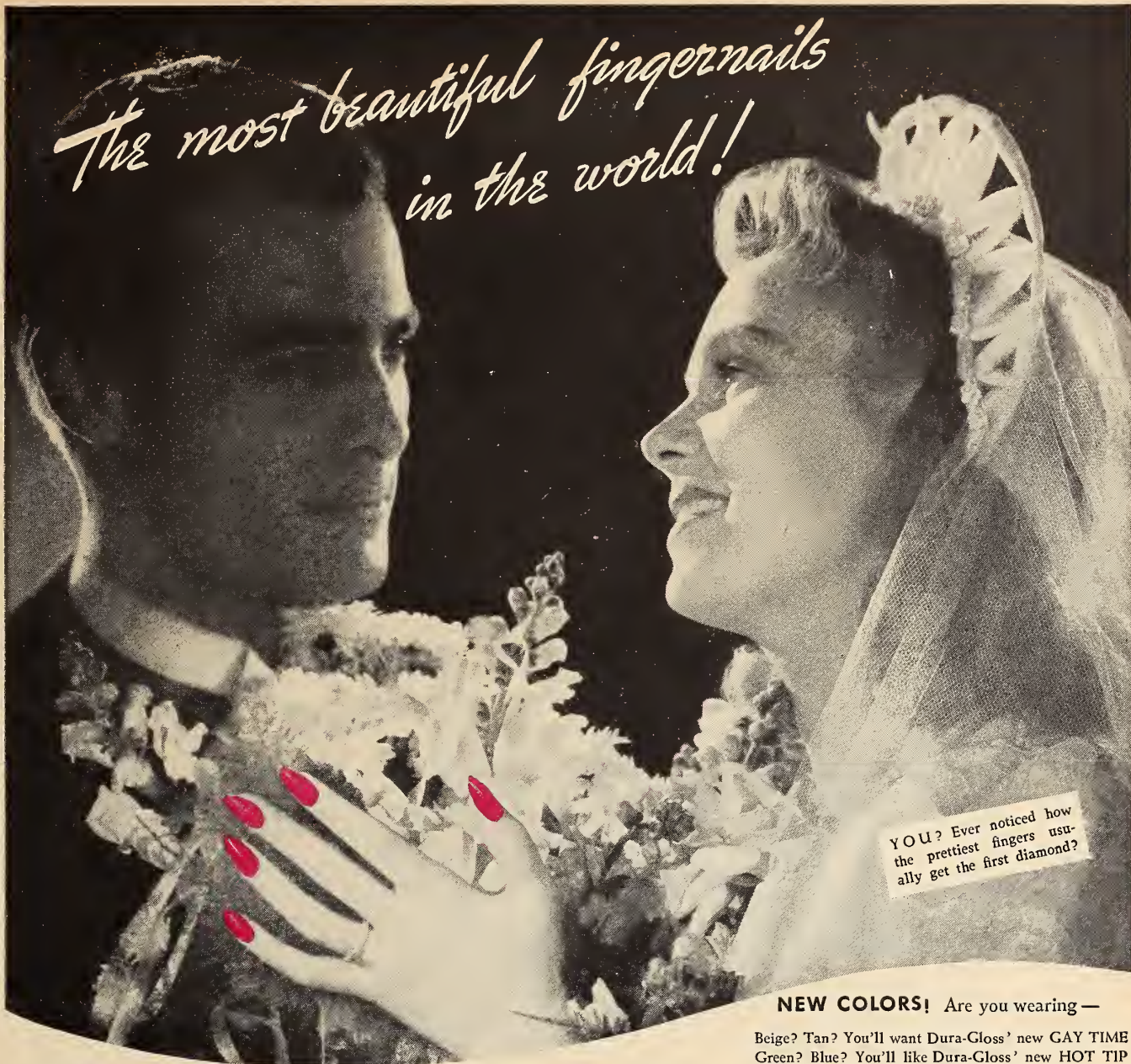
No picture in a very long time has made such an open bid for sentimental reactions nor such an unabashed demand for weeps as "Men of Boys Town." Not any part of it is basically real, but nevertheless, the picture is sock entertainment. You'll cry your head off, and maybe you'll be annoyed with yourself for so doing.

It is a sequel, of course, to "Boys Town" and has the same extra-strong stellar combo up in front, Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy. Plus the same director, Norman Taurog, who has no peer in the movie business when it comes to handling kids or stories about them.

The story is entirely too pat and easy. There are many coincidences, particularly notable being the one that sends

(Continued on page 14)

*The most beautiful fingernails
in the world!*



YOU? Ever noticed how
the prettiest fingers usu-
ally get the first diamond?

NEW COLORS! Are you wearing —

Beige? Tan? You'll want Dura-Gloss' new **GAY TIME**
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*The continuous use of Dura-Gloss
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How welcome to find, after using Dura-Gloss, that "bumps" and ridges are gone from your nails, that now they have the rich smooth beauty you've admired in others, never expected in yourself! How welcome each chance to show your hands, sure that your gem-like nails will be admired. For you'll have the most beautiful fingernails in the world if you use Dura-Gloss faithfully.

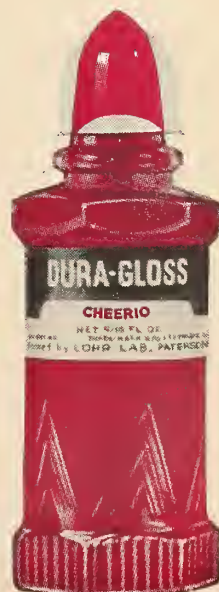
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and when you wear it you feel as though you were walking in an aura of fragrant sentiment. Use DJER-KISS... the Perfume, Talcum and in its many other forms... it's persuasive... and he'll tell you so.



Perfume \$3.50 - \$2 Toilet Water
\$1.50 - Cologne \$1 - Dusting
Powder \$1 - Sachet, de luxe size
\$1 - Talcum 75c to 10c.
Foundation Film, Face Powder,
Lipstick \$1 each.



DJER-KISS

by KERKOFF

Mickey to the same reformatory where Larry Nunn had been an inmate. All of the writing seems to have been done with the idea of moving the audience emotionally, but it is saved from descending to bathos by the discerning directing and acting.

Aside from Tracy and Rooney, both of whom are A-1, as usual, there are a number of outstanding performances. Larry Nunn is very good indeed as the young, embittered crippled kid. Darryl Hickman will astonish you as the seven-year-old desperado. Bobs Watson, as Pee Wee, repeats from the first "Boys Town." Lee Cobb, Mary Nash and Henry O'Neill are best among the grown-up characters, and there is a girl named Anne Revere who must be watched. She plays a small, dramatic bit astonishingly well.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★ Pot O' Gold

This picture is probably more important because James Roosevelt produced it than for any other reason. It is the first production made by the President's son, and it's okay as first productions go. Jimmy (as all of us Hollywoodies are now very carefully calling him) shows here that he has a good showmanship nose and a feel for entertainment; he should click in the movie business, after he gets going.

"Pot O' Gold" is a lively, tuneful film-musical with Jimmy Stewart and Paulette Goddard heading a better-than-average cast. The story is one of those hashed-together affairs showing very little originality or depth, but it offers plenty of opportunity for the troupers involved.

Stewart is typed again in a fat role as the ingratiating, pleasant youngster who likes to play a harmonica and loaf through life. His uncle, Charles Winninger, is a tight-fisted, rough, tough old rascal who is constantly battling anybody and everybody. This is the best break Winninger has had in a long time. He gets away from his usual pigeonhole and he's swell. Winninger is carrying on a feud with Mary Gordon, a boarding-house keeper, and her boarders—the boys in Horace Heidt's band—help her side of the battle by playing all night long and keeping Winninger in the next house from sleep. Paulette is the daughter of the boarding-house keeper who battles with Jimmy until they both realize that they're in love. Then they invent the "Pot O' Gold" radio formula which solves everybody's problems. Or does it?

The film moves along pleasantly, and all the actors will please you. Also there's a lot of good music of the jazz school. That Heidt lad knows how to dish out easy, smooth rhythm. The songs are better than average, best of the sextet being "When Johnny Toots His Horn" and "Broadway Caballero."

In support roles, Frank Melton, Jed Prouty and Dick Hogan stand out. Give a hand to George Marshall for intelligent assemblage of a strange melange of cinematic fruit.—Roosevelt-United Artists.

★★★ That Uncertain Feeling

If you don't expect too much, this picture should prove a pleasant evening's diversion. Ernst Lubitsch has directed the frothy affair with that well-known light touch of his. None of it is weighty or important, but all of it is pleasant, and the Merle Oberon-Melvyn Douglas combination is one that will excite considerable interest.

You've seen so many variations of the sophisticated marriage problem theme that it's hard to believe there's anything new to be said about it. The big in-

novation in this picture is that it's played in a sophisticated "class" pitch, as opposed to the broad farce or zany methods seen so much recently.

Merle Oberon and Burgess Meredith are in a psychoanalyst's office as the picture opens. She's unhappy and the doc suggests that, perhaps, her husband doesn't satisfy her "artistic and emotional needs." She's glad to agree, and her fellow-patient, Burgess, is more than glad. He is an arty musician who wants her to leave her husband, Melvyn Douglas, and accept him (Meredith) as a substitute. They go right to Melvyn, and divorce proceedings are started pronto. How Merle gets straightened out to the point of giving both her doctor and Meredith the gate is the theme of the film.

It's all handled slightly tongue in cheek. Merle proves to be surprisingly adept at this type of off-the-cuff light comedy, while Melvyn has, of course, played the same abused husband role several times in the past. Burgess is the surprise (if it's really a surprise) by almost walking away with the picture. It's probably the best part he's had in pictures (unless you reach way back to "Winter set"), and he handles it surely and with conviction.

Topnotch support is given the main players by Alan Mowbray, Olive Blakeley, Eve Arden, Sig Rumann and Harry Davenport. Werner Heymann's background musical score is exceptionally good, helping a great deal in the establishment of mood and tempo. In the final analysis, though, it is the Lubitsch touch that wins you.—United Artists.

★★★ Sis Hopkins

This is a musical comedy that you shouldn't miss. It is right up there, leading the parade from the standpoint of solid entertainment, even though it is not pretentious. It is Judy Canova's finest movie job, and if anybody tells you that Canova is not a topnotch star, tell 'em to go smoke a herring.

Now don't bother us about story. There isn't any. It's just a lot of good comedy, good music, good acting and good fun.

Judy acts and sings in practically every sequence of the picture, which is okay by us. But it isn't all her own film. There is healthy support from Bob Crosby and his band; Jerry Colonna, mustachio and all, is wonderful; and there's swell trouping by Charles Butterworth, Susan Hayward and Katherine Alexander.

Best of the songs, perhaps, is "It Ain't Hay," though several others are mighty tuneful. Directed by Joseph Santley.—Republic.

★★★ Model Wife

Dependable, amusing entertainment here, in a well-knit little picture that can hold its own against almost any competition. The comedy is right down the alley for the great mass of customers, and the trouping of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell will surprise you—pleasantly.

Joan is at her best, turning in a spirited comedy performance as a girl who works as a model, but is still a good wife. Dick doesn't see any reason for her to hold on to the job—especially since she is soon to become a mother. That sets the stage for a lot of very funny marital bickering of which the writers took full advantage. Dick, by the way, is improving tremendously; he is better in every picture.

There is exceptionally good support from Charlie Ruggles, Lucille Watson, Lee Bowman, John Qualen, Billy Gilbert and Ruth Donnelly.

What makes the picture stand out, in

retrospect, is probably Leigh Jason's direction. It is of the new school which pays great attention to minor characters and attempts to make all the people in the movie real human beings—rather than hunks of a plot.—*Universal*.

★★★ Reluctant Dragon

One thing you must say about this Walt Disney guy—there's nothing he won't try. After "Mickey Mouse," "Snow White" and "Fantasia," he tries a new tangent again—this time uniting animated movies with regulation screen acting. And it's a good marriage, too, as it happens. The picture is just a fraction or so too long, and some of it is old stuff to jaded wiseguys like this reviewer—but it's still interesting, educational and good fun.

Here's the way Walt does it. He gets Robert Benchley to make believe he has an idea. Now to all of us good friends of Benchley, that is funny right from the very start. Benchley makes believe he has an idea, and he comes to Disney to sell it. He wanders all over the lot and finds out how cartoons are made. All of you who have been wondering how it's done for years will love this. Oh, yes, Benchley doesn't get time to sell his idea.

That's not much story, but it doesn't matter, because there is so much to see and learn. And it is all done in the good taste and with the grand sense of humor you'd expect from a combination like Walt and Bob.

There are other human actors in the picture. Frances Gifford, cast as one of Disney's artists, is very lovely to look at, and Buddy Pepper is funny as an officious office boy. There are two hunks of animated movie brought in logically by way of explaining the business, and these seem not so good as they might be, although the Baby Weems cartoon is funny as all getout. Directed by Alfred Werker.—*Disney-RKO*.

★★★ Sunny

The temptation is to give this picture a higher rating, largely because you want it to be better than it is. There is so much in it that is very, very good and, oh shucks, why couldn't it all have been in the same category? Anna Neagle is lovely to look at, John Carroll is better than you thought he could be, Ray Bolger will emerge from this showing as a bona fide star, and the musical score of this old-time musical comedy is still a delight to listen to.

The trouble? The comedy. There isn't enough of it, and what there is, isn't funny enough. A little more time, energy and ingenuity in this department would have made the film absolutely top-notch. But don't let this keep you away; you will still want to see it.

The story is one of those frothy little musical comedy affairs. Anna Neagle is the circus performer and John Carroll is the rich guy who falls for her. His family tries to break things up, but love triumphs. Anna sings with Carroll and dances with Bolger. Which is okay both ways. John has a warm, agreeable voice and is entirely pleasant in romantic business. Bolger is one of the greatest dancers ever and very amusing to boot. There's room for him in this business.

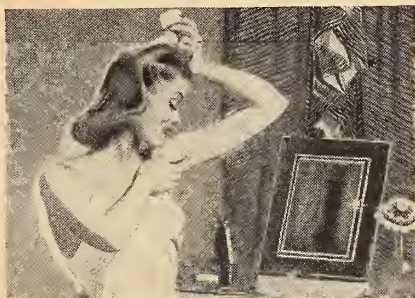
An amusing light comedy dance routine is provided by the Hartmanns which, however, tends to overdo the dancing end of the show. The settings, especially in the early part of the movie, where a New Orleans Mardi Gras is reproduced, are exquisite. Directed by the British director Herbert Wilcox —*RKO-Radio*.

(Continued on page 94)

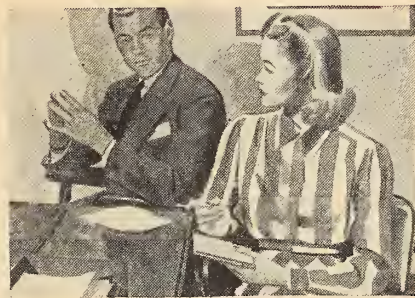


MUM is quick, safe, sure!

SAVES TIME • CLOTHES • CHARM!



DAY-LONG DAINTINESS starts with a touch of Mum under each arm, for bath freshness vanishes quickly unless you prevent the formation of future odor. Mum is sure, dependable... preferred by millions of women.



SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS GIRLS have this red letter rule... "Be a pleasant office companion, never let daintiness down!" Gentle, creamy Mum protects you for hours, yet Mum won't hurt skin or clothes. Mum is safe!



DINNER DATE TONIGHT? Surprise invitations are fun! Carry a purse-size jar of Mum for your "five o'clock freshener" and go straight from shopping or business, confident that Mum protects your charm!



HELP ROMANCE ALONG! Romance... how precious to find, how easy to lose through one careless fault! Popular girls, girls who dance every dance, never risk offending. Let Mum be the safeguard of your charm, too!

Mum prevents underarm odor all day!

A DOZEN AIDS to charm may crowd your bathroom shelves. But not one is more important than the underarm deodorant you use.

And today, with so many deodorants to choose from, isn't it significant that more women in offices, in hospitals, in schools and at home prefer Mum. Mum is pleasant to use—prevents odor instantly and does it *without stopping perspiration*.

Smart women never trust a bath alone to bring them lasting daintiness. Underarms need special care to prevent the formation of future odor... that's why so many women use Mum every single day. A quick dab under each arm and underarms are safe all day or all evening long.

Safe, dependable Mum makes you safe from the risk of ever offending. It's a favorite with thousands of men, too.

MUM IS SAFE. A gentle, soothing cream that won't harm clothes or even tender skin. Safe even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE. Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum makes the formation of underarm odor impossible for hours.

MUM IS SPEEDY. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. You can use it even after you're dressed!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Patriotic party ★ ★ ★

HERE ARE MARY HOWARD'S REFRESHMENT
SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FESTIVE FOURTH!



Mary, whom you will see in "Billy the Kid," plans safe and sane Independence Day celebration!



Pinwheels, torpedoes, firecrackers, Roman candles, yes even flags and stars, are represented here in finest edible form!

BY MARJORIE DEEN

When you go to M-G-M's "Billy the Kid," you'll see something new and extra-fine in Technicolor, we are told. Well, it's too bad our pictures here can't be done in Technicolor, too, for only in that way could we do justice to Mary Howard's lovely coloring, with her fair skin and clear blue eyes set off by shiny dark locks; to the red, white and blue of her hostess pajamas with their star-studded blouse; and to the charming table setting and the delectable refreshments she plans on serving at her Fourth of July party.

The patriotic theme will prevail in foods as well as decorations, Mary assures us. And with her informal party plans and fine food ideas to inspire us we worked out a complete menu—something special in the line of sandwiches, a cheese "pie" to go with your salad, a help-yourself type of beverage, and that perennial favorite, homemade chocolate ice cream. Here's one menu, certainly, that you will want to remember and to follow when that gloriously long week end of the Fourth comes around to tempt you to give a party for *your* friends, too.

PINWHEELS

Remove crusts from a loaf of unsliced bread. Cut loaf, lengthwise, into $\frac{3}{8}$ inch slices. Spread each slice with softened butter and olive spread (6-ounce jar).

Roll crosswise as for jelly roll, wrap in waxed paper and store in refrigerator. Cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ inch slices just before serving.

TORPEDOES

Drain very large, ripe olives. Wrap each in a 5-inch square of waxed paper, twisting ends tightly. Wrap again in slightly larger squares of red cellophane, also twisting ends.

FIRECRACKERS

Remove cocktail sausages from jars. Stick a toothpick in the end of each and tie together, in bundles of three, with red, white and blue ribbon. Or stick toothpicks in both ends and arrange together in triangles. (See illustration.) Place on dish surrounding a bowl of highly seasoned mayonnaise.

STARS

PICKLE STARS

Cut sliced bread into stars with cookie cutter. Spread with mixture of equal parts mayonnaise and finely-chopped sweet pickle, seasoned with prepared mustard. Cut rounds out of slices of tomato (well drained) and place one of these circles in center of each star. Season well with either onion or celery salt.

STRAWBERRY STARS

1 tumbler pineapple cream cheese
a pinch of salt
24 slices of bread ($\frac{3}{8}$ -inch thick)
creamed butter

1 jar strawberry preserves
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped Brazil nuts

Combine cheese and salt. Cut sliced bread with cookie cutter into stars. Spread with softened butter, then with cheese mixture. Place one preserved strawberry in center of each star, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Cover with waxed paper and store in refrigerator until time to serve. Yield: 24 star sandwiches.

FLAGS

6-ounce jar Maraschino cherries
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound cream cheese
a dash of salt

12 slices white bread
creamed butter, whole cloves

Drain cherries, mince fine, drain again. Reserve one quarter of the cheese. Blend remaining cheese with salt and cherries. Remove crusts from bread slices. Butter 9 slices of the bread and spread thickly with cherry mixture. Pile 3 slices together and top with a fourth slice of buttered bread, butter side down. Wrap each of these "stacks" separately in waxed paper. Store in refrigerator several hours. With a very sharp knife cut

each lengthwise into 4 even slices. Carefully place sandwiches, cut side down, on a tray covered with waxed paper. Cream remaining cheese until fluffy and spread it over the upper left hand corner to form a rectangle. Stud this cream cheese with cloves to represent stars. (See illustration.) Cover tray with waxed paper and slightly dampened towel and store in cool place until time to serve.

ROMAN CANDLES

- 4-ounce jar devilled ham
- 2 tablespoons salad dressing
- 18 slices white bread
- creamed butter
- 4 sweet pickles

Combine devilled ham and salad dressing. Remove crusts from bread, place one slice of bread at a time on slightly dampened cloth and spread with butter, then with ham mixture. Roll lengthwise as for jelly roll, fasten each with toothpick, wrap tightly in waxed paper then in slightly dampened cloth. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving tie each "candle" with red, white and blue ribbon and stick in one end of each a thin strip of sweet pickle to represent the "fuse."

PINEAPPLE PEPSICOOLER

- 1 cup canned, unsweetened pineapple juice
 - 1 cup cranberry juice cocktail
 - 5 bottles Pepsi-Cola
 - 1 jar maraschino cherries (with stems)
- Combine pineapple and cranberry juice. Freeze into cubes in tray of refrigerator.* When time to serve, fasten cherries together in two by tying stems with narrow red, white and blue ribbon and hang one of these pairs over the rim of each tall beverage glass. Drop 2 fruit ice cubes in each glass, place on tray with bottles of Pepsi-Cola.

* An added, attractive feature is to drop a cherry (without stem) into each ice cube section, before freezing.

PATRIOTIC "PIE"

For this you will need two 8-inch pie plates. Line one of them with blue crêpe paper, cut considerably larger than the plate so that it extends a couple of inches beyond the edge all around. Flute edge with fingers to form a ruffle. Soften 1 envelope plain unflavored gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water, dissolve in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon scraped onion. Combine 1 (3 oz.) package cream cheese, 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 cup sour cream; put through a sieve and add gelatin mixture. Blend together thoroughly. Pour into second pie pan. Chill until set. When time to serve, place the cheese filled pie plate on the paper lined one. In the center of cheese place a red star cut out of pimento, with stripes of pimento radiating out from the center. Cut at the table into pie-shaped wedges and serve with a mixed green salad.

"ALL TIME FAVORITE" CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

- 1½ tablespoons cocoa
- 4 tablespoons water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup confectioners' sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup heavy cream

Mix cocoa with water to a smooth paste. Heat, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Remove from heat, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the confectioners' sugar. Cool. Stir in well beaten yolks, add vanilla. Beat whites, add half of remaining sugar, beat until thick. Beat cream until it starts to thicken, add remaining 2 tablespoons sugar, beat until stiff. Blend beaten whites and cream, fold in chilled chocolate mixture. Freeze in trays of refrigerator with control at coldest point.



ABSENCE...

Dear Mary:—Your swell letter was here when I got home from work tonight. Glad you're enjoying the beach so much. It must be doing the kids a world of good to be out of this heat . . .



—makes the Husband Wiser...

—This sister of yours knows a trick or two about washing you could use. You know how I crab about the way our laundress does my shirts. They never look clean. Well, since I've been over at Anne's, you wouldn't think they were the same shirts. Honest, they're so white they make me blink!

There's something about a clean shirt—I mean *really* clean. I come home completely fagged out, shower, slide into a crisp shirt, stow away some of Anne's gorgeous grub—and darned if I don't feel like stepping out and doing the town. (Relax, baby, I only said I *feel* like it.)

Just three weeks till my vacation starts and I can join you. Take it easy and don't worry about me. I'm doing fine—Love, Bob.

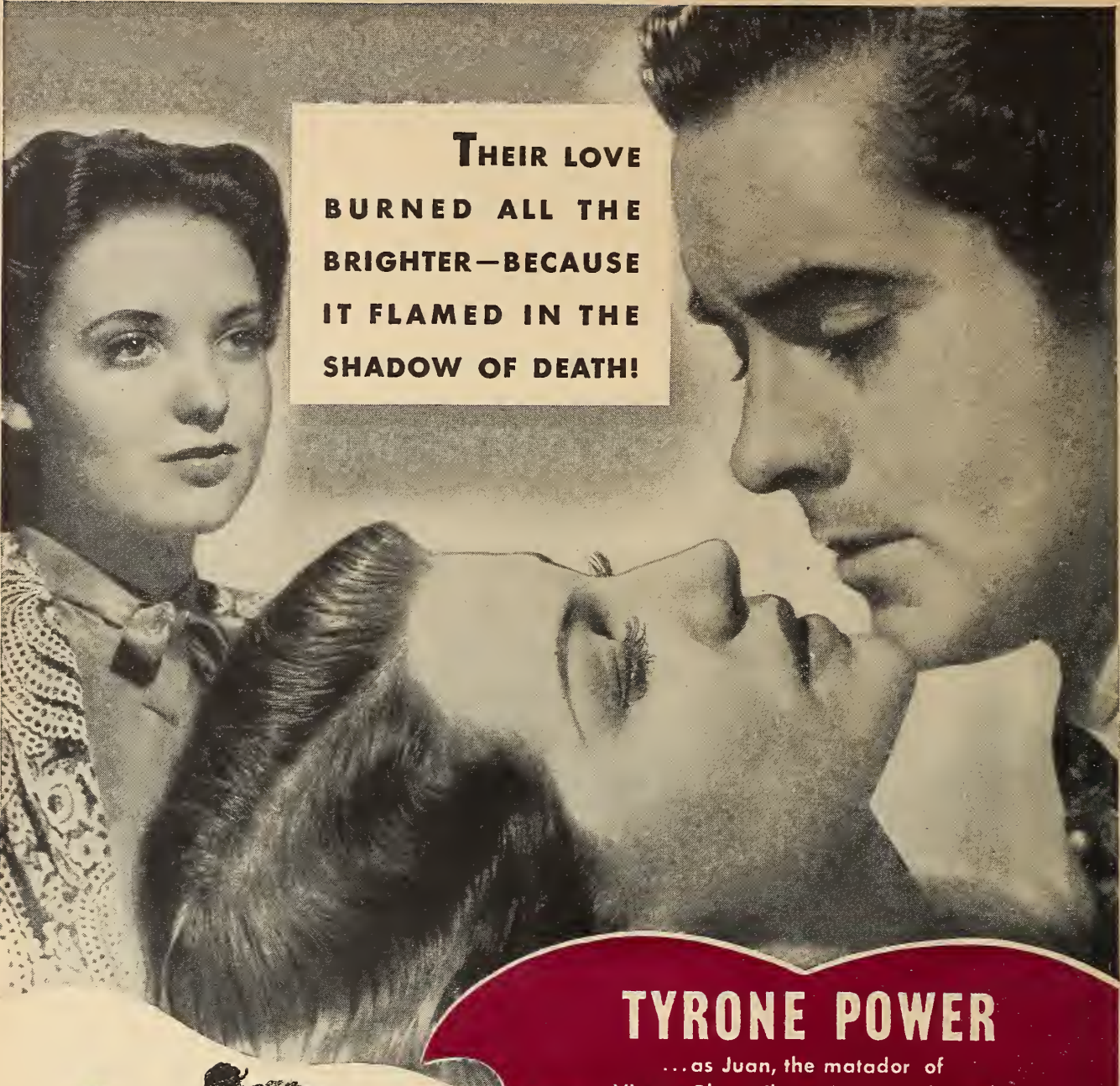
P. S.—Asked Anne about the shirts.

She just looked wise and said 'Fels-Naptha Soap'. Does that mean anything to you?



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





**THEIR LOVE
BURNED ALL THE
BRIGHTER—BECAUSE
IT FLAMED IN THE
SHADOW OF DEATH!**

TYRONE POWER

...as Juan, the matador of
Vicente Blasco Ibanez' immortal novel...

**BLOOD *and*
SAND**
IN TECHNICOLOR!



with

LINDA DARNELL • RITA HAYWORTH

Nazimova • Anthony Quinn • J. Carrol Naish • John Carradine • Lynn Bari • Laird Cregar • Vicente Gomez

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

Associate Producer Robert T. Kane • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



**greer
garson . . .**

Greer Garson, star of M-G-M's "Blossoms in the Dust," was stage-struck as far back as she can remember. At 7, she stuck up her nose at the dreary business of collecting cups for the best recitations in her native County Down, Ireland; unsuccessfully tried to join a group of visiting country-fair actors. Her parents would have none of it, packed her off to London and Grenoble Universities to learn school-teaching. Not until she fell ill and had no will to recover did they give in (on doctor's orders). After months of pavement-pacing in London, she nabbed a big role, wowed misguided theatre-goers who took her for a new American actress. Her one matrimonial venture in 1933 flopped, and she brought suit for divorce only five days after a one-month honeymoon. She spends hours teaching her French poodle to lie down and roll over.



**john
payne . . .**

Though John Payne's \$5,000-a-year wardrobe is one of Hollywood's most impeccable, time was when matching patches was an unaccustomed luxury. In the two years following his graduation from college, he eked along in New York as poolroom operator, night club bouncer, scene painter, chauffeur, waiter, prizefighter, cook and pulp fiction writer. Summer stock led to Broadway and thence to Hollywood, where his emoting plus musical ability (one-time dance band leader and scholarship winner to music school) quick-changed him into the glamour lad you'll see skiing in 20th Century-Fox's "Sun Valley Serenade." Parents of a baby girl, he and Anne Shirley celebrate their fourth anniversary in August. Only time his nose gets out of a book is when he rides in the park or diddles around with model planes.

linda darnell . . .

Most movie-struck high-schoolers consider their lives well-spent if they catch a glimpse of their No. 1 Dream Man. Thrice blest is Dallas (Tex.) High School's Linda Darnell, who not only sees but gets a weekly \$750 check for daily romancing with Ty Power in 20th Century-Fox's "Blood and Sand." In her new servantless home, completely equipped with pig sty, 3-cow dairy barn and chicken-coop for pet rooster "Weedy," she's called "Tweedles" by her mom and sister, who live with her. Keeps three turtles happy in the tub, eats gobs of salads and highly spiced Mexican dishes, entertains Mickey Rooney and writes to his arch-rival, Mexican Jaime Yorbe. She's famed among movie folk for her portraits and her ka-choos at the sight of a feather pillow, night club smoke and bunnies. (The latter are her favorite pets, too!)

FRANK POWOLNY



victor mature . . .

Latest Hollywood swain to set women's hearts to beating is 6' 2½", 204-pound bachelor Victor Mature, who is 26" across the shoulders, has a fashionable 33" waistline and dark curly hair. Ever since his birth in Louisville, Ky., on Jan. 28, 1916, he's loathed exercise, was so lazy in school he was tossed out three times, finally quit at 15. Jerked sodas until he came to Hollywood in 1933. Nowadays he keeps in trim with occasional swims, tennis games, haunting night clubs till 5 every A.M. Despite all rumors, he's jolly, well-liked by his fellow men, admits he's never been in love, knows nothing about rumba-ing, dislikes dancing in general. Average number of hair-combings per evening: 8. Typical lunch: lamb chops, Pepsi-Cola, chocolate ice cream. Future: \$1,750-per-week contract with Hal Roach.





**priscilla
lane . . .**

Her heaven-sent aplomb saved Priscilla Lane's skin more than once. Right off the bat, at the age of 9, she fell flat on her face at a dance recital, picked herself up, unblinkingly explained it was premeditated! During her New York stage debut with Fred Waring, she forgot to remove her gum, stopped the show when she couldn't get her mouth open to sing, saved the day with her bright ad-libbing. A thorough-going homebody, she prefers a book, fudge and her own hand-rolled cigarettes to night-clubbing. Keeps a pack of cats, owns about 200 nighties, doesn't give two hoots about fame and fortune. Picks Wednesdays and No. 7 for luck. Exercises by skinning the cat in her backyard—a hangover from tomboy days. Her sole complaint on the Warner Brothers set of "Million Dollar Baby" is that leading man Jeffrey Lynn absolutely forbids onion sandwich lunches!



**errol
flynn . . .**

Errol Flynn made his first American movie appearance as a corpse in "The Case of the Curious Bride." In his new picture, "Dive Bomber" (Warner Bros.), he's very much the man of action! His record is one of Hollywood's liveliest; Olympic boxer in 1928, pearl fisher, gold prospector, roving yachtsman, first-hand witness of Spanish Revolution and author of book about it called "Beam Ends." He's vehemently against mountain-climbing, Hollywood parties (rarely shows up, wears old togs when he does come), alarm clocks. He's sentimental about a thin, gold chain given him by a dying missionary. Believes it brings him luck. On the domestic front, he cooks, milks a cow, quakes at dentist appointments, raises Rhodesian lion dogs and is wed to Lili Damita, who's expecting a miniature swashbuckler!

BLONDE BOMBER

...(America's newest glamour girl, VERONICA LAKE) raids the hearts of four flying aces ...

Paramount Producer
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Jr.
and Paramount Director
MITCHELL LEISEN
who created "Arise, My Love," set this daring story of tangled loves against the roaring background of America's great flying legion to give you the biggest and the best of all air pictures.



RAY WILLIAM WAYNE BRIAN
MILLAND · HOLDEN · MORRIS · DONLEVY

with CONSTANCE MOORE · VERONICA LAKE · HARRY DAVENPORT

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN · A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

*Dave Rose
talks about
Judy*



Her evening dresses are all red, green or white. She loves brown for the daytime, and her own four-room apartment in her Beverly Hills home is decorated in brown.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW EVER GIVEN BY



Neither Judy nor Dave ever took a music lesson. Both have tremendous record collections—everything from Bach to Bing. There's a spinet piano in her cedar-paneled dressing-room.

Probably the most misunderstood romance in Hollywood is that of Judy Garland and Dave Rose. Misunderstood largely because people don't know what they're talking about and, under such circumstances, talk through their hats.

I'm not casting slings at people. I'm one of them myself. Until I made inquiries about and met Dave Rose, I accepted through inertia—or at any rate, didn't reject—the picture drawn by uninformed gossip. A very young girl and a man disproportionately older, more sophisticated—into the bargain, divorced. Judy Garland, the star, and who was Dave Rose anyway? Shrugs, lifted brows, the cynic's interpretation—he's not the first guy to cash in on a girl's publicity. Most of us shrink from tangling with a cynic, lest we be charged with the shameful sin of naiveté.

We also have a way of blinding ourselves to the fact that time marches on for our pet movie kids. Judy's the engaging colt in socks and flat heels who lopes after Mickey Rooney. Judy's the symbol of childhood dancing with a scarecrow in the Never Never Land of "The Wizard of Oz." If you'll count the months and the years, Judy is neither. As Mr. Rose points out with weary reasonableness, "How long can you be in 'The Wizard of Oz?'" Mr. Rose is a little sick of "The Wizard of Oz."

Judy may have looked thirteen two or three years ago. She may look sixteen now. But the girl's nineteen this month. In any language nineteen is marriageable, and a nineteen-year-old who hasn't fallen in love should have her complexes examined. Dave Rose is in his early thirties. There's no such formidable disparity in



Dave Rose, who is Tony Martin's musical arranger, calls Judy "Big Ten" now that she's one of the ten leading box-office stars. He used to call her Jude and Baby.



Betty Rhodes, "First Lady of Television," and Judy watch Dave play with his train. He was born in England (is a U.S. citizen) and says trains are a common hobby over there.

THE MAN JUDY LOVES!

their ages. They're not married yet, nor formally engaged, but if they were, it would still be no May and December union. If Judy weren't a movie star, the chances are that not a voice would be raised nor a finger lifted. Because they're of Hollywood where a broken toenail is news, alarms and excursions become the order of the day.

So Dave Rose had been divorced. We Americans who troop so readily to the divorce courts are equally ready with easy condemnation. Rose and Martha Raye made a mistake and had the good sense to rectify it. One out of five in our broad land does the same. That doesn't make Mr. Rose a hard-boiled egg any more than it does Clark Gable or Margaret Sullavan or your next-door neighbor. Hard-boiled is what the gentleman's anything but. In a business where temper and temperament are taken for granted, he's endeared himself through unfailing kindness. Under trying circumstances, he's never been known to fly off the handle. Unassuming, soft-spoken, he keeps not only himself but his men good-humored.

I watched him direct a rehearsal for "Adventures in Rhythm." He sat on a high stool, one tawny forelock falling over his bronzed forehead, his boyish-looking face quietly intent.

"Davy," protested one of the trumpets, "the woodwinds have an E-flat there and I have a D." "That's the new harmony," Davy explained.

The trumpet frowned. "What'll they think up next?"

"They'll think up a C-major chord," said the boss dryly, "and astonish the world." Which certainly left everybody happy. (Cont'd on page 86)



Judy not only wears her first Adrian-designed wardrobe in "Ziegfeld Girl," but a coiffure created by Hedy Lamarr.



PRIVATE

JAMES STEWART,

U. S. A.

BY JOHN FRANCHEY



No truth to that rumor that Jimmy gets \$1,000 weekly from Metro. On Olivia's 2 visits to camp, he's treated her to nickel Pepsies!

FROM STAR TO ROOKIE: A PEEK AT THE "PRIVATE" LIFE OF AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED DRAFTEE!

On the afternoon of March 8, somewhere in the neighborhood of two o'clock, a tall, lean man with a sheepish grin anxiously poked his way toward a pair of white scales, mounted them and watched the indicator lurch forward and waver back and forth. All of a sudden the look of anxiety departed. He was all grin.

"Well, I did it, Doc," he announced triumphantly.

The medicine man peered through his glasses.

"Hmmmmm," he said, "so you did." He turned to an orderly who jotted down the data on a big white card. "Weight 158 pounds and one-half," the doctor relayed. "Subject qualified for service."

And James Maitland Stewart, whose profession on that big white card was listed as actor, had become Private J. M. Stewart, U. S. A.

The first thing he did was to ring up Burgess Meredith on the set of "Tom, Dick and Harry."

"I've done it, Buzz," he shouted with the air of a man who has just vindicated himself. "I'm in the army at last." He didn't wait for the inevitable question. "Weighed in at 158½."

Last fall when President Roosevelt reached down in a huge drum and pulled out number 158 which set in motion the first peace-time conscription in the country's history, Jimmy was making love to Hedy Lamarr on the set of "Come Live With Me." When a Metro hired hand arrived and broke the news, Jimmy took it all very nonchalantly. Especially all the ribbing that was suddenly directed at him by everyone on the set. He made no statement. He

did not feel that there was any occasion for a statement.

A month or so later he received the questionnaire which is sent those immediately in line for induction into the army. He made it out, claimed no grounds for deferment and waited to be called up for examination. In a few days, the call came. Jimmy showed up, was duly gone over by the medical board and turned down as being underweight. He tipped the scales, six-feet-three Jimmy, at a mere 148. The minimum requirement was 157 and not an ounce less. The inevitable happened: Jimmy was put in class 1-B subject to re-examination at the discretion of the local board at "some future date."

The deferment of Jimmy Stewart had an unhappy aftermath. Guilty of nothing more than being a willy-nilly thin man, he suddenly became the object of sneers and leering remarks. Curious coincidence, certain columnists observed, that \$1500-a-week Jimmy had received a deferment when shipping clerks and Fuller brush salesmen, cops and firemen, cab drivers and street cleaners, who filled out their questionnaires on the same day, had already been inducted. Could there be any connection between the deferment and two pictures Jimmy had on the fire, "Pot O' Gold" and "Ziegfeld Girl?" Did the studio have Jimmy deferred on the grounds that he was part of a cog in the wheel of a vital industry? Would the deferment be permanent?

Jimmy Stewart heard the rumblings and said nothing. He did his job at the studio and kept his silence. But all this time he was doing plenty!

The first action Jimmy took on being rejected was to



Son of a World War I AEF-er, Jimmy's had a yen to fly ever since he was 14. He's loaning his plane to Olivia de Havilland for the duration; is keeping his convertible roadster for occasional furloughs.

Jimmy's favorite sport during recreation period is volley ball. It's a cinch for him to win 'cause he's so tall. His legs are 5" too long for his dungarees!



go into conference with Donald Loomis, the body-conditioner at Metro.

"I've got to get built up and toughened up—quick," he told Loomis.

Mr. Loomis prescribed two items, diet and exercise.

Concerning matters of diet, Malcolm, the Stewart colored house-boy extraordinary, received his instructions.

"From now on dinners in this house are going to feature pork chops, sweet potatoes, plenty of bread and butter and bananas and cream for dessert," Jimmy informed his man Friday. "Breakfasts will be correspondingly nourishing."

Malcolm, who is studying to be an "assistant surgeon" and consequently knows all about the body processes, looked on aglance.

"What about salads and fruit juices?" he wanted to know.

"They're out. Especially grapefruit juice. Fats and starches, that's the ticket."

For thirteen weeks the program ran its course. Morning, noon and night Jimmy would pack the calories away. Evenings he would go through a gruelling two-hour regimen prescribed by Mr. Loomis. The sight of bean-pole Jimmy wrestling with the rugged Loomis gentleman and nonchalantly hoisting weights of 150 pounds over his head had Malcolm worried for fair.

"Aren't you overdoing it a bit?" Malcolm used to say after the body-builder had gone home. "One should make haste slowly, it is written somewhere in Greek literature."

Jimmy would only laugh, drive over to Chasen's to meet

the boys and gobble a strawberry sundae with whipped cream.

At the end of the thirteen weeks Jimmy made a sensational move. Without a word to anybody he paid a visit to his local draft board headquarters and asked to be re-examined. The thing to remember is that no one sent for him. No one on his local board of West Los Angeles had the faintest dream that in less than four months Jimmy Stewart, who had been called "Skinny" back in Pennsylvania, would be anywhere near the minimum weight requirement. Yet here he was on the afternoon of March 8 demanding that he be reconsidered.

He was and he made the weight. Jimmy was a soldier!

A week later Burgess Meredith tossed a "shower" for his "room-mate." All the boys in the Stewart-Meredith gang dropped by, Franchot Tone, Bill Grady (the Metro talent chief), Henry Fonda, Pat DeCicco, etc. They had a rousing time, quaffing Jimmy's health, speech-making and the rest. It wasn't one of these all-night affairs, because Stewart had to get his sleep.

At the crack of dawn a sleepy-eyed Burgess Meredith and a sober-looking Bill Grady piled into the car with Jimmy and were driven to the induction station by Malcolm. No one did much talking except Malcolm, who quoted Latin proverbs, including one that goes:

"It is just and fitting to die for one's country."

"What kind of talk is that, Malcolm, on an occasion like this?" Meredith demanded.

The induction business was (Continued on page 91)

CAMERA SHY . . .

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

The pint-sized girl with the big eyes sank down on the London street curb and shook with sobs. She'd lost her purse and she'd missed her bus and—what was a darned sight worse—she just knew she'd blown the biggest chance of her young life higher than the Tower of London.

Miss Ida Ray was only fifteen. Already she'd had two years as an extra in London studios, two years of begging producers for breaks. Inside her the fires of ambition had burned fiercely. But now they were black ashes of despair. By the greatest good luck, at last a Hollywood director had seen her in an agent's office and offered a screen test. She'd just taken the test, and—

"Oh, I was awful, horrible, miserable, terrible!" Miss Ida Ray moaned to herself. "I'm through forever! I'll never get another chance! I might as well run down to the river and drown myself!"

Fortunately, Allan Dwan, the Hollywood fellow, came along about then, said "Here, here—what's this?" and trotted her off for a cup of tea to cheat the Thames of a fair white floating body. Ten days later he gave her the part in "Her First Affair," which started Ida Ray off to the races. He did it because he thought her test unusually good and knew she'd captivate audiences.

That was all some eight or nine years ago, and since then Miss Ida Ray has reverted to her legitimate name of Ida Lupino. She has also gained some renown as a dramatic actress in Hollywood comparable to Bette Davis. She's acquired a home, a husband, a bit of a fortune and currently many more starring plums than she can possibly handle.

But in one way Miss Ida hasn't changed a bit. She's still ready to dive into any convenient creek and end it all practically every time she does anything which everyone else thinks is simply wonderful. She still weeps in misery and wallows in despair before, during and after every picture she makes. She has a futility fixation that's a darb and an inferiority complex built for a troupe of midgets.

Right now, for instance, when any normal star would be heaving a happy sigh and rolling over easy, so to speak, to relax after making one of those darned near impossible comebacks in Hollywood, Ida Lupino is losing pounds and having nervous indigestion and the hots and colds. She's miserable—even though all her pictures are solid hits and movie producers are elbowing each other in line to get her for big league stuff like "Ladies in Retirement," "The Corn Is (Continued on page 88)



While working with John Garfield in "Gentle People," Ida smoked one and a quarter packs of cigarettes a day, cluttered her room with five alarm clocks to wake her up.



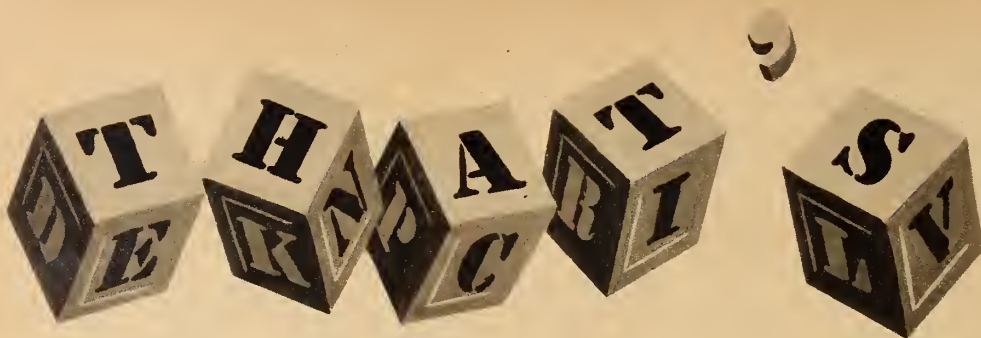
She and her spouse Louis Hayward, 33, were engaged for three years. They've been married since 1938. She nick-names him the Old Boy, gets called Poppet in return!

TORTURED BY A DOZEN DOUBTS AND DILEMMAS, THAT LUPINO LADY'S GOT A FIRST-CLASS CASE OF



26-year-old Lupino isn't satisfied with her looks, thinks she's much too pixie-like. Off-screen she scurries around her house in bare feet, scrubs her nails at least 30 times a day. She's won prizes for her painting, had her "Aladdin's Suite" played over a nation-wide hookup.

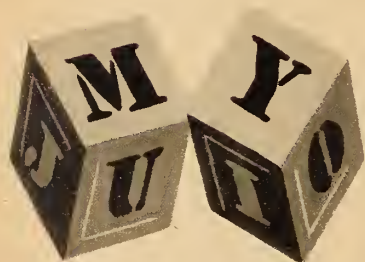
HEEBY-JEEBIES! FUNNY PART OF IT IS—THE MORE SHE GROANS, THE LOUDER THE CRITICS RAVE!



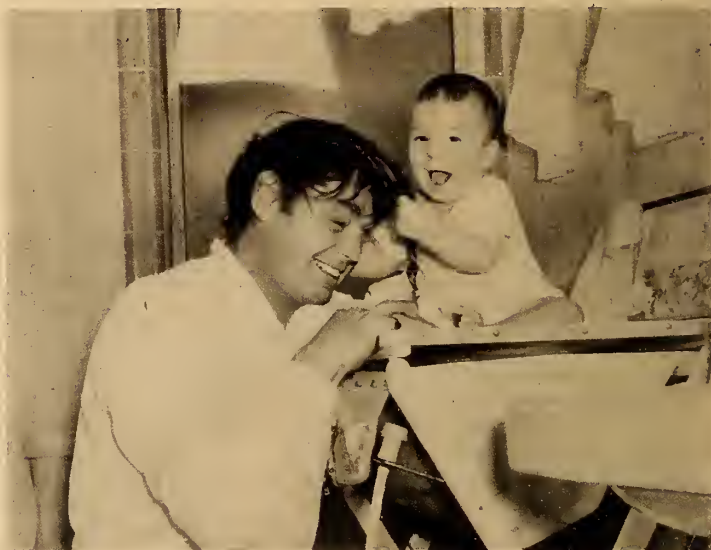
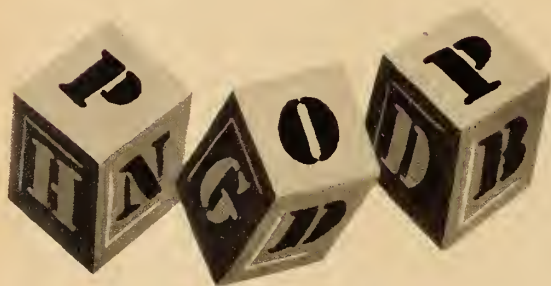
Time was when eligible bache-

lors were the only matinée idols, marriages were hushed

up and babies were taboo. No more! A quick check-up shows that



approximately 75% of Hollywood males are currently wed, and of these 68% are fathers!



larzan, Jr. (his real name is John Scott Weissmuller), is a chip off the old block. At 10 months he can actually swim! Small wonder a couple of studios are dickering for his services.



Joan Naomi Benny is 7 and a slave driver. Insists that her adopted papa, Jack, give her and Oscar the Ape "one good long ride" every day. Mary Livingstone calls Joanie "Doll Face."



Two of Pat O'Brien's three adopted children—Sean, 3, and Mavourneen (which means "sweetheart" in Gaelic), 6. For years Pat has had a standing order at The Cradle for boy twins.



John Hubbard swears his daughter, Lois Maryan, sings—at five months! Could be, for her mamma, Lois, Sr., has a grand operatic voice, and her dad's something of a bathtub baritone.



Roy Rogers' 1-year-old has one toot in the movies if there's anything in a name. She's Cheryl Darlene of Texas. Was adopted last year and partially christened after her mother, Arlene.



Norman Scott Powell is 6. Has been Dick's legally adopted son since January, 1938, when George Barnes (Joan's first husband and a good pal of Dick's) relinquished all claim to him.



Andy Devine's sons, Dennis, 2, and Tad, 6, copy their dad's voice and hair-do. Tad (short for Timothy Andrew Devine) has a crush on his dad's best friend's wife—Carole Lombard.



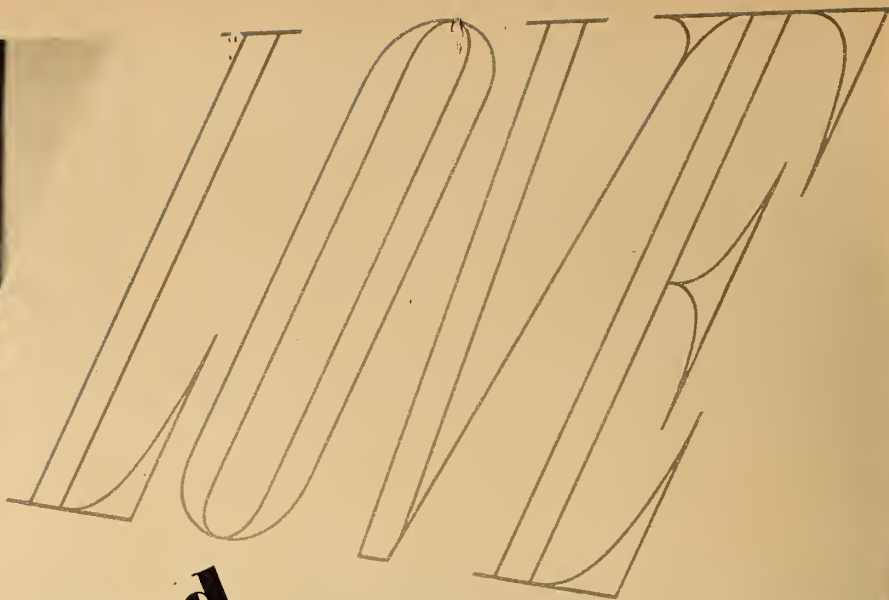
Tim Holt is Hollywood's youngest tather. (He's 22, his wife is 20.) Claims son Lance, who is going on 2, is a prodigy. He can walk, talk and ride horseback. This is his first grown-up haircut.



Fred Astaire's 5-year-old son Fred, Jr., is Hollywood's least photographed child. He can't dance, but knows lots of jokes picked up from his crony Ronnie Burns—George and Gracie's son.



Brent adores trans-Atlantic telephoning. Once called Greta Garbo in Sweden, and frequently phones his cousins in Ireland.



this thing called

THAT HECTIC AND LIGHT-HEARTED BRENT-SHERIDAN ROMANCE!

"I've tried to lead a good life," Ann Sheridan told herself. "Why—why—do things like this happen to me?"

George Brent, the cause of it all, seated Ann and took his place beside her. He wasn't any too pleased with the seating arrangements either.

Unfortunately, each knew what the other thought of him. "A stuffed shirt who's never learned to relax and have fun." A dozen people on the Warner lot, where George and Ann work, had told him this was what she said about him. And, from the same sources, she'd been advised of his sentiments: "A dumb girl who hasn't brains enough to know you're bound to get hurt when you're friendly with everybody—and it serves you right!"

Down the center of the long table at which they sat there was a colorful swath of fruit and flowers. Great logs burned in a fireplace imported from an Italian palace. And the hands of the gold sunburst clock imbedded in the wall began their next to the last round before midnight would strike. Midnight—when horns would blow and voices rise to greet 1940 and another year.

George, looking at Ann obliquely, discovered, to his surprise, that her mouth was as gentle as it was bright and that her eyes, discovering him discovering her, were gaily mocking.

He grinned and offered his hand. "Hello, Texas," he said.

Her grip was lean and firm. "Hello yourself, Brent," she answered, laughing. That was their armistice.

Midnight found them dancing. Ann, in a white gown simple enough to be sophisticated, constantly grew more beautiful. Possibly it was nothing more than the confetti in her hair.

She wasn't too surprised the next day when George telephoned.

"Let's have dinner at Harry's Steak House one night next week," he suggested. "Tuesday, say, if neither of us works late. I'll check with you Monday."

"Swell!" Ann said. And she meant it. Most men who invited her to dinner suggested Ciro's or Victor Hugo's. And more than once, because she'd said point-blank that she'd rather have a double hamburger at a local Drive-In, if they didn't mind, she'd been accused of having a terrific social inferiority complex.

Monday morning George wandered over to the stage where Ann was working. She could only wave. She was waiting to do a retake. Thereupon George made elaborate motions of eating, and she nodded agreement.

As soon as the luncheon recess was called Ann hurried over to the Green Room. To her surprise, George wasn't there. She sat down with Don Turner, his pal, and waited. And waited. Finally she ordered lunch.

"Nice going," she said to Turner. "Brent stands me up on our first date."

That same evening her telephone was ringing insistently as she was about to open the front door.



"Brenty" and "Red" have gone around together since Jan. 1940. Agree on everything but food: he likes one meal a day, she likes four. Her hobby is collecting perfume (she has 200 kinds), his are sailing and playing the piano.

"It's Brent again, no doubt," said Gwen Woodford, Ann's friend and companion. "He's only called three times in the last hour—and every time I've assured him you'd call back the minute you got in . . ."

It was George. "Ann," he said "I wasn't asking you to lunch. I was confirming our dinner date for tomorrow. I'm terribly sorry."

"Always the optimist," Ann said, laughing, "I figured you were buying me lunch too!"

If George had needed anything more to endear Ann to him this would have been it.

"Can you imagine," he went around asking his friends, "the act practically every other girl in this town would have put on under those circumstances? Can you imagine?"

The Hollywood cynics were cynical. "It's another romance dreamed up by the press department," they said, "and George and Annie aren't even cooperating too well. Nobody ever sees them out together."

All of which was fine with George and Ann who went right on having fun their way.

In the Valley they found a little stand where the chili was marvelous, and they went back again and again. George took her to a little English cottage back of a box hedge down Santa Monica way where, to quote him, "They serve crumpets that are crumpets." On Thursday nights when the servants were out they often cooked dinner themselves. And once, after driving almost a hundred miles to a poultry farm to select a turkey broiler, they let it burn to a crisp while they danced and (Continued on page 76)



The 85-ft. "South Wind" costs George over \$1,000 a month for upkeep. Ann thinks it's "swell," but wants to paint it chartreuse.

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

CANDIDLY YOURS

MOTH-EATEN SUITS AND HANDLEBAR

MOUSTACHIOS RAN RAMPANT AT MILTON

BERLE'S 1900 BATHING PARTY!



Cobina Wright's suit was positively immodest compared to the 40-year-old togs of Bob Sterling, Geo. Montgomery and Sheila Ryan! Outing was held at Beverly Hills Hotel pool.



Bonita and Jackie may take the plunge—but literally—before long. They're too young to wed without parental consent, but it's said both families are thinking it over.



Comedian Billy Gilbert's still up to his old vaudeville tricks. His 125-pound wife (Ella McKenzie) was original fat girl in Our Gang Comedies, tipped the scales at 270!



Gigantic Laird Cregar and diminutive Sybil Hawkins were party's fair-haired children. Laird, who's 6'4" tall, lost forty of his 340 pounds during a recent case of measles!



The party—in honor of Mack Sennett, the father of slapstick comedy—featured pie-throwing by Gilbert and Berle, plus dozens of beauty contests, acrobatics and magic.



Burgess Meredith gets a load of starlet Frances Neal. Invitations specified old-fashioned bathing suits, and the men were required to hide behind handlebar moustaches!



Tom Brown, in a striped lifeguard suit with built-in muscles, monopolized Glenn Ford's love, Patti McCarty. She used to be *Lamour's* \$25-a-week secretary, is now in the movies!



Buster Keaton, who hasn't gone to a party in years, was the life of this one. Hit a home run in the ball game and had both Marie Wilson and Judy Garland "My hero"-ing him!

CLOWN PRINCES OF COMEDY



Costello fattens Abbott up on corn. His appetite's been boundless ever since his first job in a candy store.

THE SAGA OF ABBOTT AND COSTELLO—TWO NOBODIES FROM NOWHERE WHO LIVED FOR LAUGHS AND ARE NOW ABLE TO LIVE BY LAUGHS!

They were joined for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, on a slightly hysterical night ten years ago in a shabby Brooklyn burlesque house.

Bud Abbott, the tall, thin partner, was the box-office cashier of the burlesque house. He called himself, with dignity, the "treasurer." Lou Costello, the short fat partner, was a lowdown loud comedian on the strip-tease stage.

And while I don't know how it happened with other great combines like Gilbert and Sullivan or Beaumont and Fletcher or Gallagher and Sheen, I do know how it happened with Mr. Abbott and Mr. Costello.

It was time for the curtain to go up on the act. The leading lady had just discarded her modesty. And now it was time for the comedy.

Lou Costello was waiting for his straight man, his other half, his joke feeder. Then at the last moment, word came through that the straight man was ill with a mild case of leprosy or hydrophobia. The boys don't remember today which it was. But here was the curtain going up, and here was Lou Costello without a partner. Then the inspiration was born. He remembered playing rummy—six card knock rummy—with the dour theatre cashier, that guy, Bud Abbott. They'd always fought. Always tiffed. Good-naturedly, of course, but everyone thought it was funny.

Lou Costello sent an S.O.S.—Save Our Show—to Bud Abbott. And, in answer, Bud Abbott left his box office forever, went on the stage with Costello and, without a line rehearsed, rolled the audience in the aisles and draped them over the seats.

And so, after the show the manager came up to the two of them, and he said, in the words of the Good Book:

"Mr. Abbott. Mr. Costello. What God hath joined together, let no man tear asunder . . . I now pronounce you clown and straight man!"

And they have been a team ever since!

Of course, after ten minutes with them it's difficult to

understand how they ever remained a team. Because there isn't a minute when the all-clear siren can possibly sound. They are always arguing, word-baiting, scrapping. Maybe, underneath it all, that's their secret. Their funny disagreements. You see, for them, like for married couples, argument is perhaps the spice of life. Rub two pieces of flint together and you get fire. But rub two comedians together and you get—laughs.

While on the set of their latest epic, something history-making labeled "In The Navy," wherein chubby Lou Costello, playing the chef's assistant, accidentally dopes the warship's captain and is forced to take over the boat himself and steer it zigzag through crucial maneuvers—well, while on the set of that half million dollar opus, I asked chubby Lou Costello about his partnership with Bud Abbott.

"What do you think of Abbott?" I inquired.

"Bud Abbott?" flared Costello. "Listen, that guy's so tight that every time he takes a nickel out of his pocket the buffalo is blinded by the light. In fact, he makes the nickel go so far, that same buffalo gets sore feet! Abbott wouldn't even give a beggar a bite if he owned Sandwich Islands! His favorite household pet is the moth because it eats nothing but holes! I feel Abbott is one guy who proves all cheap skates aren't hockey players!"

In another corner of the crowded set was Bud Abbott. I asked him about his partner.

"Lou Costello? That roly-poly fat boy? Why, he's such an out-and-out liar he doesn't even believe himself! I admit he's a tough guy. In fact he's so tough even his meals are afraid to disagree with him. But I'm tougher, see. I eat sardines without removing the cans! And I'm smarter than that little runt. He's really a dummy. He used to think the American quarter in Paris was the first seven rows at the Folies Bergere! He went to college. Sure. But all he got out of it was himself!"

However, what Abbott and Costello spout against each other is jest for fun. Tongue-in-the-cheek. Because certainly there is method in their being mad. It's their forte. Their stock in trade. It made them sensational on the Broadway stage, on the radio, and it made them rich and



They celebrated their tenth anniversary as partners with their wives and a big birthday cake. Costello's first role was doubling for Dolores Del Rio in a can-can skirt.



Abbott (left) prefers Monopoly to poker! Thus far in his ten-year game with Costello he's run up a debt that's conservatively estimated in the neighborhood of \$3,000.

famous in Universal's screwy picture, "Buck Privates."

Fundamentally their arguments are purely professional. When they did their first picture, "Moonlight In The Tropics," with Nancy Kelly and Allan Jones, they were able to reel off nine pages of dialogue—which ordinarily takes three or four days to shoot—in 2 minutes 24 seconds. They simply got up before the camera and began disagreeing.

"We don't like the studio to write too much for us," Lou Costello explained. "We can't get the feel of printed routines. We just have them tell us an idea, and we get in front of the camera, begin wrangling about it and cook up the words as we go along."

"Yup, that's the way we do it," Bud Abbott added. "The whole trick of our teamwork, ever since we started in burlesque, is to burn each other up. It makes people laugh. And so, to keep in practice we fight in real life, too. For example, currently our biggest argument is over our new homes. I think I have a better home than Costello. He thinks he has a better one than I have. He belittles mine. I belittle his. I say to him, 'Lou, you've got a nice little place, you must bring it down sometime, and I'll put it in my icebox!' Then he snaps, 'Yeah? Well, when you have two or three days off, come around, and I'll show you my kitchen!' So I answer, 'Listen, you jerk, I got a well on my property. Four days ago a man fell in that well, and yesterday when I was passing by I heard the splash!' And so on. We argue like that over rummy. It keeps us on our toes!"

I learned, though, that in important matters like comedy routines or billing or getting along together as friends, they never disagree.

Behind the success of these clown princes of comedy, behind their sensationally funny friction gags, runs the story of two chaps who found a way to make a sense of humor pay.

William "Bud" Abbott was born under the big top. And that's not dreamed up biography. His father was a cracker-jack Ringling Circus publicist. His mother was an attractive carnival bareback rider. When he grew up, he became a sign painter and a cashier in (Continued on page 79)



With Gayle Mallott in "In the Navy" Bud and Lou do a sequel to "Buck Privates." Costello's wanted to don a uniform for 20 years; nowadays is too fat to look glamorous!

BY HUGH ROBERTS

ON THE SET WITH

"TOM, DICK and HARRY"



THREE-TIMING GINGER ROGERS AND HER "APPLE-POLISHING" SUITORS RAISE THE ROOF



Top dancers Ginger and George josh in her satin-padded dressing-room. They dance at least an hour a day to the tune of her portable radio. Favorite piece is "Java Jive."



In the old days, Ginger used to knit between scenes—now clowns with Buzz or gorges on ice cream. Always keeps cast and crew supplied with it while her films are in production.

An ancient wheeze tells us that Samuel Goldwyn once called a writer on the carpet because the writer had named his principal character Bill. "Change it!" Goldwyn roared. "It's not original! Every Tom, Dick and Harry is named Bill!"

Mr. Goldwyn was wrong. Over at RKO, Tom, Dick and Harry are not named Bill. They are named George Murphy, Alan Marshal and Burgess Meredith, respectively. And they're all vying for Ginger Rogers' love in a frisky film which, even Goldwyn will admit, cops the cake for originality.

"Tom, Dick and Harry" is the story of a little telephone operator tagged Janie who finds herself engaged to three men at the same time—Tom, a peppy, pushy automobile salesman, Dick, a stunning Mr. Moneybags, and Harry an amiable loafer whose idea of success consists of fishing by day and smooching by night. Janie would like to marry all three but realizes that would be impractical. So, before making her final decision, she stretches out in bed and imagines what life would be like with each.

That's where the originality comes in. For Janie's imaginings are not those of an ordinary girl. They are those of writer Paul Jarrico who got \$20,000 of the \$800,000 the picture will cost, just for doping them out. Jarrico takes his heroine into three lands of make-believe—one for each husband. And Janie's flights into fantasy are not to be dusted off lightly. They're too amazing, too Hollywoodish.

As Mrs. Tom, Janie sees herself the perfect middle-class wife. She wears dresses to match her kitchen curtains. She bakes biscuits so light they float in air. She cultivates the right people by watering them with a sprinkling can. And she makes a good impression on her husband's boss by pressing her thumb into his bald pate! Eventually, the go-getting Tom becomes President of the United States, and Janie is aghast as three little boys, looking exactly like Murph, shout "Bravo, Pop!"

from high-chairs. (To achieve this last effect, a chair, ten feet high was wheeled on the set, and Murphy, dressed in a long, white baby dress and bonnet, crawled into it. The entire scene will be reduced for the screen, and what the audience will see will be a lustily cooing George at the adorable age of one!)

As Dick's wife, Ginger muses, she will be quite the grand lady. She will spout double-talk French and wear orchids in bed. Her floors will be ermine-covered and her gowns so dazzling, onlookers will don dark-tinted glasses to avoid being blinded by her brilliance! And again she will be the mother of three boys. Only this time they will be nattily garbed in polo clothes—and dead ringers for Alan Marshal!

Janie's day dream of marriage to happy-go-lucky Harry is somewhat less lush but still very charming. She visualizes dwelling in a tumbledown shack, chatting with a talking fish, owning a wardrobe of well-cut rags and driving about in the 1921 Chevrolet Director Garson Kanin sentimentally works into all his pictures. Janie thinks being a lazy man's wife might be fun until her three sons (perfect carbons of Meredith) reveal that, taking after their pop, they'd rather fish than go to school. And when Harry won't even bother to accept the \$10,000 he wins on the Pile O'Dough radio program, Janie passes out cold!

Ginger's romantic woes take her through 90 scenes of reverie and realism before her hand is at last bestowed. Her costume changes number 45, which is more than any actress has had since the birth of pictures. Ginger doesn't mind 45 changes, but she does object to the number of fittings they involve. So, for the first time in cinema history, a costume stand-in has been put on a studio payroll. She's Geraldine Grey, trig, dark-eyed model chosen from 55 girls tested for the job. Geraldine's measurements exactly duplicate Ginger's, and all Ginger's costumes, from the honest-to-goodness flour sacks in which she altar-treks with Harry, to the pearl-caked gown (*Continued on page 97*)

ON THE SET OF "TOM, DICK AND HARRY"—RKO'S ROLICKING NEW ROMANTIC COMEDY



George doesn't dance in this film, and Ginger's one brief two-step is with chronic dance-sitter-outer Meredith.



Trick photography will bring Murph to the screen in this rig looking aged 1. He portrays his three infant sons!



Alan Marshal (he's "Dick") plies Ginger with flowers. Her 3 cinema swains bring her daily gifts—usually toys.

WHO IS THIS

Great Lover?

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

HE'S JEAN GABIN, WHO'S BROUGHT A

If Hollywood's male charm contingent appears a trifle nervous these days, we can assure you it is not because of overwork or 'income tax or indigestion. The reason? A stocky, rugged, blue-eyed son of the soil, a 36-year-old Frenchman who looks like an apache, plays an accordion, has made sizzling cinema love to Simone Simon, Annabella, Michele Morgan, and whose name is—

Jean Gabin!

He has finally arrived in Hollywood, preceded by his legend of amours—the wicked old continent's leading contender for that important title—Great Lover.

Already, Jean Gabin has specifically challenged Charles Boyer's reputation!

Six years ago, a French company planned to make a picture called "Pepe Le Moko." They wanted Boyer to return to France and play the lead. Boyer read the script and refused. "The hero is too rough and too cruel," he said. In his stead Jean Gabin was hired to play the hero. The resulting film was so hot, that American theatres were forced to shelve it until they installed asbestos curtains and special fire extinguishers.

Then, Walter Wanger in Hollywood decided to make an American version of this same movie. He named it "Algiers," and he cabled France and asked Jean Gabin to come on over and do the American version. This time it was Gabin who refused. He said, "I have already done the role, and America is too far away." So Wanger talked to Boyer about the part, and Boyer consented, providing the hero was tamed down a trifle.

The result? Well, in the local version Boyer was really good, and he packed plenty of oomph. His love-making with Hedy Lamarr was the talk of the nation. But—today, at long last—Jean Gabin's French edition of the same story has been released. And the answer is in the box-office. In Hollywood's Esquire Theatre alone, women have been lined up for two blocks attempting to get inside to view Gabin and to swoon in ecstasy.

The decision? How do Jean Gabin, the challenger,



First thing Gabin did when he hit Hollywood was to pick up turtle neck sweaters, roguish caps and a brakeless racing bike!



In 4-starred "Pepe Le Moko" Jean Gabin (pronounced Jon Gah-ban) plays opposite French siren Mireille Yalin.



Was in love with Simone Simon for a while. His "Grand Illusion" was called the world's finest film in 1938.

NEW BRAND OF OOMPH TO HOLLYWOOD!

and Charles Boyer, the champ, playing the same romantic role, compare as great lovers?

One New York critic, after seeing both films, gave her answer. She wrote: "Gabin is a man of action compared to Boyer."

After ten years as France's greatest star, working at a salary which would be equal to \$6,000 a week in America, Gabin last year forgot about his career and joined the navy when the All Out War began. He served as an ordinary sailor on a mine sweeper—one of the most dangerous jobs in the service—and when France was defeated, Gabin was demobilized. In the face of hell on the ocean his hair had turned from ash blond to silver gray. He went to the new French home he had built and planned to rest. He was in it only two weeks when the Nazis came and demanded that he act in their propaganda pictures. He refused. So the Nazis burned his home to the ground. He promptly accepted a contract from Twentieth Century-Fox, left Paris—and reached Lisbon with no money, one shirt, a promise to join his country's forces again in the event of renewed war, and a vow to make American film fans love him as much as those of his own country did.

Jean Gabin reached Hollywood a complete foreigner. He could speak only four words in English—"Get the hell out"—taught him by hard-boiled Manhattan reporters. In an effort to groom him for his first American flicker, "Moon Tide," in which he would portray a rakish Swedish fisherman and make love to one of Hollywood's glamour girls, Zanuck decided his import must learn English.

Gabin was immediately entrenched in a wooden cottage behind the Beverly Hills Hotel to spend three months learning to speak English—not Oxford style, but rough and ready American lingo. Upon learning to speak the local tongue, Zanuck asked Gabin to spend three more months learning to think in English, a thing Hedy Lamarr originally failed to do and which caused her endless grief.

When he arrived, Gabin objected to the nearness of the hotel to his bungalow. (Continued on page 73)



20th Century-Fox studio teacher, Dr. S. R. Mitchneck, spends hours teaching Gabin man-in-the-street English.



Spencer Tracy was one of Gabin's first welcomers. They knew each other in Paris; each thinks the other's tops.

WE ASKED THE

First thing Gerard, left, asked to see in Hollywood was Jack Benny's Maxwell. Richard wanted to meet Mickey Rooney.



Quiz Kids Joan Bishop, Gerard Darrow, Claude Brenner, Jack Lucal, Cynthia Cline and Richard Williams were challenged by Information Please. Kids accepted, but I. P. later backed down.



Gerard is 8, immune to wiles of Virginia Bruce's Susan Ann. Vitally interested in birds. Is a member of the N. Y. Academy of Science.

QUIZ KIDS...

DOES YOUR MOVIE KNOWLEDGE MATCH THE QUIZ KIDS'?
ONLY THREE OF THESE QUESTIONS STUMPED THEM!

1. If Blondie, Tarzan and the Lone Ranger came to life in the funny papers, what movie stars would you meet?
2. Which of these renowned stage stars have appeared in motion pictures? (a) Lunt and Fontanne, (b) Helen Hayes, (c) Ina Claire, (d) Katharine Cornell, (e) Tallulah Bankhead.
3. What actors portrayed the following scientists on the screen? Name 3 out of 4. (a) Ehrlich, (b) Pasteur, (c) Reed, (d) Edison.
4. Identify the following: (a) Lucille Langhanke, (b) Archibald Leach, (c) Virginia Catherine McMath, (d) Fred Bickel.
5. To which parts of the zoo would you go to find the following Hollywood animals? (a) Carmichael, (b) Leo, (c) Cheetah.
6. What famous producer is said to be responsible for the quotation, "Include me out?"
7. What three youngsters once wrote a book about Hollywood?
8. A few years ago three movie stars were: (a) an elevator operator, (b) a waitress in an ice cream parlor, (c) a school teacher.
9. Who played the following? (a) Lord Nelson, (b) Jesse James, (c) Marie Antoinette, (d) Disraeli.
10. What famous couple, a member of royalty and a commoner, was offered a million dollars to appear in pictures?
11. What movie was named after a heroine who never appeared on the screen?
12. Name two pictures with the word "life" in the title.
13. With whom do you associate the following phrases? (a) I want to be alone, (b) I'm a baa-aad boy! (c) Woo-woo!
14. Name three famous pairs of brothers or sisters in Hollywood.
15. Do you know which Hollywood stars wrote the following books? (a) "Lorenzo in Hollywood," (b) "Why Not Try God?" (c) "Beam Ends."
16. What two actors each have four sons?
17. Name the actor who has never spoken a word on the screen.
18. What is a (a) horse opera, (b) a quickie?
19. Name the movie star who gets the most fan mail today.
20. How did Walt Disney conceive Mickey Mouse?

(Correct answers on page 73)



History student Jack, 14, likes Carmen Miranda. Joan, 14, specializes in musical information. Is a pianist with "a perfect pitch."



Cynthia's 15, a musician, figure skater and baseball fan. Claude, 12, is from South Africa. Wants to be an aeronautical engineer.

"I'M NO MALE GARBO"

SOME PEOPLE ENJOY TALKING ABOUT THEMSELVES AND OTHERS DO SO PAINFULLY.

RONNIE COLMAN IS OF THE SECOND CLASS

"He ought to be here in approximately a minute," the studio representative said with authority, glancing at his wrist. "Ronald Colman is always on time. You can practically set your watch by him."

We fingered our notebook nervously, looked to our three pencils. Over in the northwest corner of the "My Life With Caroline" set, Charles Winninger was cutting up, totally unmindful of the fact that the man Hollywood knows as "the male Garbo" was about to give one of his rare interviews.

At exactly two o'clock a gentleman in brown tweed coat, gray trousers and an Ascot tie came into view. The studio man got up. It was Mr. Colman all right.

The interviewer's young sister had made him promise to bring back a picture of the man in close-up.

"If I'm going to have a prince charming, I want to know what he's really like," she had proclaimed in the

Colman's just planked down \$15,000 for the rights to Alice Duer Miller's "White Cliffs of Dover," in which he'll star. Proceeds will go to British War Relief.

manner of an ultimatum. Which explains how come the reporter was eying the gentleman those first few moments as if he were inspecting a ten-dollar bill during a counterfeit-money epidemic.

Well, Mary, Mr. Colman looks just the same as he has for the last twenty years, ever since he became the nation's Feminine Sleep Disturber Number One in "The White Sister."

His eyes are big, brown and luminous. They seem to have the same faraway glance as that of a man peering into Never Never Land. They look this way even when he smiles one of his two smiles; the half-sad, half-amused one and the half-arch, half-cynical model. He speaks in a low, crisp voice that stays on an even keel. Forty words or so is his absolute tops for continuous speech. Then you have to prod him again. He hates dull people and is so afraid of being a bore that he's economical with his speech.

His face is brown, and his general appearance lithe and rugged. He has a good head of hair. His moustache is kept carefully clipped. His teeth are a dental ode to beauty.

After settling down, Mr. Colman lit a cigarette.

"I notice you're wearing your 'how-to-meet-a-legend' look," he smiled. "And I'm just in the mood to explode a legend, especially if I'm the subject of it."

"Wherever did they get this silly tag-line about 'the man in the iron mask?'" he asked, casting an accusing glance at this reporter. "My life is an open book—a very dull one, I might add. Where shall we begin?"

There is no point in trying to make you believe that from this point on the reporter and Ronald Colman put aside all formalities, retired to a pub and spent the rest of the afternoon and night discussing the gentleman's personal history. What we did do, actually, was to spend a good hour playing a game called questions and answers, results of which are set down for you forthwith:

He is an actor "partly by choice and partly by circumstance." Swamped by the backwash of the post-war slump of World War Number 1, he cast around for some sort of "suitable" employment and was stymied. Grasping at a straw, he chose the stage as a possible lead into movies, his secret ambition.

After nearly starving in New York, he was ultimately given a part in "La Tendresse" with Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller. A role in the stage play "East is West" brought him to Hollywood where every studio passed him up on the spot. It took a couple of pictures made in Italy—"Romola" and "The White Sister"—to turn him into a national cinema hero almost overnight, whereupon Hollywood clamored for him.

His first American picture was something called "Tarnish" with May McAvoy. He thinks he was "quite mediocre" in it.

He likes Hollywood very much, loves pictures even more. He resents the "male Garbo" reference, because he swears it's untrue. As he explains:

"I'll pose for the photographers, see any intelligent



By James Carson

writer and cooperate generally, provided that it has a direct bearing on my work. My private life I regard as my own."

He vehemently disclaims being a hermit.

"I used to be one of the most active bachelors in Hollywood, parties and all that sort of thing."

"What happened?" the reporter wanted to know.

"I got married, and I changed my technique somewhat."

He still gets around a good deal, but without display. Now and then he'll go to the fights. Occasionally he'll visit Ciro's or the Brown Derby with his wife, Benita Hume, who loves to dance as much as he does. He detests the tango. She likes the rumba. He's tried it, but says it's too much for him.

The Colmans are sociable, not social, people. Because he's English, he naturally has a few British friends like Clive Brook, Ralph Forbes and Herbert Marshall. But his American friends are even more numerous and include William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, Warner Baxter, Tim McCoy and Jack Benny, his next-door neighbor. They play tennis, singly and together, take long bike rides and have frequent dinners with long sieges of conversation afterward.

He thinks one picture a year is the ideal way to prevent the public from getting tired of his face. If he does what he thinks is a bad picture, he'll hurry up and get another one going so as to recover what he thinks is lost ground. Actually every Colman picture has made a bag of money.

He has lived in his present rather modest home for five years. There are less than ten rooms, millionaire though Mr. Colman is. He hates ostentation and walks about in odd jackets and slacks. He can't stand this business of wearing sun glasses to hide one's identity.

"What identity?" He'd like to know.

He's hepped up about fishing. Once he caught a 27-pound marlin and has never forgotten it. Nor will he let his friends forget it. The dead fish gets a funeral oration every time a fisherman shows up at the Colmans' house.

It's not been publicized too much, but Mr. Colman is chairman of the board of the United Producing Corp. which is backing "My Life With Caroline." He's trying to demonstrate one of his favorite theories: you don't need to have fabulous sets in order to make a good picture.

You'd expect him to be a pipe smoker and to have been born with that moustache of his. Actually neither is true. He confesses that the moustache was dreamed up by the same Henry King who picked him for "The White Sister." He had been given a test which didn't quite jell. King in a fit of inspiration drew a moustache on Colman's lip. It gave him something—that distinguished look, plus. It went with his eyes. Another test was made, and Colman was hired.

He'll tell you wistfully that maybe he ought to have followed his first ambition and become a writer. The only thing that prevented him, so he told us waggishly,



He and Benita Hume have been wed for 3 years. When they met, she was engaged to another man, and he was bitterly disillusioned over his first unsuccessful marriage!

is "a lack of any particular talent for that career."

He loves to eat. French and Italian cooking are his favorites. He has little truck with calory-counting, and his weight hasn't varied five pounds in the last twenty years.

Humor, especially the clever gag or even broad burlesque, is right down his alley. So are bicycling and tennis, which he plays in Ascot tie and high-ankled shoes. In books, give him Shakespeare; in sports (as a spectator), football; in dogs, wire-haired terriers. Shopping trips with his wife, golf, jewelry, hats and Tommy Dorsey records all leave him cold.

It will bowl you over, but he's proudest of himself as a comedian. Wait until you see him in "My Life With Caroline." He's an understanding husband married to an amorous and roving wife, with a yen for slick Latins.

How Ronnie goes about baffling her periodic backsliding and winning her back is something that will affect you like a cool breeze in mid-July. Mr. Colman is really delightful.

Interviews he tolerates as a part of his job.

He doesn't carry a cane. He isn't a bridge addict. In his youth he used to develop crushes on great ladies of the stage. He'd write them letters but never post them. All of which makes it easy for him to understand fans. He only wishes that they would try harder to understand him.

Remember the child in "Little Women" who comes out with:

"I have an infirmity. I'm shy."

She was speaking for Ronald Colman.

CLOSE-UP OF



Paulette Goddard has beauty, grace and talent. So have other girls who get nowhere. Nature has endowed her with rarer qualities—an eagerly questing brain, tireless vitality, a joyous zest for life. These she'll still have when (and if) she's eighty. They give her personality its vivid and arresting color.

She has an independent mind and the courage of her convictions. Persuaded that a course is right for her, she takes it with an attitude of complete detachment from what "they say." By the same token, she believes in letting others live. She has more of that large tolerance with which men are generally credited, than of feminine malice. For Paulette, people are divided into two groups—those who stimulate and those who bore her. Wherever she finds them, she cultivates the former. Her acquaintance ranges from the Max Eastmans to Mrs. Harrison Williams.

She and Chaplin have drawn their own design for living. Whatever rumors you may hear to the contrary,

Paulette, who will be thirty on June 3, cannot stand perfume or the color blue. She loves kids and is always championing Chaplin's more devilish son, Sydney.

UNDERSTAND HER OR NOT—YOU JUST CAN'T

IGNORE HER. SHE'S THE MOST DARING,

MOST EXCITING WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD!



The Chaplins have reached this understanding: they may date anyone they want, but neither will consider these dates grounds for divorce.

PAULETTE

BY JEANNE KARR

they're not divorced or divorcing. When Charlie's on the coast, they live under the same roof. They enjoy each other's society. Either is free to date whom he or she pleases. Charlie doesn't care for night life or dancing. Paulette does. She'd rather tango than eat. Dancing both relaxes and exhilarates her. She doesn't concentrate on any one partner. This week she may go out with Jock Whitney, next week with Alfred Vanderbilt, Gene Markey or Tim Durant. She feels so strongly that dancing should be a part of every child's background that she arranged for a group of orphans in whom she's interested to be given ballet lessons. "But that sounds so unnecessary," a friend protested. "I want them to have something unnecessary," said Paulette.

She likes barbaric colors—red, yellow, purple—and guesses it's the gypsy in her. They go well with her olive skin, dark hair and eyes that change with the changing light from blue to green to gray. For the evening she prefers gold or white with bright accessories. To set off their striking color, her clothes are always simple in line.

Franker than most glamour gals, she blithely declares that costume jewelry doesn't interest her except in design. She likes real gold so heavy that it looks like costume jewelry. A pet necklace and bracelet, for example, are fashioned in a thick flexible double rope of

red and yellow gold. If she has a favorite stone, it's the diamond, though left to choose between stones and gold, she'll take the latter.

She has definite ideas about conventions in fashion, the most definite being that she doesn't believe in them and can't see why women should meekly turn themselves into figures of fun at fashion's behest. Her single rule is, if it suits you, wear it. She for one can't stand stylish hats. She hates fussing with them till they're tilted at the one inevitable angle where they look right. Besides, she never wears hats, crazy or otherwise. She buys them to match her costumes on the theory that some day she may have to put one on. Meantime they dangle, blobs of color, from her hand. She used to wear slacks, but, concluding after due observation that skirts were more becoming, she gave them up. The moment she gets home from the studio, shoes and stockings come off so that she can walk barefooted. She finds it relaxing.

She lives at the beach in a white house and spends as much time as possible in the sun on the principle that sunlight's a cure for most ills and depressions, mental and physical. When she's not working, she goes without make-up two days a week to give her skin a rest, using only lipstick and a light oil. Incidentally, she's discovered another make-up (*Continued on page 75*)



Most publicized Goddard romance was the one with Anatole Litvak. Now Paulette (who was once married briefly to a lumberjack) is being seen around with Gene Markey.



Paulette has the world's loveliest figure according to 6 artists. Keeps it that way motor-biking, but is grounded while "Hold Back the Dawn" (with Boyer) is in production.



Bob has a fabulous memory, but says there are two things he'd love to forget—that he's an ex-boy soprano and that his real name is Lester.



Hope gets \$3,000 a week for his radio show with Cobina, Brenda and Jerry Colonna. Has never had mike fright in his life. Says he wards it off with a quick prayer just before he goes on the air.

FROM *Page* TO RICHES



In 1938 was voted one of the 10 best male singers in the country. Has 2 ambitions: to beat Bing Crosby at golf and to play one dramatic role.



Next to heckling Dottie Lamour, Hope's favorite fun is entertaining at benefits. He's appeared at over 1,000. Gets a huge kick out of doing it.

**BOB HOPE'S SUCCESS HAS BEEN
DEPENDENT UPON HIS ONE DEFORM-
ITY—AN OVER-DEVELOPED FUNNYBONE!**

BY IRVING WALLACE



Bob and Dolores Reade have been married six years. Have two adopted kids—Linda, 2, and Tony, 1. Plan to adopt at least three more.



Bob's devoid of conceit. Has never asked to have a picture sitting killed. Currently gets more fan mail than Clark Gable or Tyrone Power.

Examine yourself carefully. Stick out your tongue. Say "ahh." Inhale. Exhale. Feel your pulse. Flex your right knee. All right. Now compare the results of your symptom-hunt to the following expert and official diagnosis:

"Quick convulsive breathing with violent sounds and facial expressions indicative of mirth."

If that's exactly how you're suffering, don't worry. There are thousands upon thousands of slap-happy patients just like you. Because the preceding symptoms, to be found in Dr. Vizetelly's Handy Standard Dictionary, are of a very common and catching malady known as—*laughter*.

And while there have been rare cases of persons who've caught this malady from being mildly tickled by a feather or playfully massaged in the ribs, the most ordinary cases have caught their *laughter* from the original germ-spreader—Bob Hope.

Lots of persons, of all types and sorts, have caught *laughter* from Bob Hope. His wife has. His six brothers. His eleven gag writers. And his forty million fans. The malady has been contagious, spreading rapidly from coast to coast. People, en masse, have caught it mostly in crowded theatres and near blaring radios. In fact, according to NBC and Paramount Studios, there have even been some bad cases of the disease. There have been those who've convulsively "rolled in the aisles." Others, more dangerously attacked, have had their "sides split." And the worst cases have "died laughing." The germ has become a major and national epidemic.

Fortunately, after intensive research for MODERN SCREEN, we have diagnosed the nature of the epidemic and are here to report that it is not "serious." In fact, to the contrary, it is very, very funny.

We have spent an endless amount of time with Bob Hope, have analyzed his every twitch. We should be happy to insist that he is Hollywood's super-zany, a screwball, a daffy-dilly, a clown prince and sixteen-cylinder jester. But that would not be true.

Rather than something super-super, Bob Hope's style is easily identified. He is your punning brother-in-law. He is your good-natured boyfriend. He is the wise-cracking clerk at the corner grocery store. You recognize him immediately (Continued on page 70)



inventory of an ingénue

NO SKELETONS IN ANN RUTHERFORD'S CLOSETS—JUST

A CAREER GIRL'S WARDROBE, HOLLYWOOD STYLE!

JEWELRY: 10 bracelet and necklace sets, 12 lapel gadgets, 2 lapel watches, 4 pairs of earrings, 7 compacts. She carries her compacts in their little flannel jackets even when she goes out. **PERFUMES:** Several bottles each of Chanel, Schiaparelli, Lenthéric, Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubenstein, Coty, Yardley and Matchabelli. **HATS:** Owns 24. Makes them over when they've been photographed too many times. **FURS:** 1 mink coat (full length), 1 silver fox jacket, 1 pair silver foxes, 1 Russian ermine coat (full length). **LINGERIE:** 10 nightgowns, 1 pair pajamas (she wears these when she goes down to the boat Chuck Isaacs left her when he joined the army), 4 bed jackets (she usually breakfasts in bed), 5 robes, 2 negligees, 10 slips (all ruffled), 1 pinch-waist corset.



Ann keeps all her jewelry in stocking boxes. Most valuable piece is a real pearl ring.



Buys her furs with the overtime money paid by M-G-M. She's now saving for a lynx jacket.



Keeps dabbing on cologne all day when she's at home. Uses perfume only in the evening.



Has boxes for her favorite hats; the others are on shelves. Makes most of her own headgear and can duplicate \$65 originals for \$2.50.



Scatters Schiaparelli's scented face cloth tablets and gardenia corsages among her lingerie.



Makes her own hair ribbons, mostly from velvet or flowered taffeta. Hugest bows are for pompadour hair-do. They're ten inches wide.

HAIR, RIBBONS: About 35. **CLOTHES:** 5 suits (3 dressy, 2 sports), few street dresses (those she has are basic ones which can be given different appearances with various accessories), 13 evening gowns, 5 slack suits, 4 pairs of slacks, 23 blouses, 14 bathing suits, 8 sweaters, 3 terry cloth beach jackets, 6 wool jackets (worn over slacks). **HOSE:** 2 dozen pairs. She must wear her own for pictures. When her stockings rip, she waits until she has four or five damaged pairs, then takes them to the dime store, where runs are fixed for 10 or 15 cents, depending on their length. She has snags repaired for 5 cents. **SHOES:** 19 pairs sports shoes, 18 pairs dress, 7 pairs evening slippers—to say nothing of several pairs of skating shoes, riding boots and galoshes. **PURSES:** She has 13 of them.

inventory of an ingénue

CONTINUED...



Couldn't resist buying this little pinch-waist corset, but has never worn it. Is saving it for a tight-in-the-middle evening gown.



She insists she has no glamour, but you ought to see her in these. They're her two pet formals, both chiffon.



Has bathing suits in every color but yellow, which she hates. Cannot stand midriff swim suits or evening gowns.



Keeps her slacks on a men's trouser rack. Wears sports things at home, but changes into something more elegant before dinner.



Owens nothing initialed but 2 hankies. This one has an "R." Ordered the other marked "Ann"; got "N" by mistake.



She wears her own 5½'s in pictures. Brushes them the minute she takes them off, and keeps tissue paper in their toes. Like her hats and purses, they usually last about 3 years.



Knits like a fury every spare second—even at the movies. Makes all her sweaters and sports blouses. Her hobby is designing clothes. Favorite designer is Nettie Rosenstein.



Jean Parker's graceful, vivacious feet show their dancing training.

step lovely



Polish to match your finger-nails should top each pedicure.



Foot powder eases friction and protects against moisture.



Special waterproof pads soften corns, relieve pressure.



Balm for tender, tired feet should be massaged in vigorously.



Soak feet in hot and cold water daily to keep them young.

Go in for beauty feet first, for healthy, well-cared-for feet are essential to grace, poise and a happy expression

Did you ever stand on a street corner and try to guess people's ages by the way they walk? You can learn a lot that way. Young girls, for example, walk by with a light, airy, springy step, keeping their heads high and their shoulders straight. Middle-aged women, nine times out of ten, either bounce, mince or lope as they walk. What a giveaway! Elderly people often step with uncertainty. And there you have three ages of women.

But could you discover the ages of cinema stars so easily? Not much! Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, Janet Gaynor, Madeleine Carroll or Marlene Dietrich have every bit as much spring and grace in their footsteps as have Jean Parker, Olivia de Havilland, Brenda Joyce or Susan Hayward. And even the out-and-out old-timers in Hollywood have an airy rhythm that many a younger woman might copy with profit. You never noticed anything mincing, loping or wobbling about the footsteps of Spring Byington or Gladys George, did you?

Those girls and women realize that many a strained face, tart disposition, frazzled nerve and obscure physical illness can be directly traced to tired, neglected or overworked feet. So they have adopted simple little home routines to keep their feet young, strong and happy.

Most people were born with perfectly normal, healthy feet, but somewhere (*Continued on page 83*)

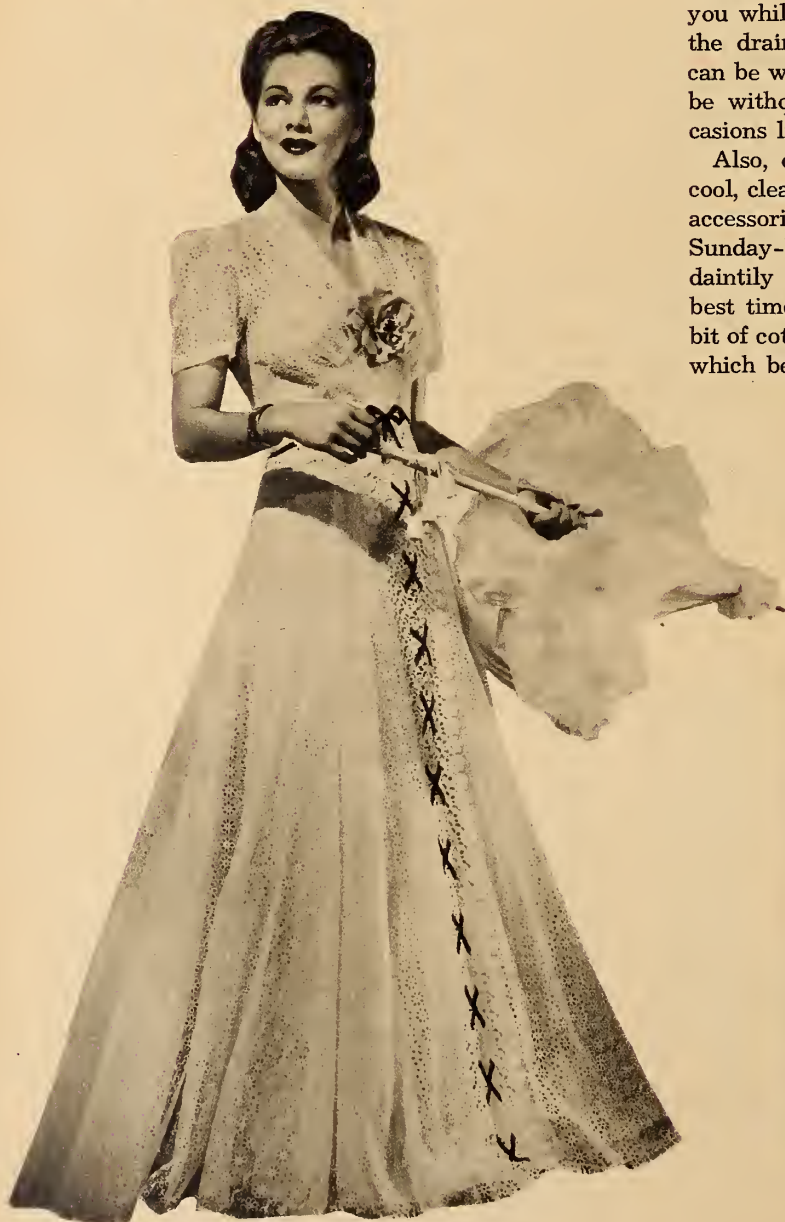
Design for Daintiness

IT'S FUN TO BE WELL-GROOMED

When you are just about to collapse after a long day's work and settle down for a restful evening at home, did your phone ever ring and the light of your life announce nonchalantly from the other end of the wire that he had just fallen heir to two tickets in the third row and reservations at your favorite restaurant afterwards—and would you please be ready to start in forty-five minutes? Oh, chills and thrills! How can you do it—but you know very well you wouldn't refuse for a million—isn't this the date you've been waiting to have for weeks? What to do! Where to begin! You now have just about forty minutes to change into the gorgeous creature that he thinks you are.

Off with your clothes and into your negligée! On the way to your bath or shower, catch up those stray straight locks in bob pins or curlers, so that they'll be working for you while you're washing your cares and troubles down the drain. There are grand little curling gadgets that can be whisked into place in a minute, and no girl should be without them, either for regular use or special occasions like this.

Also, on your way to the tub, lay out a set of fresh, cool, clean lingerie, your most becoming dress and all the accessories to go with it. And don't forget to set out your Sunday-best set of purse-sized beauty gadgets to nestle daintily in your prettiest evening bag. This is also the best time to remove all old or soiled nail polish with a bit of cotton and an oily remover and to set out the polish which best harmonizes with the dress you plan to wear.



Maria Montez, delightful Universal starlet



Lotions soothe, smooth and protect against summer sun, wind and water and keep skin lovely.

WHEN YOU FOLLOW THIS PLAN

Now slather onto your face, neck and arms a thick coat of cleansing cream. If your things are all in their proper drawers and boxes, so that you can find them in a jiffy, all this can be done in about five minutes.

To keep your lingerie always fresh and dainty requires but a few minutes each evening, and there are such grand, safe, mild soaps to use on them these days that it is actually fun and a great satisfaction to do your own under-pretties just to see how lovely they can look. So, if you've kept all of your clothes fresh, clean and in good condition, as you should have, you'll have no last-minute nerve frazzles over them just when you most want to look and feel your best.

Now for a good, luxurious, stimulating tub or shower bath. If everything is in apple-pie order, and you have enough time, treat yourself to a restful, relaxing tub with bath salts, cologne and your very favorite cake of clean-scented, free-lathering soap. If you prefer the pepping-up tingle of a brisk, rapid shower, that is all right, too. Whichever one you take, be sure to use a new, easy-to-get-hold-of cake of soap, a bottle of light, fresh-scented cologne, an after-bath rub and a generous sprinkling of cooling talcum or dusting powder.

Of course, you'll use a clean, thick turkish towel for drying. Remember that the towel rub-down not only dries, but stimulates and relaxes you, so it is an important part of your beauty ritual. Right here is the time to apply a good, effective deodorant, cream, powder or liquid, underarms, on your back (*Continued on page 81*)



Deodorant and a fresh-scented talcum or dusting powder should follow every bath the year 'round.



Creams of all kinds should be used lavishly this time of year if skin is not to suffer.



A refreshing foot powder is a beauty treatment whose soothing effects reflect in feet and face.

By Carol Carter

GROOMED FOR GLAMOUR . . .

BY KATHRYN GRAYSON as told to Gladys Hall

All work and very little play made cute Kathryn Grayson a star!

"You want me to tell girls just what a major studio does to and for a girl when it is grooming her for stardom, isn't that it?" Hazel-eyed, dark-haired, nineteen-year-old Kathryn Grayson, wearing a powder blue sweater suit and just the right amount of make-up, took a deep breath and said, "Well, here we go!

"I get up at seven in the morning, which is none too early considering how much there is to do. I have eight lessons every day! First my dancing lessons, ballroom and ballet, alternately—for a half-hour period. Then I have my voice exercises with Mrs. Minna Letha White. My body is alive from the dancing, and the vocal exercises make my voice alive. After that there are dramatic lessons with Mrs. Lillian Burns. Then to Mr. Gelman for piano lessons and after that opera scores with Mr. Rosenstein. Then I have two lunch hours, and I'm always simply starving. Afterwards I'm off to Earl Brent for light opera coaching. Then to Mr. Zador for counterpoint, theory and harmony. Back to Mrs. White again for repertoire, arias and concert pieces. Then home to a huge dinner and bed—until seven the next morning, when it begins all over again.

"But let me tell you what they did to me before I even saw a camera. I had a space between my two middle front teeth, so they sent me to a dentist. He fixed that. I was a bulgy little brat two years ago, but that was fixed up too—not by diet, need I add. They don't believe in girls dieting. I don't take any special exercises, either. Wouldn't have the time or patience. I just walk a lot, play some golf and get pounded by a masseuse. I am now down to the approved measurements for my height—bust, 35½ inches, and hips, 33. I wear a size 6 glove and a 4½ or 5 shoe.

"They didn't make me do anything about my hair. When you think of a studio trying to "glamourize" a girl, you probably think they try to doll them up. Not any more! The whole trend now is toward naturalness.

"They left my clothes alone, too. I love clothes in spells, and I go for variety. I adore hats. Sometimes I fall for a really dizzy one, and then the kids (my sister and brothers) will say, 'Oh, glamour girl!' and I'll never wear it again. It's not that I do or don't want to be a glamour girl. It's just that I couldn't. I'm not the breed. I usually wear plain navy dresses with white collars and cuffs. I wear lots of sweaters, too, because they're so practical.

"The studio didn't suggest that I live any differently, either. We still live in our same house, daddy and mother, my unmarried brother Michael and my sister

Francie, who is sixteen,—just as we did before I came to M-G-M. I have no car. Daddy drives me to the studio and picks me up again in the evening when I'm through.

"Our home life is probably the only one of its kind in Hollywood! Radios going, dogs barking, birds singing, babies raising Cain (my oldest brother has three little girls). If any girl could go temperamental or glamorous at my house she'd be entitled to it! If I ever started anything like that, they'd give me the 'Ha, look at the Duchess!' routine until I ate humble pie on my bended knee!

"To get back to grooming. I use soap and water and some good creams. I usually wear low-heeled shoes, because they keep my whole body comfortable. Sometimes I go around the house and garden bare-footed. I take a warm bath with jasmine bath salts every night, and during the day I use carnation and jasmine toilet water—a splash of one and a splash of the other. The combination gives you a nice, fresh, spicy smell. If I'm especially tired at night, I put pads soaked in warm water and witch hazel on my eyes. The studio doesn't advise me to do any of these things. I do them because I want to.

"I'd like to say something to girls who want to be screen stars. If it's excitement and hey-hey you're after, you'd better stay right in high school. Being groomed by a Hollywood studio isn't what you imagine at all. It's just like being in a school with a very stiff curriculum. I have my eight lessons a day, eat lunch with one of my teachers and go home. Why, I didn't even meet a single movie star the whole first year I was here. No one paid any attention to me.

"After I'd been here a year, I did meet Nelson Eddy at a small party at Mrs. Ida Koverman's house. He was interested in my voice and suggested that I visit him and Jeanette MacDonald on the set. I did, and Mr. Eddy was swell to me. He pointed out how perfectly Miss MacDonald knows camera angles and how wonderfully she places her voice. Now, Mi. Eddy and I sing duets occasionally for our own amusement.

"The funny thing about my case is that I didn't really want to be a movie star. It just happened! I was born in North Carolina and was raised in St. Louis. We came here because Daddy had a real estate deal pending. It never occurred to any of us that I might land in the movies! I'd taken a few intermittent vocal lessons but had never found the right teacher. I'd always wanted to be an opera singer, and I still want to be one more than anything else in the world. (Continued on page 95)



Kathryn's real name is Zelma Hedrick. (Kathryn's her middle name, Grayson's her mother's maiden name.) She's 5'3", but would love to be tall. Is begging the studio to dye her hair blonde.

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN

PARACHUTE TROOPERS INVADE HOLLYWOOD! STIRLING HAYDEN REFUSED DATE! SWEATER SET BANNED BY HAYS OFFICE!

DIDJA KNOW

That Veronica Lake was a beauty contest entrant in Miami three years ago—and got an awful shellacking . . . That Jerry Colonna's newly-adopted son will be called "Robert" after Bob Hope . . . That Earl Carroll offered to cover Marlene Dietrich's palm with \$10,000 for every week she personal-appeared at his café, and she turned him down cold . . . That Barbara Hutton's jeweled trinkets are insured for \$3,600,000 . . . That Charlie McCarthy owns more sweaters than Lana Turner . . . That Virginia Bruce will pass up magic lantern labors for at least a year after the birth of her baby . . . That Mary Martin's heir will debut in November . . . That Brian Aherne studied ballet dancing as a kid . . . That Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer are the only Metro stars who do not furnish their own shoes and hose for pictures . . . That Jeanette MacDonald will glimmer in Technicolor for "Smilin' Through" . . . That Rudy Vallee is having his curly locks deinked . . . That Alfred Hitchcock's pet name for Joan Fontaine is "Dopey" . . . That John Garfield calls himself the "Jean Gabin of Brooklyn?"

MOTHERHOOD FOR DEANNA

It happened at Deanna Durbin's wedding. A group of guests huddled in a corner for a buzzing session. Glancing toward the beaming bride and groom, one of the guests shook his head slowly. "I give her a year," he whispered. "I'm not so sure about that," said another. "I'd say two years myself." There it goes, we thought. Drawing up the divorce papers already. Just like Hollywood. In a few moments we were eating our words. For in a precedent-shattering gesture, the group was speculating not on how long Deanna would remain Mrs. Paul, but on how long it would be before she had a baby Paul! And do you know what the consensus of opinion was? That Deanna will become a mother in a year! Deanna and Vaughn love children, and their intimates believe that unless someone can advance a good reason why they shouldn't, the Pauls will be three in '42.

MEET JOHN DOE-BOY

Jimmy Stewart isn't sticking his neck out. It's just been revealed that when Uncle Sam's draft board tapped Jimmy on the shoulder,

Jimmy promptly shed his movie star trappings and became one of the boys. Fearful of being tagged a Hollywood "swell," he tucked his expensive luggage into a dim dark corner of his Movietown manse and shuffled off to camp with the cheapest, plainest set of bags money could buy. Actually, Jimmy didn't give a darn whether shirts and undies were encased in genuine cowhide or cardboard. But what did upset him was the matter of a certain pair of solid silver military brushes of which he's long been proud. When he packed to leave, Jimmy looked at them longingly, decided they weren't appropriate for an army tent—and for the next twelve months, the Stewart tresses will be patted into place with an unimpressive pair of recently-acquired wooden hair caressers!

CLOSED CORPORATION

That wonder boy of the cinema, that tonload of talent, "Magnificent Mischa" Auer, has discovered a new outlet for his genius. Dissatisfied with merely acting, Mischa has formed his own producing company—the president, vice-president, vice-vice-president, director and cameraman of which are all . . . Mischa Auer. Mischa films his epics with an 8 millimeter movie camera and releases them in his own living room. "Miracle Productions, I call them," boasts Mischa. "And my slogan? Just this—'If It's a Picture, It's a Miracle!'"

DOUBLE FEATURES

Funny, the things that will block a romance. Frances Farmer, back in Hollywood for "World Premiere," met Stirling Hayden on the Paramount lot. It was a case of instant attraction, and the shy Hayden stuttered out an invitation for a date. "Sorry," said Frances ruefully, "I'd love to accept but if I do, everyone will say it's because you look like my ex-husband, Leif Erikson. They'll swear I'm carrying a torch!" So be it, we say. But that doesn't explain why the "disinterested" Frances pays daily visits to Leif, now working in the hilarious comedy, "Nothing But the Truth," at Paramount. The reason may be due to the fact that her former spouse reminds her of Hayden!



Willis Hunt and Martha O'Driscoll added a dash of Horse and Buggy romance to Barbara Jo Allen's party. They're the real McCoy; will wed when he gets his divorce from Carole Landis.



Most everyone at the old-fashioned ice cream party wore their Sunday go-to-meetin' finery. Exception was Annabella, who watched ex-soda jerker Ty Power display his technique!

COVERING UP FOR KATHRYN

Too bad. Too bad. M-G-M is turning thumbs down on "cheesecake" art for Kathryn Grayson. Though Kathryn is just a youngster, and an extremely shapely one at that, the studio has ordained that absolutely no publicity pictures are to be shot of her in a bathing suit or shorts! M-G-M has had too many bitter lessons with art of this type. Gigggle-getting snaps, taken of Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford in their pre-great days and showing those ladies clad in nothing more confining than a veil and a few beads, are constantly cropping up to haunt them. Metro expects Kathryn to become the biggest star in Hollywood. When that day dawns, they don't want any tintypes that are not the strictest models of dignity and propriety putting in an appearance. Oh, well. It's our loss!

LEADEN LADY

Hot news around the hot spots is the full-blown feud rumored to have sprung up between Marlene Dietrich and Bruce Cabot. The trouble, it is said, dates back to the time Marlene and Cabot were parading their talents on "The Flame of New Orleans" set. One scene called for Bruce to literally sweep Marlene off her feet and carry her across the room. As the cameras stood ready to turn and Marlene stood ready to be swept, Cabot balked. He fixed his eyes on the Dietrich countenance. "I can't carry her," he said, according to reports. "She's too heavy. Will you get me a double instead?" We are told the astonished Marlene flounced away in a huff. She weighs little more than 100 pounds, and Bruce is almost a 200-pounder. He could have lifted her as easily as he could a cup of tea! Marlene is still bearing a grudge, and at this writing the only things being lifted are the Dietrich and Cabot noses as they pass in the Citro's night.

JACK THE COMPLEX-KILLER

Rib-ticklingest sight of the month was Jack Benny anking into the Brown Derby by the other dinner hour. Jack got as far as the pastry case when a mob of waiters tore to his side, nearly knocking him off his pins. It

seems each was trying to lure the Benny appetite to his own table! And do you know why the tray-toters were all so eager to serve Jack? Because he's the most generous tipper in Hollywood! And do you know why he's the most generous tipper in Hollywood? Because indirectly his script writers have made him that way! This is how it works. Before his writers turned him into the boastful tightwad every radio fan and moviegoer knows, Jack was just a normal, healthy guy like you and me. But when he began playing America's Number One Skinflint, he developed an inferiority complex about the character! So because he's always subconsciously trying to prove to the world and himself he's not a cheapskate, he's been converted into the most liberal spender this liberal spending town has ever known! In fact if Mrs. B. didn't stand guard, it's a sure bet the Bennys would be receiving their mail at the county poorhouse!

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH

Speaking of Jack, do you know he's the first comedian in history to employ a stand-in gagman? His regular writers, Bill Morrow and Eddie Beloin, earn \$2,500 weekly (actually!) between them. But even at that price, Jack doesn't expect them to work miracles. He realizes they may hit a mental dry spell occasionally and leave him high and dry without a radio script. To guard against such an emergency, he pays another gagster \$500 a week just to sit in on the Morrow and Beloin conferences and give the boys a hand if they run into a vacuum! When Morrow and Beloin are in top form, the stand-in doesn't open his mouth. But he collects his check anyway. It's worth that much to Jack to know he's there!

TRUE TO FORM

A charming era in Hollywood history is ended. The omnipotent Hays office has issued another of its tongue-clucking edicts, and with one fell swoop the town's beloved Sweater Set has been swept away. No longer may Lana Turner, Betty Grable and Carole Landis be screened in provocative, form-fitting slipovers. For in a decisive memo

to producers, censor man Joe Breen, who's paid to be Hollywood's conscience, dictated as follows: "In recent months we have noticed a marked tendency to inject into motion pictures shots of low-cut dresses which expose women's breasts, as well as 'sweater shots'—shots in which the breasts of women are clearly outlined and emphasized. All such shots are in direct violation of the Production Code, which states clearly that the more intimate parts of the human body must be fully covered at all times, and that they should not be clearly and unmistakably outlined by the garment. . . . In the future any shots in which women's breasts are partially or wholly exposed or any 'sweater shot' in which the breasts are clearly defined will be rejected. . . ." Observed one disgruntled Sweater Set-ter: "It would be a bigger favor to the world if they covered up some famous faces."

GRAND DIS-ILLUSION

It was just like telling a child there ain't no Santa Claus. Vic (Adonis) Mature, the most manly man on either side of the Rockies, was recently summoned by a New York draft board. The morning Vic reported for his physical exam, hundreds of women held their breath, awaiting the word that was certain to take their idol from them. At last it came. A sympathetic doctor patted Vic on the arm and broke the news: "Go back to Broadway," he said. "We can't use you. Not with flat feet!"

SHORT SHOTS

Bette Davis's "ex," Harmon Nelson, has gone into khaki. . . . It's Virginia Field and Vic Mature in New York. . . . Howard Hughes hopes to star old love Katie Hepburn in his next fillum. . . . Big problem on the Metro lot is what to do with Andy Hardy. The studio doesn't know whether to send him to work or to college. . . . Add ranch owners: Greta Garbo recently purchased 28,000 acres worth of cattle country near Las Vegas. . . . An Arkansas theatre manager bills James Cagney as "Jamesie" on his marquee. His wife makes him do it because it's her pet name for Cagney. . . . Artie Shaw is put-



Frances Neal and her Beau Brummel, Rand Brooks, nibbled a cone with hostess Barbara Jo (left). She's known as Vera Vague on NBC, plays Beth Holly in radio show "One Man's Family."



Guests had a hilarious time playing kid games like Spin the Bottle and Musical Chairs. Mary Brian peeked while Pinning the Tail on the Donkey; was caught by Jack Benny's announcer Don Wilson!

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED

ting aside his music to devote his entire energies to a new world peace plan . . . Gene Tierney will lay 20 slaps on Randy Scott's face as "Belle Starr" . . . In music critic Deems Taylor's opinion, Reginald Gardiner knows more about music than anyone in Hollywood . . . Funny folk, the French. Danielle Darrieux's husband, Henri Decoin, will continue as her business manager when their divorce becomes final . . . Virginia Weidler made her flicker bow in the German version of a Wally Beery picture. She was only five at the time, and Mama and Papa Weidler, as well as five other little Weidlers, were in the picture . . . It may be wedding bells, after all these years, for Nick Grinde and Marie Wilson. They were spotted home-hunting . . . Hollywood is asking: why were there tears in Alice Faye's eyes when she won her final divorce decree from Tony Martin?

LEVANT-ISM

Mary Martin made a quick trip to New York after completing "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." While in the Big Town, she ran into Oscar Levant, who's also in the picture. "Oscar," she enthused, "I saw 'The Boys' before I left! You were great! Why, you came out really likable!" "My God," groaned Oscar. "I'm ruined." And he immediately went out and insulted four people.

AUTO-SUGGESTIONS

Ladies, don't bounce one off your husband's noggin because he wants to blow your fur coat money on extra-fancy automobile equipment. Your Movietown males are just as gadget crazy. For example: Errol Flynn keeps a dog house in the rear of his car for the comfort of his pet Schnauzer, Arno . . . An exquisite medallion of his daughter Maria is set in Gary Cooper's dashboard . . . William Orr's snowy-white coupé is upholstered in an eye-stopping Scottish plaid . . . a St. Christopher medal protects George Raft when he travels. It's part of his gear-shift knob . . . The Clark Gables always toss a pair of sleeping bags in the back of their station wagon when they embark on a trip. If they're stuck for a night's lodging, they roll themselves into the bags, draw the strings up to their noses and go snugly off to the land of movie star's dreams.

LOVER'S LAMENT

Love-struck men, who boast their girl friends are so beautiful they ought to be in pictures, ought to be glad they're not. That's the opinion of 20-year-old, football-playing Bob Waterfield, the U. C. L. A. Junior who last Christmas slipped an engagement ring on Jane Russell's third finger left hand. Bob's been dating Janie for five years, and it's his regret that she said "yes" to a Howard Hughes contract at the same time she said

"yes" to a life-long contract with him. It's the publicity and the demands on her time that Bob resents. "Just look at this," moaned he when confronted with a magazine story about Janie entitled "The Return of the American Bosom." "Why couldn't it have happened to somebody else's girl!"

SOUND AND FURY

Don Ameche was reminiscing about his old-time radio-acting days. "Boy, I'll never forget one night when I was doing a show in Chicago. There was a daffy sound effects man on duty, and he kept missing his cues. At one point, I announced I was going to shoot my leading lady on the spot. Then I paused. I waited for the gun report. None came. So I decided to try again. 'You faithless wench,' I shouted. 'I'll kill you right now!' Still no gun. I was frantic. In desperation, I switched the line. I said 'Shooting's too good for you. I'll stab you in-

takes her daily setting-up exercises with Dr. Gaylord Hauser, but she's not permitting that little routine to block her romance with Erich Maria Remarque. Ever the domestic soul, Greta is now busily engaged in altering many of the touches in writer Remarque's home (pictures, rugs, and so on) to suit her own taste. A particularly interesting sidelight on the great Garbo's flair for interior decoration is this—all the touches she is altering are those originally installed by Marlene Dietrich!

MATRIMONY AND THE BENNETTS

When Connie Bennett sped to Yuma to become the bride of the Mexican-born Gilbert Roland, she accomplished two things: (a) she took unto herself a man she has long known and admired, and (b) she added another notch to the steadily zooming Bennett family marital score. Including the latest ceremony, the four Bennetts, Connie, Joan, Barbara and



Rita Quigley and Bozo the Clown (hired specially) yum-yummed as hostess Jane Withers cut first slice of her birthday (15th) cake. Party, complete with orchestra and ice cream, was thrown in Beverly Hills Hotel's Palm Room.

stead!' My leading lady caught on. She screamed horribly. Then she gasped in agony and let go with a death gurgle. It was a tight spot, but we got out of it—almost. As I opened my mouth to speak my next line—the gun went off!"

IN A GILDED CAGE

To at least one Hollywood celebrity, the picture business is a prison, and the sound stage a cell. George Brent, after 12 years of movie work, is like a man who has been interned against his will and prays for the day of deliverance. 150 films have been on George's schedule since the day he signed his first contract. "And I don't even remember the names of five," he'll tell you. Well, George's sentence is nearly over. His current picture pact runs till a year from December. With that out of the way, he'll be free to go as far from Hollywood as he pleases. What we can't understand, though, is how a guy can be so down on a business that gave him a prize package like Texas Annie Sheridam!

THE SCENERY CHANGES

That Greta Garbo is the sly one! Greta still

their father, Richard, have exactly 10 marriages and 7 divorces among them! Connie, you know, was formerly wed to the Marquis de la Palaise, millionaire Phil Plant and Chicagoan Chester Moorhead. Joan, before becoming Mrs. Walter Wanger, shed Gene Markey and John Fox. And father Richard, with two wives to his credit, lost them both in the divorce court. Barbara, the only Bennett to marry just once, recently sued for her freedom from singer Morton Downey, and by the time you read this, the Bennett divorce record may be upped once again!

PUCK UNDER PUNISHMENT

Burgess Meredith was feeling mighty chipper as he sauntered onto the "Tom, Dick and Harry" set the other A.M. "Hiya, kids!" he greeted the assembled cast and crew. "How're my little playmates this fine cheery morning?" Dead silence. "Didn't ya hear me?" queried Buzz. "I wanna know how you're feeling!" More silence. Buzz began to fidget. "I don't get it fellers," he said. "What's the gag?" Director Garson Kanin stepped forward and slipped a note into his hand. And then Buzz understood. He had

reported late, and as punishment for holding up the company his "little playmates" were giving him the silent treatment! And they weren't half-hearted about it, either. For the entire day Ginger Rogers, George Murphy, Kanin and others on the set referred to Burgess, when they had to, as "that fourth character," "that other party," and so on. But not a single word was addressed directly to him. Only once was the silence nearly broken. That was when Buzz stuck his head into Ginger's dressing-room and, grinning puckishly, chirped: "I don't suppose you're interested, but Jimmy Stewart's coming home for the week-end!" Ginger was dying for details, but clamping her lips together, she looked straight through him—and quietly shut the door in his face.

THE GREAT MAN VOTES

John Barrymore is back again with another of those inevitable "ten best" lists—this time

service is too perilous. The army's only hope is volunteers. Thus, by aiding RKO to publicize the battalion, the army hopes to attract enough men to fill their quota! We don't know why the army makes things so tough for itself, however. They could probably do much better by simply rounding up a few of those shapely Georgia peaches, putting them in bathing suits and on posters and plastering them over the country à la Hollywood publicity technique. We'll bet a thousand to one Fort Benning would soon be hanging out its S.R.O. sign!

REGINALD THE WRETCHED

Hedy Lamarr and John Howard are worried about their good friend Reginald Gardiner. For the past few weeks Reggie's been going around with a wild look in his eye, murmuring something strange and unintelligible about "chipmunks." Realizing a happy, healthy lad like Reggie never concentrates

table the other evening. Intrigued by the directions on the label, he borrowed a supply for his own use, smuggling it out when Brenda's back was turned. At home he decided to try it immediately. "And what a horrible experience that was!" he told us blushing. "The stuff foamed up so fast it nearly drowned me! And that's not all! I finally rescued myself, but gosh, did I smell! Like a burlesque cutie on a dime-store spree! Personally, I'm willing to forget the whole darned thing. But not Brenda! She thinks it's funny to call me Daisy!"

YANKEE DOODLER

Ever meet a doodle expert? Probably not. There aren't many around. That's why we were so delighted to discover Miss Dorothy Hoffman holding court at Earl Carroll's restaurant. Miss Hoffman is Hollywood's pet doodle-decipherer. She makes a career of analyzing the wriggles and curlicues left on Mr. Carroll's tablecloths by the town's top-notchers, and some of her reports are fascinating. Here are a few: (a) Clark Gable has intense energy, extreme enthusiasms, and lapses into periods of dark moodiness. He dislikes routine and detail—and has to fight an almost ungovernable trait of jealousy! (b) Dorothy Lamour is strong-willed and wants her own way. She tries, rather unsuccessfully, to keep her heart from running away with her head. She makes an interesting companion because she doesn't know the meaning of the word boredom. (c) Judy Garland is extremely feminine. She loves people and makes strong attachments. She is sensitive, idealistic and a hero-worshipper. (d) Mickey Rooney is going through a formative period—trying to find himself and make adjustments. (e) Jimmy Stewart is high-strung but constantly on guard about expressing his emotions. He detests being handled or influenced and is a bit suspicious of people who show him a great deal of attention. By disposition and temperament he is a cross between a dignified Englishman and a tempestuous Latin!

LOVE MATCH

With the firecracker season approaching, why doesn't someone pull the stunt of the year and set a match to George Raft and Betty Grable? That team is loaded with more combustibles than an RAF raider! And don't think the great American public isn't aware of it! George long ago discovered that the quantity of his fan mail is affected by the intensity of his romances. When he dated Norma Shearer, public reaction to his personal life reached an all time high. Since the start of the Grable bonfire, his letters have nearly doubled.

BARNYARD FOLLY

Jimmy Cagney is the despair of Warner Bros. He hates publicity, believes everything that can be said of him has been said and every picture of him that can be shot has been shot. For years the Warners have coaxed and wept, but Jimmy resolutely has resisted every effort to break down his anti-exploitation attitude. So—imagine the delight of the studio's publicity head when, picking up his phone the other morning, he heard Jimmy's lungs shouting an invitation to come to the Cagney home immediately! "I've got the greatest story of the year for you!" said the lungs. "Hurry! And bring a photographer, too!" The publicity head didn't wait for more. Diving for the door, he grabbed a cameraman en route and ripped over to Jimmy's house. "What is it?" he gasped when he got there. Jimmy winked significantly. "Come with me," he said. Leading the expedition through the house and into his backyard, he marched up to a big red-roofed chicken coop surrounded by a dozen of its clucking tenants. "Look inside," Jimmy commanded. "See that hen,"

(Continued on page 96)



Gloria Jean grooms June Carlson's glued-on beard. (It was yanked off at least 4 times during 5½-hour afternoon party.) June copped first prize for most original girl's costume in her circus freak's half-man, half-woman outfit!

with the funniest we've ever encountered. Asked to name the ten greatest profiles in history, he nominated, besides himself, the following: (1) Cyrano de Bergerac. (2) Jumbo, the circus elephant. (3) Gargantua, 1941's most famous bridegroom (unless Barrymore remarries). (4) W. C. Fields. (5) Mussolini. (6) Maxie Rosenbloom. (7) Any Ubangi woman. (8) Cobina of the Brenda and Cobina team and (9) W. C. Fields. Says John: "You'll note that I include my good friend W. C. Fields twice. That is because I believe both sides of his very distinguished nose are worthy of mention!"

MAN BAIT

The U. S. Army has invaded Hollywood! When RKO announced they were placing the newly-wedded Nancy Kelly and Edmond O'Brien in "Parachute Battalion," a story of parachute troopers in training at Ft. Benning, Georgia, the army immediately dispatched a parachute expert to the studio to supervise important scenes. The reason? Today, the American army has only 423 trained parachute jumpers. It needs 2,000 but can't draft the difference, because the

on four-legged creatures exclusively, we cornered the poor fellow and requested some explanation for his apparent lapse of reason. This is Reggie's story: "Hedy, John and I went to the movies one evening. When we left the theatre, a mob of autograph hounds ganged up on us. I figured they were only interested in Hedy and John so, with typical modesty, I retired to a corner to wait for them to finish. I was getting a little envious, I admit, when I noticed two little old ladies giving me the eye. Like magic, confidence ebbed back into my veins. I flashed them a full-face, double-row-of-teeth smile and urged them to come nearer. They did, obviously flustered at being so close to a celebrity. Then one of them spoke. 'Would it be revealing any secrets,' she whispered, 'if you told us how you draw those cunning little chipmunks, Mr. Disney?'" There it is, Hedy and John. Do you blame your little pal?

BUBBLE TROUBLE

If you want to see a peaceful, quiet man grow wild-eyed, just mention "bubble-bath" to Bill Holden. Bill discovered a jar of the stuff sitting on Brenda Marshall's dressing-

Your Weekend Wardrobe

BY ELIZABETH WILLGUSS



What could be nicer than a fitted white terry robe? \$3.95, Mabley Carew, Cincinnati. Striped terry sandals, 99c. Wise.



Be a perfect spectator in bright red slacks with gaily printed blouse from Loomtogs. \$7.95, Plymouth Shops, N.Y.



Sail in navy slacks and jacket with embroidered emblem. \$10.95, Filene, Boston. White and red moccasin play shoes, \$1.99, Wise.



Take along a four-piece play suit, including jacket and shorts, in blue and brown plaid gingham. \$7.95. Joseph Magnin, Los Angeles.
JULY, 1941



Play golf in chambray with free swing sleeves. \$6.95. Franklin Simon & Co. Tan leather loafer shoes from Wise, \$2.99

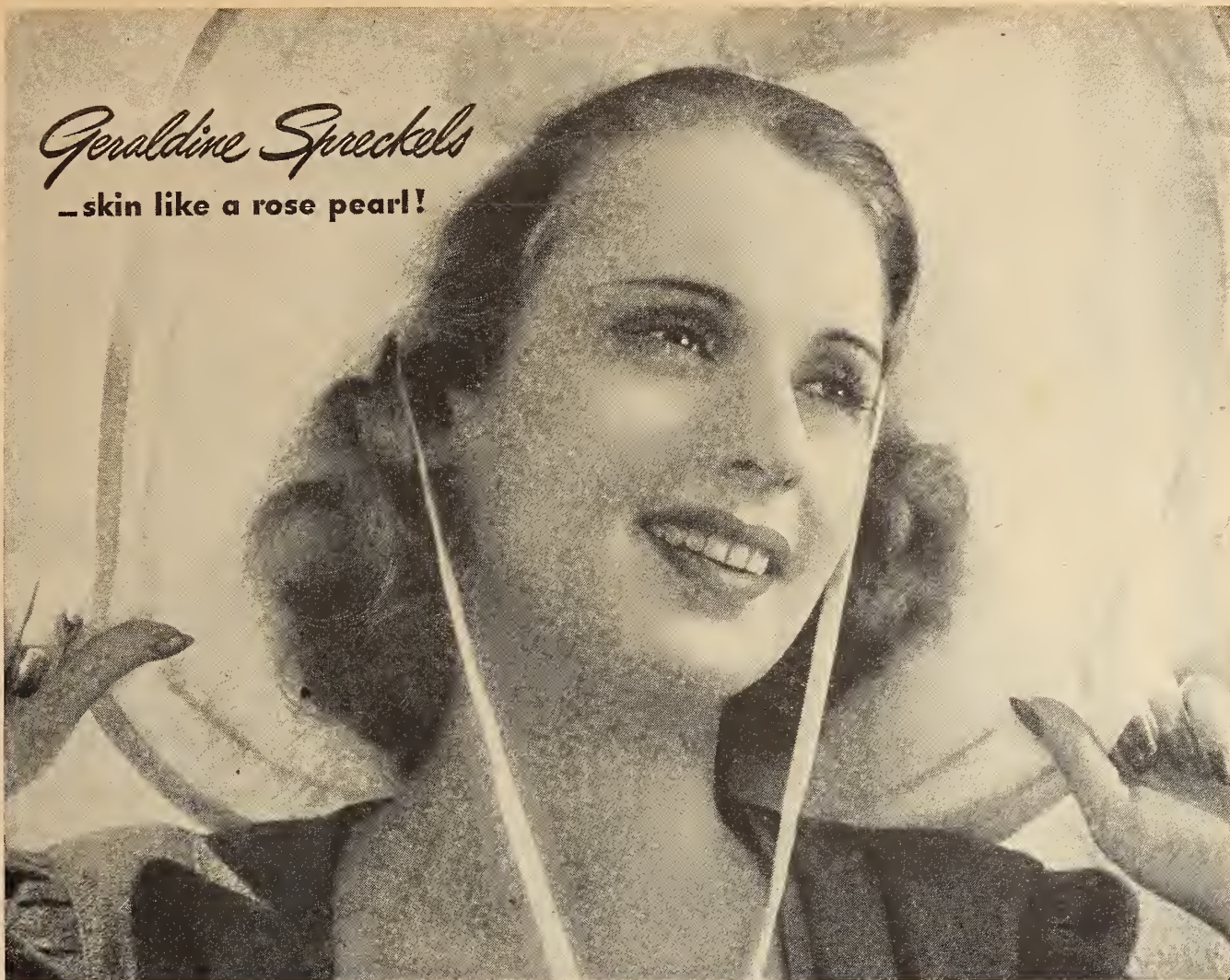
The Water's Fine!

Jane Russell, lovely star of the Howard Hughes production, "The Outlaw," poses in two equally flattering swim suits that are not afraid of the water



Geraldine Spreckels

—skin like a rose pearl!



EVERYWHERE SHE GOES ADMIRING EYES OPEN WIDE AT HER SLIM, YOUNG BEAUTY... HER GLAMOROUS COMPLEXION!

Golden Girl of the Golden West

Give *YOUR* skin *HER* Glamour Care

Swing into the glamour routine lovely Geraldine Spreckels adores! Whisk through this brisk little Pond's Beauty Ritual every night—and for daytime pick-me-ups. Help make your skin look fresh and sweet as a rain-washed rosebud!



Lovely clean!

Slather Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. Pat it in for all you're worth! Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with more Cold Cream, to soften again, and slick off every trace of dirt and old make-up. Happy note! Little "dry" lines show less—pores seem smaller!

A good big splash next, of Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener.

Extra special now—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your clean, glowing face. Wipe off after one full minute. A smooth, smooth performance! The mask zips off little roughnesses—gives your skin a caressably soft feel—a lovely mat finish! Now—a fluff of your powder puff! You're glamorous as a dream girl!



Glamorizing 1-Minute Mask



SHE'S infatuated with life, and infinitely lovely—this madcap California heiress, Geraldine Spreckels. Red-gold hair and gold-flecked eyes are precious accents to her soft, luminous, exquisite skin.

The care of her lovely, clear complexion is not left to chance. She follows the simple Pond's Beauty Ritual every day.

CLIP this Beauty Coupon
for your Pond's Ritual Kit

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

I'm keen to start Geraldine Spreckels' glamour care. Please send right off Pond's Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's especially soft Cold Cream, Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream for the glamorizing 1-Minute Mask. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

(Offer good in U.S. only)

Aladdin SAYS Genie's a Genius...



You remember Aladdin? The poor tailor's son who found the magic lamp, and every time he rubbed it a Genie appeared and granted Aladdin's every wish.

One day at lunch... presto! Genie appeared. "Hey," said Aladdin, "why are you here? I didn't rub the lamp."

"I know it," replied Genie, "but it rubs me the wrong way to see you eating all soft food. Take this Dentyne and chew some often. Its extra chewiness gives your teeth needed exercise and helps protect them from tartar and decay. And that richly satisfying taste is real flavor magic." "That's fine!" said Aladdin.

"Don't forget," answered Genie. "Dentyne adds lustre to your smile."

"Genie," said Aladdin, "you're really a genius."

Moral: You too should take the Genie's advice. Try Dentyne for distinctive flavor and to help brighten your teeth... And don't overlook its handy, flat, flavortite package—so easy to share.

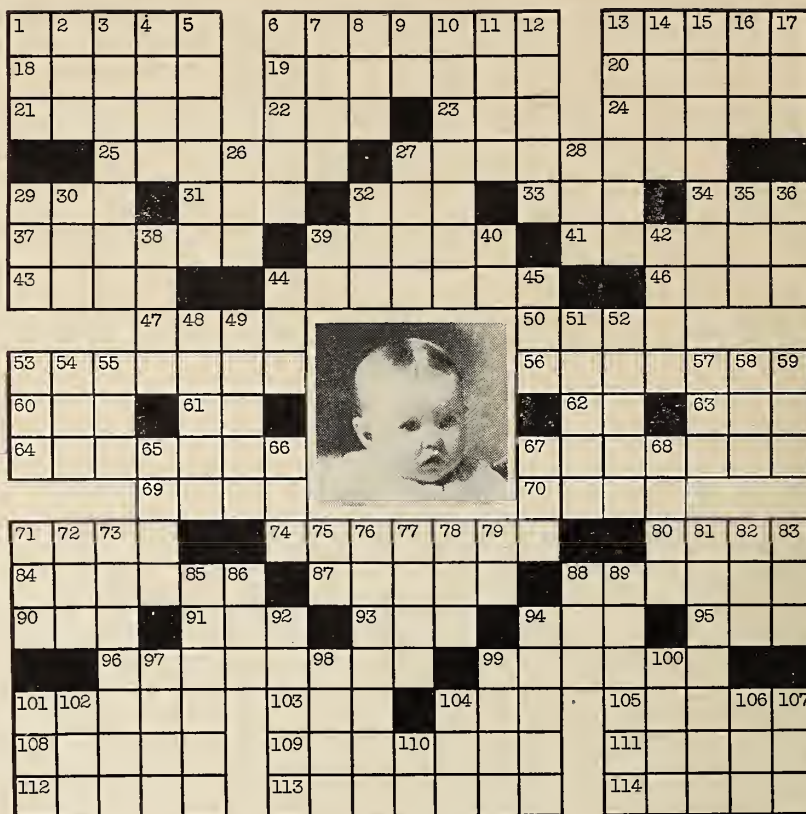


6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 95

ACROSS

1. Bull fighter in "Blood and Sand"
6. Femme in "Sis Hopkins"
13. Ouspenskaya
18. Singer in "Great American Broadcast"
19. Dancer in "Lady Be Good"
20. Star of "Her First Romance"
21. John Garfield's benefactor
22. Joan ... lie
23. Happy
24. Cubes
25. Girl in "Scattergood Baines"
27. Other man in "That Uncertain Feeling"
29. Femme in "A Man Betrayed"
31. ... Grey
32. Dolores ... Rio
33. A film's period of operation
34. Inquire
37. Detain
39. Studio's gift to successful players
41. She's in "The Saint" series
43. Cozy nook
44. Who is the actress pictured?
46. Male lead in "Bitter Sweet"
47. M-G-M gown designer
50. Chinese star in "Ellery Queen's Penthouse Mystery"
53. Dancer in "Second Chorus"
56. Girl in "Philadelphia Story"
60. Tough boy in "Pride of the Bowery"
61. Measure of area
62. "Sergeant York": init.
63. Johnson's comic partner
64. Opposite 76 down
67. Mailman in "Nice Girl?"
69. Miss Birell
70. Name for Geraldine's homeland
71. Gumbo
74. "Ellery Queen, Master Detective"
80. Home state of 44 across
84. Mrs. Vaughn Paul
87. Femme in "I Wanted Wings"
88. With Joan in "A Woman's Face"
90. Heroine of "Trial of Mary Dugan"
91. Not in
93. Fabulous bird
94. Deanna's real name: Edna ...
95. "So ... s Our Night"
96. First name of 44 across
99. Comedian: Syd ...
101. Scrub
103. Priscilla Lane's nickname
104. The Big ...
105. She was in "Women in War"
108. Danielle Darrieux's hubby
109. Insnares
111. George ... s
112. Icelandic poems
113. Written law
114. Woodland god

DOWN

1. Fruit pulp
2. R ... nd Young
3. Star of "Golden Hoofs"
4. Light tan
5. Rules
6. Girl in "Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga"
7. Malt beverages
8. Affirmative answer
9. ... rren William
10. Wife of "The Great McGinty"
11. Leo's introduction
12. Studio hairdresser's equipment
13. Holy city of Arabia
14. Mine entrance
15. Hero in "The Round-Up"
16. Suffix denoting a "follower"
17. Exclamations of pleasure
26. Headgear
27. Repair
28. Dress, as leather
29. Actor in "Washington Melodrama"
30. Before
32. Male lead in "Kiss The Boys Goodbye"
35. Owner of famed Chinese Theatre
36. Small reef
38. Girl's name
39. Two: prefix
40. Carmen Miranda's homeland: abbr.
42. Girl in "Curtain Call"
44. Rich man in "Buck Privates"
45. Steer wild, as a vessel
48. Lariat
49. Brenda's hubby in
- "Footsteps In the Dark"
51. Silent era vamp
52. More delicate
53. Lofty mountain
54. Weight of India
55. Part of the foot
57. ... Chaney, Jr.
58. Guido's high note
59. George B ... t
65. Co-starred with Hardy
66. Seize
67. Turkish governor
68. ... Hamilton
71. Queer
72. New Zealand parrot
73. Jeff in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"
75. Printer's measure
76. "Lady From Cheyenne"
77. Taylor's first short: "Buried ..."
78. Movie light
79. Personal pronoun
81. Overthrow
82. Miss Cahoon
83. "Dr. Jekyll ... Mr. Hyde"
85. Playboy in "Back In the Saddle"
86. Month: abbr.
88. Girl's name
89. Lamprey fishers
92. Binds
94. Parsonage
97. Gentle breeze
98. Rave
99. Birthmonth of 44 across: abbr.
100. Genus of olive
101. That lady
102. Sir ... ric Hardwicke
104. Greek letter
106. Climbing plant
107. Always: poet.
110. "Billy The Kid": init.

Here's **ALICE FAYE** behind the Scenes —with a Beauty Tip for **YOU!**

LUX TOILET SOAP

NOTHING SO IMPORTANT TO FEMININE CHARM AS **SOFT SMOOTH SKIN!** I HAVE TO FACE CLOSE-UPS ON THE SCREEN — **AT HOME, TOO!**

SO I NEVER NEGLECT MY **LUX SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS**. FIRST PAT THE LATHER LIGHTLY IN

THEN RINSE WITH WARM WATER — A DASH OF COOL

Star of
20th Century-Fox's
"The Great American Broadcast"

Try **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days—

"Lovely skin wins and holds romance," says this lovely star, and shows you how to give your skin Hollywood beauty care right in your own home!

You'll find these **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** so easy to take. They quickly remove every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics—leave skin feeling soft and smooth. Try this gentle care *regularly* for 30 days!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

NOW DRY WITH LIGHT, QUICK PATS. YOUR SKIN FEELS **SMOOTHER** — LOOKS **FRESHER!**

New Beauty for Nails!

The Astonishing Color-Charm and
Breath-taking Luster of Priceless
Lacquers from China



CHIP-PROOF NAIL LACQUER

So resistant to chipping and peeling you'll wonder—will it NEVER wear away? And positively will not prevent nails from growing strong and l-o-n-g! Buy CHEN YU at all smart stores—75c including a bottle of Hi-Luster LACQUEROL Base—or send coupon for trial bottles of any two shades (20 manicures).

SEND FOR 2 BOTTLES



Associated Distributors, Inc.,
30 W. Hubbard St., Dept. 65
Chicago

Send me 2 trial bottles of CHEN YU (enough for 20 manicures). Shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> JADE PINK, delicate pink | <input type="checkbox"/> JOSS HOUSE, rosy pink |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TEMPLE FIRE, flashing red | <input type="checkbox"/> FIRECRACKER RED, real fire red |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LOTUS BLOSSOM, bluey pink | <input type="checkbox"/> FLOWERING ALMOND, rose beige |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLUE MOSS, smoky taupe | <input type="checkbox"/> WEEPING WILLOW, reddish brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OPIUM POPPY, red-brown | <input type="checkbox"/> WISTARIA, deepish orchid |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CELESTIAL PINK, pinkish orchid | <input type="checkbox"/> FLOWERING PLUM, vivid cyclamen |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DRAGON'S BLOOD, darkly glowing | <input type="checkbox"/> CANTON RED, deep garnet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EAST WIND, summer rose | <input type="checkbox"/> MANDARIN RED, almost black |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BROWN CORAL, deep rose, slightly bronzed. | |

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

BLONDES TRY THIS 11 MINUTE SHAMPOO AT HOME TONIGHT!



Blonde hair is so lovely when it shines with cleanliness. That's why I want you to go to your nearest 10c store and get the new shampoo made specially for you. It is a fragrant powder that whips up into lavish cleansing suds. Instantly removes the dull, dust and oil-laden film that makes blonde hair drab-looking. Called Blondex, it helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blonde hair. Takes but 11 minutes and you do it yourself at home. Blondex is absolutely safe, costs but a few pennies to use. May be had at 10c or drug stores. Get a package today.

FROM GAGS TO RICHES

(Continued from page 51)

on screen or radio—though it's your first meeting—and because he is familiar, you become attached to him at once. Then, too, his methods are frank. If he tells a good joke, he laughs himself. If he tells a corny one, well, he groans with you. That's Bob Hope.

His familiar profile, which resembles a warped hockey stick, supports a brain which has a gag in each cell. Everything serious that sifts through his active jumping-bean mind comes out humorous.

He can't even write a straight ordinary letter. While on his last personal appearance tour where he broke Sally Rand's box-office record in Chicago ("And I didn't use fans, either," he says), he tried to write a serious letter to his bosom pal, Bing Crosby. Here is what Hope wrote:

"Dear Bing: At present I'm not only doing six vaudeville performances a day, a couple of benefits every night, a radio preview and regular weekly broadcast—but I also have to get up early every day to rehearse for a nervous breakdown!

THIS train is now going through a tunnel. Must stop writing a moment as I want to use this opportunity to pay my troupe their salaries. I've paid them off in the dark so much lately, they're thinking of asking the Treasury Department to put glow worms instead of eagles on all new money!

"As I write this, Professor Colonna is looking over my shoulder, but you can hardly blame him. This upper berth is so small he and I are sleeping piggy-back!

"Incidentally, the act has been doing swell. Dottie Lamour visited me opening day in Chicago and guested a couple of performances. That night Dottie and I got into a little argument, so I said to her, 'Go! I never want to see your face again—but the rest of you can stay!' A lot of her Chicago fans voted that they would rather not see her in tropical pictures anymore—but outside of her sarong they thought she would be swell!

"I'm really glad, Bing, that I made this personal appearance tour. It gave me a chance to meet my public. Besides, Paramount wanted me to get out of town until my last picture blew over. And my toothpaste sponsors thought a personal appearance tour would be a great thing for me. I went for it and what happened? They not only have me on the stage for six appearances a day, but they have my teeth on display in the lobby!

"Pardon me, the train is pulling into Boston now, and I want to open my golf bag and wake up Skinny Ennis. Keep your stomach in, Bing! Goodnight!"

Which gives you an idea.

Anyway, a lot of people who've been infected by Hope have been anxious to know more about him. But our main trouble is that we can't decide what is plain fact and what is pure funny.

There are a lot of kill-joys, the kind of folks who steal from blind men and scare little children, who say Bob Hope wouldn't be a first-rate comedian without his six brothers and eleven gag-writers. Well, while it's true his half dozen brothers—count 'em—Ivar, James, Fred, Jack, Sidney and George—help him a good deal, and while it's equally true his eleven gagmen furnish him with most of his basic gags—it's not true that he wouldn't be funny without them.

Witness the fact that Bob Hope in real life during impromptu speeches and

on the set, reels off a brand of humor that has listeners guffaw-drunk. Witness also that two of his brothers, Jack and George, admit quite frankly that while you can concoct and buy jokes by the hundreds, you can only find one Bob to point them up and socko! deliver 'em.

His gagmen submit 400 jokes a week. Of these Bob weeds out the scream of the crop, dresses them up and uses about 120 in his 22 minutes of radio time. Also, in his movies at Paramount like "Caught In The Draft," Hope, after reading the script, sits down with his gagsters and figures out the funniest draft jests possible and then just talks them into the script. It's a very disconcerting way of working for Paramount—but it gets results.

His brothers explain that Bob himself has invented at least five new humor formulas. For example, when Dot Lamour says to him, "Honey, you get under my skin," Hope will flip back with, "No, Dottie, you get under mine—it stretches!" This type of humor has never been used before, not even by Joseph Miller.

The Paramount jester is a genius at upholstering creaking gags and sifting the corn out of them. For example, once in Chicago he said, "I've got a brother who's darn tough. He once slapped Al Capone in the face!" To which a listener replied, "Gee, is he that tough? I'd like to meet your brother." And Hope replied, "Oh, I can't dig him up just for that!" The city of Chicago—and Capone's henchmen—protested the gag. So Hope dropped it. But recently he made it up-to-the-minute by injecting Joe Louis' name instead of Capone's. Simple?

When it comes to opinions on humor, Bob Hope possesses definite ideas. He thinks most amateur story-tellers—the life-of-the-party variety—spoil their efforts by not having the endings of their jokes clearly in mind. "When a comic forgets the tag of his joke, that's grounds for justifiable homicide," says Hope.

HE feels the radio has helped make the public sophisticated. "They won't eat corn any more," is the way he puts it. "Jokes have to be smart." Hope thinks Bing Crosby, his golf companion, has the best sense of humor in movie-land. But he feels W. C. Fields is the best professional comedian in the business. "The old rogue kills me," admits Hope.

Our hero is probably the best liked man in Hollywood. Producers, critics and creditors adore him equally. He gets along with his fellow comics, which is a novelty. Once I was in his dressing-room listening to a rehearsal record of his scheduled broadcast, when Jack Benny wandered in. Jack sat down to listen to it, then suddenly Bob Hope walked in. "Shut off that victrola!" he shouted at me. "And get that pirate Benny out of here before he steals my gags!" Benny, who pays \$2,500 a week for gags himself, feigned injury and insult, got up and started walking out in a huff. In an instant Hope made a flying tackle, brought Benny down to the floor. "Where are you going?" inquired Hope. "Aren't my jokes funny enough for you?"

However, at present Bob Hope feuds with only one jokester in the business. That's Milton Berle over at Twentieth Century-Fox. Hope jestingly claims that Berle steals his gags. "In fact," says Hope, "Berle once laughed so hard at one of

(Continued on page 72)



We believe in swimming for our figure's sake... we believe in Jantzen for our figure's sake... so we put the two together and have a wonderful summer looking wonderful. There's "Smoothie" (right) in the new seal-sleek, 4.95; "Surplice" (left) in lush Velva-Lure, 6.95... and plenty more, all in those heavenly figure-fixing "Lastex" swim suit fabrics, with the wonderful Jantzen foundation control, and the new Beauty-lift Bra. The colors are divine. At the leading stores or write for illustrated style folder.

Jantzen

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS

PORTLAND, OREGON...VANCOUVER, CANADA

"TELL ME ANOTHER" AND WIN \$5.00

says KLEENEX*



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

**If You Don't Succeed...
CRY, CRY AGAIN!**

IS MY MOTTO WHEN
WHEELING SOME NEW CLOTHES FROM
HUBBY. BUT I ALWAYS KEEP A BOX OF
SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX HANDY TO
REPAIR MAKE-UP AFTER HE SAYS YES.

(from a letter by M. F.,
Portland, Ore.)



Boy, Am I Popular!

I SHOWED THE WHITE
COLLAR GALS HERE
HOW TO MAKE CUFFS
OF KLEENEX TO SAVE
DRESSES FROM OFFICE
GRIME. REWARD: FOUR
KISSES... SO FAR!

(from a letter by A. B., Shreveport, La.)

A Bird in the Hand...

IS WORTH TWO ON THE PLATE, WHEN
IT COMES TO EATING FRIED CHICKEN!
AND SINCE WE'VE "DISCOVERED"
KLEENEX THERE ARE NO MORE
GREASY FINGERS TO SPOIL THE FUN!

(from a letter by S. B., St. George, N. Y.)



ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

(Continued from page 70)

my shows, he dropped his pencil!" Bob Hope's private life interests are many. His first, he met and married seven years ago. Hope was appearing in the musical comedy, "Roberta," on Broadway. In a nearby night club a model named Dolores Reade was the singing star of the floor show.

One evening our comedian met Miss Reade, complimented her on her vocals. She inquired politely, "What do you do?" And Hope answered, "Oh, me, I'm just a chorus boy in 'Roberta.' I also carry spears." Miss Reade went to see "Roberta" and saw that Bob Hope carried, not spears, but the entire show. His antics were hilarious. In fact she was still laughing when he proposed to her—laughing so hard that she was unable to refuse. Nowadays, every summer the couple mix business with pleasure by taking a honeymoon combined with a vaudeville tour. Hope jokes. His wife sings.

Another of Hope's personal interests is politics. He doesn't mix in it actively. He just tells what he thinks in humorous

form, like revising the old wheeze and stating, "Say, I hear Mussolini went down in a submarine to review his fleet." He also appears on benefits for any worthy cause at any time, in any place, and many of these causes involve war relief. He recently received an Academy Award for his unselfish services to charity. He also likes to kibitz on the subject of local and national politics. When Los Angeles elected a new district attorney, Hope quipped, "This new district attorney was the man who was going to clean up Los Angeles—but Santa Anita beat him to it!" Then he added, "My Democratic friends won so much dough on the election, they're now Republicans!"

His third interest revolves about athletics. His game of golf, at which Crosby always trounces him, is already legend. However, what few people know is that, at one time in his life, he wanted to be a prize-fighter. Honestly! He thought there was big money in it. He was sixteen years old at the time and, since he was fast on his feet, felt no opponent could touch him. His parents were

against the idea. So Bob Hope changed his name to Packy East and became a pug. He entered the Ohio State Novice Boxing Championships. He fought for one day, and according to the record books, he (1) won his first fight because the other fighter dropped from exhaustion trying to catch him, (2) drew a bye, (3) met the champion in the semi-finals, and (4) when he woke up in the dressing-room, announced he'd been through the world's first blackout.

"That," recalls Bob Hope, "was the life and death of Packy East."

He was also interested in becoming a baseball star. A short time ago, when Connie Mack, pilot of the Philadelphia Athletics, was in town, he asked Bob if he'd every played baseball.

"Sure," said Hope. "I used to be with the Eagle Rock Beavers."

"Really? What position did you play?"

"Well," explained Hope, "I used to sit on the bench in the dugout a good deal. But this particular season we had pretty tough luck during the big game. Everyone on our nine was being forced out with injuries. Someone was hit by a ball. Another fellow was hurt sliding. And so on. Finally after every substitute had been sent in, and every pinch-hitter, the manager at last turned to me on the bench and said, 'Hope—get up—we're sending in the bench!'"

He told me, also, that he was interested in horse racing. He planned to buy a horse and name it Yehudi so people could shout, "Where's Yehudi?" He almost lost his enthusiasm over the turf last year when he was betting on Crosby's colts. "Once I put a lot of money on a Crosby horse. Well, that horse really ran a fast race, that is, if you care for things like 'Gone With the Wind.' After the race my wife turned to me and said, 'Are you ready to go home yet, Bob?' And I said, 'Yah, roll out the barrel!'"

Bob Hope's other activities and sports, mostly of the indoor variety, consist of consuming endless amounts of herring and garlic, drinking a quart of milk a day, reading Variety in his huge bed which was imported from New York, sleeping six hours at a stretch, playing an excellent game of rotation pool, taking horrible 16 mm-outdoor movies, kidding Dot Lamour till she's half crazy.

His biography, of course, contains the usual ups and downs. He was born in London. Has a grandfather in Surrey today who is 97 years old and rides a bicycle daily. Hope obtained his first job in Cleveland at the Chandler Motor Car Company. Instead of selling cars, he tried out old gags on new customers—was soon being used by the firm as an after-dinner speaker instead of a salesman—and was fired when he used the president's dictophones to practice his monologues.

In his day Bob Hope was hungry. "People used to comment about the ripple on my stomach," he remembers, "not knowing it was my spine."

Today Bob Hope is ranked a shade behind Jack Benny and Edgar Bergen on the radio. However, experts admit that if his program played on Sundays—the best audience day—he would be number one. On the screen no streamlined comedian surpasses him. And on the stage he is absolutely tops.

And that, fans, is the result of our investigation on America's major epidemic—the carrier of the giggle-germ which has affected everyone with laughter.

So, no matter what sorrows beset this battered world, you needn't fear that men will forget to laugh—because there'll always be hope as long as there's Hope!

WE ASKED THE QUIZ KIDS . . .

(Answers to Movie Quiz on page 45)

1. Penny Singleton, Johnny Weissmuller, Bob Livingstone
(The Kids got two out of the three correct. Gerard thought the Lone Ranger might be Tom Mix)
2. All except Katharine Cornell
3. (a) Edward G. Robinson, (b) Paul Muni, (c) Lewis Stone, (d) Spencer Tracy
4. (a) Mary Astor, (b) Cary Grant, (c) Ginger Rogers, (d) Fredric March
5. (a) bear cages, (b) lion house, (c) monkey house
6. Samuel Goldwyn
7. The Abbess—John, Patience and Richard
8. (a) Dorothy Lamour, (b) Ellen Drew, (c) Madeleine Carroll
(They missed on this one; the only one they knew was Dorothy Lamour)
9. (a) Laurence Olivier, (b) Tyrone Power, (c) Norma Shearer, (d) George Arliss
10. Duke and Duchess of Windsor
11. "Rebecca"
12. "Life With Henry" and "What a Life"
13. (a) Greta Garbo, (b) Lou Costello, (c) Hugh Herbert
14. John and Lionel Barrymore; Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine; Priscilla and Rosemary Lane
15. (a) Edward Arnold, (b) Mary Pickford, (c) Errol Flynn
(The Kids didn't get any)
16. Bing Crosby and Don Ameche
17. Harpo Marx
18. (a) A Western picture, (b) grade C picture made on a small budget by an independent producer in a very short time
19. Gene Autry leads with approximately 2,000 letters a week
20. On the train coming to Hollywood, Disney, in need of a fresh comedy cartoon character, remembered Mickey, the pet mouse who had shared his room when he was broke

WHO IS THIS GREAT LOVER?

(Continued from page 43)

There were too many people around. He would be unable to stroll about in his swimming trunks.

He learned Marlene Dietrich lived two cottages away from him. Three hours later he was out dining with Marlene, whom he had met once briefly in Paris. No slow worker, that Gabin.

In filmtown, the French idol was welcomed like a continental conqueror—not alone for his fame and reputation as a cinema lover, but for his renown as a superb actor.

Everyone wanted to wish him well. First there was a cable from his best friend—Maurice Chevalier, now singing for charity in unoccupied France—wishing him health and success. Then Edward G. Robinson, who speaks fluent French and who had known Gabin abroad, came to visit and to take him to dinner. Next, Norma Shearer invited him to the Mocambo. He enjoyed Miss Shearer's company but candidly objects to night clubs. He says, "I do not see how people can have pleasure drinking merely for the sake of drinking."

Finally, one evening he ran into Spencer Tracy, whom he had known slightly in Europe. When they met, they em-



You — and the moon and the music

YOU...in a dream of a dress...floating over the polished floor, with the entire stag line at your heels!

It was wonderful... all of it. So now you rush upstairs to wake up Sis and give her your confidential report... share your triumph.

After all, it's her triumph, too. She's taught you a lot of things... put you wise to some glamour hints that made all the difference.

Doesn't she get the credit for suggesting that camellia for your hair—and then producing nail polish that exactly matched?

Wasn't it Sis who taught you how to make your eyes look bigger with a touch of eyebrow pencil in the corners?

Remember that time you had the little per-

sonal talk about Kotex Sanitary Napkins?

She pointed out that your secret is safe with Kotex, because those flat, pressed ends can't make telltale outlines, even under the most clinging dress. The wonderful, carefree confidence it gave you to learn about the "Safety Shield" in each Kotex was worth a fortune in itself.

Incidentally—it might be a very sound idea to take her advice about trying the three sizes of Kotex: Junior—Regular—Super. Certainly, you're the only one who can tell which size is exactly right for you.

All in all, you're a pretty lucky girl to have a sister like that... she's on your side. Let her know you appreciate her... and her help.



If you and Sis want to brush up on your facts together... send for the free booklet "As One Girl To Another." It gives you lots of good, useful tips.

Just send your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-7, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS



*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

New *under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



Arrid is the largest
selling deodorant
... try a jar today

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

braced heartily and spent the evening in conversation.

"But how did you converse?" we asked Gabin. "You don't speak English. Tracy doesn't speak French."

"Friendship needs no language," replied Gabin softly.

The following day he received a case of champagne from Tracy.

While on the subject, we reminded the invading Great Lover that here in America fans who had seen his foreign-made films called him the Spencer Tracy of France.

Gabin smiled at this. "It is a compliment. . . . But it will amuse you to know that in my native France my people have long called Spencer Tracy the Jean Gabin of America!"

The most frequent question asked by American damsels revolves about his reputation as a Casanova. Women have heard the single line spoken about him as Pepe by a French character actor. "When he dies, 3,000 widows will mourn for him." Women have never doubted this but have wondered why members of their sex have raved so about Gabin.

The answer may lie somewhere in his life or in his personality.

GABIN was born in Paris on May 17, 1904. He was named Jean Moncorge. His father was a top-notch stage comedian, and when he wanted Jean to become a comedian, too, the youngster ran away from home. He came back eventually and went to school for a while, but was thrown out because he was a poor student. Then Gabin became a cement mixer; later a prize-fighter. Finally blood began to tell, and he turned to acting. He started as a song and dance man, and to this day can whirl off a mean soft shoe routine. Then he did an unusual thing. Worked in motion pictures by day and in stage plays by night. The youngest of seven children in his family, he soon became the family supporter and the movie idol of the Old World.

When he was twenty-seven, he married. Her name was Doryanne. She was a gorgeous Parisian music hall songstress. They remained man and wife for eight solid years—but last year, for reasons undisclosed, they were divorced. Few persons know about this chapter in Gabin's life. Not that he ever kept it a secret. It's just that no one ever bothered to ask him.

In Paris he was always seen with a different woman. For a while this big-shouldered brooding blond went everywhere with Michele Morgan, now at RKO. Then he was seen with cute Simone Simon. In fact, it is said his dates often caused feuds. There are those who claim he had a good-natured feud with Jean Renoir, the French director now also working at Twentieth. In Paris some years ago, Renoir, while directing Simone Simon, wanted to date her—but Gabin beat him to it. There are those who hope the friendly rivalry is carried over among Hollywood's glamour gals. It would make good copy.

Gabin's most terrifying experience came just before he left his country. Owner of two cars in Europe, a Buick and a Chrysler, he was piloting the latter through the countryside for a relaxing drive, when suddenly out of the clouds a German stuka dive-bomber emerged and began zooming down toward him. "I slammed my car to a stop," Gabin recalled, "jumped out very fast, ran into the meadow and threw myself on my belly." The Nazi plane machine-gunned the car, and then planted a bomb on it, exploding the machine to bits and almost burying Gabin alive.

Today this headstrong foreigner, who once starved for two years rather than make a story he didn't like, faces one worry in Hollywood. He put it this way, "I wonder if the Will Hays office will permit me to act my usual rugged, virile roles. I don't want to be a pretty, polite young man!"

When we interviewed Gabin, we inquired about his own cinema tastes. He always was a great fan, seeing every American picture that came to Paris. He said he liked above all others Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Tyrone Power and Gary Cooper. It is interesting to note that all his choices are hair-on-the-chest gentlemen. He remarked that his two favorite actresses were Bette Davis and Margaret Sullavan. "I hope some day I am cast opposite one of them," he said.

He told us he enjoyed wearing turtle-neck sweaters. In Paris they were his trademark, just as Chaplin's baggy suit and cane and big shoes have been his particular trademark. "But here I seldom wear my turtle-neck sweaters," he confessed sadly. "I am afraid people will think I have gone Hollywood!"

Addicted to sleeping naked, to going on long hunting and fishing trips, to climbing mountains like the Alpine crags and peaks, he will do nothing important on Wednesday of any week. "Wednesday is my unlucky day," he explained.

Gabin has long been known as an epicure. A hearty but choosy eater, he has what the French uniquely call—"a discriminating fork." At home Gabin avoided night clubs but visited restaurants for choice dishes. One popular Paris restaurant named a steak after him. This steak, served very rare but seared on both sides, was labeled—"Steak au bleu Jean Gabin." He found his first meals in Hollywood a trial. He went to a café and almost fainted with dismay when they served him coffee instead of wine with his fish!

At present Gabin's desires are twofold. To obtain peace and rest. And to make excellent motion pictures. He wishes to avoid romance—for the time being. He made this one confession, "American women, they are beautiful. But I do not wish a Lady Eve to tempt me yet!"

He told us he had absolutely no further desire to travel. He had seen much and now he wanted to settle down.

"Hollywood is a fine place in which to settle down," the great Gabin admitted. "But, between us—" and then wistfully—"In my France, I was so happy. Some day maybe the world will change. And my France will breathe. And I, Jean Gabin, will return to my fields and hills and men and women. That will be—how do you say?—ah, the happy ending!"

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having at 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 op'ries!" Made up in a 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 lassoed!

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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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**EXTRA
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YET THEY COST
NO MORE

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POWDER PUFFS**

AT 5c & 10c—DRUG and DEP'T STORES

CLOSE-UP OF PAULETTE

(Continued from page 49)

trick which is yours for the taking. At night she mascaras only her upper lashes and draws a white instead of a black pencil line along the lower lid. She says it makes the eyes look larger.

She's active outdoors, walks on the beach, swims, golfs and plays tennis. She loves sports for their own sake and as the ideal outlet for her energy. At tennis she's as good as her partners. How good that is may be judged by the fact that she plays regularly with Jinx Falkenberg and her mother. Doubling with Mrs. Falkenberg at a recent tournament, she walked off with the prize—a set of silver bread and butter dishes. She's also won some cups. Jinx Falkenberg and Mrs. David Selznick are her closest friends.

Her house is a tasteful combination of simplicity and color. She feels what amounts to a phobia about gadgets, what-nots and dust-catchers. The purely ornamental irritates her. It's got to be combined with the practical or out it goes. She loathes clutter and never collects anything. Her instinct, indeed, is to get rid of all but the necessities—"only," she says with her impish grin, "they've got to be nice, rich necessities." The dresser and table-tops in her white and yellow bedroom are bare of geegaws, the "nice, rich necessities" laid away in drawers. She has a fancy for slipper flower-holders. There's something about the combination of natural floral beauty with the artificial elegance of a well-turned heel which tickles her.

THE household is run by Juanita and Gene, who have been with her six years—an eternity in Hollywood and a tribute to Paulette as employer. According to her, the secret of a successful establishment lies in choosing the right people to work for you.

She used to plan the meals and order the food. Now that she's engrossed in her work at the studio, she turns even that branch over to them unless she has a special guest. For herself, she's easily pleased. Her taste in foods is catholic. She laughs when people shudder over the revelation that she learned to enjoy snails in France and eels in Japan. She looks back on her trip to the Orient as on a rich treasure and would like to live for a long while in Singapore, but not now. No matter how many descriptions you hear and read of the place, the reality, she says, is fifty thousand times stranger and more exciting.

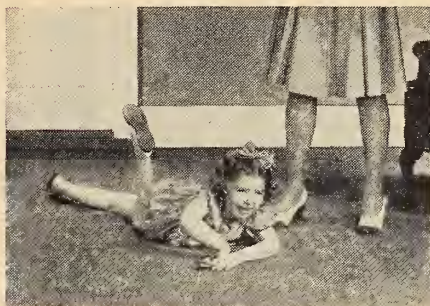
Juanita cooks, Gene major-domos and doubles in brass. Sometimes he drives her to and from the studio, more often she drives herself. She owns a black Rolls-Royce and a station wagon, and gets a bigger kick out of the station wagon than the Rolls. Jennie, her personal maid, used to go to the studio with her. What with hairdressers, make-up men and wardrobe girls provided by the bosses, Jennie found she had nothing to do but make coffee for the crew. So Paulette orders the coffee from the commissary and lets Jennie stay home.

She likes to entertain a group of twenty or so at tennis and tea, but when she gives dinner parties, her guests number no more than eight. After dinner they may see a picture, play games—one-minute speeches, for instance—or just talk. Or Paulette may take her guests to Venice to ride the roller-coasters. On such occasions she's simply a sports-spectator, because she can't see the point of suffering for no good reason at all."

**"I'm not a bad girl!
You're a bad mommy!"**



1. "You're a bad mommy!" I could hardly believe my ears! Was this my little girl talking to me! Why, I tried so hard to be a good and wise mother. But here was my little Mary looking at me as if she hated me!



2. It all started when Mary needed a laxative. She hates it, and this time she simply refused to take it. I tried to force it down her and she sputtered it all over the carpet. So I slapped her and said she was a bad girl. Then came the tantrum!



3. Well, I'd seen those laxative tantrums before, but this time it upset me more than ever. I was moping on the porch when I saw the school nurse passing by. So I called to her and asked her advice. (She knows so much about children.)



4. "All mothers should think more about the laxative they give their children," the nurse said. "Forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can shock her delicate nervous system. And it's so unnecessary. Why don't you try Fletcher's Castoria?"



5. "Mary will love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. And you can be sure it's thorough—but always mild and safe. It's made especially for children and there isn't a single harsh drug in it. I'm positive it will solve your problem."



6. Well, I got a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria and made the big test. Mary took a spoonful and loved it! She hugged me and said I was the best mommy in the world! Fletcher's Castoria has solved Mary's laxative problem ever since!

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

Why I switched to Meds



—by a dancer

Like lots of girls who are plenty active, I'm keen about *internal* sanitary protection and I'm always on the lookout for any improvements. So the minute I heard Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—I got some quick. And am I glad! Meds give me *wonderful* protection for they're the *only* tampons with the "Safety Center." As for comfort, I hardly know I'm wearing Meds. And imagine! Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that cost so little!



ONLY 20¢

EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

SITROUX Triple-Tested CLEANSING TISSUES



SOFTER Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.

STRONGER As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made from pure cellulose.

MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢—DRUG & DEPT. STORES

Violence in any form terrifies her. She turns tense with fear at the sight or sound of fire-engines, which seem to her insane. She used to love newsreels. Now with doom and destruction rampant, you couldn't drag her through the doors of a newsreel theatre. Nothing else scares her—except radio appearances. Her first with Bob Hope was a blackout. She wasn't there. They told her she was, but she knows better. Bob had to nudge her to wait for laughs. All she remembers are the nudges.

The Chaplin boys dote on her, and she returns the compliment. They arrive for the holidays, and their idea of a pleasant day is one spent with Paulette at no matter what. Whether she runs them ragged or they remain a toss-up, but there are no complaints from either side and never a dull moment. Charlie, fourteen, is sensitive, thoughtful, a passionate music-lover. Thirteen-year-old Sidney's a rolsterer and scamp with a gift for mimicry which he uses impartially on such notables as Louella Parsons, President Roosevelt and his father.

While under exclusive contract to the Chaplin studios, Paulette found more time and energy on her hands than were consumed by social, domestic and professional chores. Enrolling at UCLA, she attended classes for two and a half years in psychology, English literature, history, rhetoric—not to acquire a synthetic culture but to satisfy an inquiring mind. For the rest, she's self-educated and has done a better job than many professional teachers do. When H. G. Wells was in Hollywood, he spent as much time as he could with Paulette. Mr. Wells isn't one to waste himself on lamebrains.

She keeps several books going at a time to suit varying moods, prefers travel and biography to fiction, and doesn't mind lending her books, though when lending them, she makes it a point to say with a certain wistfulness: "I love this book." If the hint isn't taken and the book fails to come back, she remains philosophical and just replaces it.

Unlike Chaplin, she's not satisfied to make a picture every five years, and when her contract with him ran out, she signed with Paramount, binding herself at the same time to do one picture a year for Charlie when, as and if he

needed her. She's been working steadily for a year now and asks nothing better than to go on working. Her driving ambition is to be a good actress, so she's hurling herself at the job with characteristic intensity. Among her screen colleagues, she feels the greatest admiration for Vivien Leigh, but if she has an idol, it's Miss Fontanne of the stage. "She sums it all up," says Paulette.

She knits between scenes to relax her nerves, which need relaxation. Determined to reach the top, she's aware that a pretty face and a radiant personality won't suffice to get her there. As the woman of Boyer's past in "Hold Back the Dawn," she's copped a part with dramatic meat on its bones and is making the most of it. Her scenes aren't the kind through which she can walk and emerge with a smile. She comes out exhausted.

Woman of the world though she is, she can act like a child. A cocoon in her portable dressing-room gave birth one day to a brown and yellow butterfly. Paulette was enchanted. She ordered sugared water and a daily bowl of fresh gardenias for the visitor. She succeeded in coaxing it to light on her hand and wrist—a very pretty sight. When the company moved to another set, she left instructions for the butterfly's care and comfort. But one morning the butterfly was gone. She's not sure whether it appealed most to her aesthetic, dramatic or maternal instinct.

There was also the star system. Anything that can be put off, she's inclined to put off—either because she's tired or simply in self-compensation. To cajole her into being a good girl, the assistant director on "Hold Back the Dawn" reached back to his school days—and hers. She got a blue star when she came in early. She got a red star when she kept a date without postponing it three times. At the end of the week, a given number of red and blue stars earned her a gold star. Paulette took it big. She sweated for her rewards. She dragged visitors in to show them her star-spangled dressing-room.

Director of the picture, Mitch Leisen, not given to overstatement, says that when "Hold Back the Dawn" is released, Paulette will be hailed as a goldstar actress.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE

(Continued from page 35)

listened to the new records George had brought over.

Then unexpectedly, George sailed for Honolulu.

"A fine romance," said the Town Criers. But George's few close friends took the opposite view. "He's going away to find out if 'Red's' as all-important to him as he thinks now," they said.

They knew what they were talking about apparently. For when George returned he moved into his house at Toluca Lake, just around the corner from Ann. And they were together constantly. Newspapers and magazines, deciding this was a bona fide romance, sent reporters to see them.

"We have fun together," they told their interviewers. "We have lots of laughs." All of which undoubtedly was the truth but not the whole truth. For neither Ann nor George, alike in many ways, are the kind to talk about anything that's really important to them.

Early on the morning of February twenty-first, Ann's birthday, her phone rang. To her surprise it was George.

She hadn't expected to see him or hear from him until dinner-time. Faced with a heavy day's shooting at the studio, he had given her her present—a gold lipstick with an amethyst clasp to complement a compact he had given her at Christmas—the night before as her clock had struck twelve and her birthday, technically, had begun.

"Be a pal," he said, "and see if I left my pipe over there. It may have slipped under the cushion of that big chair by the fireplace. I may have left it on the table in the hall . . . Or it's just possible I dropped it in the closet as I was getting into my pocket."

"Okay," Ann said, "I'll call you back the minute I finish my Grand Tour."

She looked everywhere he had specified, and everywhere she looked she found another present. They weren't all from George. He had arranged for his friends to contribute their gifts to this treasure hunt, too.

At last, flushed and breathless and near tears, she sank into a chair.

"He knew I was beginning to get rest-

less because I haven't been working," she said softly to Gwen. (Her birthday came during the time she was suspended from the studio.) "He knew on a sentimental day like this I'd be likely to take everything harder. Not to mention the rainy season outdoing itself."

As if her words were a cue, Gwen went to the closet for an umbrella. "I've been asked to guide you to the garage, too," she said.

The rain lashed about them. They had difficulty with the garage doors but finally got them open. And Ann beheld a special body Cadillac tied with enormous red satin bows.

"Just a little extra present," Ann said, trying to be funny so she wouldn't cry.

That Cadillac stopped the most cynical cynics. Which, among other things, was probably what George intended. For although he's long been rated one of the most charming gentlemen in the film colony, he's never been one to make headlines by courting girls with star sapphires the size of duck's eggs or anything of the kind.

There's a café in Hollywood where it's always twilight. "Don, the Beachcomber's," it's called. The most desirable table stands in a little bamboo hut situated and lighted so those who occupy it see all and know all but remain practically invisible. They call it "Brent's Hut" now, for he and Ann dine there frequently.

ONE night not long ago, Ann and George were having supper in the hut. All day George had been working on his sloop "South Wind." And Ann, inspired by a new interest in the sea and ships, wore dark blue slacks and a blouse that, sailor fashion, had white braid and stars on a square collar.

"I figure," said George, talking about the Fourth of July Honolulu race which he's entered, "that I'll have a fine chance with 'South Wind.'"

"Don't be crazy," Ann told him, laughing. "I can swim faster than you can make it in that boat."

"Red," he said, "be serious for a minute . . . What are you going to do while I'm away. After all the Fourth is a holiday."

"Don't you worry about me," she said. "I'll be scared I suppose—but there'll be lots to see . . ."

"Do you feel all right?" he asked, puzzled.

"I'll be scared, but there'll be lots to see if I take the Clipper," she explained. Suddenly she was shy—strange business for Sheridan. "You see, I thought maybe if I can get away, I'd fly over . . . be at the pier to hold back all those pretty brown girls when you come in the winner!"

"You're something!" George said softly. "You really are!"

They've come a long way, the Dublin adventurer who played his reckless part in the Irish Rebellion and the girl from the Texas range who thought she was going to be a school-teacher. And it hasn't been an easy way, for the most part, for either of them. But now that it's brought them together there's no doubting it was all worth while.

WHAT A BREAK—
NO GROWNUPS
AROUND!



"Here's where I find out how they work those tails! Lucky fish! Just think—they're splashing around in a bath *all* the time!"

"But of course they do miss the best part—rubdowns with soft, satiny-smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! Wonder how they'd like it?"

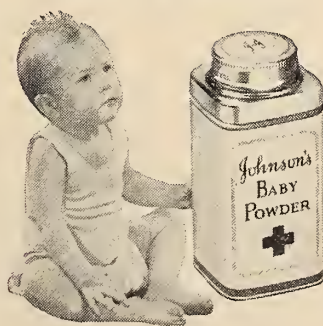


"What, Mommy? Not for goldfish? . . . Oh well—I guess they're sort of slippery to begin with. Thank goodness *I'm* not! I can always use a sprinkle of velvety-smooth Johnson's to help chase away chafes and prickles. How about one now, Mommy—while we're on the subject?"

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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	Picture	General Rating
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia).....	3★	Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)....	C 3★	Meet Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★
Arizona (Columbia).....	4★	Meet John Doe (Warners).....	4★
Back Street (Universal).....	3★	Meet the Missus (Republic).....	2★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M).....	2½★	*Melody for Three (RKO).....	2½★
Bank Dick, The (Universal).....	3★	Men of Boys Town (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M).....	3★	Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO).....	2★
*Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia).....	C 2½★	Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO).....	3★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia).....	C 2½★	Mr. District Attorney (Republic).....	2½★
Buck Privates (Universal).....	C 2½★	Model Wife (Universal).....	3★
Case of the Black Parrot (Warners).....	2½★	*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Moon Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	*Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)....	3★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists).....	4★	Nice Girl? (Universal).....	3½★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★	Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount).....	2½★
Citizen Kane (RKO).....	4★	Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M).....	3★	Nobody's Children (Columbia).....	2½★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★	No, No, Nanette (RKO).....	2½★
Comrade X (M-G-M).....	3★	One Night in the Tropics (Universal).....	2½★
*Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)....	3★	*Penalty, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	*Penny Serenade (Columbia).....	3½★
*Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO).....	3½★	Philadelphia Story, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal).....	2★	Playgirl (RKO).....	2★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M).....	2½★	Pot O' Gold (United Artists).....	3★
*Double Date (Universal).....	2★	Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Dulcy (M-G-M).....	3★	*Power Dive (Paramount).....	2½★
East of the River (Warners).....	2½★	Pride of the Bowery (Monogram).....	C2½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)....	2½★	Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Escape (M-G-M).....	3½★	Rage in Heaven (M-G-M).....	3★
Fantasia (Walt Disney).....	C 4★	Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	C 2★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia)....	C 2★	Reaching for the Sun (Paramount).....	3½★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal).....	3½★	*Reluctant Dragon (RKO).....	3★
Flight Command (M-G-M).....	3★	*Repeat at Leisure (RKO).....	2½★
Flight from Destiny (Warners).....	2½★	Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
*Footlight Fever (RKO).....	2★	Ride on Vagabond (20th Century-Fox).....	C2½★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners).....	3★	Road to Zanzibar (Paramount).....	C 4★
Four Mothers (Warners).....	3★	Road Show (United Artists).....	2½★
*Free and Easy (M-G-M).....	2★	Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic).....	C2½★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Gallant Sons (M-G-M).....	2½★	Round-Up, The (Paramount).....	3★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO).....	3★	Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
*Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia).....	2★	Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO).....	2½★
Golden Fleecing, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★	Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal).....	C 2★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★	Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Go West (M-G-M).....	C 2½★	Sea Wolf, The (Warners).....	3½★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★	San Francisco Docks (Universal).....	2½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★	Santa Fe Trail (Warners).....	4★
Great Lie, The (Warners).....	3½★	Scattergood Baines (RKO).....	2½★
*Great Mr. Nobody (Warners).....	2½★	Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Second Chorus (Paramount).....	3½★
*Hard-Boiled Canary, The (Paramount).....	2½★	Seven Sinners (Universal).....	3★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M).....	3★	Sis Hopkins (Republic).....	3★
*Here Comes Happiness (Warners).....	2½★	Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga (Universal)	2★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★	Sky Murder (M-G-M).....	2★
High Sierra (Warners).....	3½★	Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic).....	2½★	Slightly Tempted (Universal).....	2★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★	So Ends Our Night (United Artists).....	3½★
*Horror Island (Universal).....	2★	Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists).....	3★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	South of Pago Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★	Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal).....	3★	Strawberry Blonde (Warners).....	3½★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★	*Sunny (RKO).....	3★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★	Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)....	3★
It Happened to One Man (RKO).....	3★	Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount).....	C2½★
I Wanted Wings (Paramount).....	3½★	That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists).....	3★
*Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount).....	3½★	That Hamilton Woman (United Artists).....	3½★
Kit Carson (United Artists).....	C 2½★	That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Kitty Foyle (RKO).....	4★	They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)....	C 3½★	Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists).....	C 3½★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount).....	3½★	This Thing Called Love (Columbia).....	3½★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal).....	3★	Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia).....	3★	Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners).....	3★	Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M).....	3★	Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount).....	2★	Topper Returns (United Artists).....	3★
Letter, The (Warners).....	4★	Trail of the Vigilantes (Universal).....	3★
Let's Make Music (RKO).....	3★	Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M).....	2½★
Life With Henry (Paramount).....	C 2½★	Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Little Men (RKO).....	2½★	Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Virginia (Paramount).....	3½★
*Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia).....	2★	Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount).....	3½★	Western Union (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Mad Doctor, The (Paramount).....	2½★	You'll Find Out (RKO).....	3★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M).....	2½★	Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Man Betrayed, A (Republic).....	3★	You're The One (Paramount).....	2½★
Man Made Monster (Universal).....	2★	Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
*Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universal).....	3★	Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M).....	3½★

CLOWN PRINCES OF COMEDY

(Continued from page 39)

the circus. Later he graduated to burlesque. He listened to corny gags from the stage, watched beautiful girls in a state of undress and took in money at the box office. It was on a job like this that he met Lou Costello, became Costello's foil and turned into a comedian.

As for Louis Cristello, who is now Lou Costello, he was born a natural laugh-winner. As a youngster in school he shot paper wads drenched in ink at little freckled girls. You know the type. As a youngster, still, he once saw a one-reeler called "The Skating Rink," which starred Charlie Chaplin. He saw it again and again and learned that much humor springs from being in trouble and getting out of it. At the age of fourteen he pulled his first gag. His brother had an orchestra. Lou handled the baggage. Once he sent the instrument cases to the next scheduled stop—but without the instruments. It was very funny, but not to his brother. Costello was fired. He told the gag to a theatre manager, and the manager laughed so hard he put Costello on a stage to tell it to audiences.

TOGETHER the duo went up the hard way. Their first break was a big one. It lifted them from the cheap one night stands to the bright lights. For information on that first break, I sought out John Grant, their middle-aged gagman.

"We had all been actors together. I produced and wrote the sketches Abbott and Costello did for vaudeville. Then I left them for a spell. I was in Toronto. Had a swell job. One night the phone rang. It was Abbott and Costello calling from New York. They had a chance to appear on the renowned Kate Smith hour. They wanted me to come to New York immediately and write their gags. I didn't believe them at first. It was hard to realize they'd gotten their big chance. But when I learned it was true, I gave up my job and decided to gamble with the boys. In fact my wife even went to a numerologist, who described me, described Abbott and Costello and predicted the combination of the three of us would be very successful. Well, I did the script and they went on the Kate Smith hour. They went over big and continued on the show. Finally they were spotted by the Schubert brothers . . ."

The Schubert brothers and their partner, Harry Kaufman, top-notch musical comedy producers, wanted Abbott and Costello to inject a dose of mirth in a new musical called "The Streets of Paris." This, incidentally, was the show that spun unknown Carmen Miranda into fame.

Abbott and Costello were doing well on radio, and they were afraid to switch to Broadway, afraid the musical might be a flop. So the two of them schemed and planned and determined to ease out of signing with the Schuberts by presenting an endless series of demands.

They kept their appointment with Harry Kaufman and were handed a contract. They said they couldn't sign. Abbott demanded a \$1,000 raise. It was promptly okayed. He demanded equal billing with the popular Bobby Clark. It was immediately granted. He insisted on an unheard-of non-optional clause. It was agreed upon. Nothing seemed to work. Finally Abbott gave his pudgy partner the cue. As prearranged Costello was to jump up and relate that they owned property in Hollywood and had



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to go West and attend to it. Costello jumped to his feet. He said, "One minute, Mr. Kaufman. I haven't had a chance to say a word, and I have an important demand." He hesitated a moment and then burst out, "Yes, darnit, we'll sign on one condition—that we get front row tickets for 'Hellzapoppin' tonight!" He thought that was impossible. But the demand was fulfilled, and Abbott and Costello opened on Broadway and were tremendous!

The next stop was Hollywood.

The first picture was just so-so. But they weren't discouraged. Bud Abbott confessed, "Listen, the first time I saw us on the screen, you know what I did? I laughed like hell! Yes sir! I watched a routine we'd been doing for a decade and I laughed, I thought we were so funny. You see, we'd always been playing in the routine, but this was the first chance I'd ever had to see it!"

Early this year the boys were thrown into another movie. And here, folks, is where Horatio Alger takes over. It was to cost only \$250,000, which is about half of what any decent motion picture must cost. It possessed no names and no big-shots. It was a throw-away along with Bank Night and sets of dishes. It was called "Buck Privates," and in it Abbott and Costello were to characterize a couple of misfit draftees.

The gags were corny. The type of thing where the top-sergeant barks at Private Costello, "Throw out your chest!"—and Costello answers, "I refuse. I'm not through with it yet!"

Without publicity, without ballyhoo, it became one of those Hollywood miracles that make articles like this possible. It swept the nation. In some big cities it was held over for five weeks. In others it made more than "Gone With The Wind." Universal ran out of prints. And the net profit at last reports was better than one million dollars!

Abbott and Costello were—presto!—immortal! They were signed for the navy epic. They were given a big budget, a bigger cast, and Deanna Durbin's crack cameraman, Joe Valentine. They were, to indulge in understatement, on top!

MANY astute persons and expensive experts have tried to figure out the reasons for the sudden meteoric climb of Abbott and Costello. Well, pudgy Lou Costello has an explanation for it.

"Bud and I always read the funny papers, but we kept it a secret because we didn't want adults to think us morons. Soon we learned that Mutt and Jeff and other comic strips dealing with teams were popular beyond imagination. So we wondered why the two of us couldn't just become animated comic strips ourselves. Abbott could be the straight man, the wise guy, while I could be the butt of most of his jokes, turning the tables on him often enough to keep the customers amused.

"Now of course we know that we do low and corny comedy, but apparently that's exactly what the public wants today, judging from the millions who follow the funny papers day by day. We figure one hundred million Americans can't be wrong, so as long as we keep up the wise guy and sap combination, we keep going ahead."

However, today in midst of the universal hoorah, Abbott and Costello have managed to hold onto their heads.

"We're saving our money," they told me in chorus. "We have something now that hits the public fancy. We may last two years, three or even longer at our present high peak. But the reaction is certain to come one of these days, and when it does, brother, we'll be ready

for it with plenty of cash on hand."

Rotund, 200-pound Lou Costello, a black-haired dynamo, is happily married and the father of two cute girls, Pat, four years old, and Carol, two and a half. Incidentally, it might be worth telling how he met his wife. About ten years ago while he and Bud Abbott were playing in Washington, D. C., the two of them ran into two attractive girls backstage. The girls were members of the troupe, and they were arguing bitterly. "They argued just the way Bud and I did," recalled Costello, "so we decided that we had a lot in common with them and immediately invited them across the street for a conciliatory hamburger with onions. I married one. Abbott the other. Believe it or not, they've never fought since!"

COSTELLO, always a half hour early for work, leaves the studio as soon as possible to toil in his backyard where he is constructing a huge toy home filled with gadgets for his two girls. His greatest outside interests are prize-fighting and baseball. He's a New York Yankee rooter and a great pal of Joe DiMaggio. They say when DiMaggio is in a hitting slump, Costello gets the blues and actually begins losing weight!

The one extra thing I wanted to know about Costello was how he ever invented his favorite expression—"I'm a ba-a-ad boy!" It began, I learned, when Lou Costello was a kid attending Public School No. 11 in Paterson, New Jersey. One afternoon he misbehaved in school, and his teacher, Mrs. Whitehead, ordered him to write, "I'm a bad boy!" on the blackboard 500 times and recite it aloud each time he wrote it. He never got over that. He has used the expression ever since. Today it's even embroidered on his bedroom rug!

The quieter and slicker member of the duo, Bud Abbott, is forty-one years old and is five feet eleven inches tall. His favorite comedian is Lou Costello. His second choice is somebody named W. C. Fields. He doesn't care especially for music, reads only magazines that might give him ideas for humor routines, and loves boats (having just purchased a twenty-five-foot de luxe model cabin cruiser).

Abbott's great passion concerns Hoyle. He enjoys, more than any other diversion, a game of cards. On the set he plays draw poker at five dollars a game—the other day he won forty dollars from Dick Powell—or will play rummy for matches.

To keep himself and his wife company Abbott has three fox terriers. To amuse guests he buys hundreds of goofy machines and mechanical gags. He is considered by John Grant to be the greatest straight man in the business. Despite that, he is no prima donna and is always ready to go out of his way to help a friend.

And there, friends, you have the daffy duo.

With the release of their new navy film and with the completion of their third movie which revolves about a haunted tavern, it would seem Bud Abbott and Lou Costello have everything. They have their own dressing rooms. They have a spot on the Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen radio show. They have just been made honorary Colonels by Governor Heil of Wisconsin. Yes, the world is theirs. Every ambition fulfilled, except one.

"It's nothing much," sighed Lou Costello. "It's just that neither of us will ever be satisfied with our artistry until we've played in just one picture with a sweet tomato like that Greta Garbo!"

DESIGN FOR DAINTINESS

(Continued from page 57)

and wherever skin touches skin. One of these should be used every day of the year—winter, summer, spring or fall—and they're especially important when you're going out on extra-special dates. If you are the least bit doubtful of your complete daintiness, always use an anti-perspirant on these warm summer days and evenings. You can't be too particular about these big-little points of good grooming.

Don't forget your depilatory, either. A girl can't look lovely with superfluous hair on upper lip, underarms or on her legs. Keep one of the new, safe, easy-to-use depilatories always handy so that you'll at all times look clean and freshly feminine.

By this time, your drooping spirits should be completely revived and you undoubtedly feel as sweet and clean as clover. All this probably consumed fifteen to twenty minutes, but it was time well spent and you're now ready for the second half of your ritual. If your face skin is dry, apply a bit of rich lubricating cream before you apply new polish to your nails. But it's a complete waste of time to try to do anything else while polish is drying. You'll only complicate matters. So the best thing is to steal the next five minutes to lie down with feet and hips elevated above the level of your head and just utterly and completely relax. This will reward you richly in relaxed nerves and facial muscles, sparkling eyes and also an alert mind. The rush of blood from feet to head in this position does important things to clear both your mind and rest your body.

About ten minutes remain, but that's time enough for the finishing touches. Sit down comfortably in front of a well-lighted mirror; do a facial once-over with a bit of cotton soaked in skin freshener; pat dry and then apply your favorite foundation—cream, stick or liquid form.

One of those excellent, skin-matching make-up foundations will be perfect. Spread it smoothly over face, neck, arms and all skin that shows above the dress you're going to wear. In fact, be sure that your foundation make-up extends below the neckline all around so that you don't look as if you have two kinds of skin, instead of one lovely continuous skin line. Rouge for evening can be brighter and more dashing than that used for daytime wear. A generous quantity, if carefully blended around the edges, will make you look radiantly alive and vital. Powder lightly over rouge to give it that soft, glowing-from-underneath appearance so charmingly natural looking.

Lipstick should match your rouge, and both should of course harmonize with your nail polish. Evening is the time for soft, full lips, too, so round out straight, too narrow curves with a bit of artistry.

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Authority on hand and nail beauty



BUD WESTMORE
of Twentieth Century-Fox



PAUL M. MAC WILLIAMS
Consultant on care of the teeth

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Beauty TIPS

Accent your costume... and your personality... with the marvelous new Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish. Amazingly long-wearing! Flows on smoothly! Dries quickly to a hard, brilliant finish! Comes in a complete range of 25 lovely new shades! Ask for it at your favorite 5 & 10 or drug store.

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Dr. Ellis' NAIL POLISH
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Good Housekeeping Bureau

Eye shadow, to be most exciting, should repeat and accent the color of your eyes by evening. Shaded off carefully toward the brow and toward either corner, shadow gives interest and mystery to the most ordinary eyes.

Brow pencil, applied in slightly jagged, feathered lines, to form soft curves from inside corners to cheerfully, slightly up-turned outer ends is the best effect for evening. Matching mascara brushed up and outward in two or three coats, then brushed again when definitely dry, will add depth and brilliance to any eyes.

Last of all, comb your hair in the softest, most becoming lines you know, being careful to keep it natural looking and as young and shining as possible. Spray a little brillianine on the ends of the hair or use a bit of dry shampoo, if that's what it needs, then comb it up and out to give it line and body.

You've just time enough to slip into the few pieces that constitute a summer evening's wardrobe and then spray your ears, chin, neck, arms and dress with the most luscious, tantalizing perfume you've ever been able to find in a month of perfume shopping. Hankie, handbag and wrap should not be spared a fragrant spraying also. Then, on with the last sure touch—a gay flower, a bit of bright jewelry—and off you go for the kind of an evening that dreams are made of.

Before we close, let's summarize the details that made this forty-minute pick-up a complete success.

Your humble but so important soap, your toilet water, your curlers, depilatory, deodorant, anti-perspirant and your make-up, to say nothing of brilliantine, dry shampoo and perfume were all in good working order and placed where you could find them quickly. Your lingerie—the few pieces you needed—were clean and fresh and dainty. You had ensembled your wardrobe, not expensively, but with completeness in your well-organized mind. And when the opportunity came, you were ready. Isn't that the story of successes in any language, whether it's grooming for special

occasions or grooming for everyday daintiness and feminine loveliness? You've got to have a design for daintiness, and here you have it in outline. Whether for evening or daytime, the essential ritual remains unchanged. There's no key to glamour more certain than the infallible appeal of constant good grooming.

Do you have an unexpected date? You'll look fresh as a daisy for it if you treat yourself to an active lather facial with Lux Toilet Soap. Here's how you do it. First, pat Lux's luxuriant lather on your skin. Then rinse with warm water and a dash of cool. After you dry your face, it will feel much cooler and softer and will look far more radiant and refreshed.

Try to find time, too, for a lathery beauty bath with the same soap. It will not only renew your pep, but will insure daintiness and freshness from top to toe. Buy a cake of Lux Toilet Soap now at your local syndicate store.

Some of your best allies in making-up are Kleenex Tissues. These handy cleansing tissues are absorbent and soft. They're just what you need for removing old or excess cosmetics, and for blending new make-up. Being very inexpensive, they're intended to be thrown away after use, so it's no longer necessary to clutter your dressing-table with a greasy, stained cloth for cosmetic removal. Buy a box today. They're compactly packaged for neatness.

How's your summer complexion? Is it a popular sun tone? If not, you can follow the lead of other clever lovelies and achieve an outdoor look with one of Max Factor's three shades of tan Pan-Cake Make-Up. Or you can combine two or more to get just the shade you desire. Tan-Rose, one of the newest tones, is a flattering sun-tan with a slight rose glow.

Max Factor Hollywood Pan-Cake Make-Up goes on easily and lasts for hours without repowdering. It not only gives your face a natural velvety finish, but it helps conceal minor complexion faults. Why not pep up your make-up?



Ann Sothorn and Joseph Gould, president of the Screen Publicists Guild, at the Guild's Art Exhibit in New York. Hollywood stylists proclaim Ann the best suited of all the film stars to the pompadour bonnet!

STEP LOVELY

(Continued from page 55)

along the way they gradually got into trouble. A foot, you see, is a remarkable piece of mechanism, small and compact enough to be beautiful—when properly taken care of—yet strong enough to support your entire weight whether at ease or in motion. There are, in one foot, twenty-six bones which form an arch to allow for spring and resilience. This arch acts as a lever to raise your weight off the ground and is held in place by a combination of muscles and tendons.

You can imagine the marvelous elasticity and strength that feet must have to enable you to walk gracefully—to say nothing of running, jumping, skating and dancing! Gifts of nature so lavish and complicated certainly deserve more than just casual care. And since a healthy foot is also a beautiful foot, you get double value for every minute you spend on caring for yours.

A first step to foot beauty is a thorough, daily bath. Air and water are very important to skin all over your body, and after hours of close confinement in shoes and stockings, feet need plenty of both. Use a good, sudsy soap and soak your feet for at least five minutes. If they are unusually tired or perspire too freely, alternate hot and cold water several times. This not only refreshes and stimulates but also strengthens. Foot salts dissolved in the water will help relieve a burning or blistered condition which often accompanies excessive perspiration. Dry your feet with a turkish towel and dust on soothing foot powder.

Massage is also excellent to relieve overworked feet and give them a new lease on life. Three or four minutes of brisk, deep rubbing on soles and sides is wonderful for relaxing tired nerves and muscles. Massaging well under the arches, over the toes, back over the arches and across the toes again is another foot relaxer.

Corns, callouses, bunions, ingrown nails



Bette and Arthur Farnsworth at the Littleton, N. H. celebration of her birthday and première of "The Great Lie."



PAGING MR. JONES!

Many husbands stay away
from home because of
"ONE NEGLECT"
that may destroy romance . . .
"LYSOL" helps prevent this risk!

YOU'VE seen it happen time after time. A beautiful wife—with all the qualities you'd think would hold a husband enthralled forever. And yet, her loveliness, and her talents as a home-maker and mother are not enough to keep her husband's interest from straying. (Why doesn't someone tell her about "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?)

Don't be too quick to blame the husband when love turns to indifference. Often the wife is guilty of neglect of *herself*. Careless-

ness about intimate, personal cleanliness spoils many an otherwise happy marriage.

More women should use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene . . . as so many thousands of intelligent, modern women do. Probably no other product is so widely used 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
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



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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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PAZO WILL RELIEVE THOSE PAINFUL SIMPLE PILES



For relief from the torture of simple Piles, millions of sufferers have used PAZO ointment. And here's why: First, PAZO soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple, thorough. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist, today.

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Gentlemen: I want PAZO, FREE! (Mailed in a plain wrapper)

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If Underarm Odors Cling TO YOUR CLOTHES

1. **UNDERARM PERSPIRATION**, unless checked, soaks into the fabric.
2. **THIS HINDERS** evaporation—causes perspiration to turn embarrassingly rancid.

Avoid It This Simple Way

1. **CHECK THE FLOW** of perspiration safely and effectively with Liquid Nonspi.
2. **NONSPI CHECKS ODOR**... dries quickly.
3. **APPLY AS OFTEN** as needed. Nonspi is harmless to skin or clothing when used as directed.
4. **SEND 10¢** for trial size of Liquid Nonspi to The Nonspi Co., Dept. O-2, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.



ALSO IN CREAM FORM

NONSPI

A REALLY EFFECTIVE DEODORANT!

and such defects mar the comfort as well as the beauty of feet. Corns are caused by friction and pressure from ill-fitting shoes. A corn has no roots but is a conical mass of hard, dead skin, many layers deep. A mildly medicated corn plaster, applied immediately after your bath, will relieve pressure and at the same time soften and loosen the corn so that it may be removed safely with a clean, blunt instrument. Never cut a corn—you're courting a very serious infection if you do. After removing a corn, sterilize the spot with a bit of alcohol.

Soft corns between the toes are caused by excessive moisture and shoes that are too narrow. Keep your feet as clean and dry as possible. Sprinkle a good foot powder between your toes, too, after every washing and before putting on stockings. Never use a liquid or ointment on soft corns. And be sure to wear shoes that won't crowd your toes.

Callouses are caused by the wrong distribution of weight on your feet. The mild ones may be peeled off following the use of a medicated pad, but deep, tough ones often need to be treated by a reliable chiropodist.

Blisters should be kept immaculately clean and protected from friction. A double layer of gauze applied with adhesive or an especially made sterile pad should be used. Collodion is also safe. You know, don't you, that you should never put adhesive tape directly over any open cut, blister or abrasion? Unless these have air they cannot heal and may become even seriously infected. Special care is necessary for even the slightest skin break on feet because of perspiration mixing with shoe and hosiery dyes.

Ingrown toe nails can also be extremely painful. They are caused by badly shaped shoe toes and by nails cut the wrong shape. Toe nails should be cut straight across and left long enough to protect against shoe pressure.

If you ever pick up a case of athlete's foot—as you easily can at swimming pools, gymnasiums, etc.—keep your feet as dry as possible and use one of the healing lotions or powders made to relieve this highly infectious condition. Check athlete's foot just as soon as possible because it has an insidious way of spreading. It is not only painful and disfiguring, but extremely persistent.

Did you ever give yourself a pedicure? No? Then your feet have a real treat in store, for nothing makes them feel so luxuriously pampered as a good pedicure.

Begin by soaking feet in alternating hot and cold water, using a special foot soap or foot salts. After a few minutes of this, hold your feet right up under a strong stream of running water as cold as you can stand and allow the full force of it to flow against the soles, sides, tops and arches. This will stimulate and refresh as it strengthens your feet. Dry thoroughly, especially between the toes with a clean turkish towel.

Now, rotate your ankles, wriggle your toes vigorously and massage your feet with a soothing cream or foot balm. Stroke firmly, deeply and briskly right down the length of the sole, over and under the toes and arches and around the sides, too.

Cut or file your toenails straight across. Treat the cuticle as you would on your fingers, pushing it back gently with an orange stick dipped in oil. Avoid cutting toe cuticle unless absolutely necessary. Then, don't cut too close.

In summer when feet are exposed on beaches and in sandals for both day and evening, it is especially important to keep toenails neatly polished in a shade to match your current manicure. Nail

white under the tips makes a nice finish. You no doubt know the trick of holding toes apart with wads of cotton to keep them from touching while polish is drying. Finish off with a good, special foot powder, and you'll feel like a new woman.

How much do you exercise your feet? We're not talking about standing or even walking in tight, high-heeled shoes. Foot exercises should be taken with shoes and stockings off, so that toes and shackled muscles can stretch, and air can get to those too-sheltered tootsies of yours. Try walking around on tiptoes a few minutes every night and morning. This will give both grace and strength to feet and arches. In your bare feet, rise up on your toes, then drop down slowly.

Wriggling your toes and rotating your ankles strengthens and also reduces the legs. Place an old book or thick telephone directory on the floor, put your bare toes on the edge, your heels on the floor and practice rising on your toes until you're tired. This will strengthen both leg and foot muscles. Pick up a marble between your bare toes and, holding it there, walk across the floor. This makes for foot grace and flexibility.

And how do you walk? Do you swing your legs rhythmically from the hips, coming down briefly on the balls of your feet before touching the ground with your heels? That's the way all graceful people do it. Keep your feet parallel, toes straight ahead and strive for smooth, flowing motions. Take a lesson from your pet pussy cat—watch him walk if you'd really learn grace with a capital "G." He's a past master at it. Your favorite movie stars can teach you how to walk, too. One of their first Hollywood lessons was learning how to use their feet gracefully. Watch especially the dancers—Betty Grable, Ginger Rogers, June Preisser, Eleanor Powell and all the rest. Skaters are another lot of rhythmic walkers. In fact you could name any well-known movie star, and her walking would be well worth watching.

If you'll practice all the little attentions that spell the difference between neglected and well-cared-for feet, you'll step lovely right into the kind of beauty that shows in your face and carriage as well as in your precious tootsies.

Will your legs do you proud in your shorts or bathing suit this summer, or when you go hoseless? They may be as shapely as Betty Grable's but they'll never win such admiration unless you keep them as well-groomed as your hands or your face. Don't let an unattractive growth of hair detract from their appearance, especially when it's so easy to use Imra, an odorless cream depilatory that spreads easily and removes hair quickly and painlessly. It leaves your legs as hair-free and soft as a baby's skin. The process takes only from 6 to 12 minutes—a very little time to spend now and then for good grooming.

When you shed those hose, don't let those shapely legs go about lily white in contrast to sun-tanned arms and face—or with minor blemishes standing out in glaring relief.

You can pour yourself a flattering pair of stockings with Miner's Liquid Make-Up and give your legs the same healthy color and smooth texture as your face. It comes in five flattering shades—ranging from delicate tones to Hawaiian, a deep sun-tan. It's as easy to apply as slipping on hose and stays on for hours. Glamorize your legs by trying Miner's Liquid Make-Up today.

Girls who inspire romantic murmurings are those whose complexions stay velvety smooth—even on sticky summer evenings.

If your powder doesn't stay put, try Pond's new beauty step—a vanishing cream mask. After your face has been thoroughly cleansed and refreshed, dip generously into Pond's Vanishing Cream and coat your face and throat thoroughly. Leave it on a minute. When you remove the cream with cleansing tissue, your skin will feel silky soft with a finish that is a perfect base for make-up. Try it and see how well your rouge blends and how much longer your face powder clings.

If gray, drab hair makes you look older than you are, let Canute Water lend a hand to help you. It's a pure, safe, colorless liquid that recolors locks similar to their natural shade. All you have to do is to wet your hair with Canute Water and allow it to dry. A few applications—all the same day, if you like—recolors hair completely. Afterwards you can curl your hair or get a permanent. There's no interference. Neither will salt water, sunshine or shampooing disturb the color. If you don't like faded locks, brighten them up.

If you want to look as if you'd stepped from a bandbox, you must step from surroundings that are bandbox-clean. Remember, good grooming begins at home, and beauty rituals can only be performed with complete satisfaction in dainty surroundings.

To insure perfect grooming, use Lysol regularly to disinfect your washbowl, bathtub, bathroom or dressing room, and be sure to keep your room and belongings scrupulously clean and orderly at all times.

Do the balls of your feet pain you, and spoil your good times? If so, you'll welcome Dr. Scholl's new Lu-Pads, little slip-on foot cushions designed to act as shock absorbers for this sensitive area. They're made of strong, light, flesh-tinted fabric and slip on easily. What's more, they don't show even when you wear pumps. Don't let your foot discomfort reflect itself in your face. Buy Lu-Pads and ease your feet and your expression.



While their \$25,000 dream house is a-building, newlyweds Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are living in an elegant Beverly Hills apartment.



PALE WHITE damsels
fade out of the picture
today!



Fatal charmers this summer wear rosy-beige powders

The most flattering powder style you've ever tried!

A glad huzzah for Pond's vivacious rosy-beige powder shades! You'll never know how dangerously, electrically glamorous you can look till you try them. One minute you're the same old you, with the same weekday face. The next minute—with a couple of swoops of your powder puff—you're a changed woman! Radiant with sweetly subdued rosy color. Disarmingly younger—enchantly *human!* Try Pond's rosy-beige star dust—and bedazzle every male you meet!

Pond's 3 lovely rosy-beiges

Rose Cream

frou-frou rosy-beige—
IT SWEETENS

Rose Brunette

vibrant rosy-beige—
IT BRIGHTENS

Dusk Rose

sun-struck rosy-beige—
IT GLOWS



TEAR OUT COUPON for Free Samples!

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

Please send me—lickety-split—free samples of Pond's 3 exciting rosy-beige powder shades—the same shades that smart society beauties like Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and Miss Geraldine Spreckels wear. I want to see what they do for my looks!

Name _____

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Offer good in U. S. only

New Powder For Brunettes

Gives You That Alluring Look



**Dine, Dance
Ride
— Yes Kiss
IT STAYS
ON**

Florence Rice
Featured in
Republic
Pictures
"Mr. District
Attorney"
Uses Tayton's

A new ravishing shade of face powder for brunettes, called EGYPTIAN has just been produced by the famous Hollywood House of Tayton's, which gives brunettes the most alluring, kiss tempting make-up you have ever seen. Hollywood calls it glamour—Sex appeal. This new shade is a knockout for brunettes! Gives your skin a soft, smooth, inviting warmth with a heart quickening under-tone glow that daringly excites romance. Movie queens use it! Thousands praise it! Tayton's special silk-sifting process makes it so exquisitely fine it goes on like the down on a flower petal, without that powdery, flaky look. And a wonderful new improvement makes it cling many hours. Dine, Dance, Ride—yes Kiss, and it stays on. Formerly in dollar sizes only, now in 10c and 25c guest sizes at your dime store. Get this glamorous new Tayton's EGYPTIAN shade for brunettes (or ROSE RACHEL for blondes) today. Also 5 other new shades. If your store is out ask the manager to order, or send 25c to Tayton's, Hollywood, California, stating whether Brunette or Blonde.

Tayton's
Silk-Sifted Powder

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. HB-14, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

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-G, 462 No. Parkside, Chicago



NU-NAILS
Artificial Fingernails

DAVE ROSE TALKS ABOUT JUDY

(Continued from page 27)

Who is Dave Rose anyway? Asking that, you label yourself an ignoramus in the field of radio and swing. Ask Thomas S. Lee and Willet H. Brown, president and vice-president respectively of the Mutual Don Lee network. They'll tell you that every time they heard an outstanding arrangement of a song sung by Jeanette MacDonald or Don Ameche or Dorothy Lamour, they were told with monotonous regularity that said arrangement had been made by a young man named David Daniel Rose. They decided that he shouldn't be left lying around loose and snagged him as musical director for their broadcasting system. He started with "Adventures in Rhythm," the Betty Jane Rhodes program. Characteristically unpretentious is his explanation of what happened.

IT was a lucky accident. I was to come in with twenty-two pieces and was cut at the last minute to seventeen. Not knowing what to drop, I took a chance and dropped most of the brass. I knew I couldn't compete with all the fine orchestras on the air already, so the only thing left was to accent the strings which gave the band a different style. I had no theories worked out, because I'd never planned to be an orchestra leader. Do I like it?" He grinned. "I like it because the reaction's been good."

To "Adventures in Rhythm" was added "California Melodies," the Maxine Gray show, and Joan Blondell's "I Want a Divorce." Then Tony Martin was signed for the Woodbury Soap program on NBC, a rival network. For obvious reasons, networks are not too anxious to use people under contract to their competitors. Yet NBC had no choice but to hire Dave Rose, since Tony would hear of no one else. "First," said Tony, "because his arrangements are terrific. Second, because only one bandleader in five can direct a singer as well as an orchestra, and he's that one."

His radio success is built on a groundwork of solid musicianship which he thinks it's childish to talk about. "I try to keep my standards," he says, "without getting too highbrow." His friends will tell you he's written three symphonies. "I'd rather not call them symphonies," says Rose. "They're tone poems." They were all premiered by the Chicago Symphony under the baton of Roy Shield, director of NBC in Chicago. Rose has been asked to conduct one of them at the Hollywood Bowl during Music Week in June, with an orchestra of two hundred and fifty. "It'll probably never be that many," he tells you.

All of which goes to answer the question, who is Dave Rose? It's a name as highly regarded in his field as is Judy's in hers. (Have patience, kiddies. He really did talk about Judy.)

As for the publicity angle, that is indeed baloney. He's one of the few bandleaders in town who laughs at the notion of a personal press agent and doesn't take even legitimate publicity seriously, thereby causing the efficient department which looks after such things at Don Lee no little concern. He evades them when he can. Nailed down, he'll

argue: "What's the use of publicity unless you deliver? If I do all right with my music, I'll get the kind of publicity we both want." Once you've got a line on the man, you realize that the notion of edging into Judy's limelight would be so distasteful to him that you're ashamed of having brought the matter up.

I for one apologize. And I wish anyone else with a lingering doubt could have seen Mr. Rose on the day he finally, reluctantly, agreed for the first time to talk to the press about Judy. He'd given a promise which weighed on him. But what weighed still more oppressively was the ordeal in store. He appeared trembling at the door of the aforementioned publicity department. "I'm scared as hell. How can I duck this?" he pleaded.

They applied soothing syrup. They told him he couldn't go with one of the most popular girls in the movies and avoid publicity. They advised him to face the barrage, he'd live through it. They were convincing, but Dave was in no mood for logic. He went to his rehearsal. He watched the clock. He hoped against hope that the press would be late, that the press might even have a little accident, nothing really serious, just enough to keep it from getting there by four-thirty, when the rehearsal would be over and Davy could run.

Instead of an accident the press had a premonition, arrived at four, planted itself between Dave and the exit and watched wild suspense flicker into resignation. I'll say this for him. Once trapped, he surrendered with courtesy and grace. He didn't like it. He was uneasy. He escaped as soon as he could. In the interval, though, he told a simple straight-forward story.

He met Judy a number of years ago when he was asked to make some arrangements for her records. She really was a child then, and their association was purely professional. But even then he was amazed by her natural grasp and appreciation of music. "She's never had any formal instruction, you know, but she seems to get by instinct what most of us have to dig for. She still bowls me over by the comments she makes. And I'd say the same if I had no personal interest in Judy."

AFTER his separation from Martha Raye they saw more of each other. A common enthusiasm for music drew them together first. Judy thirsted after knowledge. She loved to hear Dave play Rachmaninoff and Delius, still her favorite composers. Just when they fell in love is their own business. "I finally realized," says Dave, "that she was a grown-up girl with an understanding that was older than her years. Things—well, they just went along smoothly."

I asked about some of the qualities that attracted him in Judy. He answered that one promptly. "The fact that it doesn't take a night club to make her happy. Or expensive clothes. She's got 'em, of course, but she'd just as soon run around in three-dollar dresses, and for my money she looks just as well in them. I have a hard time thinking of things to give her. The girl can have anything she wants, and she seems to

No SCREEN ALMANAC this month because of lack of space—but it'll be back again in the August MODERN SCREEN

get the biggest kick out of some funny little gadget she can laugh at. To Judy, everything's fun. We play tennis, we swim, we bowl—you know how you fool away an afternoon. I've taught her to shoot. We take targets and guns and go out a little way in the valley. She's a lefty, you know. But she's very, very good. As good as me?" He smiled, and there was a note in his voice which every girl would like to hear in the voice of the man she loves. "No, no, she mustn't be as good as me."

The half acre backyard behind his house in the San Fernando valley is largely given over to a miniature railroad track. "Every kid wants to be an engineer," he apologizes, "and I never got over it."

At that, his train isn't so miniature. It's scaled one and a half inches to the foot, the locomotive weighs seven hundred pounds and the five freight cars, big enough to sit in, will carry ten or fifteen passengers. It's the apple of his eye, and if nothing else did, Judy's adoption of his apple would have warmed him to her.

"She doesn't think it's nonsense, as a lot of them would. She figures it's what I happen to like for a hobby, so it's okay with her. She thinks it's wonderful I can have an out. That's what I mean by understanding. We spend whole afternoons with the fool thing. She doesn't love it as much as I do, but she loves it. She'll come out and play fireman, pull on a pair of gloves, watch the steam gauge, pour the coal in. I'm the boss, she follows orders. Gets coal all over her arms and grease on her face, looks cute as a monkey. She has a hobby, too, by the way, only I'm not in on it. Spends her spare time painting, but she won't show me the stuff."

Cars are another enthusiasm of Dave's.

Partly to gratify it and partly to squelch Judy, he bought an English car with a right-hand drive.

"She's an awful heckler. When you drive with Judy, it's look out, not so fast, not so slow, there's a truck coming, get over to your right. Well, this car's so low she can't see over the windshield, so I drive in peace. She's happiest, though, when she's driving. Do I heckle her?" Again that reminiscent grin. "Only in fun. I start on her the way she does on me, so she can hear what it sounds like."

Their favorite eating place is a Russian restaurant, known as *Bublichki*, whose specialty, Chicken à la Kiev, Dave describes with a certain reverence. "Breast of chicken, rolled up to look like a chicken leg and browned to taste like a dream. When we're very hungry and want to be good to ourselves, that's where we go and that's what we eat."

WHEN Judy's not working, they go out a couple of times a week. A late dinner after one of Dave's broadcasts, then a drive or a night club as the mood takes them. Unless it's a special occasion, they wear sports clothes. Neither likes to fuss. They don't patronize the bars. Judy doesn't drink, "and I can get along without it," says Dave. He's one of those who can't face work except on deadline, so he's often up all night on an arrangement that has to be in rehearsal at nine. "No sleep is bad enough. Liquor on top of it is worse."

They both enjoy dancing, though, according to Dave. "I do a very plain dance." Judy rumbas beautifully. He avoids the rumba. If it's unavoidable, he struggles along somehow. But he's very grateful when he can turn her over to somebody else who likes to rumba.

His good taste is further evidenced by

the fact that, expert though he is, he keeps his hands meticulously off Judy's singing. "She got along fine without me. Why should I butt in?" Only when asked in his professional capacity to work with her, does he do so, then makes it his business not to tamper with her style. Otherwise they don't discuss either her work or his. "Except," he qualifies, "that I sometimes consult her about business affairs. When all these jobs started piling up on me, I got a little confused. I'd always admired the way Judy and her mother handled her career, so I turn to them both for advice. And take it!"

In a situation which has its trying aspects, Rose has acted with dignity, going his quiet way, keeping his mouth shut. If his face turns grim now and then under the sting of chatter, it doesn't stay that way. In the final analysis, only he and Judy count, and they'll make their own decision.

She's promised Metro not to marry for a year. Dave must have been a party to that promise. She's too much in love to have given a pledge he didn't subscribe to. What he said to me bears this out. "We're very close. We have no marriage plans. I'm not forcing issues."

It's not so much her marriage to Rose that the studio opposes as her marriage at all. But they gave her a grown-up part in "Little Nellie Kelly." They glamorized her in "The Ziegfeld Girl." Maybe they're preparing to meet the inevitable.

Both Judy and Dave have birthdays in June. He gave her a ruby cocktail ring. She gave him a pair of special cufflinks. ME and YOU were engraved on either side of one. The other was engraved with a bar of music and US. You can read Judy's heart in the cufflinks. After meeting Dave Rose, you really don't care how soon the ME and YOU merge into US.

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Green" and so forth. She's in agony because she just knows she's lousing up everything she does—which is to say Lupino is really building up for an Academy Award!

I saw her at Warner's just the other day right after a long dramatic take in "Gentle People" that was a honey. She went through it with Tom Mitchell time and again, her eyes sparking, her little body giving it the electric works until Anatole Litvak was satisfied. But was Ida? Heavens, no! "No emotion—no strength—no feeling—nothing!" She groaned and gazed around the set with an end-it-all look.

Of course Lupino had just recovered from a session with a gang of streptococci, and when they get through with you, you aren't usually looking at the world through rose-colored glasses. But even when she's in the pink, Ida just can't keep her sunny side up when it comes to self-appraisal.

I could start on "The Sea Wolf" which is Ida's last picture, but if you even mention it, Ida rolls her eyes and says, "Oh, that! Well—I just can't bring myself to mention that. The less said the better. I was horrible, of course! I don't know how I ever did anything so bad. It will probably end my career!" And so on and on. And she means it. The last thing she has done is always strictly garbage, no matter if the rest of the world calls it wonderful. So—take "They Drive By Night."

Ida lost ten pounds on that one—and one look at her featherweight frame tells you she could never afford them. She was perfectly healthy all through the picture. She simply stewed them off. Raoul Walsh, who directed it, found himself forced to hand out fight talks like a college coach to keep Lupino in there pitching and not sobbing in black despair after every take. When it was finally over he sighed, "I've never seen an actress with so much ability who needed so much encouragement!"

IN the middle of the film Ida faced a scene in which she was to go insane. It was the most crucial scene in the show for her. Naturally then, it was also her biggest mental hurdle.

She came to Raoul Walsh one day haggard and dry-eyed and said, "Well, I just can't do it!" This was a couple of weeks before the scene was due. But Ida had been tossing and turning and tearing her hair about it ever since she first looked at the script. "I simply can't read a script calmly like any other actress," Ida confesses. "I have to act it out. By the time I'm through I'm all worn out, mixed up and scared to death!"

Anyway, Walsh poured on his persuasive powers, got Ida relatively calm and promised they'd shoot it at night when nobody was around. Just a cameraman, an electrician and himself. Which is what they did, but Ida was a wreck when it was over.

Even when "They Drive By Night" was safely on film, any mention of the picture (an instant hit) made her heart flop down to her French heels. She didn't dare attend the preview. She never saw it until weeks after it had been released when she and hubby Louis Hayward sneaked guiltily into a second run house. She worried because people said she'd reminded them of Bette Davis, whom, by the way, Lupino has never even met.

What could possibly cause all this negative neurosis in a star so definitely in the groove? No one can say for sure. As one of her best friends sighs, "How can you explain Ida when she's twenty different people at the same time?"

She was born during a London air raid in 1918, and that might have had something to do with it. Furthermore, Ida is the tag end of a line of gypsies, minstrels and Italo-English entertainers who have been hard at it without one interruption for some 425 years and can prove it. Temperament's in her veins. Show people are a separate breed anyway. The real McCoy's are always volatile, impulsive, psychic, tense as springs, wild, brilliant and maybe a little bit screwy by lay standards. Ida Lupino is the real McCoy.

When she was less than seven years old, she was already kicking up her heels and running away from school, and at thirteen Ida was tearing around the British theatrical world biting her nails with the urge to get going. She changed her name and then changed it back again. She worried and fretted. She denied her famous family's help and then sought it. When she had a chance finally to come to Hollywood, she wailed that it was the worst possible thing for her—but over she came to make "Alice in Wonderland," a super-special version of the Lewis Carroll classic Paramount had up its sleeve.

They wanted just about the sweetest, freshest young miss in Merrie England for the title part. Ida had been playing little cockney chippies and sidewalk floosies (as she still does today) until Hell wouldn't have it. The one virginal vacation she had was a sequence where she faked sweetness and light to frame a rich old man. The rest of the film she was a pretty awful little tramp. Anyway, the sweet part is what studio scouts caught, and Hollywood had found its dream girl.

When Ida stepped off the Chief, the shock was pretty profound all around. Her hair was bleached and her naughty eyes mascaraed. She was decked out in the gladiest rags she'd been able to find, and her hips were weaving like an underfed Mae West's. That's what Ida thought they were looking for—sex. She never did "Alice in Wonderland," needless to state. And pretty soon she knew she wasn't exactly wanted.

Oddly enough, though, Ida didn't worry about that a bit. "I don't know why not," she muses. "I'd been tearing myself apart in England. But from the moment I arrived in Hollywood I relaxed. The place was beautiful, life was easy. I didn't bother about what I did on the screen or how I did it. I just took it easy and got as smug as a pussy cat. And was that fatal?"

I don't know whether or not the average girl would look back at six years under contract and a couple dozen pictures as a complete waste of time, but Ida Lupino thinks she remained in a state of career coma. "I didn't worry a bit!" she explained. Life begins with Lupino two jumps from a nervous breakdown.

She flirted with that, of course, in "The Light That Failed," from which picture Ida personally dates her worth-while days in Hollywood, although she's never suffered so much before in her life. Before the divine misery set in, she went

through fourteen months of the mortal kind.

That is, both idleness and the dread infantile paralysis ganged up on her. Her contract finally blew up at Paramount by spontaneous combustion, after which Lupino finally decided there'd be some changes made. She let her hair go natural, dieted (as if she needed it!), took off a few pounds of make-up to boot and decided to be aggressive about things.

"I suddenly realized," said Lupino, "that I definitely was not one of those people things just come to. There are lots of people in life, you know," she confided, "who have magnetism. They attract people, fortune, events. Not me. I'm cold. People shy away from me. So do events. I have to get things the hard way."

IDA set about being a go-getter. And the first thing she got was—the air. Nobody, apparently, wanted the new Lupino. The next thing she acquired was paralysis. Between them they lasted a year and a half. It was profitable enough personally, because Ida lay on her spine, her brain racing like mad, and became (1) a composer, (2) a short story writer, (3) a painter.

She also became a little eccentric about herself, and it took a couple of guys notoriously on the wacky side to get Ida back in the groove. One was Orson Welles. Ida got on one of his radio broadcasts, and after she'd lived through his rantings and ravings she was a new woman. "This," breathed Ida, "is a man of destiny!" It turned out that another gentleman, Wild Bill Wellman, was really Ida's m.o.d. Wild Bill was entrusted with making Kipling's "The Light That Failed" at Ida's old alma mater, Paramount. She'd always craved to play Bessie, the beautiful bawd. So Ida just stomped, wild eyed, into Bill's studio sanctum one day and announced:

"Mr. Wellman, I want to play Bessie in your picture!"

"Oh—you do, do you?"

"Yes—and I'm going to. Nobody else in this town can do it!"

"Well—I'll be damned! But, you know, as you stand there with your eyes popping and your nostrils flaring, you look like the dame, at that. Okay, you've got it. But you'd better be good!"

Ida was. Although she flirted with a nervous collapse through every foot of film.

Fortunately Ida, in her off-career life, is just as irresponsible, carefree and flighty as she is concentrated and conscientious about studio affairs. She's married, of course, to Louis Hayward, a case where opposites definitely didn't attract, as this Louis is cut right out of the same crazy quilt as Ida. They're very happy in a hectic sort of way.

Louis met Ida in London when she was hardly out of pigtails and started calling her a fresh little brat right away. Their courtship around Hollywood could make one of those screwball tit-for-tat movies Cary Grant is always playing in. Their married life stays just as wacky.

They dwell atop Mandeville Canyon in a house called "The Hams' Hideout," which they bought one day on the way to a dinner party. They were a half hour late at the party and excused themselves by saying, "Sorry to be late, but we saw a house we liked on the way

and bought it!" After the purchase, they found it didn't have a lot of important things, no dining room, for instance. So they've been tacking on ever since—a good excuse, by the way, for Ida to keep away from Hollywood crowds and commotion.

Premières are out, and people who ask her to parties are never sure that she'll show up or, if she does, whether she'll be a little mouse sitting in a corner or the life of the party. As for Hollywood night life, it hasn't had a look-in since Lupino became a dramatic actress. She used to drop in at a popular café every now and then, but now when she's making a picture, she's a limp wreck each night and in the hay by eight. Or else she's going over all her acting agonies with Louis. They're the mercuric type of couple who lug home all studio worries and argue them out to each other. They love these confabs dearly and keep them up for hours.

One night not long ago a very "important" Hollywood soirée loomed up—something like a command performance. So Ida and Louis dusted off their dinner clothes and arrived grimly, because Ida "freezes" at fancy social circuses. They couldn't find the front door this night, though, and tramping around through the bushes peeked in a window and saw all the people. "D-do we go in?" asked Louis. "No-no," squeaked Ida. "Let's go get a hamburger instead." They were creeping stealthily away when a hand grabbed them. It was a watchman who thought they were suspicious characters. When they explained, he ushered them to the door very politely—and they had to go in!

When luck's running with Ida, though, she's at home with her pups, absurdly titled Edward-Who-Is-Not-to-Pick-the-

Flowers and The Duchess. The Hams' Hideout by now is just that, always jammed with Ida's friends, all of whom are given keys to the place so she'll never know who's there when she gets home. Some of the people they see a lot are Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband, Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel, Richard Haydn (who is "Professor Carp" of the Charlie McCarthy program), and of course, Ida's sister, Rita, who's dancing in a Hollywood night club now, and her mother, Connie Emerald. Ida's dad, the comedian Stanley Lupino, incidentally, is an air raid warden in London now and has some medals to prove what a good one he is.

THE Hams, when they get together, turn on a recording machine in the rumpus room, replay the records they make and kibitz on each other's faults. That's the nearest Ida's pangs of professional self-criticism get to disturbing her home life. The rest of the time she's off the beam, fluttering here and there arranging flowers, inspecting some antique "bargain," pecking out new tunes on the piano (she's had an album of her waltzes recorded) or in bed devouring a good book. When she's happy and relaxed, too, Ida is a pretty vague person.

Several Hollywood hostesses have been piqued because Ida has simply forgotten invitations of all sorts. One radio script sent up several months ago for her approval has never been found. Important telegrams arrive—and vanish. Mail means absolutely nothing to Lupino when she's relaxed. Neither do clothes; she buys most of her home rags in boys' departments. She's likely to say "yes" to everything without giving it a thought. The other day she made fifteen appointments for one day and messed them all up.

She'll even forget to eat when she's got the load off her mind.

But all of that is fairly rare these busy days and never, never in the course of one of Ida's camera cramps. "The minute I get started on any picture I get the goons and the jiggers," advised Ida, looking hollow-eyed and pursued. "You'll never believe it, but I'm actually afraid of that lens. When it gets anywhere near me, I tie up like a wet knot."

Ida said the only moment of peace she had while making a movie was lunch on the set. She doesn't dare go in the Green Room, Warners' studio restaurant, for lunch. It's too much of a strain knowing people will be looking at her. "You have to put on an act," said Ida. "And I'm not up to it." Playing a succession of hysterical hussies hasn't helped Ida any either. "I've been going crazy so much on sets," murmured Lupino, "that I wonder how I keep sane off them."

"Sometimes," said Ida, "I don't think I'll be able to keep it up through another picture. I wonder if it's worth it. If things weren't so upset and unsettled and the future so much in doubt, I believe I'd settle down, have a family and never do more than one picture a year."

"And maybe," she continued, looking dismally depressed, "that's all I'll get a chance to do after this part. Now this next scene—I'll never be able to do it right! I've tried all morning and I'm horrible, miserable, terrible! It will certainly ruin my career—what are you laughing at anyway?"

I couldn't explain, but Ida started laughing then herself. "You know," she said, "Jimmy Cagney once said something I liked. 'The time to start worrying,' he said, 'is when you stop worrying.'"

"I guess," grinned Ida Lupino, "I'll never have to worry about that!"

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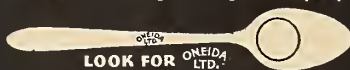
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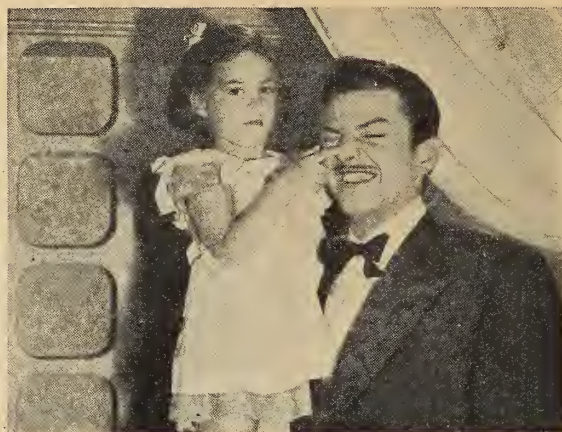
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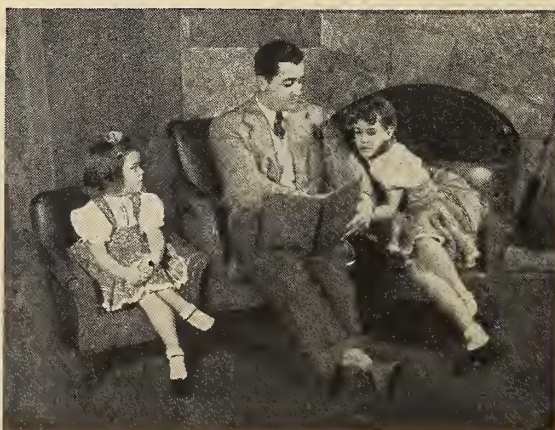
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

When John Carroll and Steffi Duna were divorced in 1939, John gained custody of their daughter. She's Juliana, 3, named for her pop—whose real name is Julian Lafayette. They've a standing dinner date nightly.



Phil Regan was secretly married at 17—is still of draft age, but has four "minor" exemptions. These are Joan Ann, 12, and Marilyn, 10. Joe and Phil, Jr. (aged 16 and 14, respectively), have both had screen tests at M-G-M

Alan Marshal's positive his one-year-old Christopher is a potential Michael Angelo. His favorite toy is a lump of clay! Socialite Mrs. Marshal knows he'll be a genius if he takes after his dad, who's a Phi Beta Kappa.



Etiquette lessons are for the benefit of Barbara, 5, who screams when she sees papa Bob Young making cinema love. Carol Ann, 8, is more blasé. Knows his heart belongs to his childhood sweetheart—her mom!

PRIVATE JAMES STEWART, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 29)

short and sweet. When Jimmy came out, he found the entrance thronged by women. With Meredith and Grady running interference, he made his way to a special electric trolley that was to take him and 18 other draftees to Fort MacArthur.

As they waited for the street car to take off, the three stood and chatted. Meredith was knocking himself out trying to think up a few jokes. Every now and then Bill Grady would manage to get in a word or two of advice: "The guy to make friends with right off the bat," he kept saying, "is the top sergeant. You only get to see a general through a spy glass. But this top sergeant. . ."

At 7:39 the street car pulled out. For a while Meredith and Grady just stood there waving their handkerchiefs. After that Meredith said:

"Let's go get us a cup of coffee."

"Yes," Malcolm said, "coffee is the ideal stimulant. There are no after effects."

The arrival of Private Stewart at Camp MacArthur was celebrated by photographers and newsreelmen. Uncle Sam's army took it all pretty casually. When the picture-taking was over, Jimmy was handed a knife, a stool and a bushel of potatoes.

"I guess you want these things peeled," Jimmy said grinning. And peeled they were.

That afternoon Jimmy got his gun. It was the regulation army rifle issued to every soldier. With half the regiment looking on, he turned the weapon over and over in his hands and examined it

like a small boy with a Christmas toy. "This is great, fellows. I've never even held one of these things before. The only kind of gun I'm familiar with is the prop gun that makes a lot of noise on a movie set."

Private Jimmy Stewart made friends with the top sergeant all right. He wrote Malcolm a letter and told him all about it. He wrote home and told all about camp life, of the guys who kidded him, the guys who didn't, of marching and sore feet, of eating and an improved appetite. Of everything he wrote with Stewart humor. Such as:

"I am living in a tent. I'm up to my hips in mud. Come to think of it I am pretty tall, so maybe it isn't quite up to my hips. Peace, it's wonderful. Very wonderful."

JIMMY didn't linger at Fort MacArthur. He hadn't drawn his first pay before the order came through from Washington transferring him to the air corps. The announcement, of course, appeared in the papers.

Two days later Jimmy departed from Fort MacArthur. Such a delirious farewell was never occasioned by the leaving of a major general as was made over our James. A mob of women were on hand to wish him "bon voyage." They shrieked, and they wailed. They cooed, and they pleaded. It took 24 military police to shoo them away long enough for Jimmy to pile into a train and take off. It wasn't a de luxe train. There wasn't a Pullman on it. Private Stewart

was sharing a seat in the day coach!

Moffett Field is where Jimmy belonged, and Moffett Field was happy to have him. With something like 325 hours of flying time to his credit, Jimmy is one of the smoothest pilots in the movie colony. In the yellow-striped little two-seater of his he has made jaunts all over the country. An expert on maps, he knows the terrain of California like the proverbial book.

Could have been that a qualified citizen like Jimmy would be promptly commissioned a second lieutenant in the air corps and given a bomber to play with. But no. Jimmy happens to be 32, and the age limit for a flying cadet is 27. Which is how come Jimmy wrote back to Malcolm a week or so after he had arrived at Moffett:

"The nearest I have come to an airplane is to carry a parachute from one plane to another."

Whether Jimmy will ever be zooming around in a pursuit plane or practicing a little with-malice-toward-none dive-bombing is debatable. There are miles of red tape to be cut, and that takes time. But if anyone will see that it gets cut, it's our Jimmy. Don't go selling his stock short. Scratch that shy, baffled look of his, and you'll find the face of a man who very definitely knows what time it is—right to the second.

Regarding Jimmy's status quo with the feminine population, Milton Berle has said the last word on the subject. Asked by a chum over at Ciro's how come he was going home so early he replied: "I'm knitting a sweater for Jimmy Stewart."

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Other Scoops in July Screen Guide:

Ginger Rogers: Strange situations in her amazing private life.

Errol Flynn: Challenged by real-life sea-captain Stirling Hayden, of "Virginia," for No. 1 spot among screen adventurers!

Lana Turner: The "Sweater Girl" is better without her sweater!

Deanna Durbin: First photo scoop of Deanna as a married woman!

Carole Landis: An intimate visit with Movies' most exciting female.

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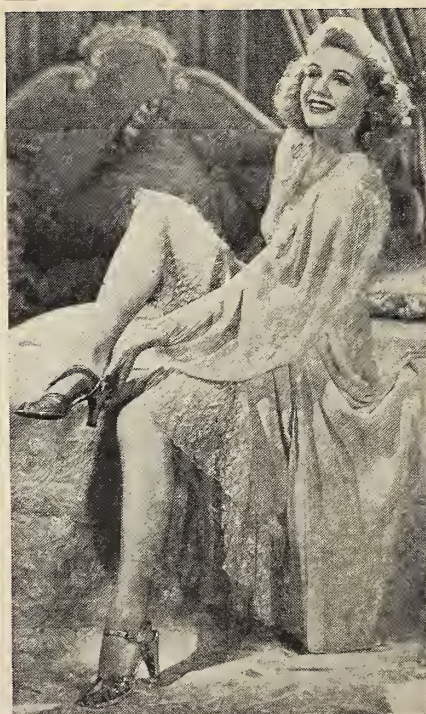
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and I'm two days behind schedule now." Milton Berle may or may not be knitting a sweater, but everyone else's sister, auntie and grandmother is furiously at work turning out items for Jimmy's comfort. One enterprising miss made him a parachute. It is a death-trap in all probability, because parachute-making is a science and not a handicraft. But it is a thing of beauty and a toy forever. It's made of red, white and blue and would affright even the hardest enemy as it glided toward the ground.

Socks, sweaters, shorts, cowboy boots, sombreros, fancy belts—these are only part of the gifts showered on Private Stewart. One kindly Southern gentleman who fought with the celebrated Confederate General, J. E. B. Stuart, sent him his sword. Another well-wisher sent him a bulletproof vest. And as for the 'teen age girls of our land, Jimmy's buddies out at Moffett wish them long life, excellent husbands and healthy broods. Why? Well, these starry-eyed things are making the most delicious fudge ever to top off a man's dinner. And they're sending it on to Jimmy—with love.

At this writing, Jimmy's unit at the Camp hasn't thrown its monthly dance, but camp hostesses, who normally have trouble rounding up enough dancing partners for the soldiers, are already besieged with applications. They telephone and they wire, waitresses from San Francisco cafeterias and freshman cuties from U. C. L. A. several hundred miles away. So far Jimmy has not revealed whether or not he'll attend the first dance jamboree. Judging by his burning desire to melt into his company and be "just one of the boys," you would bet your boots that he'd come. Still, his aversion to publicity may have a lot to do with his decision. The odds are three-to-two that he'll make the first dance, three-to-one that he'll make the second. His buddies, with whom he's popular no end, will practically drag him to the second, if he skips the first.

Private Stewart of the U. S. A. may not be making pictures, but that doesn't mean he has severed his connections



Marjorie Woodworth plays her first starring role as film glamour girl in Hal Roach's "Broadway Limited."

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OF ALL**

... is the becoming, natural wave you set yourself, with genuine Dr. Ellis' Wave Set. Greaseless, quick-drying. Two formulas—Green or Clear. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Ask for it at your favorite 5 & 10 or drug store.

10¢

Dr. Ellis' WAVE SET

with Hollywood for a year. Far from it. Easter week-end he had his first furlough and took the earliest plane back to his chaste little white house in town. Malcolm answered the ring and virtually lost his legendary composure. He woke up Burgess Meredith, who rounded up the gang for a long talk.

In the afternoon Jimmy paid a visit to the Leland Haywards. Margaret Sullivan, whom he has known since his Princeton days, had just had a baby, and Jimmy was anxious to have a look. He told them funny anecdotes about tent life and played with the Hayward-Sullivan moppets, Brooke and Bridget, who even put on a style show for him.

At home there was dinner and then a short "business session" with Burgess Meredith. First there was the matter of the house. Meredith would take it over for a year with one proviso: should Jimmy's folks ever come to town, they were to have free access. The second item had to do with Malcolm. With Jimmy gone, he made an announcement: he was going to "become very serious and devote his full time to further medical study."

So much for the "business session," during which not a single lease was signed, nor a single memo made. That's the type of business men both of them are.

On the romance front there was little or no activity that week-end. Certainly Jimmy didn't make the boites and bistros with any lady. And he made few telephone calls. Fact is that Jimmy at this writing is as foot-loose and fancy-free as he has ever been in his life.

It is true that a night or two before he took off for his brief stay he called up Ruth Hussey whom he had discovered while making "The Philadelphia Story." They had one date, and that's about all. The columnists tried to fan it up into a tender passion, but even with all the coaxing there has been no conflagration whatsoever.

They're proud of him at the studio—especially Louis B. Mayer, who thinks he's setting a fine example for the youth of our land. But they all miss him very much, too.

As one little prop boy put it—
"We'll all feel gay when Jimmy comes marching home." Which just about makes it unanimous.



Fay Emerson looks at the world through Harlequin sun glasses in Warner Bros. new picture, "The Nurse's Secret."

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Patented Suction Cups
**KEEP WATER
OUT**

Smart girls cut extra trips to the hairdresser's by wearing U.S. Howland Swim Caps. The patented suction cups really keep water out. Made in sizes to guarantee perfect fit and comfort. Many attractive styles—moderately priced.

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At department stores
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Thrilling things happen to the girl who is always fragrantly lovely. Dances... invitations... dates galore. That's why so many of this season's glamour girls use Blue Waltz Perfume. Its sweet, intoxicating fragrance blended from many flowers invites romance. Wear Blue Waltz Perfume if you want to be the hit of the next party. Just try it and see!

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ stores



Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves a Dab a Day keeps P. O.* away!

(*Underarm Perspiration Odor)

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. In the morning, Miss A.D. applied Yodora to underarms.
2. Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade!
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Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no sickly smell on dresses. Actually soothing. 10¢, 25¢, 60¢.

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DON'T LET

GRAY HAIR



Ruin YOUR VACATION

You can have a better time with wet-looking hair. So, if you have gray hair, just wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color it, similar to its former natural shade . . . in one day, if you wish. After that, attention only once a month will keep it young-looking.

Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and lovely new color even after shampooing, salt-water bathing, perspiration, curling or waving. It remains clean and natural to the touch and looks natural in any light.

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Canute Water is pure, colorless and crystal-clear. It has a remarkable record of 25 years without injury to a single person. In fact, scientific research at one of America's greatest Universities proved Canute Water to be perfectly harmless.

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Try it and you will soon understand why leading dealers in most of America's largest Cities sell more Canute Water than all other hair coloring preparations combined.

No Other Product Can Make All These Claims
6 application size \$1.15 at drug stores everywhere.

CANUTE WATER

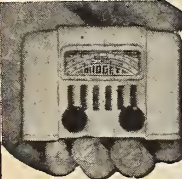


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standard & some short wave. P.T.
POWER RECTIFIER.
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etc. SIMPLE TO OPERATE—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED!
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Dept. G-90-MDZ Freeport, Ill.



★★★ The Wagons Roll at Night

Step right this way, ladies and gents; get yourself a load of a fast-moving, nerve-tingling, romantic movie.

The formula is an old one, but the story has some new wrinkles. Humphrey Bogart continues to climb by a swell acting job. He's the head of a carnival who picks up a smalltown grocery clerk, Eddie Albert, and transforms him into a fearless and intrepid lion tamer. Incidentally, this is so well done that it doesn't at all seem incredible. Sylvia Sidney, who makes her movie comeback as a fortune teller, has lost none of her acting skill or appeal and is welcome to hang around a while.

The plot has to do with Bogart trying to keep Albert away from his (Humphrey's) kid sister, Joan Leslie, a pure, fresh, young thing. Humphrey doesn't want her to get tainted with carnival life in any way.

Beside the crack performances of Bogart, Albert and Miss Sidney, there is good solid acting by Sig Rumann, Cliff Clark and Charlie Foy.

Director Ray Enright has enlivened the proceedings with a steady pace throughout, and the scenes inside the lion's cage, which Eddie Albert actually played (he refused to use a double), are standout thrills.—Warner Bros.

★★★ The Cowboy and the Blonde

This movie is by no means the most startling or exciting film ever made. It is, however, a simple, well-directed, well-conceived, well-acted little picture which will give every ticket purchaser his money's worth. And the profit is heightened even more for Twentieth Century-Fox, in that the picture introduces and establishes a new and exciting movie personality. In these days with male talent so much in demand, George Montgomery should be a front-rank star within a year.

The picture is a mild lampoon of Hollywood. Montgomery is a cowboy who gets a chance as a movie actor. He tangles with Mary Beth Hughes, who is both a temperamental movie star and the girl friend of the movie producer. They fall in love, of course, but not until there are a number of amusing situations.

Montgomery is natural and in full control of himself all the way through. There are many people who believe Miss Hughes is a fine actress. This reporter does not happen to share such an opinion, but he enthusiastically agrees that she's any man's eyeful. The supporting cast is better than usual, topped by Alan Mowbray, John Miljan (who does not work anywhere near enough these days), Fuzzy Knight and Richard Lane. Directed by Ray McCarey.—20th Century-Fox.

★★½ Man-Made Monster

Here is a horror yarn guaranteed to give you goose pimples. It follows all the rules of good horror pictures faith-

fully, and the result is a very neat and consistent piece of spine-tingling fun.

Lon Chaney, Jr., who seems to be following in his pop's footsteps more and more, has built up immunity against electricity by doing electrical tricks in a circus side show. He falls into the hands of Lionel Atwill, a typical movie "mad doctor," who turns him into a killer. The new twist is this: Chaney knocks off people, gets sent to the electric chair, where he takes to the electricity like a six course dinner. It's the old Frankenstein formula, of course; eventually, after spreading terror through the whole countryside, Chaney knocks off the mad doctor.

George Waggner's direction creates and sustains a consistently eerie mood throughout, and the performances of Chaney, Atwill, Anne Nagel, Frank Albertson and Sam Hinds are topnotch.—Universal.

★★½ Ride On Vaquero

Have you been seeing any of the Cisco Kid pictures? If not, you've been missing a treat. If you have—then you'll be especially pleased to know that this is the best of the lot. It is romantic adventure par excellence. The leading role, of course, was made to order for Cesar Romero, and the blonde and lovely Mary Beth Hughes is a sufficiently competent lady in support.

The cast is packed with above-average character folks which is probably what makes the picture stand out. Romero, as usual, wears his heart on his sleeve. He is about to solve a certain complicated criminal situation when he sees Mary Beth, an entertainer, and falls head over heels in love with her. That complicates his life and nearly causes him to lose sight of his job—but all ends well.

There's an interesting thought here. Romero as Cisco Kid is one of the few movie cowboys who can afford to go romantic. Most of them, you know, are not permitted to even kiss the gals, because they have to avoid "sissy stuff" from the standpoint of kids in the audience. But Romero has been branded a sap for dames before, and it's part of the make-up of this character.

Chris-Pin Martin, Lynne Roberts, Edwin Maxwell, Don Costello and Arthur Hohl are best in support. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds.—20th Century-Fox.

★★½ Great Mr. Nobody

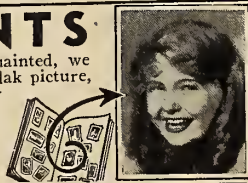
Here is a pleasant, healthy little movie, not especially original and not at all exciting, but if you happen to wander into a theatre and find it on the screen, you'll rather enjoy it.

Eddie Albert is perfectly cast in the familiar average man type of role, appropriately named Smith. He is a clerk in the advertising department of a newspaper, moping along, thinking up ideas for his boss to take the bows on. He can't be bothered with material things largely because he's always dreaming of becoming a big hero some day. The writers could have made it a good deal more sparkling with very little trouble, but it's fun nevertheless.

Joan Leslie continues to be talked about in glowing terms by the movie publicity men and continues to bewilder critics by seemingly having nothing at all to justify any such praise. Alan Hale and Dickie Moore are best in support. Directed by Ben Stoloff.—Warner Bros.

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10¢
for 2 rinses



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CROSSWORD PUZZLES

★ ★ 1/2 Repent at Leisure

You've bumped into this story a half hundred different times, but perhaps you won't mind sitting through it again, especially since the dialogue is bright and the acting is pleasant. Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie and comedian George Barbier head the cast of extremely competent players.

This picture tells about a rich heiress ready to marry a fortune hunter. The night of the marriage she runs away. Aboard a bus on her getaway, she meets a sales clerk, falls in love with him and marries him because he really loves her and, not realizing who she is, can't possibly be after her money.

It's terribly familiar but, nevertheless, a pleasant hour's entertainment. Jerry Cady's sprightly script is largely responsible plus the pleasant pacing of director Frank Woodruff and the really excellent trouping by the three leading players—RKO-Radio.

★ ★ 1/2 Power Dive

Intended simply for excitement, this picture fulfills its promise. It's a snappy, down-to-earth movie replete with thrills, and the cast headed by Richard Arlen and Jean Parker is very okay.

The yarn is built around the airplane testing game. Arlen is the No. 1 tester, and Don Castle is his younger brother with ambitions along the same lines. Jean Parker is the daughter of an inventor, whose machine is tested by Castle after Arlen nixes it.

The supporting cast is better than average. Louis Jean Heydt, Roger Pryor, Billy Lee and Helen Mack all handle their roles effectively, while Cliff Edwards has the laugh department all to himself. Directed, and very smoothly, by James Hogan.—Paramount.

GROOMED FOR GLAMOUR

(Continued from page 58)

"Well, when we arrived, I heard about Mrs. White and started to study voice with her. It was the grapevine system that got me into the studio. A pupil of Mrs. White's knew Mr. Louis Leighton, the M-G-M producer. The pupil told Mr. Leighton about me, and Mr. Leighton told Mr. Sam Katz. When Mr. Katz asked me to come over to see him, I didn't want to go at all—thought it was just silly. He called me again, and I went thinking I'd just see Mr. Katz. When I got there, there was a whole roomful of people waiting to hear me sing! I was too dumb to be frightened, and I sang the Tarantula, an aria and a

Solution to Puzzle on Page 68

POWER	HAYWARD	MARIA
ALICE	ELEANOR	EDITH
PATRI	LES GAY	DICES
HUGHES	MEREDITH	
DEE	NAN	DEL RUN
ARREST	BONUS	BARRIE
NEST	LINDSAY	EDDY
TREE	ANNA	
ASTAIRE	WEIDLER	
LEO	AR	GC
PRESTON	BRENNAN	
TALA	EIRE	
OKRA	BELLAMY	IOWA
DEANNA	MOORE	MELVYN
DAY	OUT	ROC MAE
MARGARET	SAYLOR	
SCOUR	PAT	TEN
HENRI	ENTRAPS	REEVE
EDDAS	STATUTE	SATYR

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A drop of Eye-Gene in each eye, and in a few seconds your eyes will be crystal-clear... feel soothed and refreshed. For lovelier eyes wash them with this stainless, safe, specialist's formula daily. For sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.



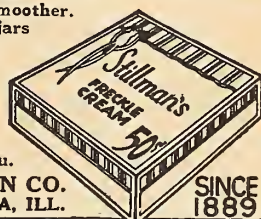
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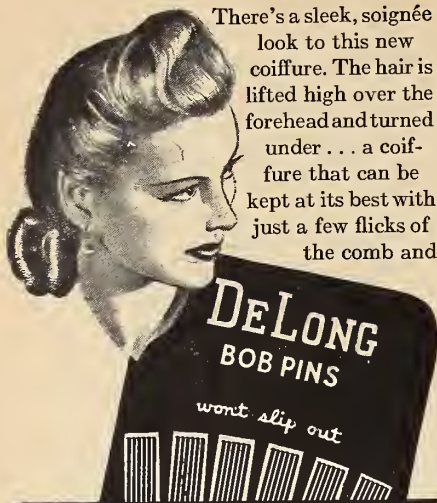
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Pinkham's Compound—made especially for women—not only relieves monthly pain (headache, cramps, backache) but helps build up resistance against such tired, nervous feelings. Hundreds of thousands of women remarkably helped. WORTH TRYING!



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CHAIN & DEPT. STORES

popular song, which was one of my favorites.

"They wanted to sign me right away. I didn't want to sign at first, but eventually I did, of course. Know what decided me? Well first of all, the studio promised they wouldn't ask me to do a thing for a whole year, not even make a test. Then they said they would give me everything the best conservatory of music could give me, the best teachers to be had anywhere—and for free—and in addition, I would get a small salary! That's what really decided me. After all, I'm a practical girl, and what could I lose?"

"The studio's lived up to its promises beautifully. I couldn't have had finer teachers anywhere, and I didn't have to make a test for a year. When the time came, they took a scene or two from Deanna Durbin's picture, 'It's a Date.' I made a bargain with Mr. Katz before I did it. If it was bad, they were to release me; if it was good I was to stay.

"When I saw the test, I went right up to them and I said, 'Well, I win!' 'What are you talking about?' they said. 'Well,' I told them, 'it isn't any good.' They said, 'Everybody likes it but you. Trouble with you is you need a good spanking.'

"So there I was. After all they'd done for me, I couldn't just walk out. So I kept on with my lessons, and then I was told I was cast in 'Andy Hardy's Private Secretary,' my very first picture. The first day on the set Mickey took me behind the scenes and showed me the ropes. He told me what they meant when they said 'Hit the baby!' That means turn on the small lights. He explained that 'Hit the mark' means to stand on the tape that shows when you're within camera range. He did everything he possibly could to help me, and this is no publicity line, either.

"It seems to me that movie-making is a sort of game, and the best man wins. The Academy Award is the goal for this game, and I want to make the Academy Award! To be an actress like Katharine Cornell or Helen Hayes is the goal for the stage, and I want to make that goal. Opera is the goal for a singer, and I want to make that goal, too. That goal most of all!

"In the meantime the studio is a good, wholesome atmosphere for a girl to be in. Cross my heart and hope to die, if that isn't the truth. I've been treated with nothing but respect since I arrived. The boys on the lot treat me just the way my brothers do. 'Hey, Stinky,' John Carroll will yell at me, 'your slip's showing!' or 'Stick your stomach in and keep those shoulders straight!' Dan Dailey will holler, or 'When you grow up I'll take you out some night' from John Shelton. That sort of thing goes on for hours.

"I don't go out on dates, and that's just fine with the studio. I don't believe in being a stick-in-the-mud, but I do advise girls against dates when they're working hard at a career. I go to the opera occasionally, and once in a while I go to parties my Aunt gives. I'm the sort of girl who calls a boy up and says, 'Look, are you doing anything tonight? Want to go to a party?' If he can go, fine. If he can't, I go with my brother or alone. If you start going out with one boy, you have to go out with others, and I simply don't have time for that. What's more, when I do have a romance, I want it to be in the moonlight, not in the newspapers.

"Well, I guess that's all. Maybe they have groomed me for glamour, but if they have, they've been awfully clever about it and extremely kind. And I am very, very grateful as any girl with a fairy godmother should be!"

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 63)

he asked? "Maisie, I mean! Well, she has laid an egg every day for the last seven days! And would you believe it—each day the egg gets smaller! Isn't that terrific! And would you believe it—Jimmy still thinks the publicity man fainted from the heat!"

THIS LITTLE CHICKIE STAYED HOME

Incidentally, there's nothing phony about Cagney's love of the barnyard. A few days after Maisie was so impressively introduced to the public, Jimmy scooped up his wife and their three-year-old adopted son and set out for Martha's Vineyard where the Cagneys have their farm. There, as often as Cagney can arrange it, young Jimmy, Jr. will enjoy the Huckleberry Finn childhood his city-bred pappy missed. "It'll be great for the kid," Jimmy stated before he left. "He's been with us in Hollywood for three months. That's enough for one dose. The change will do us all good. Now, if we could only take Maisie. . . ."

DISA AND DATA

Greta Garbo has never taken those Swedish molars to a dentist. . . . "My Wonderful One" is Vaughn Paul's favorite song—and his favorite name for Deanna Durbin. . . . Twinkle-toed Ann Miller has an eye on the future. Her new West Hollywood home will be equipped with a bombproof shelter. . . . Olivia de Havilland has added 17 badly needed pounds since her operation. . . . Frances Raeburn and Michael Powell, both Metro contractees, are the brother and sister of Kathryn Grayson. . . . "South American" Carmen Miranda was born in Portugal. . . .

Tyrone Power recently treated his colored Man Friday to a roundtrip ticket to Detroit, plus two tickets to the Louis-Simon fight. . . . Superstitious Director Fritz Lang always carries the wishbone cut from his last year's New Year's turkey in his tobacco pouch. . . . Ann Sheridan's hips return to work in 'Navy Blues.' She'll do a snappy hula in the picture. . . . Joan Crawford is so nervous when she faces a radio mike, prop men nail a chair to the floor and let her clutch it for support. . . . George Montgomery owns a "little" 3,800 acre ranch in Montana. . . . 7-year-old Carolyn Lee will derive her lollypop money from a contract guaranteeing her \$1,250 weekly for at least 24 weeks a year. . . . Marlene Dietrich plays the musical saw!

DILEMMA DE LUXE

Mickey Rooney is sitting on a griddle. And it's going to get hotter and hotter unless someone discovers a way to pull him off. Mickey's distress, strangely enough, is due to complications arising from his hectic love life. As we go to press, dancer Dolly Thon, his long-time lady love, is confiding to friends she'll become Mrs. Rooney in September—and Mick is telling intimates that's the month he goes to the altar with Linda Darnell! In our opinion, it will take the wisdom of a Solomon to yank him out of his predicament. But there are those who think everything will turn out okay. Linda is said to be peeved with Mickey for announcing marriage plans she knows nothing of. If that is true, the Darnell-Rooney combination may break up, leaving the way clear for the dancing Dolly.

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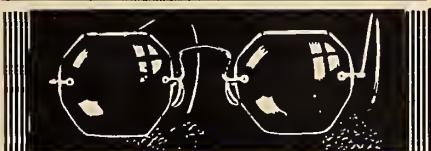
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GOOD NEWS (CONTINUED)

IT'S THE TRUTH

It happened just recently. Jane Wyman and Ronnie Reagan were exploring a Beverly Hills home with an eye to buying same. Janie marched out of the bedroom with disappointment stamped in her big brown eyes. "It's awful," she moaned. "Only two tiny windows and a dinky closet with a door that sticks!" Ronnie patted his worried wife on her bright blond head. "Let's take in a movie," he suggested. "It'll relax us. We've been looking for a house for months. I guess we're doomed to spend out lives in apartments." Fifteen minutes later the Reagans were holding hands in a neighborhood theatre. Suddenly Janie choked on her candy bar and Ronnie swallowed his gum. For there on the screen in a film titled "This Thing Called Love," Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas were prancing around a house that was the exact answer to the Reagans' dream! The rest of this tale writes itself. The following morning, Jane and Ronnie scrambled over to Columbia Studios. They cornered the man who designed the house, talked him out of his blueprints—and are now gleefully constructing a home that's "just like in the movies!"

BETTE THE PACE-SETTER

Girls who are tired of beauty articles telling them how they can look "ethereal" like Hedy Lamarr, "oomphie" like Ann Sheridan, and "cuddly" like Sonja Henie, may find it refreshing to know how they can look "interesting" like Bette Davis. Bette has two pet stunts which any gal with the ordinary implements of war paint can imitate. First there's her hair-do. Bette's wearing bangs these days. Originally they were literal hangovers from the time she played Queen Elizabeth and had to shave a few inches off her forehead. But Bette liked 'em so well, she's keeping them. Secondly there's that distinctive Davis lipline. Bette gets it by roughing her under lip instead of her upper lip. She then presses both lips together, and an unbroken arc of color is planted from one corner of her mouth to the other. Simple, isn't it? But watch out on that lip trick. Advance reports indicate it takes a mighty special face to get away with such a complete reversal of technique.

ON THE SET

(Continued from page 41)

she wears to marry Dick, are initially draped on Geraldine's torso and then transferred to the shapely body of the star.

To keep his cast pepped up about the proceedings, Director Kanin has issued orders that no one may know until the final day of shooting who wins the gal. Kanin figures in this way he'll get more realistic performances from his stars—and some good publicity for his picture, besides. The nerve-wracking uncertainty induced by this dictum has led to considerable apple-polishing on the set. Ginger's three suitors believe that by winning her off-screen favor they may influence the ending of the film. Fanciest apple-polisher is Meredith. His daily gifts to Ginger range from a 10c bracelet and a 50c watch, to a ratty-looking set of furs costing \$14 and a vintage '22 flivver that was no bargain at \$20.

But gifts or no gifts, we don't think Meredith has a chance. Or Murphy, either. Our chips are riding on the rich man. Ginger's no sap.

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birthday

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you're happy. Throw in a steak smothered with onions (you
also *adore* food) and you're in ecstasy. You're subject to intellectual binges
during which you read vociferously, haunt the museums
and take dozens of lecture courses. Normally speaking the
funnies and the sports section are your dish. You have more friends than
Dale Carnegie, more talents than Orson Welles and more
fun than anybody. Happy birthday, paragon!

send greetings to

WALTER ABEL—June 6 • MADGE BELLAMY—June 30 • RALPH BELLAMY—June 17 • WILLIAM BOYD—June 5 •
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June 13 • DOROTHEA KENT—June 7 • PRISCILLA LANE—June 12 • STAN LAUREL—June 16 • IVAN LEBEDEFF
—June 18 • CAROLYN LEE—June 5 • PETER LORRE—June 26 • WILLIAM LUNDIGAN—June 12 • JEANETTE
MACDONALD—June 18 • MARION MARTIN—June 7 • FRANK MORGAN—June 1 • GAIL PATRICK—June 20 • BOB
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after using
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