

MODERN SCREEN



Lana Turner

LYWOOD'S MOST TALKED ABOUT MARRIAGE *Alice Faye-Phil Harris*

WHY WOMEN FALL FOR GEORGE RAFT



This *light ale* is now first choice of millions who once drank beer



AFTER draining his first glass of Ballantine's Ale, a beer drinker's a changed man. Ale "too heavy" a drink for him? Not any more! In Ballantine's, he's found a *light* ale.

And will he ever again be satisfied with anything less than the superb Ballantine *flavor*—resulting from the

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Nor will you—once you've sampled *your* first bottle of Ballantine's. Look for the famous 3-RING trademark standing for PURITY, BODY, FLAVOR—and call for Ballantine's Ale . . . today. Costs no more than the better beers. Sold coast to coast.

BALLANTINE'S  ALE
America's largest selling Ale



A Darling Girl...A new Party Dress— but the Same Old Question of a Date!



No girl should risk underarm odor when Mum so surely guards charm!

NO ART OF DRESS, no natural loveliness, no beauty aid a girl could command can make up for the fault of personal undaintiness—for the offense of underarm odor.

A girl may have an enchanting skin and lovely lips—clothes in the peak of fashion. But one offense against personal daintiness, one moment of unguarded charm and even the most eager admirer receives an impression that a girl may never change.

Too many girls trust a bath alone to keep free from offending. But no bath, *however fresh it leaves you*, can guarantee you lasting charm. A bath corrects the faults of past perspiration—it cannot prevent the *risk of underarm odor to come*. Unless you give underarms special care you can be guilty of offending and *never know it*.

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SPEED—When you're in a hurry, Mum takes only 30 seconds to smooth on.

SAFETY—Mum won't irritate skin. And the American Institute of Laundering assures you Mum won't injure even fine fabrics.

DEPENDABILITY—Daintiness is lasting with Mum on guard. Without attempting to check perspiration, Mum protects against underarm odor for hours to come. Start now to guard your charm—get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for Sanitary Napkins—that's why so many women use Mum. Always use Mum this important way, too.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER...SAFER...SURER...THAN MUM!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month

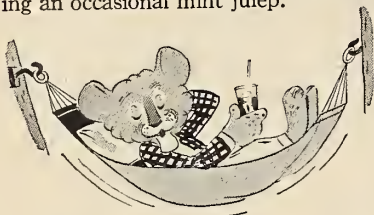


The greatest
star of the
screen!

Boy, we're tired of the old high-pressure salesmanship. None of this hurry hurry hurry stuff for us.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're relaxing during the dog days. Swinging in our old hammock and taking an occasional mint julep.



Yes, we're willing to talk but campaigning is out. Our voice is soft, cooing, mellow.

★ ★ ★ ★

Especially since we're just going to drop a hint about two great films that are getting their final editing at those streamlined M-G-M studios.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Lady Be Good." One is an unusually gripping drama, the other an unusually rippling musical. Opposite, but twin, poles.

★ ★ ★ ★

Victor (GWTW) Fleming produced



Director Fleming

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the famed Stevenson yarn. Of course, he had no talent to work with—only Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is something to write home about, this Spencer Tracy interpretation. Or if you are at home, it's something to write away about. Mark our words.

★ ★ ★ ★

And "Lady Be Good." Nobody in that one either. Only Eleanor Powell, Ann Southern, Robert Young, Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, and Virginia O'Brien.



Norman (Comedy) McLeod has directed.

★ ★ ★ ★

We told you to mark our words about "Dr. Jekyll." Mark 'em as well about "Lady Be Good."

★ ★ ★ ★

We won't have to eat them.

★ ★ ★ ★

Even though we like alphabet soup.

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

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MODERN SCREEN

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Cover Girl: Lana Turner, appearing in M-G-M's "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde"

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THE STAR-BRIGHT
SONG-STUDDERED HIT THAT'S MAKING **KISS** STORY

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

★ **DON AMECHE**

AND

★ **MARY MARTIN**

in

"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"

(But they always come back for more)

★ WITH **OSCAR LEVANT**

★ **CONNIE BOSWELL**

★ AND **ROCHESTER**

—And wait till you
hear Connie and
those 20 Singing
Secretaries sing
"Sand in My Shoes"

"Ah sure wishes
Mistah Benny
could see me now"

It's musical, it's comical,
it's romantic, it's everything
to make you kiss
the blues goodbye.

It's 1941's biggest musical
hit . . . from the Broadway
stageshow that had audiences
howling for two solid seasons!

HEAR THESE HITS!

"SAND IN MY SHOES"
"I'LL NEVER LET A DAY PASS BY"
"FIND YOURSELF A MELODY"
"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"
"THAT'S HOW I GOT MY START"

Raymond Walburn • Virginia Dale • Barbara Allen • Elizabeth Patterson
Jerome Cowan • Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER • Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Dwight Taylor • Based on a Play by Clare Boothe

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER—WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



ON THE SET WITH

"PUDDIN' HEAD"

THAT SCREEN SLICKEROO FRANCIS LEDERER GOES CORNY WITH HAYSEED JUDY CANOVA!

Getting lean, suave, Czecho-Slovak Francis Lederer as leading man for "Puddin' Head" doesn't mean that Romance has crept into Judy Canova's screen life. Like Gene Autry, Republic's rubber-mouthed chanteuse can bestow only sisterly cheek-pecks—no real kisses. In her third triumph as a corn-fed hillbilly belle, Judy's kept too busy to think about love, anyway. In one scene, she slugs eight rounds with dance-comic Eddie Foy, Jr. And that in spite of a siege of flu that stymied shooting for three days.

To play the phony Count who tries to scare Judy and her Pop (Slim Summerville) into selling their inherited Manhattan plot of land to a radio station



Judy's contract, like Gene Autry's, says that she can't ever be cinematically mean or ill-tempered. What's more, she must always be wholesome and live by the Golden Rule!



Judy's most popular fan was the Iowan who sent a gallon of ice cream per week! Here are Raymond Walburn and Slim Summerville (he's practically retired—makes an occasional movie) licking it up.



Lederer's stand-in Victor Sabuni had to don 6" blocks to turn himself into a 6-footer. He and Francis, founder of the "World Peace Federation," talked nothing but foreign affairs on the set.



On the romantic side were Mary Beth Hughes and fast-ridin' Don "Red" Barry. Title of pic, "Puddin' Head," was taken from Judy's half-collie, half-terrier pup.

next door, Lederer turned down two offers of more sophisticated roles. And adjusting his Continental dignity to the yokel caprices of the Leaping Lena model Ford you'll see, took some of the starch out of the "Count's" stiff shirt. For that matter, a blistering turn at hoeing potatoes is bad medicine for any Count's ego. But to the real Lederer, it evoked nostalgic memories of the days when he slaved his way through a Prague drama school with a hoe!

Companion and stand-in to the glamorous Czech was Victor Sabuni, who once did the same job for him at Paramount, now acts as correspondent for South American newspapers through his own Sabuni International Syndicate. During most of the picture, poor Sabuni worked under lights on twenty-four hour shifts. By day for Lederer. At night for the Syndicate.

Added comic competition for Judy is furnished by Raymond Walburn and Chick Chandler, both of whom landed roles through flukes. Walburn's call came after producer Albert Cohen, idly fingering a cigarette pack, spotted De Witt Clinton's portrait on the Federal tax sticker, ordered: "Get me a comedian who looks like that!" Chandler was a last-minute substitution for Buster Keaton, whose comeback was nipped by sudden illness.

Chief "Puddin' Head" brow-furrower for director Joe Santley, ex-vaudeville big-timer, was coaxing four cows, three pigs and five goats—all heat balky—through a revolving door. It took three apoplectic hours. Other headache: Catapulting Eddie Foy into a mackerel barrel—he's allergic to 'em! More soothing to the Santley soul was getting a San Marino oil man's gorgeous 5-acre estate as background for swank party scenes. Negotiator was the Assistance League of California, a group of society matrons who ask philanthropic big-wigs, not for money, but for the loan of their private grounds to movie companies. Rental proceeds are turned over to charity.

Add note: There's one word in this \$500,000 Republic vehicle the British censors will "tsk tsk" out of the script—"punk." Don't get us wrong! It's something a truck-driver says—not a comment about the film!



Classical music-lover Lederer learned about "corn" from Judy. She's called "Jenny Lind of the Ozarks" by Republic. Can warble grand opera as well as hillbilly ditties!

IRRESISTIBLE

Allure



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Lovely lips are keyed to costume colors, that's why the prettiest and smartest women are choosing Irresistible's complete lipstick color range. PINK ROSE, a rich, rosy red for an enchanting effect with pastels, flowery prints and off-whites! CANDY STRIPE, a brilliant red-red, for a dashing contrast with blazing white, navies and sheer summer blacks. WHIP-TEXT the secret Irresistible way to be creamier, smoother... to stay on longer and keep lips lovelier. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.

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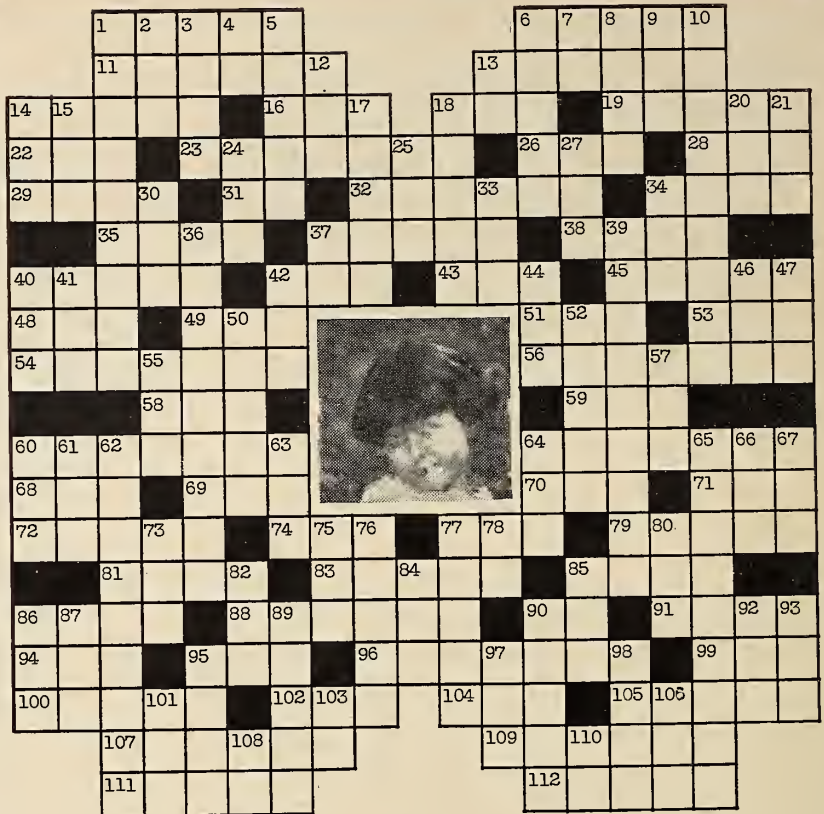
IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 71

ACROSS

1. Girl's name
6. Star of "They Met In Bombay"
11. Mr. Maitland in "Men Of Boys Town"
13. Deanna's successor
14. Meanie in "Sis Hopkins"
16. Actor in "Tight Shoes"
18. Speak
19. Designer Travis B.....
22. Mickey's place in "Big Ten"
23. Opposite Lana in "Ziegfeld Girl"
26. Male lead in "That Night In Rio"
28. To incite
29. Splashes gently
31. Forward
32. Al Jolson's ex
34. Bette's Nemesis in "The Letter"
35. He was "Caught In The Draft"
37. Mrs. Bing Crosby
38. Genus of maple
40. Blonde ingénue
42. Lady in "A Man Betrayed"
43. Clear
45. Singer in "Great American Broadcast"
48. He's in "Too Many Blondes"
49. Mineral spring
51. Young man in "Thieves Fall Out"
53. Warners new singer
54. Opposite "Lady From Cheyenne"
56. Star of "Flame Of New Orleans"
58. Cut
59. Our star's real name: --- Green
60. "The --- Wagon"
64. Femme in "Pot O' Gold"
68. Talented actress in "Out Of The Fog"
69. Extinct government code
70. --- ted Artists
71. Disfigure
72. Triangular surface
74. Director Roy --- Ruth
77. English cathedral city
79. Names of things
81. Wm. Holden's wife in "I Wanted Wings"
83. Top cowboy star
85. Slippery fish
- 86 & 88. Our star pictured above
90. Pen name of an Irish poet
91. Married to Lucille Ball
94. Villain: P --- er Hall
95. Three-toed sloths
96. Mr. Menjou
99. Small rug
100. "The Man Who Lost Himself"
102. "Ar --- ts And Models"
104. Rim
105. Femme in "Earth-bound"
107. Lovely star of "Affectionately Yours"
109. Husband of 86 across
111. More modern
112. Smallest in degree

DOWN

1. Jane's mother in "Her First Beau"
2. "Lady From Louisiana"
3. Japanese coins
4. 101: Rom. num.
5. She's in "Reaching for the Sun"
6. Newspaper gal in "Beyond The Law"
7. Behold!
8. "Man Of ---"
9. --- Tin Tin
10. She "came back" in "Philadelphia Story"
12. Star of "People vs. Dr. Kildare"
13. Jane Withers' home-state: abbr.
14. Producer Wurtzel
15. Peggy's aunt in "Double Date"
17. Comic in "Great American Broadcast"
18. Mug
20. Grease
21. Born
24. Dance Zorina does
25. Actor --- Ingram
27. C --- Witherspoon
30. Drunkard
33. Femme in "The Nurse's Secret"
34. Solidify
36. Deanna's producer
37. Olivia --- Haviland
39. Ty's pal in "Blood And Sand"
40. Lofty mountain
41. Correlative of "neither"
42. Principal in "Washington Melodrama"
44. --- Brown
46. Container for film
47. Compass point
50. Star of "Yank In The R. A. F."
52. Screen star Novarro
55. Personal pronoun
57. Preceded
60. Spanish hero
61. Poem
62. Military offensive work
63. What Reagan is to Maureen Elizabeth
64. "Scattergood Baines"
65. What motion pictures furnish
66. Sped
67. What Kildare and Christian are: abbr.
73. Light brown
75. Auditory organ
76. Nazi in "They Dare Not Love"
77. Dashing Irish hero
78. "Affectionate --- Yours"
80. Aged
82. Final ornament
84. --- North
85. Edward Everett Horton: ever
86. Work
87. Blunder
89. Meanie in "The Great Lie"
90. Frighten
92. Unhappy
93. "A Date"
95. Again
97. Cover
98. Socialite in films
101. Raymond Massey's most famous role
103. "S --- gapore Woman"
106. Dawn goddess
108. Concerning
110. Pronoun



Those whizzes of sophisticated slapstick—Myrna Loy and Bill Powell—share honors with Florence Bates in Metro's "Love Crazy." Flo, when not movie-mother-in-law, is a practicing lowyer.

Love Crazy — ★ ★ ★ ½

This is the screwiest assignment Bill Powell or Myrna Loy ever had. You'll laugh your head off, then go back and laugh some more.

Myrna and Bill are about to celebrate their fourth anniversary as the movie starts. Then a series of things happen (and I'll be doggoned if I'll tell you what they are) to make Myrna jealous as all get-out, with the result that they wind up in the divorce court. Naturally, Bill has too much good sense to permit Myrna to get a divorce—so he simulates insanity and lands in a nut house. Now he has to break loose and convince the missus that she still loves him, in spite of the fact that the cops are after him. From there on, the story gets a little involved and complicated. Suffice it to say that all ends well, and that there isn't a dull moment throughout.

A lot of the story developments are ancient, and the corn is plentiful in practically every gag sequence, but all of it is handled in a refreshingly new and funny manner. When Bill Powell, for instance, shaves off his mustache, disguises himself as his own sister and talks in a falsetto!

The acting? Oh, yes, the acting. Bill and Myrna, of course, are tops. Gail Patrick will surprise you with her impersonations of a modern vamp. Jack Carson has a role perfectly suited to him, as the other man. Florence Bates was born to be a caricature mother-in-law; excuse us, Florence, but you *are* excellent.

Give a big hand to the director, Jack Conway, for such pace and timing as is a rarity these days.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* (Continued on page 10)

MOVIE

A Woman's Face — ★ ★ ★ ½

Joan Crawford is not only on the upbeat again, she's there. This is her best job in a very long time, and a swell movie; it has suspense, action, melodrama—and it has Crawford. A Crawford full of fire, vitality, realism and power.

"A Woman's Face" is a psychological melodrama built on a mystery suspense formula with romantic overtones. It has to do with the change that takes place in a scarred and bitter femme when plastic surgery turns her into a beautiful woman. It took some courage for Joan to play the part of a horribly disfigured person, even though she eventually becomes beautiful.

She is cast as the head of a gang of blackmailers, and she falls in love with Conrad Veidt—a nasty guy with a solid front. To captivate him, she gets Melvyn Douglas, a plastic surgeon, to change her face. Then she gets a job as a governess, with the idea of killing a little boy (Dickie Nichols) so that Veidt can inherit a big bankroll. But the physical alterations of her face have also, it seems, brought about spiritual regeneration. She can't quite go through with it. This leads to a thrilling chase and shooting finale that cannot be revealed here, since the movie depends a great deal on the suspense elements involved.

It's beautifully written by Elliott Paul and Donald Ogden Stewart, who rate distinct bows for their labors. And George Cukor's intelligent and all-understanding direction also is on a high plane. Added to which, of course, is first-rate trouping by a big cast of experts which includes, Joan, Douglas, Veidt, Osa Massen and Albert Basserman.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

REVIEWS

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

M-G-M's mystery love story, "A Woman's Face," marks Crawford's return to the screen after an 8 mos. absence. She and Melvyn Douglas co-star for the first time since "The Gorgeous Hussy."



Intimate Glimpses of a BIG PICTURE

SHE'S sleek... she's slinky... she's **BINNIE BARNES**—one of the most **GLAMOROUS**



STARS of the **SCREEN**—coming to you in a **RIOTOUS** love-and-**FUN** drama—**"ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS!"** **BESIDES** offering **SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT AND FASCINATING** in **SCREEN** stories, this **REPUBLIC** summer sensation **BOASTS** one of the finest casts of **THE** season. There's ravishing **BINNIE BARNES**, of course, and **DASHING GILBERT ROLAND** to **SET** the romantic pace...and lovely **LITTLE** singing **MARY LEE** (you **DISCOVERED** her in the Gene Autry **HITS**) heading a long list of funsters **INCLUDING BILLY GILBERT**. Young **LOVE** has its innings too. **EDWARD NORRIS** and **JANE FRAZEE** make **THE** most refreshing pair of screen **SWEETHEARTS** in many a year... **AND** you'll remember this picture **BECAUSE** it introduces lovely **MARILYN HARE**, daughter of



RADIO'S famed Ernie **(HAPPINESS Boys)** **HARE**,
TO the screen. Sophisticated **COMEDY**—romance—grand **SONGS**—and an all-star **CAST** combine to make **"ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS"** the happiest picture **YOU'LL** see all summer. It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 9)

★★★½ Major Barbara

There probably is no man in the world today who can irritate you as much (and make you like it) as this George Bernard Shaw lad. How can you get mad at a guy who delivers? His newest movie, "Major Barbara," is another "Pygmalion."

Mind you, this is not a picture for general consumption. It is what we wise guys call a class film; it's for the cultured trade. But even if you hate it, you'll have to admit it's an A-1 job.

Shaw wrote the play in 1905, and he has managed to move it to the present with ease and with logic. The story has to do with the state of soul and the conflicting viewpoints of a millionaire munitions maker, his daughter (who is also a Salvation Army major), her suitor (who is a young Greek scholar on the side) and a Cockney laborer whom Barbara takes in hand and remolds. "Pygmalion" in reverse; one girl makes the man over.

Wendy Hiller, whom you remember from "Pygmalion," brings poise and surety to her portrayal; Robert Morley is perfect as the father, giving Shaw a chance to throw in terrific gobs of his own viewpoints, and Rex Harrison is topnotch as the suitor-scholar. But it is Robert Newton, as the Cockney, whom you will remember for a very long time. Directed by Pascal.—United Artists.

★★★½ Million Dollar Baby

It's rollicking. It's gay. It's slap-happy, brimful of fun and has some of the spiciest lines heard on the screen in a long time.

May Robson acts the part of a very wealthy American who has lived abroad for many years; she just heard that her father gypped his partner out of a fortune, so she wants to square things, finds the wronged man's granddaughter and gives her a million bucks. Well, suppose you were a bargain basement salesgirl, and somebody came along and handed you a million? Priscilla Lane, who is the gal in the case, finds out it's not as good as it sounds; in fact it's a pain in the neck after a while. She loses her boy friend because Ronald Reagan is one of those gents who wants to live on his own, not on the girl friend's, bankroll; she is besieged by salesmen, tax collectors, charity specialists; she is— Oh, well, go see the picture!

Acting? You know all about Robson; she's as good as ever here, with more footage. And Priscilla Lane is absolutely elegant. Jeff Lynn is as sleek and well-groomed and likeable as ever (but he really ought to get mused up just a bit once in a while), but the real acting surprise comes from Reagan. The kid has finally done it!

Lee Patrick, Helen Westley and George Barbier do nice supporting bits. Curtis Bernhardt's done a gold-medal direction job.—Warner Bros.

★★★½ Blood and Sand

"Blood and Sand" was the best film made by Rudolph Valentino, who was a much finer actor than you can possibly believe. Whether or not the new version with Tyrone Power in Rudolph's shoes is better or worse is hard to say, but it is a thrilling, breath-taking movie extravaganza.

It is possible that "Blood and Sand" (the 1941 version) will go down in the record books as the most beautiful film of all times. You have never seen such color, such composition, such costumes. By comparison, the writing and acting seem secondary. Yes, director Rouben Mamoulian has stolen the show!

"Blood and Sand" is an earthy story, a study of primal lusts and ambitions. The early part of the picture is best from a writing and acting standpoint. It shows clearly how a little boy, harnessed by a blinding passion to defend his father's name, alone, in the dark of night, studies bull fighting. With the boy's growth to Tyrone Power manhood, warmth seems to leave the story, however, and the brilliance of the costuming and scenics take over. Tyrone's love for childhood sweetheart Linda Darnell, whom he has known since childhood; his attraction to Rita Hayworth and his growing fear of the arena lead the yarn slowly to its shocking finale.

Little Rex Downing, as the boy, gives the role a lot more fire than Tyrone does when he takes over, but this is due largely to the fact that Tyrone has a much tougher task.

Nazimova does a sincere bit as Tyrone's mother; Linda Darnell is decorative as the other girl; John Carradine doesn't know how to do a bad acting job, and this is one of his best; J. Carroll Naish, Laird Cregar and Anthony Quinn are fine in small bits.

Never has Rita Hayworth been as good. Her gowns are daring and exciting. And her performance is the best of her strangely up-and-down career. If this job doesn't set her definitely as one of the top stars of today, there ain't no justice! Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.—Twentieth Century-Fox.

★★★½ Shepherd of the Hills

There is no simple way to classify this film. It has many fine qualities, it has many faults, it has magnificent scenery and color photography—and it has the very finest possible acting. The fact remains that there will be some of you who won't care for the story.

Harold Bell Wright's famous old-time novel is portrayed faithfully. But the story's dated, and nothing's been done about it.

The plot takes place in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Life is beautiful and rough and wild down there; so wild that moonshining is considered a normal occupation, and killin' and feudin' its natural attributes. In this background a story of regeneration and retribution is painted, with Betty Field, John Wayne and Harry Carey handling the big acting loads.

This reporter happens to believe that in this movie Betty once more delivers a new-type interpretation. When you consider the versatility displayed by a youngster who can play the leads in such varied films as "Mice and Men," "Seventeen" and "Shepherd," you begin to realize why she has gone this far this fast.

John Wayne gives Betty a close race for top honors as the mountain boy who is in love with her but can't marry her because he's got a feud to settle. Harry Carey is unbelievably good as the mysterious man, the title character.

Highest honors also to Beulah Bondi as
(Continued on page 89)

Anne Shirley in

"The DEVIL and DANIEL WEBSTER"

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE



Does your skin lack color?...look dull?..

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Originated by Max Factor Hollywood — Note these 4 amazing features... 1. *life-like red of your lips* ... 2. *non-drying, but indelible...* 3. *safe for sensitive lips*... 4. *eliminates lipstick line*... \$1



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SUPERFINE TEXTURE which creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings perfectly and really stays on.

Try your color harmony shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder...share this Hollywood make-up secret. . One dollar.

*Max Factor * Hollywood*

PURSE MAKE-UP KIT



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Make-Up"... FREE. 24-B-67

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE... <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Green... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE... <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE... <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD... <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, dark <input type="checkbox"/>

did he
mean... doggy
legs



or doggie legs?

Was his remark candidly canine... or was he being sweet and complimentary?

If there is any question in your mind, lady, then you'd better get NEET, today! For NEET cream hair remover will quickly remove both uncomplimentary hair and doubt simultaneously.

Simply apply this cosmetic cream hair remover to your legs, or under your arms, or forearms...leave it for a few minutes...then rinse off. NEET leaves the skin satiny, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp razor stuhhle to mar the contours of lovely legs, or create runs in sheer hose when NEET is used. Nor does NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of new NEET today from your department, drug, or ten cent store.

*Better Get
neet today*

SCREEN ALMANAC

Continued from June issue

HERE'S WHAT YOU'VE ALL BEEN ASKING FOR—

LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL-KNOWN FACES!



*Jack
Holt*

Born John Charles Holt, May 31, 1888, Winchester, Va. Adventurous son of a minister. Early in life sought his fortune as a sand hog, fur trapper, freight packer, cow puncher, stunt rider, member of an Alaskan expedition. Wound up in movies in 1915 and practically relived his experiences on the screen. Centered his interests around polo. Stopped playing recently. Sits on the sidelines and watches son Tim carry on. Despises lap dogs and double features. Never misses a Rose Bowl game or latest in spine-tingling detective yarns!

Born John Charles Holt, Jr., Feb. 5, 1920, Beverly Hills, Cal. Veritably weaned on polo and motion pictures. Made his debut on screen at age of ten with papa Jack Holt. Head of his class at Culver. Loves out of doors, excels at badminton and swimming, raises cocker spaniels and owns a string of polo ponies. A candid camera fiend; he snaps his own travelogues and shorts. Hates formal togs and night clubs. Is tanned as an Indian. Needs almost no sleep but loves plenty of food (particularly thick steaks with lots of juice). Hollywood's youngest daddy.

*Tim
Holt*



*Bob
Hope*

Born Lester Townes Hope, July 9, 1907, London, Eng. Topnotch authority on Scotch jokes... made his first hit in "Roberta" then played in "Red, Hot and Blue"... has six brothers... loves mobs of people around him... loathes formality, trolley cars, pepper and snow... talks about ten different things at once... skips back and forth with no warning (mentally, it's like watching a tennis game to listen to him)... nothing enrages him more than to be interrupted... most effective pacifier is pie à la mode... always ready to lend a side-splitting Hope performance to charity.

Born Miriam Hopkins, Oct. 18, 1902, Savannah, Ga. Studied to be writer... switched to drama... has closets and drawers filled to the brim with furs and jewelry... loves paintings and has her walls covered with 'em (looks just like an exhibition)... her pilot-butler scares the wits out of her doing barrel rolls over the house; but only amuses her adopted son Michael... hates pastels... can't stand sight of grey... loves crisply tailored clothes... lodges guests in a spacious, beautifully furnished de luxe trailer, and they love it!

*Miriam
Hopkins*



*Walter
Huston*

Born Walter Huston, April 6, 1884, Toronto, Can. Looks and often acts more like the engineer he started out to be, than an actor. Loves to fool around with sound effects. Makes amazing furniture, the three-in-one-piece type. His hobby's cabinet-making. Eugene O'Neill's plays are his favorites. Won't have a phone in his house, wouldn't dream of buying an expensive car (owns two Fords). Likes entertaining at home but can't be dragged to a night club. Lives with wife in San Bernadino Mts., even when the snow gets 17 feet deep!



JOHN HOWARD . . . Born John Cox, April 14, 1913, Cleveland, Ohio. Was a Phi Beta Kappa and president of University Players at Western Reserve. Family finances thwarted his plans to be an English professor, so he turned to acting. Organized his own dance band in college (he plays piano, drum, sax and trumpet). Swears like a long-shoreman, cooks like a dream and doesn't mind washing dishes! Draws and paints like a professional. Disinterested in all babies except Hedy Lamarr's cute adopted son, Jimmy.



LESLIE HOWARD . . . Born Leslie Stainer, April 24, 1893, London, Eng. Most elusive man in Hollywood . . . would rather play polo than sleep; and he really loves to sleep! . . . has astounding repertoire of accents running gamut from cockney to Brooklynese . . . hates to be well-garbed; sticks to beer jackets, slacks and berets most of time . . . can eat unbelievable quantities of roast beef and drink gallons of stout . . . devours Shakespeare . . . makes home movies of his kids . . . filming British propaganda pictures.



JOHN HUBBARD . . . Born John Hubbard, 1914, Chicago, Ill. Easy going . . . impenetrable as a sphinx . . . pores over biographies and funnies (literally lives from one Flash Gordon episode to the next) . . . tweedy looking . . . wed on April Fool's Day after 9-year courtship . . . wife calls him Hub . . . first thing he notices about a woman is her eyes . . . loves acting and wouldn't quit if he had a million, works at it from 5 A.M. till 9:30 P.M. . . . best friends are ex-prizefighters and bullfighters . . . keeps in trim fighting a phony bull on wheels!

(Continued on page 14)

You'll find a Thrilling Promise of Loveliness in the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



Photograph by David Berns

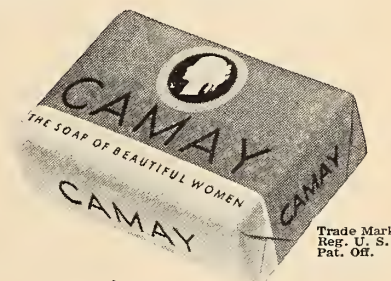
This lovely bride is Mrs. George J. Langley, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y. "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done so much for my skin," says Mrs. Langley. "I know it has helped me to look more beautiful. I advise every woman who wants a lovelier skin to try it."

Even girls with sensitive skin can profit by exciting beauty idea—developed from advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

SO MANY WOMEN cloud their beauty through improper cleansing . . . use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be. "My skin is so responsive to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says this lovely bride. "It seems so much fresher-looking."

Mrs. Langley is so right. Skin specialists recommend a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say—"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day, twice a day, give your skin Camay's gentle cleansing care. Be constant—put your entire confidence in Camay. And in a few short weeks you may hope to see a lovelier you.



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

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the
CAMAY
"MILD-
SOAP"
DIET!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.



GLORIOUS FREEDOM NOW
with Tampax!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO OOR

SAY goodbye to external pads on your vacation this year . . . Tampax helps you to conquer the calendar, because Tampax is worn internally. Even in a '41 swim suit, it cannot show through; no bulge or wrinkle or faintest line can be caused by Tampax. And you yourself cannot feel it!

A doctor has perfected Tampax so ingeniously it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands need not even touch the Tampax, which comes in dainty applicator. You can dance, play games . . . use tub or shower. No odor can form; no deodorant needed—and it's easy to dispose of Tampax.

Tampax is made of pure, compressed surgical cotton, very absorbent, comfortable, efficient. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 is a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax now!

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MM-81-D

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

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ROCHELLE HUDSON

Born Rochelle Hudson, Claremore, Okla., March 6, 1916. Direct descendant of Hendrik Hudson. Had stage ambitions at the age of four, but the Oklahoma laws prohibited the appearance of minors on the stage, so the Hudsons moved to California. She attended Fox Studio School. Has 15 hook rugs to her credit, as well as several paintings. Doesn't like dogs, but owns two cats. Loves to sit down at the piano and improvise by the hour. Tell her a book is a best-seller, and she'll avoid it like the plague.



MARY BETH HUGHES

Born Mary Elizabeth Hughes, Alton, Ill., Nov. 13, 1919. Her grandma acted on stage with Ethel Barrymore—gave family claim to fame and spurred Mary Beth on to dramatics. First went to California for her mother's health; stayed on because of overwhelming success. Lives in modest bungalow in West Los Angeles, drives tiny car of ancient vintage; concentrates wholly on her work, rarely goes out at night. Doesn't diet, gorges on chicken à la king, reads light fiction, keeps four dogs. Is scared to death of fires—gets jitters at scream of fire siren!

IAN HUNTER

Born Ian Hunter, Capetown, South Africa, June 13, 1900. Attended St. Andrews College, Grahamstown, S. A.; entered World War toward the end, and looking around for something to do in London after the war, he hit upon acting. His other ambition is to be a chef, lobster thermidor being his specialty. Can't play a note but loves music. Give him beer, cheese, oysters, caviar and lots of Dorothy Parker's poetry, and he's happy. Hates going to the tailor, new shoes, radios, automobiles, civilization and progress.

RUTH HUSSEY

Born Ruth Hussey, Providence, R. I., Oct. 30, 1916. Studied to be painter and secretary; turned out actress. Got her start fashion commenting on home town radio station. Dwells in a Hollywood hotel. Can't resist petting stray cats, chooses quiet people for chums, takes in all concerts, operas and art exhibits in town. Favorite color is blue; choice flower is poppy; shore dinners are her dish. Hates to get up early, finds 9 o'clock calls hardest part of her job. On the side, she plays piano and snaps pictures of unsuspecting friends.

GLORIA JEAN

Born Gloria Jean Schoonover, Buffalo, N. Y., April 14, 1928. Her adoring father swears she started singing at the age of eighteen



ALLEN JENKINS

Born Allen McGonigal, New York, N. Y., April 9, 1900. Changed his name because he could never remember how to spell it. Attended American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He calls himself the worst dressed man in Hollywood. Never goes near a night club. Claims he eats like two horses. Is an excellent cook, his specialty being shrimps creole. Has several chow dogs and is still startled every time he sees their blue tongues.

RITA JOHNSON

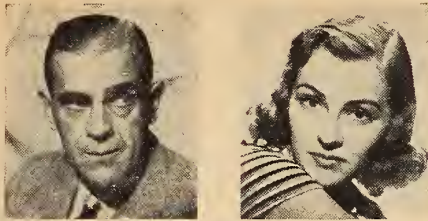
Born Rita Johnson, Worcester, Mass., Aug. 13, 1914. Was bitten by the acting bug at the age of four. She starred in grammar school dramatics, but in high school was told she couldn't act! Strangely enough she much prefers movies to the theatre because she feels that the educational scope is wider. Has played bits in more than twenty movies. Is a coffee fiend and is automatically served gallons of coffee wherever she goes. Gets into food ruts ordering the same thing day after day for months. Secret passion: Spencer Tracy, of whom her husband Stanley Kahn is frightfully jealous.

ALLAN JONES

Born Allan Jones, Scranton, Penn., Oct. 14, 1914. He has worked in coal mines and driven trucks, won two scholarships, studied abroad and sung for the St. Louis Municipal Theatre. His two great ambitions are paradoxical; he wants to play a non-singing role in the movies and warble at the Metropolitan Opera. Has the finest stable in Hollywood and when he is not working, puts on a horse show every Tuesday for sight-seers. He uses his own horse if he has to ride on the screen.

VICTOR JORY

Born Victor Jory, Dawson City, Alaska, Nov. 23, 1902. Started his career as a prize fighter, with a burning ambition to acquire cauliflower ears. Was champion wrestler of the National Guard. Attended University of California. Has appeared in 515 plays. Owns 5,000 books and claims he has read every single one. He is an expert at outdoor cookery. Is always smoking either a pipe or cigarettes. His favorite role was the



lead in "Liliom"; his favorite actress is Katie Cornell. Was a woman hater till he met up with Jean Inness—and married her.

BRENDA JOYCE

Born Betty Leabo, Excelsior Springs, Mo., Feb. 25, 1916. No dizzy blonde is this young lady, for she won a scholarship to U.C.L.A. and worked her way through two years by modeling clothes. After leaving she became a full-time model but kept her eye on the studios. She was tested for the role of Fern in "The Rains Came," and her career was assured. She's had one flying trip East but didn't get near the Stork Club, which simply killed her; thinks the movies are just as good as the theatre, considers hubby Owen Ward the handsomest man in the world and is as natural as the girl next door.

JOHN JUSTIN

Born John Justinian Ledsma, London, Eng., 1917. Got his first experience in stock in Liverpool; became discouraged and went to South America where he toiled as a ranch hand. Tiring of this life, he worked his way back to England as a deckhand and entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. He is a member of the Royal Air Force and was on leave when he made "The Thief of Bagdad." His nickname is J. J., and his favorite pastime is munching apples.

BORIS KARLOFF

Born William Henry Pratt, Dulwich, Eng., Nov. 23, 1886. He is the son of an English noble, but he went to seek his fortune in Canada, where he found that a pick and shovel job was no picnic. Started acting because it was easier. Has been in films since 1920 . . . loves poetry . . . tweeds . . . dogs . . . is afraid of children, and vice versa . . . good at crossword puzzles . . . makes the best martini in Hollywood . . . likes small, intimate parties.

NANCY KELLY

Born Nancy Kelly, Lowell, Mass., March 25, 1921. Had 52 pictures to her credit when she got to Hollywood! Played kiddie roles at a Long Island studio. Was a model for James Montgomery Flagg, as was her mother. Collects what-nots . . . likes clanky bracelets . . . has a deathly fear of high places . . . wouldn't walk under a ladder for \$1,000 . . . has worn out 13 records of "Night and Day," which is also her favorite perfume . . .

DATA ON THE REMAINING PERSONALITIES WILL APPEAR IN SUCCEEDING ISSUES

New Beauty Test for Teeth
...as important as make-up

Learn Beauty's final secret...

MAKE THE TONGUE TEST

1-DO THIS . . . Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth . . . Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . and it doesn't belong on teeth!

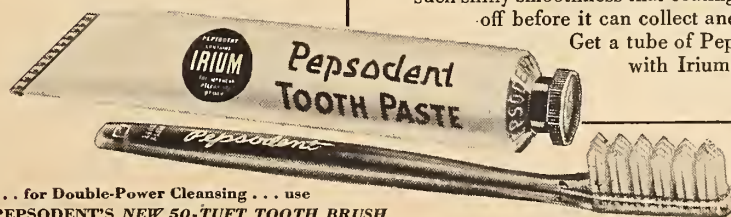
2-YOU'LL LEARN... that filmy coating on teeth is a warning your tooth paste may be letting you down. Because sticky coating collects and stains, dims the brilliance of your smile.

3-SWITCH TO PEPSODENT with Irium. You'll know the power of a flashing smile when you feel the smooth sparkle of shining teeth.

- Only Pepsodent gives you Irium, super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away filmy coating.
- Only Pepsodent contains the patented high-polishing agent which buffs teeth to such shiny smoothness that coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Get a tube of Pepsodent with Irium today.

Remember Coated Teeth can spoil your loveliness. Make the Pepsodent Tongue-Test. . . Now!



IT'S FUN TO BE INFORMAL

BY NANCY ARCHIBALD



Nothing formal about the host and hostess on the Gable farm as they entertain, help-yourself style, in honor of Clark's new film, M-G-M's "They Met in Bombay."



—It's fun to set the table with paperware. Save footwear with a small table for dessert course and serve a cooling pineapple punch.



—And fun to be cool and conservative with cut-outs from dainty paper doilies to make your refreshments look crisp and inviting.

Courtesy Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Company

Informality's the rule on the Gable farm. Clark and Carole love to have company drift in around dinner time and stay for a feed—providing they help prepare it themselves. And if it's a July night, hot and breathless, you'll find the Gables out beneath the stars.

Supper is served picnic style on the porch. The makings are spread out colorfully, lavishly. From then on each guest is his own chef with no food-combinations barred. Count on Clark to set the mood with a superman three-decker: alternate layers of sliced tomatoes mixed with thin crisp bacon, sliced breast of chicken and slices of roast beef—mounted on toasted whole wheat!

Whole cook books could be written about the Gable appetite. Carole can tell you that it's solid, masculine and impatient. After a day's toil on the farm wrestling with soil and tractor, he's liable to be too hungry to get his overalls off for dinner. And sometimes Carole has to send him back for "retakes" with the soap and water!

If his fingernails pass inspection, she turns her boy-man loose on his favorite dish—broiled trout and Boston baked beans. Or if the trout isn't biting, he can eat his way through salmon salad by the bowlful.

When Clark is working on a picture, the size of his meals varies with the amount of action in the plot. During his latest, M-G-M's thrilling melodrama, "They Met in Bombay," with Roz Russell—all about jewel thieves and phony detectives racing madly around exotic East-Indian sets—Carole had a real struggle to keep her husband well-fed. She fears the farm will soon run out of greens from the vegetable garden and livestock from the corral if Clark keeps on in this type of role.

Why don't you take a tip from the Gables and do your summer entertaining informally? You can trim your table gayly with bowls filled with substantial salads and trays laden with colorful sandwiches and chilled desserts. Serve one hot dish and a good old-fashioned raisin cake to balance the lighter dishes. Canned pineapple juice makes a fine foundation for cooling beverages. Spiced tea with pineapple juice ice-cubes always proves popular. You can serve hot tea, too, and you'll find it will win friends—even on the warmest evenings. Try thin slices of lime stuck with one or two cloves as a variation for lemon. Coffee is a winner

served either hot or iced when accompanied with chilled whipped cream.

If you think picnic-style meals a little too rough-and-tumble, arrange your buffet more formally but keep it cool and casual with novel ceramics, lacy paper doilies that you can get inexpensively at your local five and dime store and a fresh-flower or tropic-fruit centerpiece.

SUMMER SALMON SALAD

To serve four:

- 1 small head lettuce
- 1 can salmon
- 1 onion, minced fine
- 2 tomatoes, quartered
- 2 green peppers
- 2 eggs, hard-boiled
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 2 tablespoons vegetable or mineral oil
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- salt, pepper, paprika, garlic salt and celery salt

1. Trim off chilled head lettuce, tear off crisp leaves and arrange in large bowl.

2. Open can of salmon and empty into a soup plate. Remove bones and pieces of skin. Add minced onions and heart of lettuce chopped fine.

3. Arrange salmon and onion on lettuce, garnish with quartered tomatoes, sliced hard-boiled eggs and green peppers sliced in thin rings.

4. To fish-oil remaining in soup plate add vegetable oil, lemon juice, vinegar and seasoning—mix well and pour over salad. Keep salad in cool place until serving. (To enlarge for unexpected company add cold sliced boiled potatoes and diced radishes.)

EASY RAISIN CAKE

To make 12 slices:

- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup soft butter
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
- $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour
- 3 teaspoons all-phosphate baking powder
- $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon mace
- $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon grated orange and lemon peel
- $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup seedless raisins

1. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs and milk. Then sift flour, baking powder and spices together and add to cake batter, beating in thoroughly.

2. Wash raisins in hot water, allowing to soak one or two minutes, drain and dry on a fresh towel. Add grated fruit peel, raisins and vanilla to batter and stir.

4. Pour cake batter into greased paper-lined loaf pan (about $9\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2} \times 3$). Bake in a moderate oven (350°F .) for from 50 to 55 minutes. Do not serve until cool. If you wish to make the cake richer, pour 1 pony rum over it and wrap in a dry cloth until ready to serve.

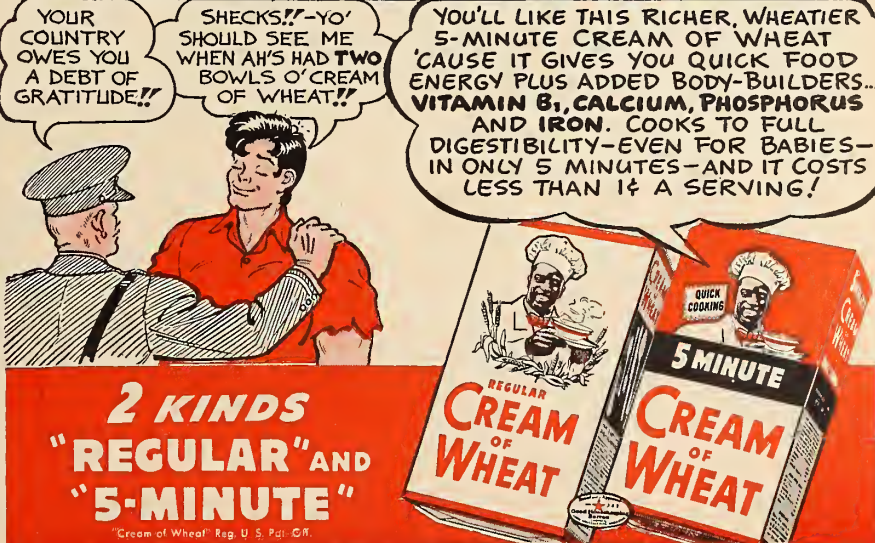
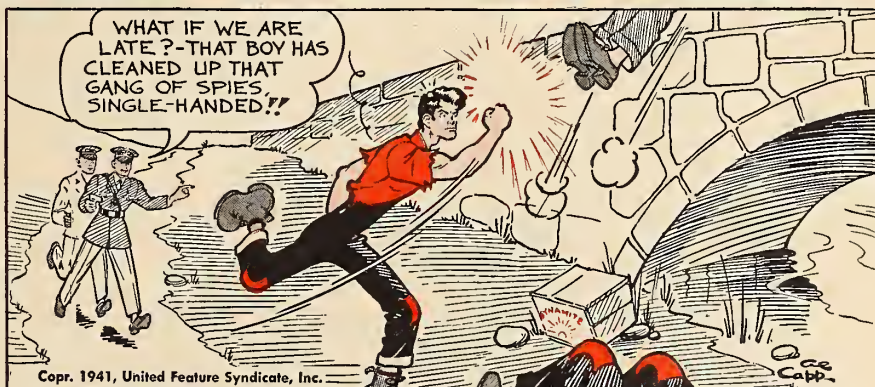
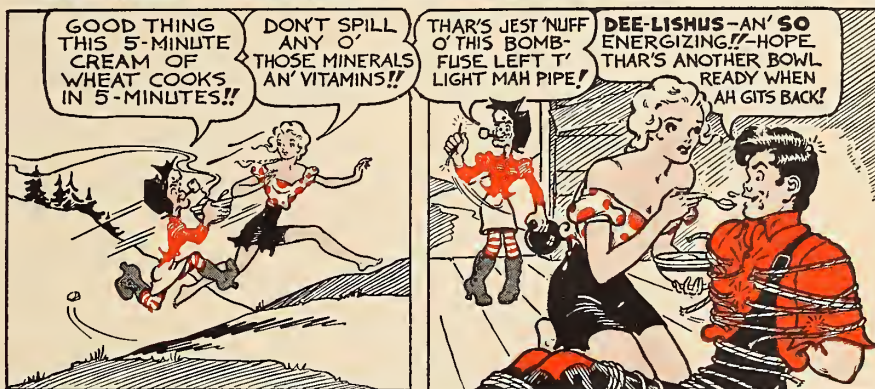
REFRESHING PINEAPPLE JUICE PUNCH

Sparkling Pineapple Punch: 6 to 7 servings—double or triple recipe according to amount desired.

- 2 cups canned unsweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice
- 1 cup Pepsi Cola or ginger ale
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grapefruit juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup raspberry sirup
- sliced oranges and maraschino cherries
- crushed ice or ice cubes

1. Mix fruit juices and raspberry sirup and chill in refrigerator. (If fresh raspberry juice is used, add 3 tablespoons sugar.)

2. When ready to serve, add Pepsi Cola, ginger ale, sliced fruit and ice.



Yes, boys and girls, it's **BETTY GRABLE**

... in love!

... in Miami!

... in a bathing suit!

... in Technicolor!

Join her

holiday fling

at romance ...

in America's gay

holiday town!

**MOON
OVER**

MIAMI
IN TECHNICOLOR!

featuring

DON AMECHE
BETTY GRABLE
ROBERT CUMMINGS

and

Charlotte Greenwood • Jack Haley
Carole Landis • Cobina Wright, Jr.

Directed by Walter Lang • Produced by Harry Joe Brown

Screen Play by Vincent Lawrence and Brown Holmes
Adaptation by George Seaton and Lynn Starling • From a
Play by Stephen Powys • Lyrics and Music by Leo Robin
and Ralph Rainger • Dances Staged by Hermes Pan

A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

8 grand songs

"I'VE GOT YOU ALL
TO MYSELF"

"HURRAH FOR TODAY"

"KINDERGARDEN
CONGA"

"LOVELINESS and LOVE"

"YOU STARTED
SOMETHING"

"SOLITARY SEMINOLE"

"IS THAT GOOD?"

"MIAMI"



TOM EVANS

Ever since she was a humble Hungarian peasant girl with a yen for Rudy Valentino, Ilona Massey dreamed of becoming a great dramatic actress. Realizing her ambition in United Artists' stirring "International Lady," songstress Massey warbles but one tune, tickles your spine with her powerful emoting. She started out as an errand girl in a Budapest shop, advanced to model and thence to chorus girl in the leading opera house. She secretly studied voice (against the advice of the management) and one night

Ilona Massey

stepped into the ailing prima donna's shoes and brought down the house. Her marriage to a young Budapest capitalist ended when his parents forced a divorce in 1935. Grief-stricken, he took his life. Ilona plunged deeper than ever into her career, became top-notch on the European concert stage. Her first job in this country was losing eleven superfluous pounds on a diet of dry liver, cottage cheese, pineapple and skim milk! Last March she became Alan Curtis' bride and hopes for no less than a dozen wee ones!



Born May-15, 1910, Joseph Cotten spent his first 16 years in Petersburg, Va., where he was known as the town problem child. His first serious ambition was to act, and at 17 he joined a little theatre in Miami, Fla., where for five years he swept, posted bills and played everything from bits to leads. A role as understudy with David Belasco on Broadway led to 56 weeks of arduous little theatre work in Boston, and stage and radio shows with Orson Welles. "The Philadelphia Story"

Joseph Cotten

(stage) and "Citizen Kane" put his name in lights, and his present "Illusion" for United Artists promises to make the letters a few sizes larger. Joe, who's 6' 2" tall and weighs 185 pounds, lives in Brentwood with his wife (writer Lenore Kip) and daughter; rarely mixes in the Hollywood whirl; prefers riding, badminton, football, reading and record-playing (he has a gigantic collection) to social chit-chatting. In his carpentry shop he turns out shelves for the entire household.



CARPENTER

In Hollywood and points east, Joan Crawford's an individualist with a capital "I." She uses neither powder nor rouge on the street (despite a generous sprinkling of freckles), never drinks, loathes hats and makes her own bed. She wears a special wig over her hair when it's newly set. Once dove into a pool, wig first! A super-sentimentalist, she's saved every blessed item ex-hubby Tone ever sent her. Her enthusiasm for Garbo matches the ardor of her own

Joan Crawford

fans! She and her adopted baby Christina spend their leisure time in New York where Joan "gets out of the rut." To her cocktail parties there, she invites highbrow intellectuals in every known field. Her two pets are a pair of dachshunds who debuted in "Susan and God." They keep away her arch enemies—crawfish! Winters she stays snug with six fur coats! Dead serious about her career, she deliberately chose the difficult role in M-G-M's "A Woman's Face" for its dramatic value.



BULL

One of biggest European stage names to crash Hollywood headlines is that of Philip Dorn, currently appearing in Warner Brothers' "Underground." Born Fritz Van Dongen on Sept. 30, 1905, he's 6' 2" tall, weighs 179 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. He's probably the only screen star to belong to the Queen's Guard, an honorary organization whose duty was to patrol the royal Dutch castles. Of an old shipbuilding family in Scheveningen, Holland, the Van Dongens'

Philip Dorn

beliefs forbade theatre-going, and his mother has yet to see her first movie! His spouse is Marianne van Dam, European tragédienne. In his spare time he goes in for classical music, reading, fencing and photography, and is "fascinated" by cowboy songs. As part of his training for American films, he sees five movies a week and studies English five hours per day. He's crazy about dogs, especially mongrels, "because they have less airs and more understanding of human frailty."



RICHEE

In Paramount's "I Wanted Wings," nightclub singer Veronica Lake nearly wrecks the careers of three flying cadets and makes hash of a U. S. Flying Fortress. Off-screen she's as meek as Moses, earnest and extremely proper; ups her nose at title of glamour girl; aspires to be a second Katie Cornell. She's wed to John Detlie, prudently pays \$50-a-month rent, hoards her pennies for a home in the valley. Born at Lake Placid, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1919, she set her cap

Veronica Lake

for an M.D. degree, but left college to cash in on her parents' winter jaunts to Florida and California. During a Hollywood visit, Veronica casually accompanied an actress friend to a studio interview and was offered a part then and there! She refused it and enrolled in dramatic school to study in earnest. Weighing only 98 pounds, she's 5' 3" tall and wears her natural blonde tresses in what her friends call a "sheepdog bob." Privately she sweeps it up high atop her head.



It would be well-nigh impossible to picture Bette Davis without a cigarette in her hand, spectacles and a book, make-up from head to toe, her bottle of milk on the set, her protruding eyes (resulting from a burn from a flaming Christmas tree), her tie collection—including a red and blue one of Roosevelt's and a grey of Lindbergh's. It would be just as impossible to imagine her being mean to dogs, reporters and autograph hunters, exhibiting her expert rumba to the

Bette Davis

public, going to bed early and rising at daybreak during vacation, tossing out her prize horror album (full of unflattering portraits of herself). You'd find it more than difficult to catch her laughing softly, leaving coupons unclipped, sitting up straight in her chair, not peppering her conversation with "damn," swearing off clam chowder and potatoes. But it seems the most natural thing in the world to see her playing the leading role in Samuel Goldwyn's film, "The Little Foxes"!

..“Kitty Foyle”...
 .. Academy Award ...
 ..and now...The Picture of
 Her Dreams!

GINGER ROGERS



"TOM, DICK and HARRY"

with

Geo. Murphy
Alan Marshal
Burgess Meredith



WE GUARANTEE
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
A LOVE STORY LIKE IT!



Directed by GARSON KANIN
Produced by ROBERT SISK

Story and Screen Play by Paul Jarrico



According to the stars, newlyweds Harris and Faye have a long love-life-line. These same wise stars (says astrologer Blanca Holmes) remind Alice that they warned her not to marry that bewitching Martin man in the first place.

She shall have music . . .

The first time Alice Faye and Phil Harris went on a date exactly four months ago, she ignored his charming manners and his undeniably romantic approach and, after carefully surveying his stocky six foot frame, blurted: "Phil, you're getting too darn fat!"

This apparently pricked Phil Harris' vanity and bruised his sensitivity. He admits today that he fell for Alice on their very first meeting. And if she thought he was getting too fat, well, maybe he was. Perhaps hanging around Don Wilson and his three publicized chins had deceived Phil for years into feeling comparatively slender. So, immediately, with Alice Faye's words still ringing in his ears, Phil Harris went on a historic diet. It was a diet that made M. Gandhi seem like a glutton. Phil Harris also went on a rigid and Spartan exercise campaign that made Lionel Strongfort seem like an anemic.

In a short time he had lost fifteen pounds. Each pound of flesh was a calvary. Friends reported that he became overly conscious of his figure, and that he watched pounds

closer than the Bank of England. Sir Launcelot and all the Holy Grail-hunters never did more for the sake of true love.

As for Alice Faye, she practiced what she preached. If Phil could lose weight for her, well, she could keep her own waistline down. For, though merely five feet two in height and weighing only 112, Alice had always been a lover of rich foods, one who appreciated juicy steaks as much as fat roles. So, not only for the sake of her future but for the sake of setting a good example for Phil and keeping her appearance perfect for him, she hewed to her lines.

And now, obviously, it has all been worth the sacrifice. For Alice Faye, the reformed band singer, and Phil Harris, the bright-cracking band leader, are happily married in Encino, California. And they have the blessings of Hollywood's foremost fortune teller who has predicted "a long and extremely successful wedlock." But since they are both on pigmy diets, and since they eat nothing at all, their combine is proof enough that it is possible



Cesar Romero is always good medicine for a gal who needs to smile. Here, at a 20th-Fox banquet, Alice basks while the gracious Romero scintillates.



Playboys, glamour boys, big-shot boys—Alice's men, end to end, would have reached from Ciro's to the Mocambo. The fetching grin is Sandy Cummings'



In the light-mourning days of her grass-widowhood, Alice played the field with a vengeance. This particular package of heart-balm is French producer Raymond Hakim.

by Hugh Roberts

POST-GRAD EXPERIENCE IN THE MARRIAGE-SCHOOL IS WORKING WONDERS FOR ALICE AND PHIL!

for two people—if they will it—actually to live on love!

When Alice Faye and Phil Harris were knotted in Ensenada, Mexico, by Judge Jaime Pardo with five of Harris' Texas friends looking on, that afternoon in May, it was indeed the straight romantic goods. Because for two months before, they had made moon-eyes at each other in dark corners, sung the same songs, thought the same thoughts, dreamt the same dreams, and finally, when many skeptics wondered if it was an undiluted publicity gag, the pair permitted Dan Cupid to score another bull's eye.

Unquestionably it's an adhesive marriage—one that will stick. Experts ascertain that a successful couple must have mutual interests. Alice and Phil fill the bill. They have music, recent divorces, Rudy Vallee, a love of dancing, an enjoyment of sports and a variety of trivia in common.

Each has one strike, no hits, on the matrimonial scoreboard.

Alice Faye has long understood her major marriage

handicap. "You see," she once explained, "when I chose to continue in films, I decided to throw love out the window. A girl can't afford to make more money than her husband. After all, it's still a man's world, and a man wants to be the head of the house." Yet despite this, she eloped to Yuma in September of 1937 and married dark-haired, handsome Tony Martin. They'd met when he played a minor part in her starring picture, "Sing, Baby, Sing," and he asked for her autograph and got her phone number. After endless public fights, a year of separation when Alice claimed she was "a golf widow," she filed suit for divorce in 1940, a divorce which became final last March. However, her split with Tony Martin was due only to one thing—he had to stay in the East for his career and she had to remain in Hollywood for hers, and to each career was the most important thing in life.

On the other hand, Phil Harris' adventure into matrimony and his recent divorce, while less publicized, was much the more startling. (Continued on page 81)



In 1934, Raft fell in love with Virginia Peine, ex-wife of Edward Lehman, the Chicago department store scion.

WHY WOMEN



In 1939, it was Norma. He asked in vain for a divorce from Grace Mulrooney, from whom he's been separated 15 years.



Now he and Betty Grable are inseparable. They talk baseball together and collaborate on a rumba that's out of this world!

**PEINE WITH HER
SOPHISTICATE,
THEY HAVE ALL**

There are three photographs in George Raft's bedroom. One is of Joan, nine-year-old daughter of Virginia Peine. One is Norma Shearer and her two children. The children make it okay, taking the emphasis off romance. Otherwise Norma wouldn't be there, as Virginia isn't. Not that George feels anything but friendliness for either. Only when a break comes, he believes in breaking clean. The third photograph is of Betty Grable, girl of his present. Maybe girl of his future.

That Raft is attractive to women is like saying that the sun rises in the east. On the screen they fall for him because he seems a fellow of infinite experience. Hands that can be tender and hard. Eyes that can melt or paralyze. The brew of love spiked with a hint of danger. Our so-called gentler sex likes it that way.

He doesn't belie his screen personality. Except that it takes a hell of a lot of provocation to make George get tough with a woman. His normal attitude is marked by an outmoded chivalry. If he'd been Sir Walter Raleigh, he'd probably have thrown himself instead of his cloak across the mud for his queen to walk on. He's thoughtful as few men are thoughtful, generous to the point of folly, a close-mouthed worshipper at the shrine of an ideal. "Treats 'em like tissue paper," shrugs his more realistic pal, Mack Gray.

In "Man Power" he had to slap Marlene Dietrich. First he tried to argue Raoul Walsh, the director, out of it. "She's a GIRL! I might hurt her!" Marlene assured him she could take it. "But I can't!" When they finally got him cornered, George closed his eyes tight, struck

her and then disappeared, sick to his stomach.

He doesn't cast his women to type. The three who have meant most to him—Virginia Peine, Norma Shearer and Betty Grable—have little but their good looks in common. Yet each represented—and Betty still does—hope of the happiness he's been trying to find through the long years since his marriage was dissolved—in fact, if not in law. His wife's reluctance to divorce him hasn't made the quest easier. But for that, he might have been the husband of Virginia Peine. Which might have been a mistake.

He met her at a Chicago nightclub—a honey-haired beauty, exquisitely dressed, fed up with a marriage that hadn't worked and with the idle life to which she'd been reared, crazy to be an actress. They said little more than hello to each other that night, but her face stayed with him. He glimpsed it again at the Clover Club in Hollywood and grinned to himself. She'd sworn to get to Hollywood, and here she was. "I'll call you," he said, but didn't. Because Mr. Raft doesn't believe in the legend of Mr. Raft, lady killer. He's proud as Lucifer—sensitive to rebuffs, so forces himself on no one—pleased when women like him but never taking their favors for granted. "What happened?" she challenged him when next they met at a cocktail party.

"Afraid I might get to like you too much."

She smiled. "Call me anyway."

That was the beginning, and it lasted four and a half years. Virginia taught George to play bridge. She went dutifully to fights and ball games with him, trying

FALL FOR RAFT

**SOCIAL BACKGROUND, SHEARER THE
GRABLE THE LAUGHTER-LOVING—
SUCCUMBED TO HIM. HERE'S WHY!**

The Latin-looking Raft is of German-Hungarian extraction. Real name is Ranft. Owns 50 suits; keeps trousers in one closet, jackets in another. Wants to buy a baseball team.

without much success to put her heart into it. He enjoyed taking her out. Any man would have been proud of her. There was nothing she didn't know about how to wear clothes. He'd been building a house for his mother in Coldwater Canyon, but his mother died before it was finished. So he moved Virginia and little Joan in, living himself at a hotel. Liked it better, he said—less fuss. Every once in a while you'd hear that his wife had agreed to a divorce, so he could marry Virginia. Then you'd hear she hadn't.

Maybe that helped break it up. But Virginia's restless ambition helped, too. More than anything else, she wanted a career. It didn't pan out in Hollywood, so she went to England, then to New York, where she started making headway. It became the old story. Can two people, separated by geography, remain close in feeling? In this case they couldn't. Their friends say they'd have parted sooner if it hadn't been for Joan.

She was two when Raft met her mother, and he's laid at her small feet as much love as if she were a child of his own. He's a pushover for kids, anyway. This was a particularly attractive one, whose growth he'd watched from babyhood, who responds to his love with the fervor of a warm heart. She's in New York now with her mother, who got what she wanted—a good part in the Gertrude Lawrence hit, "Lady in the Dark." George thinks that's swell. He thinks Virginia's swell. He sees her in New York when he calls at the house for Joan. But they don't go out together, even on casual dates. As noted above, George prefers (Continued on page 69)





WHEN TWO GOOD SKATES GET TOGETHER THEY CAN'T HELP HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME!

At fourteen Sonja Henie made a prophecy that came perilously close to being the blueprint of her life.

If she had dreamed up the picture of marriage in a far country to a handsome fellow, half Adonis, half Esquire ad, a cavalier who would be Scotch and English and Irish (Sonja's maternal grandmama was Irish), a dashing guy who flew his own plane, played ice hockey, swam, fished, ran a football team, and whose name was Dan Topping, she would have made a one hundred per cent score as a Norwegian Cassandra—but optimistic.

Sonja was already a winner. She had skated off with the world figure-skating championship at Oslo, and then her family's friends got together for a rousing celebration with lots of *smorgasbord*. It was as the new champ lifted a spoonful of *lutefisk* to her plate that one of the elders looked paternally down at her.

"And now, little Sonja, are you satisfied?" he asked her. "You have conquered the world with your skates. There is nothing more for you to do."

Sonja tapped the side of her dish decisively with the spoon. "Oh, yes, there is," she declared. "There is much more for me to do. I want to win the Olympics three times; I want to win ten of these figure-skating championships. And I want to go into the movies."

If she added with a quick intake of breath, that she wanted to crown her career by marrying a handsome, wealthy man, she could have built her future, triumph by triumph, on the vision that she wished up for herself. But Henie, then as now, kept a strict silence about men, marriage and love. That was her own personal business. It has always been and always will be.

Dan Topping, of the curly black hair, crinkly brown eyes and perpetual smile, is one of the "steel" Toppings. His sister-in-law is Gloria Baker Topping of New York's 400.



BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

FOR HENIE IS TOPPING

Single-purposed, Sonja was tensing every muscle in her exercise-hardened body to bring about the fulfilment of one desire—to excel in skating. Love? That was a soft game. Time for that later, she thought.

As the furrier Wilhelm Henie's daughter (three generations in the fur business—no wonder today Sonja loves the luxury of fine furs; prides herself on owning a cape of the world's rare platinum fox skins) she had earned her first honors the hard way. Year after year from the age of eight, she followed the ice over the continent, taking lessons from Europe's finest teachers, entering contests only to come in last, as at Chamonix in '24 when she tried out for the Olympics the first time.

As the honors piled up, there were romance rumors—Jeff Dickson, the sports promoter; Clifford Jeapes, the British film magnate; Jack Dunn, young Cambridge student and aviator—her skating partner on the 1936 tour—might have been the real thing, but his sudden death struck that out.

In Hollywood after Darryl Zanuck signed her to a film contract in 1937, the rumors expanded to horrific size. . . . Richard Greene, Cesar Romero, Tyrone Power (this made a lot of dust), Lee Bowman, Alan Curtis. Through it all Sonja dimpled and was quoted as saying she liked a man who was a "good dancer and had a sense of humor." This was safe talk.

Besides there was her apology for a lack of serious matrimonial intention . . . "too busy." It's the career woman's perfect alibi for a shortage of that thing called love. It might not have been apparent to the gossip-column followers, but it was true of Sonja. There was truth in what she said about being "too busy," but she's just as busy today—and she is very potently married.

The answer is that the Queen of the Ice has met her match—and her mate. The girl who can pull in a million

dollars for one short season with her skates and her ability to whip up fairy-like ice extravaganzas has had her mind changed by Dan Topping.

Whether he can change it as far as he would like to, which would include giving up her annual skating tours and giving only occasional exhibitions, is something else again.

The Topping-Henie romance is right out of a book. Piece it together, and you have a perfect romantic scenario.

The tall, tanned Topping is all that any girl could wish for. Although he has been catalogued as a "wealthy play-boy" because he seldom seems to be going through the gestures of hard work, he actually works as he plays. His interests lie in a professional football team—the Brooklyn Dodgers—and, in directorial capacity only, in the baseball team of the same name. To satisfy his white-collar instincts he runs an advertising agency, too, handling one of the nation's juiciest accounts, the National Distillers, an organization of about fifty of the country's leading liquor manufacturers.

One evening in January of last year, just as Topping was dressing to attend an ice show at New York's Madison Square Garden, the phone rang, and he found his host at the other end of the wire. "Say, Dan," the phone crackled, "I've just discovered that I have to take the sleeper plane to California. Business. Urgent. Let's not spoil the evening. You take the tickets and use them. I wouldn't want Sonja to think that I had wasted them. She sent them over."

Dan, a little bored perhaps, said, "Sure," he'd go.

To Dan Topping at that precise moment, the name Sonja Henie meant a swell little athlete who was also a swell looker. A girl he had met casually at a party three years before. But that was all. He was, to put it bluntly, fed up with women in general. (Continued on page 71)



Sonja conceals tiny weights in her curls to keep them intact while she does things on ice in 20th Century-Fox's "Sun Valley Serenade," co-starring Johnny Payne.



Candidly Yours

LIFE BEGINS AT DUSK
FOR HOLLYWOOD'S FUN-
LOVING YOUNGER FRY!



Mary Beth Hughes sups with "Skitch" Henderson at Charlie Foy's. "Skitch" is radio's wonder boy at the piano.



Every night is beau night to turtle-raising Ann Rutherford! It was worth Bob Ross' life to get a date with her at Ciro's.



Just-friends Jane Russell and Jack Buetel double-dated with the Gary Coopers t'other night. Neither kid drinks or smokes.



Love's definitely found Jimmy Lydon—Paramount's new Henry Aldrich. She's Jean Kindley, jitterbug par excellence.



The Darnell-Rooney romance has chilled, and the Roon's on the loose again. Current gal's Wampas starlet Sheila Ryan.



That ace of scene stealers, Virginia Weidler, tells Terry Kilburn she does it with yo-yos and ice cream cones!



Newly blonded Judy Garland and Dave Rose went on a spree the night of June 10th to celebrate their double birthday!



Last fling for June Preisser, who'll soon be Mrs. Gar Wood, Jr.—some close harmony with Bob Hughes at a recent party.



Freddie Bartholomew and June Carlson at the backstage party of "Pass the Nuts"—the play Jackie Moran produced.



Tom Brown and his bride-to-be, Dorothy O'Kelly. They met in Chicago last year during his personal appearance tour.



Connie Bennett's been getting married and divorced pretty regularly since 1921. Fourth groom is 35-year-old bachelor Gilbert Roland who used to be a Mexican bullfighter.



For services rendered on those toothsome lunches Bill Powell daily carts to work, he showers wife Diana with scrumptious jewels. He utterly detests studio meals and won't touch 'em!

. . . THE NOT-SO-MUCH OLDER CROWD IS

When Margaret Hayes weds Jeff, she'll acquire both a new name (Mrs. Ragnar Godfrey Lind) and a perpetual supply of posies. It's his habit to send 'em to women who are nice to him!



Until her adopted son Jimmy is hers for keeps, Hedy Lamarr's keeping close to her fireside; steps out only on rare occasions —always with her steady fella, Cleveland John Howard.





Looks like Gene Markey—who likes blondes and "tall stories"—has found the ideal combination. Cute June Storey wears sky-high heels on their twice-a-week dates.



Even though Coop's sitting pretty with a top-notch career, a gorgeous wife Sandra and a darling kid Maria, he still hangs onto his 15-year-old return ticket home to Helena, Montana!

HAVING ITSELF AN ELEGANT WHIRL, TOO! . . .

Mary Astor's 35th birthday was a happy one, what with a brand new ranch and freshly-signed contract. Only gloom was hubby Manuel del Campo's enlistment in the Canadian R.A.F.



Ever since Arthur Hornblow set eyes on Myrna 8 years ago, things have been happening—3 years' courtship, Mexican wedding in June, '36, reconciliation after gloomy 3 mos. separation.



accent on LOVE

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



Si and Ellen's merger this summer will be a second try for both. He was married for 5 years to Alice White; she was wed to Fred Wallace for 7 years.

A BOY-MEETS-GIRL STORY—WITH MORE

"Let's go to polo this afternoon," someone suggested. There was an immediate murmur of assent.

Ellen, watching the waiter toss her mixed green salad in the wooden bowl, protested mentally. There were a dozen things she would have preferred doing. It was so dull watching polo unless you happened to know someone who was playing.

She listened to the polite buzz of conversation and laughter shot through occasionally by an enthusiastic greeting as someone joined one of the groups lunching at the parasoled tables that were set in the gardens surrounding the fashionable Racquet Club swimming pool.

Ellen looked up at the peak of San Gorgonio heavy with January snow that towered over the desert. And she marvelled again at fabulous southern California and the fabulous things that had happened to her since she had arrived there. The green salad she had ordered so casually, saying to the waiter "—and bring me a green salad with my fish,"—cost every bit as much as she and her mother had allotted for their dinner in the old days in the Middle West when they had lived on the fifteen dollars a week she had earned as a salesgirl!

Si Bartlett approached their table, women's eyes following him. He was dressed for polo, and his white helmet set off his rich bronze skin.

"Hi there!" He hailed Gladys Wayne, Ellen's friend and house guest.

Gladys began introducing him all round. When she came to Ellen, he said, "Ellen and I have been waving gaily to each other at the studio for years, but I've never been able to get any further than that. Maybe a proper introduction would help."

Ellen held out her hand. "I've heard so much about you, Mr. Bartlett," she said. And all the time she was thinking she never had seen eyes so blue.

"Coming to the game this afternoon?" He addressed everyone, but his eyes never left Ellen.

"Looking forward to it," she assured him. She *was* looking forward to it now. As she had thought a few minutes before, it made all the difference in the world when you knew someone who was playing.

They settled themselves in the stands as the starting whistle blew. Almost immediately Si made a brilliant play that put his team in the lead.

"Tell me about Si Bartlett," Ellen said to the man next to her. "I know, of course, that he worked on the screen story for 'The Road to Zanzibar,' and that he's done a lot of other successful pictures . . . but what's his background?"

"His real name is Sacha Baraniev—believe it or not," her companion told her, "and he was born in Russia. On his mother's side, he's English. He used to be a newspaper man. And once upon a time, he was married to Alice White."

"He's interesting," Ellen said.

The whistle sounded for the next chukker. And almost immediately a horse and rider went to the ground. A

THAN A HINT OF LOHENGRIN

dozen voices took up the cry, "It's Si—it's Si Bartlett!"

Later Ellen and Si left the field in his car. "When you fell—" she said—but she got no further.

"I didn't fall," he told her. "The horse did. And a girl who's going to see as much polo as you are from now on should know about these things."

The trophy he had won rattled, unnoticed, on the seat between them. Later at the Racquet Club, he insisted it was hers.

"Ellen!" Gladys Wayne exclaimed, when they were in the powder room together, "Si's fallen for you—*really!* Oh, I know that seems ridiculous in this short time—but it's true!"

"How can you be sure?" Ellen wanted to know.

"He gave you his trophy, for one thing," Gladys told her, "and he's never given a trophy to a girl before!"

She glanced at Ellen's reflection in the glass as Ellen powdered her nose. "And you're overboard, too, darling!"

They drank champagne to christen the loving cup. And a pale rim of dawn hung over the mountains when Si headed his car toward Los Angeles.

Six o'clock the next evening he telephoned. "Look," he told Ellen, "I can't come back to Palm Springs. I have to stay in Hollywood and work. But you're between pictures, and you can be anywhere. So how about coming back to Hollywood and giving me a chance to show you what a swell place it can be?"

"I'll start tomorrow around noon, and you can take me to dinner tomorrow night," she said. "And I find you a very discouraging man."

"Why?" he demanded.

"Because," she explained, "you've talked me into cutting short a desert holiday I've been looking forward to for weeks . . . in spite of the fact that it was only last week I promised myself not to stick my neck out again for any man."

She paused. There was no answer. "Si," she said, "are you there? Are you listening?"

"I'm here," he said, "and I'm listening. I'm also wondering if you'll be as pretty in town clothes as you were in those white slacks and that blue coat and that red and white striped sweater, with your hair—that clean, crackly hair of yours—blowing all over your face. And don't ever tell me I don't notice what girls wear. . . . Anyway, by tomorrow night I'll know all! I'll know whether (Continued on page 76)



Her real name is Terry Ray—which she hates because it sounds like a boy's. Begged the studio to christen her "Erin" but compromised on Ellen. Stole the "Drew" at random from a phone book.

GENTLE JIM

BY JAMES CARSON

**THE MOVIES HAVE HANDED HIM A HEART OF FLINT—BUT
THAT CAGNEY TICKER IS STRICTLY FOURTEEN-CARAT!**



Jim and his wife Billie dash to Martha's Vineyard whenever the hermit mood hits them. Up there he goes for weeks without a shave or haircut. Steers clear of mirrors and gloats over the fact there's not a phone on the place.

There's ironic humor in the circumstance that Jim Cagney's been typed as a roughneck on the screen. They've varied his ethics and social viewpoint. But gangster or misfit, bully or underdog, the accent remains on fists. Fists at the double. Side-of-the-mouth argot. A tough little sez-you! mick from the sidewalks of New York. I've raked my memory in vain for a picture in which Jimmy talks and acts like himself and doesn't once square off. Maybe there is one. If so, you name it.

It's funny, because you could hunt through twelve counties before finding a man more unlike his screen self than Cagney. Take every label with which he's been tagged by the films and substitute the reverse—for loud-mouthed, reticent—for pugnacious, patient—for hot-headed, tolerant—for lowbrow, cultivated—for moody, courteous—and you'll begin to head somewhere nearer the truth. Even then you won't have the whole story.

For all his practical sense, Cagney's a dreamer, dreaming of a world where justice flourishes and cruelty has no place. His practical sense tells him it's just a dream, his deepest instincts prompt him to do what one man can toward giving it substance. Between the two he sometimes verges on despair—though his balance of humor and ultimate faith keeps him from toppling over. No ostrich, he faces steadily the realities which flay his spirit but has fashioned himself a haven or two for the illusion of escape.

The haven of his place at Martha's Vineyard, for instance, where for a month he can make believe that nothing beyond his gates has the power to touch him. The haven of books—poetry, history and philosophy, by choice. The haven of natural beauty. Climbing among the canyons near his home, he reaches the top and flops, eyes fixed on distance. That's when he gets what a friend calls his "mountain look—so peaceful you'd think he was part of the rock, swear he was going to dig in and stay there forever."

You may ask, "What's he got to run away from, he's done all right for himself." The question misses the point. As a kid he always had some other kid in protective tow. The other kid was generally undersized, underweight and out of step with his world. Jim wasn't so big, either, but he was fearless, as you had to be to cope with the local hoodlums. Born with a stout heart, his mother saw that he kept it. When he came home sporting a shiner, she'd ask him how his adversary had fared. And if he'd been beaten, she'd send him out to fight again.

Because he had courage himself, he could afford to show gentleness for others. It was this gentleness, more than his physical prowess, to which his anemic young protégés clung. They were generally mixed-up kids, unsure of themselves, in need of liking and faith from someone they respected. Quick to recognize and respond to any genuine need, Jim gave them the understanding they craved. His perceptiveness has deepened with the years. At the core of his makeup lies compassion for everything that suffers under the sun. Life has the power to hurt him more than it hurts the less sensitive. That's why he tries to escape it now and then.

He owns a collection of guns any sportsman might envy but has never hunted an animal in his life. He collects the guns for their historic interest. Senseless killing—killing for sport, as it's called—angers him. In Coldwater Canyon, where he lives, deer run across the road at dawn and dusk. Some- (Continued on page 84)



As a kid he yearned to own a boat. Acquired the Martha a few years ago, but got seasick every time he cruised on it. Finally gave it to brother Bill, who's his manager.



Loves stag dinners with Spence, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh and Lynne Overman. Most of them knew each other when. They kid Jim about his pre-\$4,500-a-week days in vaudeville.



Is the fair-haired boy at Warners, where he's been under contract for eleven years, and gets along like a million with the studio's jovial vice-president Charles Einfeld.



REGINALD GARDINER



"Women's heads are the thing that annoy me. I think the way women do their hair today is terrible. They shellac and lacquer it and have a roll of the evening paper, or something of the sort, over one ear, and something else bobbing around on the top of their head. Why can't women just have their hair loosely waved and leave it alone?"



GEORGE SANDERS



"The less seen the more intriguing! If a woman has a wonderful figure and she exposes it, there's nothing to it—she's impersonal, like a nude statue. Whereas when a woman wears things that conceal—in a clever way—she's exciting. I like the clothes of the Edwardian period best."

What clothes have



BOB HOPE



"I'm awfully sick of slacks. I don't think slacks are feminine at all.

You know what I like—lace cuffs and neck things. I don't know whether I'm a little nancy, but they kill my very soul and they're very sexy."

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



TYRONE POWER



"Anything with frills I think is frightful! I go for tailored things. They have the same attraction for men that a man's uniform has for women. And you know how that is—a girl is keen about a fellow in his uniform, but when he comes home on leave and gets into the tired suit that's hanging in his closet, he loses his charm. She won't even go to the movies with him."



LOUIS HAYWARD



"I think the most attractive thing a woman can wear is an evening gown with Victorian shoulders. And I like peasant clothes—simple things. There's too much suggestion today. The old Victorian idea was much better."



JOSEPH COTTEN

"I'm a sucker for all the things men like—tailored clothes and frilly white collars and cuffs. Very elaborate evening clothes, too. And nothing in between. The ones I don't like are called afternoon dresses and garden party frocks."



STIRLING HAYDEN



"Sweaters are awfully nice. The tighter clothes are, the more appeal they have. That's plain rudiments. Put a good-looking girl in a tight anything, or a loose anything, and you get the difference right off. (This is for publication. I have to watch myself.)

I don't like heels that are neither high nor low. Low heels are all right for sport. But high heels do things for a girl's legs. I don't like ankle straps, either. Wedges are abominable—and that's praising them!"

SEX APPEAL?

Here's something on which those Holly-wood boys are quite ready to go to town!



GEORGE MONTGOMERY

"I think tailored clothes have the most sex appeal, and I'm glad to have a chance to talk about the built-up soles girls are wearing. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I don't go for them at all. To my notion they make girls look as if they were walking with a bunch of mud on their feet."



JACKIE COOPER

"I think women's clothes should fit their figures, but I sure don't go for dresses so tight a girl can scarcely breathe in them. You can tell a lot about a girl by the taste she uses in her clothes. I don't like bare midriffs and gowns which are cut much too low. I like sports clothes in the daytime, neat and not fussy—and really feminine clothes for evening—you know, dainty and floaty and pale colors."





ON LOCATION WITH "DIVE



The cast was on location 4 wks., and Fred MacMurray and Errol Flynn spent a fortune telephoning their wives.



Canadian-born Alexis Smith, who was a dancing prodigy at 11 and a beauty contest winner at 16, is a Hollywood starlet at 20.



Cinema fliers Toomey and "MacFred" (Director Curtiz' name for him) were on special diets to prevent fatigue caused by wearing heavy high-altitude flying suits.

BOMBER"

BY SYLVIA KAHN



Honey-haired Jean Ames is 5' 2 1/2", weighs 105 lbs.

A THRILL-A-MINUTE MOVIE MADE UNDER THE HAWK-EYED SUPERVISION OF THE U. S. NAVY

SCREAMING Stuka dive bombers, dropping horror from European skies, have exploded American interest in a war weapon that never seemed important before. These devils of death, inventions of German warlords, have caused a jittery United States to look cloudward at its own bomber division and to search anxiously for Uncle Sam's answer to the destruction-dealers from abroad.

And Warner Brothers have looked, too. Looked hard and found in the steel-winged monsters of the Navy sufficient drama to embrace the talents of Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy, Regis Toomey and a thousand others. At the Naval Air Base in San Diego and on Stage 16 at the studio, Warners have Technicolored a \$1,500,000 air epic Americans will not soon forget.

The story of "Dive Bomber," thrilling to U. S. audiences, will completely shock our Fascistic brethren. For "Dive Bomber" is not concerned with those who kill, but with those who save. Its heroes, Mr. Hitler will be surprised to learn, are doctors—a small army of medical wizards known as flight surgeons.

Advances in aviation have produced planes able to soar from 40,000 to 50,000 feet, altitudes at which man cannot survive without mechanical assistance. Such physical disturbances as pilot fatigue, high altitude sickness and night blindness, brought on by flying into rarefied atmospheres, have sent many a pilot crashing to his death. In "Dive Bomber" you will see what medical men (Flynn and Bellamy) and flying men (MacMurray

and Toomey) are doing to make fliers altitude-resistant.

Like all Hollywood movies, "Dive Bomber" has its frothier side, too. Froth-provider is stately, blonde, 20-year-old Alexis Smith who is to the plot what a ruffle is to a lamb chop—not essential to the principal ingredient, but so eye-appealing as to make digestion that much pleasanter. She and another ruffle, soft-cheeked, bedimpled Jean Ames, appear briefly in a night club scene.

Filmed as it was, under the surveillance of the Navy, "Dive Bomber" could not offer its cast and crew the plushy conveniences of a studio-controlled production. At San Diego, the entire company rolled out of bed at 6 A. M., ate box lunches prepared by the nearby Hotel Del Coronado, wore numbered identification tags, submitted to fingerprinting and paid more heed to the Navy's seven technical advisers than to the director, Mike Curtiz. Flynn, an alien till next December, had to secure special Navy Department permission to enter the base; MacMurray was besieged by women who tried sneaking into his hotel room, crawling through his window and peeping over his transom; Regis Toomey dropped seven pounds after a single day of working in a stifling high-altitude suit; and all three were exhausted by 1,500 off-duty sailors who pestered for autographs.

At the studio the same strenuous working conditions held good. A Navy man was on hand constantly, okaying dialogue, passing on costumes and sets, and seeing to it that nothing undignified or embarrassing to his department sneaked into the picture. Explosive, interfered-with Mike Curtiz summed it up in his inimitable manner: "It's the most unheard of thing I ever heard of. What happened to me shouldn't happen to a dog—but it did!"



Flynn sailed his boat, the Sirocco, down to location at North Island Air Training Station and entertained the 150 members of cast and crew practically nightly.



MacMurray with film flight surgeons Flynn and Bellamy. Ralph is terrifically subject to seasickness, but took an 11,000 foot power dive in 9 seconds without a qualm!



Eddie Albert used to be a \$100-a-month traveling salesman; now hits Warners for \$1,000 a week. Has his first dead-serious role in "Out of the Fog," which co-stars Lupino and Garfield.



Real name's Edward Albert Heimberger. Abbreviated it because everyone called him Hamburger. Dates very rarely, but when he does he runs the gamut—from Joan Leslie to Maria Ouspenskaya.

The general idea seems to be that Eddie Albert is something they let out of a cage. His fans believe—after reading publicity about him—that he exercises on a convenient chandelier, vacations in a monastery, eats standing on his head, devotes his talents to giving timid folks the hot-foot and is a relentless, unmitigated extrovert, a zany and a screwball.

Well, if you prefer hokum to fact, then you may go on believing that tripe. But if you are one who likes his stuff straight, then the fact is that Eddie Albert is a very, very sane character, intelligent almost to brilliance, with a great tolerance, a love of people and an appreciation of life itself. As an actor, Albert knows his art better than some Academy Award winners; as a human, he is a champion of the Little Man, and he feels there are more important things to do than to entertain.

"Maybe it's okay if people think I'm a screwball," the good-natured 33-year-old charmer explained to us one afternoon while placing a diet of Bach on his automatic phonograph. "I'll tell you a secret, though I suppose I shouldn't. I actually encourage those who think I'm an unreliable nut. It suits me fine. I'm then considered, by most of my contacts, an erratic and forgivable eccentric who is harmless and not to be regarded as serious. Fine. It gives me more time to be really serious!

"You see, most people are so weighed down with obligations, appointments, promises and so forth, that they haven't time to do the constructive things they want to do. But since I am labeled a screwball simply because I've done comic roles on the screen, and because I've pretended to be absent-minded and easy-going, I am not bothered by the unnecessary—by non-essential

SERIOUS SIDE OF A SCREWBALL

BY IRVING WALLACE

THAT WIDELY-PUBLICIZED ZANY DOESN'T NEED A STRAIT-JACKET—JUST AN HONEST BIOGRAPHER. AND AT LAST HE'S GOT ONE!

get-togethers, by parties, by hot air. People look at me, and they say, 'Oh, that Eddie Albert, he'll forget. You can't depend on him, he's a screwball.' So they let me alone. And then I have the precious time to do the things I consider vital for my part in this world."

And when he told us what things he considered vital, we learned the serious side of a so-called daffy.

He claimed that, aside from his career, upon which he works extremely hard, there were two types of outside indulgences that required his time and energy. First, a billion projects he wished to start and sponsor which in small ways might benefit other human beings. Second, an endless number of personal dreams for his own enjoyment that he wished to convert into electric realities.

Which was fine. But at this point we requested Eddie Albert to become more specific.

He was a little self-conscious about injecting the personal pronoun into the conversation. And was afraid that in a short interview he could only pass along a superficial idea of the items of living that magnetized his attention.

"But look," he said, "if you really insist, I'll try."

We insisted. And Eddie Albert tried.

"Well, here's the type of thing I devote my time to," said Eddie Albert. "The South American situation, for example. Two years ago I ran into a lot of smuggled literature which made me realize that Nazi fifth column activities in South America were terrific. And furthermore, if it continued, the Nazis would have a foothold on our hemisphere.

"I promptly began working out a thorough plan for greater unity between North America and South America. I felt it was important. Life or death. I worked as

much as twenty hours a day on it. This plan, to draw the South American republics away from the Nazis and closer to the Stars and Stripes, involved sending good will ambassadors, making documentary films, giving the Latin nations a bigger economic break, having our networks extend their broadcasts to Brazil and Argentine and Peru and so on. I took my entire plan to Jack Warner. That was a year and a half ago. He liked it and sent it along to Secretary of State Cordell Hull. He, too, was extremely interested.

"But at that time, we weren't yet threatened directly by Fascism, so our government thought my plan a trifle premature. But today in the face of the menace, almost everything I helped work out is being applied by our nation. We are sending ambassadors of good will like Doug Fairbanks; we are making movies of Juarez and Bolivar, and Julien Bryan is shooting documentary films of the Latins; and the big local networks are spreading our influence to the South—all toward unity, understanding and defense.

"And that, in brief, is just one of the outside things I am interested in."

We asked Eddie Albert for another sample. And he said, "Well, then there was the vitamin oil I wanted to extract from shark's liver." We shuddered. That sounded a trifle on the screwy side.

It seems that several years ago Eddie Albert discovered it was possible to obtain a vitamin oil necessary to ailing human bodies, from the liver of the deep-sea shark. It was a great discovery. Of importance to the health of man. And as soon as Eddie learned for certain this vitamin oil would cure, he went on a big campaign to market it. But at this point, you will note the rare difference between Eddie Albert (*Continued on page 73*)



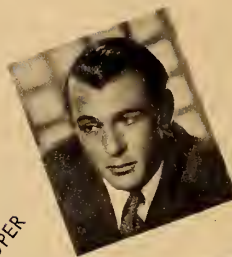
CLARK GABLE



ROBERT TAYLOR



JOEL MCCREA



GARY COOPER



SPENCER TRACY



BOB HOPE

WANT TO DISCOVER
THE REAL YOU? TRY OUR
EXCITING NEW PERSONALITY
TEST PREPARED BY A WELL-
KNOWN PSYCHOLOGIST



CARY GRANT



JAMES CAGNEY



JEFFREY LYNN



CHARLES BOYER

JACK OAKIE



TYRONE POWER



WHAT MAKES *You* TICK?

"What can she see in him?"

You've said that dozens of times, of course. And by the same token, you may be sure there have been times when your friends—completely mystified by the attraction some boy has had for you—have said the same thing about you.

We like different types for different reasons, but *always* because they complement some strain in our personality. Therefore, by listing the men who appeal to you, you get a close-up view of your personality and, consequently, you find out what makes you tick.

Take these motion picture stars and make a list of the ones you like best. When you have completed your list, turn to page 75 for your personality analysis.

This test, prepared by a widely-known consulting psychologist, is fun for your own amusement and a grand ice-breaker for your next party.

BY LESTER F. MILES, PH.D.



Next to eyes and facial planes, formed by the bone structure of your face, lips are your most important feature. Their size, shape, mobility and make-up reveal your habits, character and disposition, whether you realize it or not. Lips talk mighty loud without ever uttering a word, and the face of an otherwise lovely girl can be utterly marred by lips that are too broad, too narrow or just nondescript.

Lips that Lure

BY CAROL CARTER

Hollywood stars have one advantage over other ordinary damsels, for they must practice diction constantly, and there is no better way to keep lips soft, flexible and appealing. They practice laughing, smiling, whistling, puckering and do all sorts of plain and fancy exercises as regularly as you put powder on your nose. Their lips are under such complete control that they can register either slight or deep emotion by the most fleeting of expressions.

Here are a few of Hollywood's lip tricks: Open your mouth wide when you talk. Make your lips work to form your words. It's good for them. Turn up the corners of your mouth and smile. It pretties lips as well as dispositions. Laugh more and loosen up those harsh, set (*Continued on page 82*)



Marsha Hunt's expressive lips contribute much to the success of M-G-M's "Blossoms in the Dust"



Widen thin lips by
rouging beyond edges



Narrow wide lips by
confining rouge inside



To shorten lips, stop
color inside corners



To lengthen lips, con-
tinue rouge to corners



Turn up drooping
corners with lip pencil

mid=

by Carol Carter



CREAMS PROTECT SKIN
AGAINST SUMMER SUN,
WIND AND ALSO WATER



POWDER FOR SUMMER
SHOULD BE RICH TONED
AND FINE TEXTURED

M-G-M'S VIRGINIA GREY
TANS CAUTIOUSLY AT FIRST

MODERN SCREEN

summer MAKE-UP

Are you getting ready for a summer jaunt to a camp in the mountains or at the beach? Perhaps you're going on a cruise—or maybe you are settling right down at home to keep cool. In any case, if you are a normal, beauty-conscious girl, you're faced with that annual question of how to protect your skin and still have a rip-roaring good time outdoors.

You have a problem, but you don't have to fret about it. All of your favorite young screen stars—Linda Darnell, Nan Grey, Deanna Durbin, Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth, Gene Tierney and the rest—have found an easy solution. All these girls have to spend plenty of time in the sun each day during outdoor scenes, yet they can't afford to get blistered and red. So to play safe, they use sunburn preventives lavishly, whether they're going out for only half an hour or on an all-day location trip.

The sun's your best ally to beauty and vitality—if you know how much of it is good for you! It's full of health-giving ultra-violet rays which act on the sterols of your skin and change them to Vitamin D. The presence of a sufficient amount of this important sunshine vitamin in your system gives you a clear skin, strong bones, good digestion, steady nerves and lots of energy. You can store up this energy from the sun pleasantly and easily by getting outdoors frequently, and also by including cod liver and halibut liver oils, irradiated butter, milk and ice cream in your regular diet.

But it's important, too, to know how far to go in catering to the sun. More sunshine than your body needs will burn and dry your skin and cause endless discomfort.

You may be one of those fortunate brunettes whose skin has even pigment distribution and who takes to tanning like a duck to water. But don't rush the process and neglect to use sunburn preventives unless you want your skin to become downright leathery and very dry. Fifteen minutes isn't too short a time to spend beneath the sun's penetrating rays your first day out. A good sun-tan properly acquired, layer after layer, is much more even and lasting—and is a grand protection from an overdose of ultra-violet penetration, besides helping you to withstand extremes in heat and cold.

If you have brown hair, medium to dark eyes and fairly strong skin texture, you probably can achieve a rich golden tan. Cover yourself generously with a good coat of cream, oil or sun-tan lotion—and take five minutes on each side

the first day, increasing the time five minutes for each side every day thereafter.

If you are a fair, delicate-complexioned blonde, red-head or even brownette whose skin seems to freckle and burn at the slightest exposure, your dream of a deep tawny sun-tan had better be modified to a light golden shade. Your delicate skin with its uneven pigment distribution just isn't geared to absorbing much sunshine—and you probably get all the sunshine vitamin you need from just plain skyshine, those reflected, indirect light rays that are almost as penetrating as direct sunshine. You should protect your skin with lotions and creams even on cloudy days, if you plan to spend much time outdoors. Whenever you go swimming, slather yourself with sunburn preventives, and don't bask in the sun unless you dry thoroughly and cover yourself with a fresh coat of lotion and protector.

If your heart is set on a sun-tan before you have time to safely acquire one, you can always use a natural-looking make-up foundation on arms, legs, face and neck—for a glowing outdoor color.

No matter what type of skin you have, give it special attention after sunning. Go a little easy on water and friction for a few days, using light cleansing creams and lotions to keep your skin soft and supple. If you've been overzealous in your sun-worshipping to the tune of a mild burn, you'll find talcum powder very soothing. For a more serious burn there are a number of soothing ointments, creams and lotions that speed healing.

Your summer vacation and your idea of enjoyment may mean spending hours on the beach and frequent dips in the ocean, so be sure to take into consideration the effects of salt water on your skin. Although stimulating, it has a decided drying effect. And you'll need to keep yourself well covered with oily lotions and creams.

Important to your summer glamour, too, is the care you take of your complexion and the make-up you choose to go with your tan.

More than ever in summer time your skin needs the protection of light cleansing and foundation creams to protect its satiny texture. If you can't wash your face for a few days, you can cleanse it with a light cream and facial tissues, or cotton saturated with a fragrant cleansing lotion. You'll find that your lotions, skin fresheners and creams will be much more refreshing and (Continued on page 67)



IF YOU TAN, WEAR
ORANGE OR BRIGHT RED
ON CHEEKS AND LIPS



CLEANSING TISSUE AND
CREAM ARE BEST FOR
REMOVING MAKE-UP

*What is your summer
complexion problem?
Here's how to solve it*

MODERN SCREEN'S

COLOR OF HAIR

SKIN TONE

FOUNDATION BASES AND POWDER



BETTY GRABLE



BETTE DAVIS



GINGER ROGERS



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND



PAULETTE GODDARD



ANN RUTHERFORD



LANA TURNER



MYRNA LOY

LIGHT BLONDE	Fair or neutral skin	Cream, natural, light rachel to match skin tones
	Faintly pink undertone	Faint rosy shades
MEDIUM OR DARK BLONDE	Medium skin	Rachel, peach or rosy blooming shades
	Golden or sun-tanned skin	Golden or sun-tan shades with orange-red undertone
LIGHT BROWNETTE (Medium brown, chestnut or drab hair)	Fair skin	Rachel, peach, natural, or powder and base with glowing rosy undertone
	Faintly pink undertone	Pale rosy shades
DARK BROWNETTE (Brown, chestnut or drab hair)	Medium skin	Dark rachel, lively rosy shades
	Golden or sun-tanned skin	Golden or rosy sun-tan shades
FAIR-SKINNED BRUNETTE	Fair, transparent skin—blue or hazel eyes. Bluish undertone to skin	Natural or glowing peach or rosy tones
	Pale neutral skin	Powder and base with pink undertone to give skin more life
DARK BRUNETTE	Olive complexion	Dark rachel or glowing tawny shades
	Dark or sun-tanned skin	Deep tawny sun-tan shades or golden sun-tans
GOLDEN RED-HEAD	Pale ivory skin	Cream, peach, natural, light rachel
	Faintly pink undertone	Powder and base with faint rosy undertone
DARK RED-HEAD	Medium ivory skin	Cream, beige, rachel or a powder and base with undertone of peach
	Golden-toned or sun-tanned skin	Golden or sun-tan powder with orange-red undertone

MAKE-UP CHART

AVOID

LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

BECOMING COSTUME COLORS

Golden or tan shades (There <i>are</i> a few exceptions.)	Soft rose or faintly bluish-red	Grayed green, blue-green, blue-violet, blues, neutralized reds and red-oranges, black, white
Golden or tan shades	Soft deep rose or slightly blue-red	Greens, blues, rose, peach, violet
Deep golden tones	Faintly blue-red, clear bright red	Grayed blues, greens, rosy shades, reds, golden browns
Delicate pinks	Clear orange-red and red shades	Greens, clear blues, turquoise, orange-reds
Golden or tan shades	Violet-red rouge and lipstick a little darker than natural coloring or clear red	Greens, blues, cool gray, softened reds and oranges, violets
All creamy or gold shades	Blue-red or soft rose shades	Almost all colors in soft intensities
Deep golden shades	Clear red, or violet-red if skin has pink undertone	Reds, violets, blues, greens, pale yellows, pinks, grays
Delicate pink tones	Lively orange-red tones	Reds, clear blues, greens, orange tones
Golden or tan shades	Faint bluish-red, clear deep rose or red shades	Most blues, purples, reds, red-orange, yellows, rose
Golden shades	Violet-red or clear red shades according to dominant costume colors	Blues, reds, oranges, yellows, dusty pinks
Pink, delicate tones	Warm orange-reds or deep reds	Orange, strong greens, rich garnet shades, warm grays, flame, rich browns
Any pale or pink tone	Warm orange-reds	Red-oranges, clear greens, red, black with color accents
Definite pinks	Soft orange-reds, subdued clear reds	Honey tones, pinks, grayed orange, clear greens, blues, browns, pink-gray
All golden shades	Soft deep rose	Grayed oranges and yellows, rosy beiges, green, blue-green, blues, rose
Pinkish shades	Deep orange-reds or clear reds	Cocoa and amber shades, gold, yellow-greens, greens, oranges
Pale or pink shades	Lively orange-reds	Greens, blues, blue-greens, oranges, yellows, lively browns



NAN GREY



ELLEN DREW



ANNE SHIRLEY



LARAINÉ DAY



HEDY LAMARR



LINDA DARNELL



GREER GARSON



ANN SHERIDAN

WARTIME HOUSE GUESTS

Hollywood's opened its heart and its purse to dozens of little Britishers—whose sole complaint is that "the war's a nuisance"

Roddy McDowall is twelve. A slim, wigglesome twelve with chocolate-colored eyes and a brown forelock of straight hair which he keeps shoving away from his brow as he tells about the teacher-priest at his school, St. Joseph's College on Beulah Hill, London, who climbed into a hole left by a time bomb. . . .

"The Jerries dropped the bomb, and it fell through to the school cellar. Father went down to see how much damage had been done, and someone threw a pitcherful of water in after him. They didn't know he was there!" says Roddy with small-boy glee.

There are many little boys and girls like Roderick Andrew McDowall of London, England, in Hollywood this season. About twenty or twenty-five in all. The British Consulate in the Southern California city says twenty-five, thinks there must be more, wishes they would all register with the Consulate "in case of trouble." They hasten to add that there has been no "trouble" so far.

The arrival in America of little boys like Roddy and little girls like Gracie and Primrose and Ursula began over a year ago and continued under the eye of our State Department, the United States Committee for the Care of European Children and, in Los Angeles, the International Institute. The children are in this country only for the duration of the war, and a ruling of the British government makes their adoption into American homes impossible.

The flow of evacuees stopped almost entirely with the shelling and sinking of the ship, *City of Benares*, with its tragic loss of child life. Parents in England felt they would rather have their little ones stay at home and face the perils of aerial warfare than to subject them to the terrifying and inevitable risk of submarine attack on a wide and deep ocean.

So it is that grave, well-mannered children, a poignant handful of them, have found their way to Hollywood and now remind the film colony that there is war almost everywhere, and that only in America can children still play peacefully.

"It is so hard to know how to comfort these children," says Conrad Veidt on the set of Columbia's "Tonight Belongs to Us." "My wife and I have with us the young son—he's thirteen—of my good friend and physician in London, Dr. Wigram. Clive came to us last August, and the next month we entered him in military school.

"He's such a child in some ways, and in others he is a grown man, fully matured by being separated from his parents, whom he misses very much. There are many times that my wife and I would like to treat him as a child, pamper him, humor him, as we might a child of our own, but there is much of the Spartan in Clive. He is lonely in this country in spite of the boys at the school—Urban, and he holds aloof from any babyish overtures that we are tempted to make.

"It is tragic, this circumstance, because it is re-enacted in many other cases of the evacuees who are in this country. There is deep sentiment in all the children—I have seen Clive prop up pictures of his mother and father before him as he writes to them. But the children find themselves in bewildering situations, trying to adapt themselves to a country that is so (Continued on page 79)



American film-making's a cinch to Roddy McDowall, who made British films under fire last year. That's part of an anti-aircraft shell he's exhibiting to his teacher.

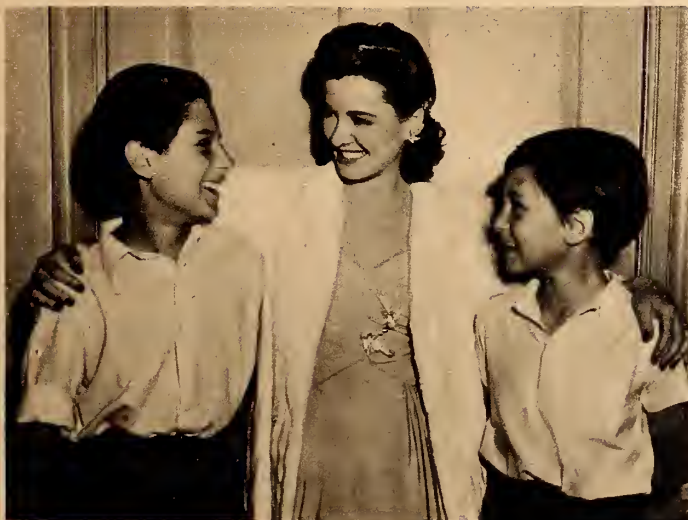


Left to right: Fiona Greig, George Sanders, Rosemary Barkman, Ursula Greig, Wendy Barrie and Paula Mooring. In the back row: W. H. Mooring and Charles Barkman.

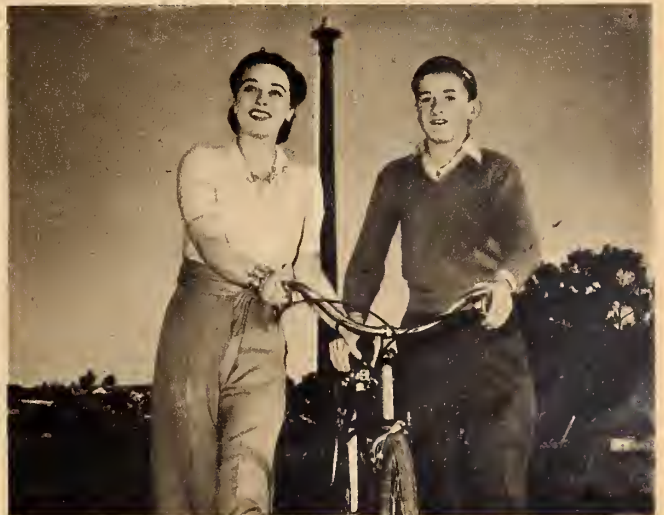


Clive Wigram, son of Conrad Veidt's good friend and London physician, is the Veidts' house guest for "the duration." After school, he has fun visiting Connie on the set of Columbia's "Tonight Belongs To Us."

BY JEANNE KARR



13-year-old German expatriate, Steven Muller, is the grammar school girls' Laurence Olivier! He and brother Nobby, 11, have terrific crushes on Ellen Drew.



Pat Morison's cousin, Dennis Skeats, has succumbed to football, hamburgers and Joe DiMaggio—but he's still strictly British about bikes. Insists on hand brakes.

It happened one Night—

Dorothy Comingore had a blind date in Hollywood a few months back with a man wearing a black beard. His name was Orson Welles. As a result, people today are gasping "Citizen Kane" and "Dorothy Comingore" in the same amazed breath and wondering where in the world delicious Dorothy has been all their lives.

The answer is: She's been right around Hollywood telling producers she was good and begging for a Chinaman's chance to prove it but collecting, instead, snubs, suspensions and pink slips that said, "You're fired!"

Dorothy Comingore is the girl the Hollywood studio Pooh Bahs pooh-poohed right up until the public got a peek at "Citizen Kane." If you say her last tag very fast it sounds like "Come-and-Go," which very neatly sums up Dottie's dreary movie career Before Welles. She had been fired more than a furnace and dropped oftener than a hot dish—before a phony press agent gag stepped her out with Beau Orson one night, and he faintly remembered her when casting got tough on "Citizen Kane."

Even while that resounding triumph (which may well become the greatest motion picture of all time) was shooting, the dear old Hollywood geniuses still kicked Dorothy around.

You'll be glad to know, I'm sure, that such foolish she-nanigans are things of the past with Dorothy Comingore right now, and a comfortable contract is at last on ice.

So from slavey to queen, she boils right down to one of those Hollywood Cinderellas you've been reading about, with Orson Welles in the role of Prince Charming. Or does she?

If Dorothy's feet are tripping airily around on glass slippers, she's also rubbing ruefully another section of her classy chassis which still aches from boots downstairs. If she's Cinderella, Dorothy is Cinderella the hard way.

The day I saw her in her trim little North Hollywood house, she was running true to form. Her brand new baby daughter had just fallen on her head, and the Scotch nurse had been carted off minutes before in an ambulance with acute appendicitis. Despite this domestic crisis, Dorothy emerged serene and beautiful.

She has hazel-green eyes that catch sparks of gold from a glorious mop of curly red hair, her own red, too, not a bottle's. Her skin is white as morning cream, her hands are classic, her mouth is wide and rosy. When she smiles, you know she has sex; when she talks, you know she's got brains. In the figure department—well—Dorothy's silhouette has had a career all of its own, that's been part of the trouble.

But all that's fairly along in the sad story. Comingore catastrophes began bunching hits long before. When Dorothy was six and a spunky little native daughter of Los Angeles, her folks took her to a neighborhood movie, and it happened to be amateur night. When they called out



Red-haired Dorothy's a blonde in "Citizen Kane." Original film name was Linda Winters, but she reverted to her own Dutch tag upon learning there were 6 other Lindas in movies.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

**YOU CAN'T KNOCK BLIND DATES TO
DOROTHY COMINGORE! SHE HAD ONE
WITH ORSON WELLES, AND IT TURNED
OUT TO BE A DATE WITH DESTINY**

for the amateurs, Dottie, to her mother's horror, bounced right up on the stage, improvised a Pavlova ballet and won first prize—a crate of cantaloupes. The tragedy was—Mrs. Comingore wouldn't let her keep the cantaloupes!

From that time right up to the coming of Welles everything connected with show business had handed Dorothy a push in the mush, one way or another. There have been times when she wished she'd followed her childhood yearning to be a Carmelite nun. Times, too, when Dorothy wished she'd stayed in the University of California and collected a degree in philosophy of religion, as she started out to do.

Instead Dorothy listened to the Red Gods calling and ditched the Berkeley campus for Taos, New Mexico. "I don't know why exactly," said Dorothy, "except that I'd read D. H. Lawrence." Every lady in Taos is supposed to have been the great English writer's dream girl, and maybe the lure of getting the lowdown on great love affairs was what did it. Instead of cutting a gay figure in the world of art and letters, however, Dorothy ended with a job dusting off relics in the Kit Carson museum there and odd jobbing around the plaza. But she got in on the fringe of dramatics and absorbed some art and a great deal of independence and courage, also the capacity to live on air, which is a good thing for a prospective actress to learn. There were times when people had to take up collections to keep the Comingore soul and body on speaking terms.

The next stop on Dorothy's dash to destiny was a place called Downieville, California. It's up in the old Forty-Niner gold rush country away from practically everywhere. Why did she go there? "Have you ever been to Downieville?" inquired Dorothy. "Well—it's so pretty. Little houses hang on hillsides and things. I worked in a restaurant waiting tables. In the evenings I fooled around high school plays."

The combination of career and cooking worked in Carmel, which is pretty, too, where Dorothy blithely rattled as soon as she could collect enough tips to buy an ancient flivver. Carmel has a Little Theatre that's fairly famous and which was practically the big time to Comingore after Taos and Downieville. But nobody saw any reason to make her a star even there. They let her sew costumes, though, and fool around the wings while she earned her board and keep at a dude ranch in the Carmel Valley. "Then the cook left," sighed Dorothy, "and they put the apron on me. The ranch had a reputation for wonderful homemade bread, and I'd never baked a loaf in my life. I didn't work there very long."

Dorothy thinks the less said about her efforts to eat in artistic Carmel, the better. She dwelt in leaky shanties and never saw a pair of silk stockings. To support herself, her two cats and sheepdog, she (*Continued on page 88*)



Daughter Judith Melinda is six months old, with bright red hair and huge blue eyes. Her mom, who's Mrs. Richard Collins around the house, will be twenty-six on August 24.

IT'S A HECK OF A

James Craig went to college for seven years—but not because he was stupid! He went that long because he was smart. He wanted an education that would equip him for any number of things, not just one. But he never dreamed that, among other things, he was equipping himself to crash Hollywood.

"When I was back in Texas fumbling passes," he says, with a grin and a hint of a Texas drawl, "I thought of actors as a bunch of sissies. The locker-room talk about 'the Little Theatre group' was pretty bawdy."

If somebody had told him five years ago that he was just the type to get up in front of a movie camera and talk love to somebody like Ginger Rogers, he would have kayoed him. And don't think he couldn't have! He's 6 feet 2½ inches, weighs 190 pounds, and played fullback.

But nobody thought of telling him five years ago, or ever: "You ought to be in the movies." The first time he heard those fateful words was when he said them to himself.

It wasn't that he suddenly fancied his looks. What he suddenly fancied was the kind of salaries that Hollywood paid. He's disarmingly frank about it.

"I grew up with just one ambition," he says. "To make money. It sounds cynical, but it's the truth. And why not tell the truth?"

When Jim was 17, his father lost all his worldly wealth. He later made another fortune, but in the meantime Jim got a pretty good idea of what it was like to be without money.

His father was (and is) a building contractor, who traveled all over the country on construction projects—a fact that may partly explain Jim's own wanderlust. Also, his great-grandfather was part Cherokee. "From all I hear," says Jim, "he liked to move around, too. All my other ancestors were farmers. They stuck close to home."

On February 4, 1912, his dad's construction project was in Nashville, Tennessee—so Nashville became Jim's birthplace. And James Henry Meador became his name.

"Hollywood didn't change it. I did. 'Meador' sounded like a bad word in Spanish. I don't know where I got the 'Craig.' From the play, 'Craig's Wife,' I guess."

While he was growing up along with several brothers, the family moved all over the country—to Kansas, to New York, to Richmond, to Florida, but Nashville still remained their home-town.

"That's where I went to school. And I was always

terrible in English. That is, until the eighth grade. Then I ran into a little old teacher, as tough as nails—she must be 85 now, but she's still teaching—and when she got through with me, I knew grammar. Before that I didn't see any sense in worrying about it. Nobody ever gave me a reason why a subject should be this, and a predicate should be that. But she did. So I stopped being a rugged individualist as far as grammar was concerned."

But not as far as education in general was concerned.

"Seven of us decided we didn't like going to a big city high school. We all fancied ourselves as tough mugs, and we didn't like the discipline. We had to study too hard to play football. So we went together and bought an old broken-down Ford and drove out to a country high school every day and played football out there. Nobody in Nashville would have given ten cents for the futures of any of us, but we're all doing all right today."

The year Jim graduated from high school was the year that his Dad lost his money. That was 1929.

"The gloom was pretty thick around home that summer. There was a lot of talk about how I probably couldn't go away to college. I decided I'd light out and bum around the country a little and see if I couldn't find a college that would take me even if I didn't have a bank book. I sort of had my eye on a couple here on the West Coast.

"Even if I didn't have any luck, I figured the change of scenery would do me a whole lot of good.



Jim has two women after him in RKO's "The Devil and Daniel Webster"—Simone Simon (above), who's making a film comeback, and co-star Anne Shirley.

**MOST OF US'LL SETTLE FOR SOME
MOONLIGHT AND SUN ON OUR SUM-
MER VACATIONS, BUT JIM CRAIG
HELD OUT FOR A MOVIE CONTRACT!**

SENSATION!

"I got a ride first to New Orleans. Then I hitch-hiked to Houston, which was a town I liked. It had a lot of attractions, including cute gals. I was in a lunch-car there when a young guy on the next stool said, friendly-like, 'You look as if you might play football.' One thing led to another, and I told him how I was scouting around, looking for a college that needed one more football player. He said, 'How about going to Rice?'"

"I had never heard of it. In those days, it didn't get on the sports pages—although it was all right scholastically. He said it was outside Houston. 'Why don't you go out and talk with the business manager?' he said. Which is exactly what I did.

"He said Rice needed football (*Continued on page 86*)



He has black hair, brown eyes and a fascinating scar on his left cheek. Is a whiz at boxing and golf. Mad about music, but hates to dance.



29-year-old James gets over 1,000 fan letters a week—mostly from smitten gals in their twenties. Admits he gets a huge kick out of them.

BY JAMES REID

SHOPPING SPREE

FROM THE KIDDIES' CORNER TO MEN'S
FURNISHINGS—NO DEPARTMENT'S SAFE

WHEN BONITA GOES ON A BUYING BINGE!



A holiday from the studio means a shopping spree for Bonita. She takes a long list, keeps on eye out for sales.



Bonita has her tussles with the Exchange Department even as you and I. She's got enormous salesgirl resistance, and nothing "unsells" her quite as fast as a heckling clerk.

Is a confirmed perfume-sniffer. She loves carnation scents for the daytime, but by night give her "Sleeping." Likes "Lui" for sniffing but thinks it's a bit heavy for wearing.




Owens dozens of bathing suits as she practically lives in the water. Also loves riding. Bowls occasionally, but badly.




Jackie likes her in ingénue-ish numbers, but she puts on the heavy glamour in the privacy of J. W. Robinson's hot dept.



Most of her shoes have spike heels to bring her closer to Jackie's 5' 11" but couldn't resist these in the kiddies' dept.


A black and white photograph of a woman with curly hair, wrapped in a light-colored towel, looking towards the camera.

SCREEN STARS KNOW
A THING OR TWO!
LUX SOAP MAKES A
WONDERFUL **BEAUTY**
BATH—LEAVES
SKIN **SWEET**

A black and white photograph of a woman in a shower, wearing a towel on her head and holding a bar of soap.

LUX SOAP MAKES
ME **SURE** OF DAINTINESS,
AND EVERY GIRL KNOWS
THAT'S IMPORTANT!

THEY'RE THRILLED with HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTY BATH!

A large black and white portrait of Dorothy Lamour, looking over her shoulder with her hand near her face.

"Such a delightful way to make sure of daintiness!" screen stars say. And women everywhere agree. Lux Toilet Soap's creamy lather caresses the skin so gently, carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really smooth—sweet.

You want the charm of skin that's sweet, appealing! Take Hollywood's tip! Use this gentle white soap for a luxurious daily beauty bath. You'll love the rich, creamy lather. You'll love the delicate, clinging fragrance Lux Toilet Soap leaves on your skin!

NO SMART GIRL
NEGLECTS **DAINTINESS**.
A DAILY **LUX SOAP**
BEAUTY BATH MAKES
YOU **SURE**!

**DOROTHY
LAMOUR**

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

GOOD NEWS

WHY NOT BE PRACTICAL?

It's terrific! It's colossal! It's fantastic! We mean the story going around about a certain sensational star and her ambitious business-man husband. Seems the star took a nose dive for a handsome actor in her last picture. Being fair and open about things, she went to her husband and told him of her infatuation. As was to be expected, the husband raved and ranted. Cornering her in their living room, he shouted till the walls shook. "That guy!" he screamed. "That second-rater! I'm ashamed of you! Why couldn't you go for the star? He could do you some good!"

CAN IT LAST FURLONG?

A friend of ours went to the racetrack with George Raft, Betty Grable and George's shadow, Mack Grey. Our friend reports that George and Betty each bet on different horses in the big race. But when the bang-tails began to run, George didn't even follow his. He watched Betty's instead and shouted wildly for it to come in first. When it finally did, he was delirious with joy. "You won,

entire room began to shake violently. Back and forth it rolled while Betty slid from wall to wall, and the furniture thumped around her. Betty was terrified. "Get me out of here," she screamed. "It's an earthquake! Help!" Then as quickly as it had come, the "earthquake" subsided. Trembling, Betty found her way to the door. And there, grinning with joy, stood Don Ameche. Delightedly he told her what had happened. When Betty wasn't looking, he and his stand-in had slid a hand-truck under the dressing room floor. As soon as Betty closed the door, they had proceeded to work it with all their might! Betty just looked at Don. She didn't say a word. She was glad she still had her teeth.

DISA AND DATA

The built-up bosom Jack Benny sports in "Charley's Aunt" has earned him the title of "Hollywood's Number One Sweater Boy" . . . Virginia Gilmore's idea of fun is setting off on a fishing trip all by her lonesome . . . The late Doug Fairbanks, Sr., never ordered fewer than two dozen suits and 25

EARTHQUAKE HITS GRABLE!

GODDARD FEUDS WITH CRAW-

FORD! MAE WEST TO BE CO-

STARRED WITH BARRYMORE!



Rumor has it that Anne Shirley and John Payne are expecting an addition. Their first will be a year old this July.

Betty," he cried. "You won!" Betty was thrilled, too, but a little concerned about George's loss. George shrugged it off. "Mine wasn't important," he said. "But you won. That's all that counts!" Our friend walked with Mack Grey to the cashier's window. "By the way," our friend asked. "How much did they bet?" Grey grinned broadly. "Well," he answered, "Betty had two dollars down. And George—he bet five hundred!" Our friend doesn't understand about such things. But our psychiatrist does. He insists love and insanity are often only a shade apart.

PLAYBOY

Don Ameche is a model man. But he has one besetting sin. He's an incurable practical joker. Betty Grable still wakes up in the night shivering with the memory of a stunt Don pulled on her when they were doing "Moon Over Miami." Betty stepped into her dressing room to change her costume when suddenly, without warning, the

pairs of trousers at a single clip . . . In "Birth of the Blues" Paramount will feature flashes of nine musicians whom they consider the most famous in the popular field. They're Ted Lewis, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, W. C. Handy, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and Louis Armstrong. A photograph of the late George Gershwin will complete the roster . . . George Brent's newest gift to Ann Sheridan, his honey, is a kinkajou (tame, fuzzy—but meat-eating) named "Honey" . . . Universal has a unique method for keeping the tears out of Baby Sandy's eyes. When Sandy turns on the sprinkle, the camera records her tears to show her how horrid little girls look when they cry . . . The Hays office is at it again. Their newest decree demands that actors keep at least one foot on the floor during love scenes . . . Carole Lou Costello, Lou's two-and-a-half-year-old, has a brief spot in her pappy's "In the Navy" . . . This older generation: Mickey Rooney's father now goes around doing imitations of the Mick!

BY SYLVIA KAHN

MARRIED LOVE DEPT.

For a full year Brenda Joyce has been occupied with personal appearance tours, industry's good will trips and getting herself married. In fact, in the last twelve months Brenda's done everything but work in pictures. So when she checked in at the studio the other A.M. to report for "Private Nurse," she was just as jittery as she was the first time she faced a camera. Putting on her make-up, she nervously dabbed some mascara on her eyeball. Adjusting her eyeglasses, her twitching fingers let them slip to the floor where they shattered. And finally, to cap it all, on leaving the lot she smacked her car into a lamp post and accordion-pleated her fender! "But it took all of that to show me how really sweet my husband is," Brenda told us. "The next morning Owen was awake at dawn, prepared my breakfast and served it up while I lay in bed like a duchess. He insisted on driving me to the studio, also. But by that time I wasn't scared any more. I realized I hadn't the right to be—certainly not while I'm married to a man like that!"



Bob Hope and showgirl Elaine Brandeis were among the 1200 guests at NBC's \$25,000 blowout for Jack Benny.

DITTO

Anne Shirley doesn't suspect it, but when her fourth wedding anniversary rolls around (in August), hubby John Payne will clasp a tricky token of his love on her wrist. It's a slender gold bracelet hung with a heart-shaped locket. On the locket John has had engraved the words: "To match the golden heart you already have." And some folks will tell you that the flame blows out within a year!

MONKEYS AND MAUREEN

Don't mention monkeys to Maureen O'Sullivan! She's allergic to 'em! Especially after her last trip East. One sunny morning, New York's ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith took Maureen and her son on an excursion to the Central Park Zoo. Everything was going fine till they reached the monkey house. As they stepped through the door, one of the zoo attendants recognized Maureen as Tarzan's jungle wife. Recalling her screen adventures with Cheetah the Chimp, the attendant was certain she'd be passionately interested

in his own furry charges. He promptly sat her down and for three solid hours plied her with information about apes and baboons! When she at last escaped, Maureen was ready to scream. What she'd have loved to tell the attendant, but didn't dare mention, was that Cheetah is the only member of the monkey family she knows—and she doesn't even like Cheetah because the impish chimp always tries to bite her!

DIDJA KNOW

That Douglas Wilhoit became a Catholic before wedding Olympe Bradna . . . That the Anthony Quinns, whose first child died so tragically, are expecting the stork again . . . That Merle Oberon never saw her father. He died three months before she was born . . . That Mae West and John Barrymore will co-emote in "Not Tonight, Josephine" . . . That before embarking on a recent 12-day trip, Ray Milland sneaked out to buy a dozen gifts and presented one a day to his stunning wife . . . That a popular movie hero wears a chest wig for he-man roles . . . That a resolution entered in the New



Maureen O'Sullivan's hubby Jack Farrow signed up with the Canadian fleet. Gets home occasionally for 10 days.

Hampshire State Legislature would make every April 5th a legal holiday known as Bette Davis Day. That's Bette's birthday . . . That George Raft hopes to ditch acting and turn author . . . He's begun to write but claims he can't get it down on paper the way he thinks it in his head . . . That at Garbo's own suggestion her dressing room has blue walls and a yellow ceiling . . . That Alice Faye's groom's real name is Wonga P. Harris?

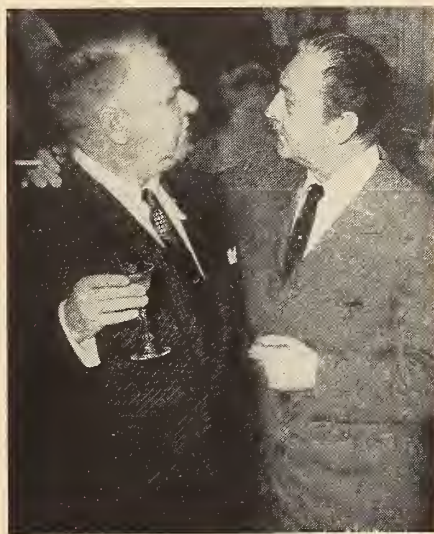
LOVIN' BLOOM

Contradicting columnists who insist his love interests are of international scope, embracing French-born Michele Morgan, Swedish-born Greta Garbo and German-born Marlene Dietrich, Jean Gabin has gone U.S.A. in a great big way. Strictly on the Q.T., we have learned his top romantic choice is Missouri's own Ginger Rogers. He phones her often and sends her daily gifts of flowers. Not ordinary flowers, mind you, but heavily-scented French lilacs, which are twice as big as the garden-variety lilac and twice as expensive. But

that isn't why Monsieur Gabin sends them. He sends them because they are his favorite posies reserved for his favorite femmes. That's all we know at the moment. You can add it up any way you like.

SHORT(S) SUBJECT

Keep your eyes on the Paulette Goddard-Joan Crawford feud. It's going to go places! About six months ago Paulette trained to New York, dropped in on designer Hattie Carnegie and snagged the most original Carnegie creation of the year—silk shorts for evening wear. She toted her treasure back to Hollywood, wore the outfit at one or two dinner parties and then retired the shorts temporarily, preferring to wait for an appropriate occasion before springing them on the public at large. So far, so good. But just the other morning Paulette picked up her favorite newspaper and read therein that "Movie-town's brilliant style-setter," Joan Crawford was about to introduce a great idea in feminine fashion—silk shorts for evening wear! Those who are close to Paulette say no one is going to steal her thunder, intentionally or



Most famous profiles at Rudy Vallee's shindig celebrating his pop's birthday were W. C. Fields' and J. Barrymore's.

otherwise. She won't stand for it. So Hollywood looks forward to a nice, juicy pistol duel and secretly hopes both girls appear in silk shorts for evening wear!

THE AWFUL TRUTH

Bob Hope is under the influence. Working in Paramount's "Nothing But the Truth" has made an honest man of him. He can't tell a lie anymore! Guesting a column for newspaperman Harrison Carroll, Bob let fly the following horrifying, incredible but, he swears—nonetheless true items. Says Bob: "They never allow Clark Gable on the 'Tarzan' sets. It aggravates the elephants . . . Marlene Dietrich does not have the most beautiful pins in Hollywood. The Sunset Bowling Alleys do . . . The army made a mistake when it accepted Jimmy Stewart. They now have six colonels and a major-general answering his fan mail . . . Paulette Goddard does not possess the most gorgeous figure in the world. The Aga Khan does . . . Greta Garbo's shoes will not be used to convoy Atlantic shipping . . . That's simply sunburn on the



CONTINUED

W. C. Fields' schnozzola . . . It is perfectly true that there's a picture of Madeleine Carroll in Bob Hope's dressing room. But the inscription, "To the dearest, sweetest, most lovable boy in the world," was not exactly autographed by Madeleine. It was autographed by Hope.

HOLLYWOOD HILLBILLY

Judy Canova, the Cinema City's leading exponent of "hayseed" glamour, has never set foot in the hill country . . . She invented her famous mountain lingo as a kid in Jacksonville, Florida; kept it when she found it made people laugh . . . Newspapermen, putting her through early interviews, came away believing she'd never seen a train or a pair of shoes . . . Rudy Vallee gave her her first radio break . . . She once lived in a house that could only be reached by cutting through a cave and taking an elevator up to the living room . . . Her coal-black hair hits her hips . . . Jack Benny is her favorite radio star; Eleanor Roosevelt her favorite public personality . . . She owns 75 dolls gathered from points as far as China and Egypt . . . A first edition Joe Miller Joke Book occupies the



Linda Darnell's as proud as Punch of her brand new high school diploma! That Red Cross damsel is Jean Ames.

spot of honor in her library . . . She's written her own epitaph. Hopes the words "Here lies Judy Canova—all the world loved her" will be carved on her tombstone . . . "Lil" Abner is not her ideal man . . . She's learned how to play a five-man instrument band and wants it written in all her future scripts.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

In England they still think of Hollywood. With all the tragedy and sorrow that broods over it, the harassed little isle has managed to issue through its British Film Institute a list of stars who, in their opinion, have done the most for motion pictures. The top ten follow: Fred Astaire, Greta Garbo, Shirley Temple, Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford. And from the past, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Theda Bara, Marie Dressler and Tom Mix. It's an interesting list, but a little surprising when you consider that it modestly contains only one Englishman—Chaplin. And with such delightful Bundles from Britain as Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll floating around, too!

CUTE LITTLE SHAVERS

More woe for Laird Cregar. A nasty measles attack recently deprived him of 40 of his 340 pounds. And now he's up for even greater suffering. For his role in "Charley's Aunt," 24-year-old Laird plays papa to 28-year-old Jimmy Ellison. To make him appear sufficiently ancient, director Archie Mayo decided Laird needed a receding hairline. So each morning after removing his chin and cheek whiskers, Laird whips his razor across his forehead and sorrowfully scrapes away an inch of his red-brown topknot! Which isn't half as bad as George Montgomery's predicament. Following the preview of George's first picture, fans wrote in complaining his chest looked like a hula skirt and please would Fox mow it down before exposing it again. So now poor George shaves his chest every morning—and wonders if it's all worth while when it itches like the dickens every night.

MARTHA RAYE

Judy Garland and Martha Raye ought to know each other. Besides having Dave Rose in common (Martha was married to him; Judy



Martha Raye and Ann Sheridan, who used to feud, are now a mutual admiration society—and a swell comedy team.

will be), both girls possess a quality of generosity and understanding that's hard to beat. Judy is reported to have told friends she's heard wonderful things about Martha and is also reported to have expressed the hope that Martha will be completely happy in her marriage with hotel man Neal Lang. And Martha, for her part, is equally gracious about her ex-husband's second love. Only it is not Martha's way to make sentimental speeches. Martha must wisecrack even when she's serious. As she did at the pre-marital shower given her by Ruby Keeler, for example. Linking her arm through Ann Sheridan's, Martha drew Annie away from the rest of the guests. She was choking with happiness as she told Ann how grateful she was for everything. "And do you know, honey," she finished off, "I really think Neal will marry me—if he doesn't meet Judy Garland first!" P.S. Martha became Mrs. Neal Lang on May 24th.

STRIP PLEASE

If Jon Hall isn't careful, he'll find himself literally caught without his pants. Publicity

photos of Jon, clad in the male version of a sarong (he wears it to woo Dorothy "Aloma of the South Seas" Lamour), have drawn hundreds of letters from women who want his tropical diapers for souvenirs. Now that he's finished the picture, Jon's willing to yield his flimsy wrap-arounds. But there remains one thing he won't do. He won't accommodate the 25 females who, on reading he was having his wisdom teeth yanked, wrote in asking if they couldn't have them for mounting. "Nothing doing," says Jon. "I've got to draw the line somewhere—by gum!"

DARNELL DIPLOMACY

You've got to hand it to Linda Darnell. Linda graduated from high school a few days ago and might have returned to her home town of Dallas, Texas, for the event, but for one thing. When the good people who control such things learned she was considering graduating with her old school chums, they decided the school auditorium couldn't hold the mob that would want to watch a movie star receive her diploma. Scratching their respective scalps, they finally hit on a solu-

miserable without him? Wrong again. Claudette snipped off her holiday for just one reason. She doesn't want divorce rumors to start rolling. And she knows they would if she spent as much as a night apart from her lord and master. "When I used to read movie magazine stories that said a star's life was not her own, I used to think, 'Ugh, what slush,'" Claudette declares. "But believe me, brother, I'm not sneering any more! Look at those trunks! Full of gorgeous gowns, shoes and furs—and they'll never get farther than Hollywood and Vine!"

SHORT SHOTS

Add collectors: George Murphy hoards old newspaper columns. He ties them up with shoe strings, vows he'll read them "some day" . . . Martha Raye owns an autographed portrait of Vic Mature which reads, "To Martha, from a charming fellow." . . . John Barrymore is renting his 20-foot stuffed crocodile to Alexander Korda for "Jungle Boy" . . . "Strawberry blonde" Rita Hayworth switches to "russet redhead" for her role in Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich."

possible to get a fork to his mouth! Which is a far cry from Bob's early days in Hollywood. Then he was breaking into radio and couldn't even lure an audience to his broadcasts. Bob's favorite story about those days is the one about the time his option was coming up, and he was in desperate need of audience laughter to impress his sponsors. His career was hanging in the balance until he had an inspiration. Before each broadcast he'd sneak next door to the popular Edgar Bergen show and redirect the exit ropes so that Bergen fans, as they left the studio, were unwittingly herded into the Hope booth! Then Bob would tear off a quick routine, and in a few minutes the duped audience would be rolling in the aisles. The scheme must have worked, too, because Bob's sponsors, listening from the East, picked up his option two weeks ahead of time!

THE PERFECT HOST

A party at W. C. Fields' home always amounts to the same thing as the Fourth of July—fireworks. The last one was no exception. Fields invited a group of friends in for



The twice-married Jon Halls (Frances Langford) grin at the strictly corn charity show, "Clothes Closet Revue."



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire's Bundles for Britain consist mainly of crates of lemons. They're the height of luxury there!



Erich Maria Remarque and Marlene Dietrich have a whirl before delving into their usual literary discussions!

tion. They would hire the gigantic Cotton Bowl! That was too much for Linda. When the plans were carried to her, she called the whole thing off. She didn't intend to steal the show from the other kids, and she certainly wasn't going to make a Roman holiday of such an important ceremony. Politely turning her back on the enterprising Dallas-ites, she was graduated from a local Hollywood school, and her formal education was brought to a close with the same lack of pomp and circumstance that marked Judy Garland's high school graduation just a year ago.

DEATH TO A RUMOR

Claudette Colbert is all packed up with no place to go. After weeks of tearing up the town preparing for an excursion to New York, Claudette learned husband Joel Pressman would be too busy to accompany her. Quick as a flash she applied for a cash refund on their tickets and, as we go to press, is enjoying (?) her vacation in her own front parlor. Did Claudette scrap her plans because she was afraid to leave Pressman alone? She did not. Or because she was afraid she'd be

HIGH TENSION WIRE

Three pals—all top movie names—were listening to a radio news commentator recently and heard him announce that their best friend, a famous star, was suing his wife for divorce. The wife happened to be a woman thoroughly detested by the threesome, so they immediately zoomed over to a Western Union office and dictated a long wire to their pal, telling him how lucky he was to be rid of the creature, how much they loathed her, etc. Forty-eight hours later the star and his wife were reconciled! Right now our trio is in the market for 3 pairs of snow-shoes. They contemplate Alaska "for the duration." They'd rather trek across the Tundra than remain within tongue-whipping distance of Mrs. Movie Star, who found the wire when she returned home!

STEP INTO MY PARLOR

Once upon a time Bob Hope couldn't afford three meals a day. Now he can afford them, but he can't eat them! Every time he sits down to a restaurant five-courser, he's so swamped by fans and fellow stars, it's im-

possible to get a fork to his mouth! Which is a far cry from Bob's early days in Hollywood. Then he was breaking into radio and couldn't even lure an audience to his broadcasts. Bob's favorite story about those days is the one about the time his option was coming up, and he was in desperate need of audience laughter to impress his sponsors. His career was hanging in the balance until he had an inspiration. Before each broadcast he'd sneak next door to the popular Edgar Bergen show and redirect the exit ropes so that Bergen fans, as they left the studio, were unwittingly herded into the Hope booth! Then Bob would tear off a quick routine, and in a few minutes the duped audience would be rolling in the aisles. The scheme must have worked, too, because Bob's sponsors, listening from the East, picked up his option two weeks ahead of time!

the evening and introduced them to a magician he had hired to entertain them. As the magician set up his equipment, Fields raved about his talents. "The best in America," he promised his expectant cronies. But one of the guests was not interested in magic tricks. He preferred the magic of the blonde assistant the magician had brought with him. Luring the lovely lady into the garden, he began making violent love to her and was still at it when the magician stormed into their presence. The sight of his beautiful aide in the arms of another man was too much for him. The magician went berserk, took a swing at the guest, then ran to the living room where he started to break up the furniture! Fields took command. He called the police, and magically the fuming man was whisked away to the county jail. After the air had cleared, Fields faced his guests. "Well, boys," he gloated. "What did I tell you? I said you'd see the best magician in the country, and you have! He started in my parlor and, presto—wound up in the hoosegow! Match that if you can!"



B.



C.

COOL AND DARK

A. Green shantung with yellow collar. Dorothy Hobbs, at James McCreery, New York. \$5.98

B. Navy piqué, gold buttons and eagle insignia. A Joan Kenley at Oppenheim Collins, Phila. \$3.00

C. Black linen with luscious red strawberries appliquéd on the skirt. Saks 5th, New York. \$14.95

D. Brown shantung dress and jacket with crisp white collar. James McCreery, New York. \$10.95



A.

By Elizabeth Willguss



Going to the Dance?



Above: a dream dress of floating chiffon in soft aqua and white. B. Altman, \$16.95



Left: pale blue chiffon, shirred midriff and jacket. Arnold Constable, \$14.95

MID-SUMMER MAKE-UP

(Continued from page 49)

cooling if chilled in the refrigerator.

If you want to look really fresh and inviting in summer weather, take special care with your make-up so that your skin will stay dewy fresh no matter how high the temperature soars. Be sure to apply a skin-matching foundation first—either in cream, stick, cake or lotion form—and blend it carefully and evenly. Then set it with an ice cube wrapped up in a clean hankie or piece of cleansing tissue. Give your skin a finishing touch with your chilled skin freshener applied with a tissue or a bit of cotton.

Then apply your powder (unless your foundation base takes the place of powder) in a shade that will flatter your summer skin. If your complexion is colorless or your tan is the kind that makes it look muddy and yellow, you can pep up your coloring with a rosier, more glowing shade. Generally, if your skin has a golden tan tone, choose a powder rich in golden, bronze or faintly orange shades. You girls with fair, delicate skins who don't want to or just can't tan will look lovely in one of the delicate petal or cream shades of powder. Your summer powder should always be fine and fluffy in texture.

YOUR lipstick and rouge need changing for the vacation season. You gypsies, whose skins have been toasted to a rich, tawny color, should discard the subtle tones of pre-suntan days and choose a livelier make-up. Generally, lipstick, rouge and nail polish of a deep glowing tone that tends toward orange-red will be much more flattering than your old favorites, red-red or blue-red. You who have fair skins will find that the bright, gay, warmer cheek and lip rouges in either clear red or blue-red will look best with summer pastels and bright colors.

If you are a light blonde or a brown-haired girl with a fair delicate skin, your most becoming shade of rouge will be either a clear rose or a red with a faintly bluish-cast. If you are a fair-skinned brunette, you can wear either deep rose, clear red or a blue-red shade of rouge, dependent on your costume colors.

You may be a golden red-head with a pale ivory or faintly pink delicate skin. The most flattering make-up with your hair and complexion will be a soft orange-red or subdued clear red shade of rouge and lipstick.

If you're in doubt as to just what shade of rouge is best for you, pinch your cheek until the color rises, then try to match your make-up to that shade.

But whatever you do, be particularly painstaking with your summer make-up and general skin care. This is the season when the girl who is innately fastidious and careful of her beauty and appearance comes into her own and far outshines the girl who relies on unaided charms to put her across, forgetting that sun, wind and summer heat wreak havoc with even the best of skins.

A cool and inviting make-up for summer charmers is Park & Tilford Face Powder and Dry Rouge. Both are vacuum sifted to such amazing fineness that they smooth on your skin like satin and cling for hours. And they are available in all flattering summer tones. Rose Glow is a grand shade for girls who don't go in for heavy tanning. The powder gives your skin a soft, glowing undertone, and the rouge, a subtle rose, adds warm and natural-looking color to your cheeks.

Lollipop and Butterscotch

for Summer's
"Sweet
fingertips"



Cutex Oily Polish Remover contains no acetone. New 50% larger bottle.



Beaux gather like bees around a honeypot—when nails are sweet with the new Cutex Lollipop or Butterscotch. One's rich, red raspberry . . . one brown-sugary and sun-touched. Every Cutex shade goes on like a breeze. Dries as hard as crystal! Resists chipping and peeling for days and days. Wears amazingly long. Stays lustrous until you're ready for a fresh manicure. Cutex Polish is porous—lets moisture through. Cutex shades flatter your skin and costume colors. The even bristles in the Cutex Polish brush are securely set in a shaft—made in U.S.A. —Cutex is "All-American"! Only 10¢ in U.S.A.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London

CUTEX *Tops for Flair and Wear*

The Fragrance of DJER-KISS

CLINGS LIKE A KISS

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 Kiss... 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 7oz. to 10z.
Foundation Film, Face Powder,
Lipstick \$1 each.



DJER-KISS
by KERKOFF

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

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

Picture	General Rating
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia).....	3★
*Adventure in Washington (Columbia).....	3★
Affectionately Yours (Warners).....	2½★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)....	C 3★
Back Street (Universal).....	3★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M).....	C2½★
Bank Dick, The (Universal).....	3★
*Billy the Kid (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Black Cat, The (Universal).....	2½★
Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia).....	C 2½★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox).....	C3½★
Buck Privates (Universal).....	C 2½★
Case of the Black Parrot (Warners).....	2½★
*Caught in the Draft (Paramount).....	3★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists).....	4★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★
Citizen Kane (RKO).....	4★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M).....	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★
Comrade X (M-G-M).....	3★
Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)....	3★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO).....	3½★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M).....	2½★
Double Date (Universal).....	2★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)....	2½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney).....	C 4★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal).....	3½★
Flight Command (M-G-M).....	3★
Flight from Destiny (Warners).....	2½★
*Footlight Fever (RKO).....	2★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners).....	3★
Four Mothers (Warners).....	3★
*Free and Easy (M-G-M).....	2★
Free, Blande and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO).....	3★
Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia).....	2★
Golden Fleeing, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★
Go West (M-G-M).....	C 2½★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Great Lie, The (Warners).....	3½★
*Great Mr. Nobody (Warners).....	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Hard-Bailed Canary, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M).....	3★
*Here Comes Happiness (Warners).....	2½★
*Her First Beau (Columbia).....	C 3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★
High Sierra (Warners).....	3½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic).....	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★
Honeymoon for Three (Warners).....	3★
*Horror Island (Universal).....	2★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★
*I'll Wait for You (M-G-M).....	2½★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal).....	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★
It Happened to One Man (RKO).....	3★
I Wanted Wings (Paramount).....	3½★
*Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount).....	3½★
Kit Carson (United Artists).....	C 2½★
Kitty Foyle (RKO).....	4★
Knut Racket—All American (Warners).....	C 3½★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount).....	3½★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal).....	3★
Lady from Louisiana, The (Republic).....	3★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia).....	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M).....	3★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount).....	2★
Letter, The (Warners).....	4★
Let's Make Music (RKO).....	3★
Life With Henry (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Little Men (RKO).....	2½★
Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia).....	2★
*Love Crazy (M-G-M).....	3½★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount).....	3½★
Mad Doctor, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M).....	2½★
Major Barbara (United Artists).....	C 3½★
Man Betrayed, A (Republic).....	3★
Man Made Monster (Universal).....	2★
*Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universal).....	3★

Picture	General Rating
Meet Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★
Meet John Doe (Warners).....	4★
*Melody for Three (RKO).....	2½★
Men of Boys Town (M-G-M).....	C 3★
*Million Dollar Baby (Warners).....	3½★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO).....	3★
Mr. District Attorney (Republic).....	2★
*Mr. Dynamite (Universal).....	2★
Model Wife (Universal).....	3★
*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Moan Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
*Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)....	3★
Nice Girl? (Universal).....	3½★
Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount).....	2½★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
No, No, Nonette (RKO).....	2½★
*One Night in Lisbon (Paramount).....	3★
One Night in the Tropics (Universal).....	2½★
*Penalty, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Penny Serenade (Columbia).....	3½★
People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	2★
Philadelphia Story The (M-G-M).....	4★
Playgirl (RKO).....	2★
Pat O' Gold (United Artists).....	3★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
*Pawer Dive (Paramount).....	2½★
Pride of the Bowery (Manogram).....	C 2½★
Queen of the Mab (Paramount).....	3★
Rage in Heaven (M-G-M).....	3★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	C 2★
Reaching for the Sun (Paramount).....	3½★
*Reluctant Dragon (RKO).....	3★
*Repent at Leisure (RKO).....	2½★
Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Ride on Vaquera (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Road to Zanzibar (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Road Show (United Artists).....	2½★
Road Show (United Artists).....	2½★
Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic).....	C 2½★
Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Rookies on Parade (Republic).....	C 2½★
Round-Up, The (Paramount).....	3★
Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO).....	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Sea Wolf, The (Warners).....	3½★
Santa Fe Trail (Warners).....	4★
Scattergood Baines (RKO).....	2½★
*Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO).....	2½★
Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Second Chorus (Paramount).....	3½★
*Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount).....	3½★
*Shining Victory (Warners).....	2½★
She Knew All the Answers (Columbia).....	3★
Sis Hopkins (Republic).....	3★
Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga (Universal)	2★
Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
So Ends Our Night (United Artists).....	3½★
Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists).....	3★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★
*Strange Alibi (Warners).....	2½★
Strawberry Blande (Warners).....	3½★
*Sunny (RKO).....	3★
Tol., Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)....	3★
Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount).....	C 2½★
That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists).....	3★
That Hamilton Woman (United Artists).....	3½★
That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
They Dare Not Love (Columbia).....	2★
They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
This Thing Called Love (Columbia).....	3½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
*Too Many Blondes (Universal).....	2★
Topper Returns (United Artists).....	3★
Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M).....	2½★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Virginia (Paramount).....	3½★
Voice in the Night, The (Columbia).....	3★
Wagons Roll At Night, The (Warners).....	3★
Washington Melodrama (M-G-M).....	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
Western Union (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Woman's Face, A (M-G-M).....	3½★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
You're The (Paramount).....	2½★
Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M).....	3½★

WHY WOMEN FALL FOR RAFT

(Continued from page 29)

his fractures clean. That's his policy.

But you might bump into him and his pint-size girl friend on the avenue. Joan's studying music, so he goes to piano recitals with her. His chief delight is to steer her into Bonwit's or De Pinna's where he tries to buy out the stock in her size. "Now you've spent enough," she decrees and refuses to try on another nickel's worth. From Hollywood he phones her every week. And hidden away in some vault lies a sheet of legal foolscap ensuring her future—poignant evidence that no child of his own could be dearer than the daughter of the woman he once loved.

Two years ago, having finished "The Women," Norma Shearer went to Europe with a stopover in New York. She met Raft at the World's Fair, to which she'd gone with a party of friends. They'd met often enough in Hollywood, said hello, how are you, and passed on. Their circles didn't touch. Norma was a ruling member of the smart set; George picked his friends where he found them. Gary Cooper's one. But for every kindred spirit among the stars, he counts a round dozen among grips and extras.

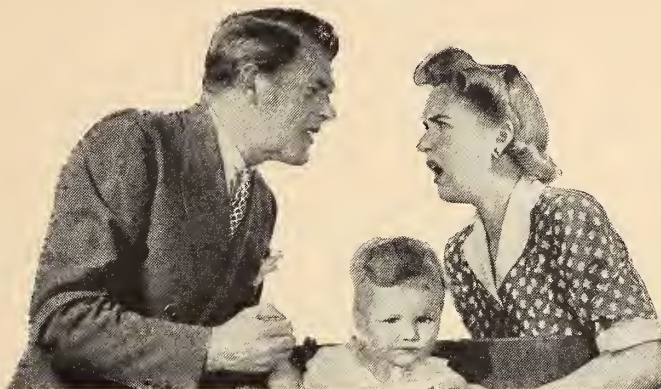
MAYBE it was the carnival atmosphere. Maybe it was the moment of destiny. Whatever it was, something clicked that night between Raft and Shearer. He was on her boat when it sailed—along with a lot of others, including the Charles Boyers, the Eddie Robinsons, Madeleine Carroll, Roland Young. He spent seventeen days with them in the south of France and got back just under the line for a picture schedule. On Norma's return they became a constant twosome. And one of its most chattered-about.

After all, it wasn't a logical combination. George had never shown any liking for the glitter of Norma's world; she'd shown no disposition to step beyond its limits. What people lost sight of was that when a man and a woman are strongly attracted, lifelong habits are frequently tossed on the junkheap.

Not that Norma, when you saw her at racetracks and football games with George, gave any impression of a sacrificial lamb on the altar of friendship. On the contrary, she looked like a kid out of school, revelling in unaccustomed stimulation. George in turn attended diamond-studded premières, which he'd hitherto avoided. About social functions and the people who threw them, he'd had what amounted to a phobia. Now, outwardly imperturbable though shaky inside, he went to swank parties. He found himself liking Norma's friends—better, he was frank to admit, than he'd expected. They liked him, too. He's a man of no pretense. You take him as he is, or you don't take him. When he had something to say, he said it. When he didn't, he kept his mouth shut. By this time he'd moved into his Coldwater Canyon house where he and Mack confined their activities to the den and their bedrooms. Once in a while they'd each try one end of the living room sofa just to see what it felt like. Now he was using his house for the first time. Norma got him to give some dinner parties of his own.

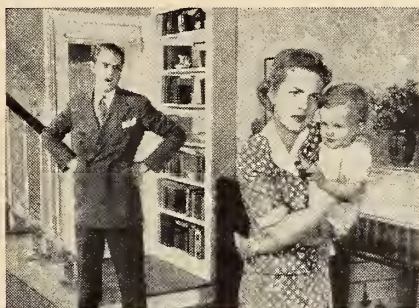
Then there were the children. Wherever there are children, Raft feels at ease. He fell with a thud for the charms

"But he's not an incubator baby any longer!"

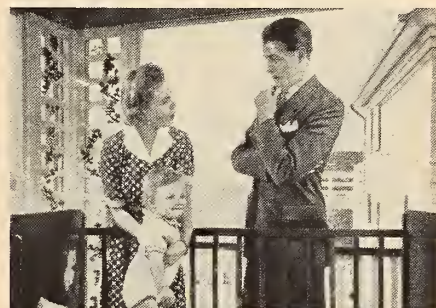


1. Funny, the way my husband took it as a kind of personal disgrace when our little Michael was born an incubator baby. He still

hates to think of it. And now that Michael's so fine and healthy (even 2 oz. overweight!) Mike's always after me to "treat him like a man!"



2. The other day Mike was on a regular rampage! "Holy smoke! He's a nice normal baby—why treat him like a hothouse flower? Special this, special that—even a special laxative! You've got more special gadgets for that kid than—"



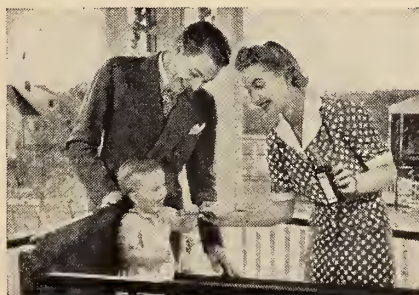
3. "Say—wait a minute!" I said. "Those 'special gadgets,' as you call them, are just what's made Michael a nice normal baby. Of course I give him modern things designed for a baby's needs. I give him just what the doctor tells me to give him!"



4. "The doctor says you shouldn't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. A baby needs things designed especially for him. He gets special foods, so naturally he should get a special laxative. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria!"



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



6. Well, Mike looked a little sheepish when I tossed all those facts at him. And when he saw how Michael takes Fletcher's Castoria and loves the taste... that settled it. I haven't had a single laxative squabble 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

**"Is There Really
SWIM-PROOF, RUN-PROOF,
SMEAR-PROOF
Make-Up?"**



"My Dear, that Tangee Natural just stays on like mad! You can swim all day and it lasts and lasts. Besides Tangee Natural gives the lads a new slant on you. All Winter you've been a glamour girl...overnight Tangee Natural makes you the gal of the great outdoors."



"Another Thing. Tangee Natural Lipstick and the matching Creme Rouge refuse to melt and run when it's so hot you literally feel like *expiring*. You come in off the course, peek in the mirror, and there you are...beautiful. Your make-up is perfect...and so *natural* looking."



"Remember how perspiration used to smear your make-up? Well, not anymore! Tangee Natural Lipstick and that wonderful Creme Rouge have the Indian sign on that too—and both have the famous Tangee color change principle."



TANGEE
Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ MM81

of young Irving and little Katharine. He took the boy to the ball games. He'd run out to the beach house when Norma wasn't at home to build sand castles with the baby.

My guess is that they didn't contemplate marriage, that each enjoyed the other's society without plans for the future. But your guess is as good as mine. While it lasted—a year—their feeling for each other was real, marked by acts of consideration, big and small. He never passed a shop window without hunting through it for something that might please Norma. Whatever her dinner menu, she always saw that there was steak for George, the only meat he cares to sink tooth in. There was a lot of talk at the studio about co-starring them in a remake of "A Free Soul." Nothing came of it though. And abruptly as it had bloomed, the romance faded. Sorry, I can't tell you why. George's picture still stands in Norma's living room. "It just seemed to end," he says, when he says anything. He thinks she's wonderful and claims that in his eyes she can do no wrong. Make what you like of it.

WHICH brings us to Betty. George always had what he calls a little crush on Betty. He took her and her sister to the bike races when she was sixteen. But for any sixteen-year-old George's feeling would be more strongly tinged with protective indulgence than romance.

She was still very young when she married Jackie Coogan. Raft was just one of the nice guys on the Paramount lot with whom she'd exchange a word or a gag or a laugh in passing. The little blonde's screen career didn't jell. Neither did her marriage. Calling a halt to both, she trekked east, pulled herself a plum in "Du Barry Was A Lady" and became one of those overnight toasts of Broadway. Blinders ripped from their eyes, the studios yelled, come home! She did, eventually—to the arms of Twentieth Century-Fox.

Raft visited New York during the period of her triumph. But he made no attempt to see her. Not George. "The whole town's on her trail. What chance would a guy like me have?" he said to a friend.

She returned to Hollywood and made "Tin Pan Alley." Noting that she never went out with the same man twice, George cannily deduced that she was heartfree and plucked up courage. Just a little. Not enough to approach Betty. He asked their mutual friend, Mary Benny, to sound her out and talk him up. The build-up proved superfluous. Betty promptly said yes. George as promptly phoned. Would she go to the Benny broadcast Sunday night, then on to Ciro's?

Now Betty's a good healthy girl. She never gets sick, take her word for it. So on the morning of her first date with George, she woke up feeling rotten. By midafternoon she knew she'd have to break the date. It almost broke her heart. She was afraid George might think it a stall. She put her mother on the phone to verify her own testimony that it wasn't. George said he understood. He said he was going to the President's Birthday Ball and would call her when he got back. She hung up the phone and wailed, "Maybe he's stalling me."

She knows better now. The Sunday after his return they went to the Bundles for Britain benefit and danced at Mocambo. On her doorstep he said, "I'd like to see you again."

"When?"
"Tomorrow night?"
"That's fine with me."

They used to hit the nightspots. Neither drinks, but both love to dance. Between dances they guzzle Poland water. Or George sends a boy to the corner drug-store for an ice cream soda, his favorite beverage. One day he asked her how about a ball game, and she whooped with joy. Now it's baseball on Sunday afternoons unless they drive down to Caliente for the races. On Tuesday and Friday nights they go to the fights. Virginia went to please George, Norma for the novelty; Betty goes because she's as nutty about them as George.

They haven't been seen at a nightclub in weeks. From "Miami" Betty hopped right into "A Yank in the RAF." When she works, she's in bed by nine. So she'd rather dine in slacks at the Canyon with George and Mack than bother to go out. She's happiest anyway running around in slacks but feels conscience-stricken sometimes because she thinks George likes to see her dressed up. She needn't worry. George's viewpoint is, what's it matter what she runs around in, she's always Grable. After dinner they play gin rummy. She beats him occasionally. And always legitimately. She won't let him let her win. It's he who watches the clock, gets her out by eight-thirty and home by nine.

He thinks she's more fun than any girl he's ever known—sunny-hearted, full of laughs, easy to please. She insists he can outclown her, only he's not so noisy about it. She calls him her straight man—or, to tease him, Sinister. He calls her Goodlookin'. She says he's soothing. She's never seen him excited or heard him raise his voice. Her tendency is to rush around. "Take it easy," he says. "Everything's under control."

ACCORDING to Betty, the world holds no kinder man. Recently she went to the hospital with an infected wisdom tooth. Her jaw was out to there. George assured her it wasn't swollen at all, or if it was, it looked lovely that way. Flowers arrived every hour on the hour. She asked for a book. He sent her eight of them.

Once she told him that she always took her mother to dinner on maid's night out. Once was enough. He's never forgotten that Thursday is maid's night out, never failed to ask Mrs. Grable to join them. He loves to give but hates the act of giving and will run a mile to escape a thank you.

"Think your brother-in-law'd like to go to the fights, Betty?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

"You ask him."

Or, "Here's some perfume I got for your mother. You give it to her."

It's come to be a running gag in the family. "Betty Alden," she says, "speaking for Miles Standish Raft—" He can't bring himself to hand even her a gift. "Go look on the table in the other room," he tells her.

For all her youth and gayety, I have a suspicion that Betty reads Raft more truly and values him more justly than any woman has done. She knows he has the only qualities worth a damn—those that make character. She also knows that somewhere along the line he's been hurt, and the knowledge moves her to a fierce compassion. Now and then she'll surprise a look in his eyes that she can't bear. "Who's been mean to you, George?" she cries.

Whether they'll marry, nobody knows. Not even they, since it doesn't wholly depend on them.

But George says she's made him happier than he's ever been in his life.

And Betty certainly hopes she'll never make him sad.

LIFE FOR HENIE IS TOPPING

(Continued from page 31)

On the shimmering ice under the colored lights with the music, the glitter of expensive costumes, the brilliant skating of the troupe all forming a background for the special combination of speed, grace, rhythm and technique that makes her great, Sonja is magical. Topping caught the mood as soon as her first number was completed. He straightened in his seat. He wasn't bored.

More than an inarticulate admirer he judged her as one athlete would another. Great coordination of muscle and mind. Fearless. Not a nerve in all the hard flesh of her five-foot-two body. The girl was terrific! By the end of the show Topping was figuring out excuses to meet the little Henie. Then he hit upon it. He'd have to be the gentleman and thank her for the tickets. He owed her that. His friend would want him to. So Topping found himself in Sonja's dressing-room, and that was the beginning of that.

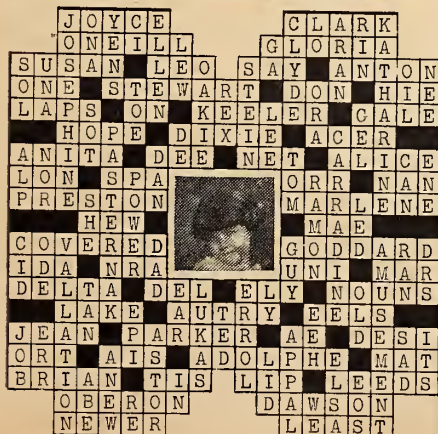
They went out to dinner several times but not the first night. No, Sonja saw to it that she didn't play "easy to get." White orchids, the snow maiden's favorite flower, found their way to her apartment, and then all too soon, the troupe moved on to St. Louis. "It just happened," said Topping, sucking his pipe stem, "that I had to go West on some business for the team." He squinted at the hills that rimmed the horizon and waited for the "Oh yeah?"

"Well, I did, and my trip took me to St. Louis, so we saw more of each other there. And then by chance the troupe went on to Pittsburgh where I had to go, too, on some business for the team, and I saw Sonja often there," he explained.

In April the campaign began. "We talked over getting married three months before we did it," he says. "You know, idle talk. Could we get along? What would our chances be for a successful marriage? We were in a party that went to Hawaii, and Sonja had a serious throat infection. She took her illness with the same sporting quality that she takes everything else. A man can't help but admire a woman like that. She is different from any other woman I have ever known.

"Ask me what traits I liked best about her, and I can't answer. Maybe it was her fearlessness and her complete independence. I know . . . men are supposed to like the clinging vine type of woman,

Solution To Puzzle on Page 8



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CHAIN & DEPT. STORES



but Sonja can be just as feminine as the next woman and more fun, if she wants to, but when she needs to be, she can be a hard-headed business woman. There's a lot of novelty in a woman who is completely contradictory."

She talks in big money, because she makes big money and handles it fearlessly, trusting a few close friends who started out to be business associates but proved themselves worthy of confidence. One of these is Chicago's Arthur Wirtz, who owns half of her carnival company and is owner of sports stadiums in several Eastern cities. So complete is her trust in Wirtz that they do business without a written contract.

In 1939 she told me that Wirtz was the "finest man I have met in America." She doesn't change the rating now that she has married Dan Topping. "That's something else . . ." she says, wrinkling up her nose into a bunny-like grin.

IT was at Wirtz's Chicago home on Lake Shore Drive that Sonja married Dan Topping on July 4th, 1940. The obvious thought is that they both gave up their independence on Independence Day, but that is far from fact. "And I'll tell you why," said Topping, crossing his brown-slacked legs.

"Neither one of us married for financial gain. We are independent financially, and it's not a question of 'what do I get if I leave you?' And 'what becomes of the money I've made while I was married to you?' If we do split, and I fervently hope that we never will, there will not be any bad temper stirred up because of property settlements. The way we are now, our marriage is based purely on community of interest and our affection for each other.

"Do you know that we haven't had a quarrel? And as it looks now there seems to be little reason for us to quarrel. Sonja is anxious to become a part of my world, and I'm just as anxious to fit into hers. However, there's one thing that I do stop at, and that's ice skating. I haven't been on skates since I stopped playing ice hockey, and I've never been on figure skates.

"On the other hand, Sonja says she is going to take up golf, which I have been playing since I was seven; and she has already taken to football like a real fan; she's seen twenty-five games this season. We both like to fish, and Sonja's great at it. We like to swim and we're building a Long Island beach house.

"In town we live in a suite at the Waldorf, and if we feel like a swim, we go to the airport where I keep my plane—I've been flying for years—fly down for the afternoon, take a dip and are back in New York to sign any letters that require my signature and to have dinner together."

This life plan runs along like fiction, and there are only a few things that could upset it. One is that a certain national defense measure known as conscription may take Topping, who is now in a deferred classification; and the other is that as *paterfamilias* Topping may ask the ice queen to give up her winter tours, which have been like life's breath to her since she turned professional in 1936.

Touring means jumps every week to all parts of the country; a wife whose waking hours are devoted to professional, not wifely, duties. Topping is too much in love—and so is Sonja—to stay in distant New York while the biggest woman box office attraction in sports history is touring the provinces.

"Besides, it's expensive to be separated from Sonja," he says with a quick grin. "Long distance calls four to six times a day and telegrams . . . it all runs into money. As it was, I had to miss being

with her on her birthday this year."

There is no indication that Topping is readying himself to ask Sonja to make this sacrifice to their domestic happiness. He understands her feelings very well and respects them. He knows that she is young enough to be vastly thrilled by mob adulation. She's still under thirty, and he's about four or five years her senior . . . a Pennsylvania University footballer, by the way. Quit school in '29, the year the bottom dropped out of the market.

What he would like to see Sonja do is make one film a year. Make it in the Winter or Spring and have her spend from July to January in New York and at Long Island, for those are the months that professional football demands his attention. If that could be contrived, Sonja might have other duties to take her mind off the sweet thrill of flying across the ice on her firm, chubby legs and the intoxication of music and motion. Little Toppings, for instance. Sonja is agreeable to the idea of children, wants them very much and laughs at Winchell's premature prediction. She'll let him know, and gladly, whenever it's true.

If their common interest in sports and their love did not bind them together, Sonja and Dan Topping would still have an item in common. They are both pioneers in sports that have, since they helped launch them, caught the country's fancy. Sonja with her plushy ice revues revitalized the common snow sports of skating and skiing; made several million dollars; created a niche for her brother Leif, who since the overthrow of Norway, has been manufacturing snow togs for America's leading class stores.

Topping, in a less spectacular way, has focused public interest on professional football, and in the East the fad is healthy. "I've owned the Dodgers for eight years," he says. "The first four years were tough. It took time to get people interested; I had to build up the team. The last four years have been comparatively easy, and last year the team played to two million people."

THE fact that her husband is a good business man as well as a sportsman, adds immeasurably to Sonja's happiness, and happy she is. Never has her round-cheeked face with its mischievous brown eyes been brighter nor her compact little body any more slimly curved. "Thank heavens I didn't marry an actor!" she says. "I don't think those marriages can succeed, can they? Both in the same profession. Or is it possible?" She asks these questions out of fullest curiosity, but she wouldn't waste time debating them. For she is strictly a woman of action.

Sonja's house in Oslo—city of her birth—the one that she redecorated in satins and mirrors—is now in the hands of the Third Reich, and she has had no word of it. She thinks of buying with her husband a home in California. Lavish as she is in spending money and razor-keen about making it, Sonja still delights in giving her co-workers what they wouldn't buy for themselves. Now she has someone to give her gifts. Topping's latest is a sixty-five carat cat's eye ring mounted in simple gold setting. It's the largest in the world and was exhibited at the World's Fair.

Ask her if her meeting with Dan Topping resulted in "love at first sight" for her, she dimples and parries the question with "love by first sight. . . ?" And that's all the answer you get. It's against her Nordic ethics to undrape her emotions for the press. You can be sure, though, without asking, that life for Henie is simply Topping.

SERIOUS SIDE OF A SCREWBALL

(Continued from page 45)

and the average money-mad homo sapiens. The lure of filthy lucre did not drive Eddie into a search for this special vitamin oil. His motive was purely and solely a desire to contribute profit to the poor and to the ill. And that's not soap.

Eddie Albert's plan was this: He wanted to go to starving fishermen in Costa Rica and other Central American countries. Extract them from their poverty. Give groups of fishermen his money to buy boats and equipment. Let each establish his own shark-hunting business. Let each, for the first time, earn a living wage. Then Eddie would buy the shark-liver from his prospering fishermen, have the stuff processed and canned and sold in drugstores cheap enough so that any poor person, ill of health, lacking the proper vitamins, could become healthy for almost nothing.

"It was a great idea," admitted Eddie. "But it leaked out, and now several huge corporations have invested two million dollars in the same thing. They're going to market the stuff themselves. It'll be a service, sure. But it'll be more expensive now, and it won't help the fishermen. In brief, it wasn't exactly as I planned. Of course I can't compete. I just haven't the cash. But I may continue in this business in a small way."

We don't want to feed you any varnish about all of Eddie Albert's projects being purely philanthropic. They aren't. He likes, also, to involve himself in purely speculative stunts of longshot possibilities that bear the overtones of high adventure and excitement.

Thus when Ginger and Dana Lamb, California explorers who wrote a best-seller book a couple of years ago, came to Eddie with an idea for a hidden city hunt, he was all ears and bankbook. He backed Ginger and Dana Lamb—and showed us a letter he'd just received from them. They are, at this writing, in Southern Mexico, near Tehuantepec, seeking the Lost City of the Mayans, armed with Eddie's machetes and pistols, fighting stinging ants, chiggers, spiders, brush and heat.

As a result of this and other projects he's backed, Eddie receives a tremendous amount of mail every week from people who have inside information on hidden diamond mines, secret gold veins, unexplored ruins. The only thing he contributes to in these cases is the wastebasket. He told me about a letter he got from one old prospector. The man was a real oddity. "For full expenses paid



Answer to a maiden's prayer
for her skin
in summer



YOU know from experience that you can't be *too* carefree about your skin in summer. You can't mercilessly expose it to sun, wind and weather without protective care, and hope to escape such logical results as leather-dry, rough skin, oily shine, blackheads, or enlarged pore openings.

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 Useful everywhere.



and ten dollars a week, I will find gold for you," he wrote Eddie. "I am a freak. I can walk over land, and when there's gold running beneath, I can feel it in my feet and it registers a special taste in my mouth." This amused Eddie. But not to the extent of drawing hard-earned money from the bank.

More than anything, Eddie Albert, who in his time even played stooge to a professional circus strongman, loves to invest in human beings. If he finds a person who is interesting, who has something to offer, but is down on his luck—Eddie is willing to put cash across the board on the person's future with no thought of return.

Another time, down at the docks, Eddie found a Spanish guitarist, a down-at-the-heel bum who had just finished a furlough riding the rods. This character had picked up across America rare folk songs that had never found their way into print. Eddie had the guitarist under his roof to record these folk songs and sent the wanderer off with a handsome sum of money!

Eddie's latest two-legged property is a tall, reedy Chinese boy from faraway Canton. The boy's name is Lin. He speaks poor English. Understands less. Eddie found him slaving in a downtown restaurant, thought the Chinese lad exceptionally intelligent and quick and hired him as a cook and aide de camp. "I've had a complete education on China and the Far East from Lin," Eddie revealed. "Some fellow! His father is Mayor of Canton. His grandfather built one of China's greatest temples. He causes me endless grief, though. Gets everything bawled up on the phone. He cancels my important appointments. Fixes up the ones I attempt to avoid. And last week got me knotted into dating two girls in one evening—at the same time!"

Today Eddie Albert rents a sprawling and untidy furnished home on a dead end street near Warners and Universal, with Janet Gaynor and Adrian and Mary Brian and her new husband for his neighbors. The house is cluttered with a hundred Albertisms—part of a philosophic book he is writing, an original Rockwell Kent on one wall, three book-cases he built for his records that range from Brazilian rhumbas to Beethoven, piles of magazines like *The Nation* and *National Geographic* and *Modern Screen*, a piano and violin (both of which he plays) and numerous texts on the art of emoting.

CONCERNING the art of emoting—from which Eddie Albert earns his bread, butter and popularity—he is no slouch. More important, he is no screwball.

He claimed his one consuming ambition was to portray Edgar Allen Poe on the screen. He wanted to do Poe in a film on schedule labeled "Annabel Lee." We uttered the usual objection—that he was a comedian, and a comedian couldn't play Poe.

Eddie Albert lifted the roof off his home. "The devil a comedian can't play Poe!" he exclaimed. "Why, the physical resemblance would be simple. A black wig. Moustache. A little simple plastic work. But more important, I'm sure I could do justice to the role in other respects.

"True, studios have considered Laurence Olivier for the part. Well and good. He's a polished actor. And he looks somber. But that's the rub. Cast Olivier as Poe, and you know it's a tragedy. It takes out the element of suspense and conflict. You'd expect a moody picture. You'd get it.

"But if they cast a person who is

known to the public to be bright, fresh, alive, cast him as Poe, and then in the plot allow circumstances to put the old Indian sign on the actor, that would create suspense, frustration and finally, conflict and tragedy."

Eddie Albert elaborated with broad gestures.

"Listen, a good clown can play a serious part better than anyone else in the world, that is, if he's a good clown. Because anyone who understands the basis of comedy knows, also, the fundamentals of all fine acting. A funnyman understands the vital trick of acquiring audience sympathy, so that when frustration and sadness befall him, the audience loves him the more. I remember Joe Jackson on the stage. Oh, he was grand! Baggy. Forlorn. Hopeless. Shuffling out, staring at the audience and winning them over. . . . Believe me, that old saw about every clown wishing to play Hamlet need not be a gag. It might be an intelligent idea!"

WE tried to shift Eddie Albert to the subject of women. He was elusive. Admitted he preferred wandering around through saloons and getting into conversations with strange people over strong beers than attending inane parties with members of the weaker sex. If he had to go out with a woman, he preferred to attend a solid three-act play.

"Actually, I'm Hollywood's most ineligible bachelor," Eddie insisted.

Maybe. Maybe not. Anyway, we knew that many of the good-lookingers in town and the women with brains went for him in a big way. We were told that Jane Bryan, before she married Justin Dart, was crazy about Eddie. And Jane Bryan never cared for a person unless the person had plenty of gray matter in the second story.

We even heard rumor that ten years ago Eddie had married his radio partner, a cute gal named Grace Bradt. He'd met her in Minneapolis. Broke into radio with her on a program he wrote in Cincinnati called "The Honeymooners." He'd even acted opposite her on Broadway in "The Boys From Syracuse." We asked Eddie about Grace Bradt. He said she was swell. Really a peach. Clever and smart and a honey. But marriage? "Why, she never wanted to marry me. She knew me and my goofy ideas too well!"

We then proceeded to inquire if Eddie had any special type he was looking for. No, none. "If I knew the type of girl I wanted to marry," he said, "I'd be married today. But I do want someone with a sound sense of humor. A girl who could make life exciting and have endless enthusiasm for the important things that captivate me."

From other sources we learned that the splendid actress, Margo, who had gone out with Eddie several times, filled the bill in many respects.

"One more thing," said Eddie, before we left. "If you want to know what I'm really like, well, let me write the ending of your article about me."

"Sure," we said. "That would be swell!"

Eddie Albert took a pencil, a piece of paper, and here, friends, is what Eddie Albert, The Serious, wrote about Eddie Albert, The Screwball:

"This is the way I would candidly describe Eddie Albert. The reason he likes some people and doesn't like others depends entirely on their enthusiasm for life. If certain people enjoy living—and they should, because, hell, it's a cruel, but crazy and marvelous world—then Eddie Albert likes those people, because Eddie himself has a boundless enthusiasm for living, and he loves this earth, and above everything, its dwellers!"

WHAT MAKES YOU TICK?

(Continued from page 46)

To get a line on your personality, check on the chart below the stars who appealed to you on page 54.

ACharles BoyerJeffrey Lynn
Bob HopeJimmy Cagney
Robert TaylorTyrone Power
Jack OakieSpencer Tracy

C
Joel McCrea
Clark Gable
Gary Cooper
Cary Grant

If you have two or more check marks under any one of the groups, A, B or C, use that letter as one of your key-letters. For example: If you have two or more under B, but only one or none under A and C, your key-letter is B, and your personality rating will be listed under that key—B. Or if you have two or more check marks under B and C, but only one or none under A, your key-letter is BC, and your personality rating will be listed under that key—BC. If you have two or more check marks under A, B and C, your key-letter is ABC. If you have only one or no check marks under all three group letters, your personality classification will be found under XX.

A
 You must be a very gay and energetic type of person. If you are not, experience or age may have taken it out of you—but in spirit you remain the same.

You are very feminine, and unless we are greatly mistaken, you like much pampering and humoring. Of course, we all like attention—but you're inclined to reach for it.

You seem to put a lot of importance into "social standing," not so much attention to your budget and find it hard to be patient or concentrate on anything very long.

Inclined to be bored easily, sometimes considered frivolous and willful, there is nothing much the matter with you that a pocketful of money wouldn't easily remedy—but so say we all of us.

B
 You are the kind of girl who can turn out a swell meal, be a marvelous wife and considered a perfect mother. You may not be married—but you have those capabilities just the same—and someone will undoubtedly discover them before long.

Feminine to the point where you'd like your own home and a family, and that in itself is unusual in these days—you are a little on the conservative side at times. You will always be a help to your husband—or future husband—and no one could ever consider you a drag.

You get pleasure out of humoring a man and making him forget his troubles; you have a nice even disposition and have about everything that one would want in a "good pal."

C
 Well, well! Here's the practical, capable, efficient and diplomatic girl. You can take of a man without his even knowing anyone had done anything for him.

On the other hand—being that efficient has made you too conscious of details and personal problems. You'll have to

To hold his eyes

ACCENTUATE YOUR TYPE



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MERLE OBERON

The Ivory Skin Type
 Creamy skin, ivory tints. For striking clearness, Woodbury Rachel. Or for deep, velvet tone, Blush Rose.



VIRGINIA BRUCE

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



BRENDA JOYCE

The Honey Skin Type
 Amber skin with gold tints. For deeper accent, Woodbury Champagne. For a rosy look, use Windsor Rose.



MYRNA LOY

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

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dwelling a little less on the personal angle and remember that other people in this world who are having a tough time.

Incidentally, it wouldn't be too hard for you to neglect your personal appearance, let down in your zest for the spice of life or to become a little bit smug—so watch it and try to avoid these failings as much as possible—won't you?

AB

You're a little hard to satisfy, aren't you? When you come around, you rather expect others to take a back-seat and like it. There is absolutely no chance for any man to convince you that "woman's place is in the home."

A career for you—at least for a long while. Or if you do marry or are married, either pick him rich or make sure you can keep on working and maintain your outside interests.

You would have trouble running a three-room apartment without the help of a maid—even if you were at home all day long. We may be a little severe in this picture of you—but we are not far off—honest now—are we?

AC

You seem to be a sort of "dream-girl"—one in a thousand. Very sensible, practical and treating all your own and other people's problems with an understanding and sympathy that should have won you a host of friends before now.

Your friends find you a real good sport and good pal. You like variety and excitement, but with it all you can remember your obligations and limits.

Any man would find you an ideal mate and enjoy a serene kind of existence which isn't very often to be found. With all the desire for personal allure and glamour—you still believe that simplicity is the essence of good taste—and more power to you!

BC

No strings on you, are there? The main trouble is that you're too much business—over efficient. You could run a resort with less trouble than some girls have in keeping one room tidy.

Your budget is perfect, you save regularly, but it is just possible that even at an early age some people might think you had a "middle-aged" mental viewpoint.

If you will learn to take advice kindly, not talk so much, be less dominating, and in the presence of men (you know, the stronger sex) lean on them for a little more "support"—your popularity should begin to increase measurably. You may not like the idea—but believe us—it's good psychology.

ABC

You're a lot of fun—any place! You can take it as well as dish it out—and that covers everything from teasing to a hot-foot.

Inclined to be a little too extroverted (liking a lot of attention, being the center of attraction and slightly addicted to social climbing), it would take a mighty good man to make you decide on matrimony.

If you did love a man enough to marry him, you would certainly give him all the respect he deserves, but he'd never in his right mind call you a "home-body."

He will have to be broadminded, too—boy friend or husband—for you'll pay attention to whoever pleases your interest—when you please or where you please. It's a lot of fun, and we wouldn't want to change you for the world—but be careful, please!

XX

Have you heard the expression—"clinging vine?" That's you. Believe it or not, that's the type men fall for the hardest. They love it though, because it gives them the chance to make up your mind for you—most of the time, anyway.

If you are still single, it's an even bet that your budget is in a constant mess, you never know what to pick for lunch or dinner, find it hard to decide what to wear each day and find it even more difficult to select a movie to see on an off night.

If you like a man very much—lucky guy—you'll always be loyal, obey him like a pet, seldom hold an original thought in your pretty head (and why should you when it's a strong man's job, anyway) and sit around looking pretty much of the time.

They say it's a man's world—this troubled sphere of ours—but we need girls like you to keep ultra-feminism alive, and we are very glad you arrived at this classification.

ACCENT ON LOVE

(Continued from page 37)

you really look the way I think you do, or whether you're one of those mirages the desert throws up now and then."

They went to Chasen's for steak broiled over charcoal. Practically everybody in Hollywood who could afford a Chasen steak was there. And practically everybody who was there stopped to say hello to them, while they held hands under the table.

Ellen noticed that Si always listened graciously to what others had to say and vitalized the conversation by the things he had to say. She felt the same warm surge in her heart that she knew when her six-year-old son, Skipper, wearing a blue suit, a white shirt and a grown-up tie, recited in Sunday school.

It was strange that a girl who had made her mark as an actress should be as retiring as Ellen was six or seven months ago. It was curious she should have no wish to be the center of attraction herself but be well content to have the

men in her life—Skipper and Si—monopolize it.

She wondered if Skipper would like Si. He was apt to be a little strange with the men she knew.

They met the next evening. Skipper, who came downstairs in his pajamas and dressing gown and moccasins, eyed Si with that frank look of appraisal that is only possible to children.

"Hi, there, fellow," Si said. "I've heard about you . . . been looking forward to this."

He talked to Skipper as if they were the same age, and Skipper straightened up to attain the stature conferred upon him.

"Like to ride?" Si asked.

"Yes, I do," Skipper said, "but I don't get to ride very much, so I'm not very good at it."

"How about coming to the Riviera Club with your mother and me on Sunday? I have just the horse there for you."

Skipper's eyes broke in stars like those sent up by the sparklers children burn on the Fourth of July. Ellen put her arm about his shoulders. And when her eyes met Si's over his tow head, she tried to look a little aloof and disapproving. Nothing had been said about the Riviera Club on Sunday. Si took much for granted. She might have other plans. But when he grinned at her, for all her fine, proud resolves, she relented instantly.

Two weeks later found Ellen and Si at Palm Springs again. They rode up in the hills. They shopped along the smart main street of the little town; bought dwarf cactus for her rockery and an old Indian silver bracelet. They drank Pymys at the Luau bar. And when they joined the rest of the crowd at the Beverly Derby after driving back to Hollywood, they were engaged, and they both looked a little serious and holy, the way kids look when they take their first communion.

The weeks that followed weren't always happy for Ellen. Si liked to dine out and have people around him. And Sundays—the only day they had together, since usually they were both working—Ellen found herself surrounded by the socially confident wives of the men with whom Si played polo. Always she seemed to be groping for something to say and so self-conscious and shy that her brain was practically paralyzed.

"Look, Si," she said one day, "I want to say first of all that I understand your wish to have people around you. You sit alone in an office all day banging a typewriter. When night comes you want society. With me it's different. I'm surrounded by people all day on the set. When night comes, I like to relax.

"The main point, however, is that I'm not up to the kind of life we're living.

You see, darling, I'm not like you. I don't know what to say to people. And I have nothing in common with all those polo players' wives."

She smiled. "You know me, Si darling—I'm the girl who used to dole out chocolate nut sundaes in the candy store next to Graumann's Chinese. I never saw a steeplechase in my life, and I never cried 'Tally-ho,' or whatever it is you cry when you go after the fox. I'm . . ."

Si put his arm around her and drew her close. "You're a dope," he said. "My dope. If you never opened your beautiful mouth, people would be glad of a chance to sit and look at you. Thank God, you are the quiet type! We wouldn't get along if you weren't, I'm afraid, because I love to talk—and what would I do without you?"

HE gathered her closer. "Ellen, sweet, you do the best job of underestimating yourself of anyone I know. The best! You're Ellen Drew, a rising young actress with some pretty swell performances to your credit. You don't have to shine over a steak at Chasen's unless you want to. . . . The only thing is, I think you'd have more fun if you did go after the social spotlight sometimes! So let's see if I can't help you overcome some of that shyness. I should be able to. God knows I've never been self-conscious."

Ellen stood on tiptoe to get her arms around him. "If you only could," she said, "it would be so wonderful, Si!"

Nothing was accomplished overnight, but slowly Ellen changed. The publicity personnel at the studio noticed it. Previously when she had been interviewed, she had sat back quietly, smiled timidly and answered the questions that were put to her in a frightened rush. Gradually she came to be almost as interest-

ing and amusing with strangers as with those she knew well.

The way Si helped her was simple enough. "You like people or you wouldn't be shy," he told her. "Fact of the matter is you like people so much you're put off by what they'll think of you—and consequently you don't let yourself go.

"Make up your mind there are bound to be those who won't like you or think as you do. You wouldn't get much from that group anyhow, because the chances are you wouldn't like them or think as they think, either. So! Say what you have to say as graciously as you can and follow your instincts as far as you can without working any injustice to others. And have fun!"

In the early spring Si's team played at Del Monte. The polo crowd, including Ellen and Si, went up the day before and stayed at Monterey where the sea foams against the dark rocks, and the night winds that have twisted the cedars into eerie shapes throughout the years make the inn guests grateful for the open fires that burn in every room.

"This is a gorgeous place," Si told Ellen when he bid her goodnight at the door of the cottage she was occupying. "I'd like to come here when we're married, if you like it, too."

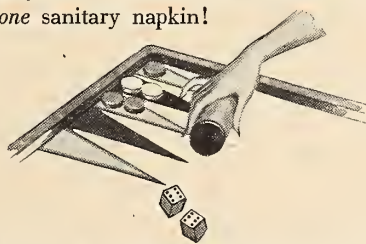
"I think it's Heaven," she said.

Sunday was one of those days when the sun was warm, the breeze was cool, and the air like wine. Ellen had a new suit—beige—and so beautifully tailored that she looked as if she had been poured into it. With it she wore a large black hat and carried a perfectly mammoth black bag. Men and women both looked often toward the box where she sat with her party. Now, no longer withdrawn in shyness, she was one of the crowd.

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The teams took their places for the last chukker. The wind was rising. Ellen gathered her beige topcoat about her shoulders. Only for a split second were her eyes off Si, but in that time his horse fell and threw him. Ellen gripped the box railing, but she said nothing. If the horse rolled on Si or kicked him . . .

"Si, Si," she cried. But only with her heart. The polo set remained calm about spills.

"If only," she thought, "the horse would run off before Si, with his unconscious dramatic quality, has a chance to jump on again—at least until he's sure he's all right."

The horse, on his feet now, looked around, and then as if Ellen's thought willed it, he spun about and made for the far end of the field.

A minute later Ellen was smiling at the flip remarks made by a famous horseman from the East and chatting easily about the best arrangements for dinner and the return home.

The next day she made up her mind to visit Skipper at the California Prep School where he's a boarding pupil. Si and she had visited him often on Sundays. And occasionally she had driven down to have dinner with him alone. But this was different. She went now because, Si's spill having shown her how very much Si meant to her, she was anxious to go ahead with definite wedding plans, and she wanted to tell Skipper all about everything before he heard gossip in a way that might make him feel jealous or resentful or left out.

SHE telephoned the school mother from her dressing-room on the Paramount lot first thing in the morning. "You dine early, at six, I know, and I'll do my best to be on time," she said.

Skipper began hanging around the main doorway at five o'clock. At five-thirty he began to fidget. At six o'clock when the dinner call sounded and he took his place at table, he had to blink back tears.

"David's mother is having dinner with us tonight," the house mother told the boys. (Skipper's real name is David Wallace.) "And, of course, you'll all stand until David has seated her."

At last there was the crunch of gravel in the driveway, and a car came to a stop. Skipper pushed back his chair and rushed to the door. And the house mother didn't stop him. A moment later he and Ellen entered the refectory, arm in arm. There was the scrape of chairs on the floor as the boys rose. Ellen smiled at all of them, made her apologies to the house mother, and took her place beside Skipper. He looked at her differently, she thought, but she laid this to her imagination and the purpose of her visit.

"Mommie," he whispered soon enough, unable to contain his emotion, "do you hear the boys saying your name—saying Ellen Drew? Last week we went to a picture show and you were in it."

Idolaty was in his eyes. "I was proud!" Ellen didn't know quite what to do. Skipper had never before been aware of her in any capacity except that of his Mommie. "Did you like the picture?" she asked. "Did you think I did a good job?"

Later, when Skipper was in bed, Ellen read him a story. He hushed her, his finger on his mouth, during the most exciting part. "Hear that?" he whispered, nodding towards the room beyond the thin partition. "Hear that! They're saying your name again. They're saying Ellen Drew."

Ellen knew how right she had been not to set a wedding date or make definite plans until she had come and talked

things over with him. Paragraphs would have appeared in the news columns. He probably wouldn't have seen them himself. But the older boys would have told him. And little boys are funny creatures. They get the strangest notions about things sometimes.

She smoothed his covers and took his hand. "I have something very important to talk over with you," she said. "Mr. Bartlett and I are hoping to get married. . . ."

Skipper looked very serious. "I guess you'd better," he said. "And quick, too! Before some other girl gets him. I've been thinking about you and Mr. Bartlett, Mommie. He makes you laugh a lot. And he takes you to a lot of places. So you don't get lonely while I'm here at school. And I'll be at school for a long time, I guess—for years."

She gathered him into her arms. "I think Mr. Bartlett's very nice," she told him, "and I had the impression you did, too. The three of us should make a very nice family, I think—don't you?"

"You bet," he said. He was sleepy now. He had to rub his eyes violently to stay awake.

Ellen kissed him and turned out the light. "Goodbye for now," she said. "Let's plan a picnic next Sunday—you and Mr. Bartlett and I."

It's a two-hour drive from Covina—where the Prep School is—to Hollywood. But it seemed no distance at all to Ellen. Her heart was singing.

Si's car was parked in her driveway. And she found Si reading in the living room. "Darling," she said, rushing to his arms, "I told you I was going to see Skipper tonight."

"I know," he said, "but I figured you'd be home early, so after dinner with the gang, I dropped round to say good night."

"Skipper thinks it's wonderful I'm going to marry you," she told him. She knew that was what he was waiting to hear.

His face brightened. "Now I can tell you what I want for my birthday," he said.

Immediately she was interested. His birthday came in July, and she had been wondering what on earth she could give him that he would really like. "What?" she asked.

"A wedding," he told her. Ellen laughed. "That's the kind of present I like to give," she said. "Something I can use myself."

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WARTIME HOUSE GUESTS

(Continued from page 52)

like and yet so very unlike their own."

For Conrad Veidt to be sheltering one of England's evacuees is in itself a paradox, but politics and changing creeds defy tradition. At one time Veidt was a leading character actor in his birthplace, Germany. He won recognition in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in 1919, and has had an enviable film career ever since. In 1931 he cut all ties with Germany and became a British citizen, offering his personal fortune to Britain at the outset of the war.

The evacuees—don't ever call the British "refugees," not while there's left a spear of grass, a tiny rock, that could be called England—are considerably scattered throughout greater Los Angeles. Some of them are kept in almost cloistered seclusion, their hosts refusing to give out names, ages or any information regarding them.

The brothers Warner, for instance, brought over nine or ten children, offspring of their exchange employees in England, and Mr. and Mrs. Hal Wallis (Louise Fazenda) are guesting several and giving their own child an opportunity to acquaint himself with English modes and manners. The children of English actor Robert Donat (Academy Award winner for 1938-39 with "Goodbye, Mr. Chips") and their mother are living quietly in Beverly Hills, almost in retreat, in a rented Spanish-type house, and Joanna, John and Brian, whose ages range from ten downward, attend a local elementary school "for the duration."

Mrs. Donat has yet to be lured into conversation with the press, and she sends word by way of her Negro butler when reporters punch the doorbell that she is in America as a "private person," and that she has promised Mr. Donat, who is in England, that she will remain a "private person" as far as interviews are concerned.

LESS reticent is the family of Gracie Fields, a cozy clan that fills their L-shaped house to overflowing. There are Gracie's two sisters, Betty and Edith, and their families. Betty, who is Mrs. Parry, and her husband and son Tony are not really evacuees, having been in America on and off for four years. Edith, who is the wife of Comedian Douglas Wakefield, came over in September with their two youngsters, Douglas, nine, and young Gracie, a little blonde girl of seven.

The thirteen-day trip across the Atlantic on the Duchess of Richmond with the battleship Revenge convoying it was not without excitement, although most of the world's attention was directed across the Channel on the other side of the tight little isle. The Wakefields sailed at the moment that Dunkirk was being evacuated, and the fighting fleets—air, land, sea—of both sides were engaged otherwise than in patrol of the Atlantic.

For the children, especially children that young, the visit to America is a great thrill. They enjoy the three-hour movies and hamburgers, although Mrs. Wakefield admits they don't get many typically

American dishes from her cook stove. "I cook English," she says. "That's the way I was taught."

Across acres of shining homes to the North in Santa Monica is the home of sister Gracie, the mill girl from Lancashire who became an English music hall favorite. At the moment she is touring America in personal appearances for British War Relief. But in her house is the rest of the Fields clan—squabbling, making up and loving it. There's brother Fields, and wife Dorothy, and son Michael, aged six. Yes, there's Momma Fields, too, full of pride in her theatrical brood. And Poppa Fields.

Little Gracie, big Gracie's namesake, looks up at the ceiling from where she is lolling on her back on a white-fringed rug and says, apropos of nothing: "My room at home has stars on the ceiling."

Patricia Morison's cousins, the English Ursula and Dennis Skeats (they're on her mother's side), are older, nineteen and fifteen, and they bury their homesickness in educational pursuits. Ursula has enrolled in an art school and is studying painting. She and Patricia are also studying sculpture at home.

Dennis thought he wouldn't like American schools very well. In the first place he was away out in front in the matter of math. The American kids were in rompers, mentally, when it came to doing sums. This proficiency gave Dennis time to look around and get his bearings, and then he discovered football. He found it was "simply ripping" and

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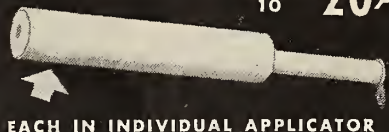
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as much sport as rugby. That put Dennis in right with the pigskin-and-chrysanthemum set, and now he finds America to his liking.

In some instances total war has brought career opportunity for the youngsters. Roderick Andrew McDowall is one. Steven Muller, an expatriate of Hamburg, Germany, who is more British in accent and thought than Basil Rathbone, is another. Both have found their way into film work, although Roddy has the edge on Steven. He has eighteen English-made films to his credit, the last being "This England," a cavalcade of the Empire that was made under shellfire. Roddy is now with Twentieth Century-Fox, has appeared in "Man Hunt" and will be seen as Huw in "How Green Was My Valley."

HE lives with his capable mother and older sister Virginia (she's thirteen) in a Beverly Hills house with garden. They have an Irish gardener, but he's very pro-British, which pleases Roddy, who is intensely patriotic, proud of his Scotch blood and English antecedents, and who wears a flaming red plaid tie of the Tribe McDowall.

Roddy had his baptism of shell and incendiary fire bombs before he sailed for America from Liverpool last autumn. He made "This England" at Rock Studios outside London and scurried with the other actors to shelter when the air warnings sounded. He treats the whole business with the stoicism of the child and the male.

"It was a nuisance," he says. "We'd just get started on a scene when the sirens would blast out, and we'd have to run for it. The Jerries seemed to fly on time-table schedule, and no matter what we started to do, we were always interrupted in the middle of it. Finally the men asked if we couldn't work right through the alarms, but that couldn't be done, either."

"At home Mother took the mattresses from our boat—they were made of rubber and springs and were very cushiony—and spread them under a staircase on the first floor, but first she propped up the stairs with a big trunk—just in case. . . . Then, every time the air raid alarm sounded, we all rushed to sit under the stairs. But first we shut the door leading to our shelter and piled pillows against it."

"We had a maid who became so annoyed at being taken away from what she was doing that she begged not to have to sit with us," said Roddy with great appreciation of her indifference. "When she would join us, she flopped down and said, 'Now isn't there something that needs mending? A dress, Miss Virginia?' She couldn't be idle."

Roddy and his mother and sister keep in constant touch with daddy Thomas Andrew McDowall, whose dangerous job it is to see that ammunition rolls in his fleet of trucks. Daddy never forgets to send a wire on special occasions, and especially after a bad blitz. When Roddy started "Man Hunt" (he thinks Walter Pidgeon is great, by the way), there was a cable from T. A. Andrews of the PDQ Transport and Garage Company that warmed his son's heart: "Daddy expects that your performance this day will be a beauty."

The other career child in this round-up of evacuees is Steven Muller, who has already Anglicized his given name and probably will do the same for his surname any minute. He is a rabid Anglophile, and his serious, brown-eyed child's face shows deep anger when he talks of the country of his birth, Germany, that would allow a man to serve as a soldier

in World War I, give him an Iron Cross for bravery and later toss him into a concentration camp, as they did his lawyer-father. The Muller family, father, mother, Steven and Norbert ("Nobby," fourteen months younger than Steven), is now united in Hollywood.

Steven has an I.Q. of over 150 and a persuasive Latin charm—his mother was born in the Rhineland and is of Italian descent. As a very young lad (he is now thirteen), his family took him on summer trips throughout Europe, and he learned to speak Italian and Spanish. He, his mother and Nobby fled to England two weeks before war was declared, and the youngsters were placed in a school-master's home in Chesham at the time of the Children's Evacuation. There Steven embraced English with great fervor, and, hearing him talk today, one would swear that he was a Britisher. However, America will be his home from now on.

His pervasive charm and sharp intelligence have already won him a spot on a CBS program, "Smarty-Party," and he has become the matinee idol of the Coast half-hour. Steven's film career budded in the childhood sequence of "Adam Had Four Sons," and he now has an agent. He finds Hollywood a little strange, has an intense disapproval of women in slacks and finds sport in hiking and tending his superior stamp collection which, through *heil* and high water, he has managed to keep with him.

Not all of the children have a hankering for film careers. Twelve-year-old Ursula Greig, daughter of an English bookseller, said firmly when someone told her she should be in pictures: "Ridiculous! I cannot dance, I cannot act, I cannot sing. I'd be perfectly idiotic and useless on the screen—as are many others we see there, in my opinion." This is typical of the appraisals of Hollywood given by the evacuees, who are not at all swept off their feet by cinema glamour.

HOLLYWOOD, with its usual generosity, and with a nod to the publicity it would get out of it, made one fine gesture toward entertaining the war-time house guests. A commercial photographer, Art Carter, with several advertising accounts (Ford Motor, B-Bar-H Guest Ranch, National Broadcasting Company) thought it would be a great idea to round up a dozen or more of the evacuees and take them out to have a look at America's natural wonderland, the desert.

"I took a few of our own orphans, just so there'd be no squawk," Carter explains, "borrowed ten cars from the Ford people, arranged with the Ranch to put the kids up for three days and then invited a few of NBC's stars to look in on us."

Benefit-minded Bob Hope was one of the first to respond. He and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Colonna spent several days with the evacuees, and Irene Rich not only devoted several days to them but outfitted all the children with "chaps," high-heeled cowboy boots, plaid shirts, scarves, sombreros. Other stars who joined them were Martha O'Driscoll, Preston Foster, Cowboy Actor Monty Montaigne. Even if the blank cartridges which were to be shot off in the mock stage coach robbery didn't arrive in time, the kids thought that the whole show was ripping.

What caught at the throats of the show's sponsors was the little lad who, after the children had retired on the first night, marched down to the desk clerk and asked him a question. "Please, sir," the child asked, "at what time do the bombings start?" That really made them think about these wartime evacuees.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC

(Continued from page 27)

Thirty-six-year-old Phil Harris, who acquired his southern accent in Nashville, Tennessee, where he was raised, was married to Marcia Ralston, attractive Australian Columbia Pictures player, for exactly twelve years and nine months! They decided to divorce in their unlucky thirteenth year. This split becomes final in September. And as soon as it does, Phil will remarry Alice just to make sure they are legally wed, since barristers question the validity of all hurry-up Mexican marriages.

Incidentally, Phil Harris and Marcia Ralston have a young adopted boy, and insiders state that Alice would give anything to have him as a stepson. She's wild about the youngster, recently bought him a crate load of special toys—and the boy, in turn, has a crush on Alice.

The handwriting on the wedding wall this time looks good, since both Faye and Harris are musicians, and both expect to continue their careers in Hollywood.

Brown-haired Phil, for many years famous as a crooner of love songs and reputed as a bandstand wit, originally took music lessons from his father in Nashville. He made his radio debut many years ago, on Rudy Vallee's program. In fact, it was Vallee's enthusiastic plugging that aided newcomer Harris in landing his first big orchestra job at Manhattan's Hotel Pennsylvania.

The long arm of coincidence and Rudy Vallee also touched Alice Faye. A remarkable thing. For just after Vallee

helped Phil Harris to fame, he also gave a hand to Alice. In the early days she was an ordinary chorus girl kicking her tootsies in George White's very naked Scandals. And the legend has been that for years she was silently in love with the fabulous Vallee. At any rate, Vallee was brought to Hollywood along with the George White girls to star in a big cinema production. Alice's only job was to lead her chorus girls in singing before the camera that hit tune, "Oh, You Nasty Man." But at the last moment, the Big Name of the show, Lillian Harvey, suffered a fit of ordinary temperament and said she didn't want to play in the Scandals.

"What am I going to do for a leading lady?" moaned the producer.

"Well," said Vallee, "I know a cute little girl in the chorus who could play the part."

So Alice Faye, just like Harris before her, was pushed up the ladder by the ever-generous, star-making Rudy Vallee.

When the blonde 29-year-old songstress was first introduced to Phil Harris, the sophisticated baton-waver at his night-spot, the Wilshire Bowl, it was an immediate "take." They began going around together nightly. For many months previously Alice had been half-heartedly playing the field. Going out with this fellow and that fellow. But her natural reticence, the complexity of her inferiority, the weight of her loneliness, kept her home the bulk of the time. With extrovert Harris she found her release.

He was her kind. He talked her language.

They went to Charlie Foy's intimate restaurant in the Valley and ate in a shadowy corner. They went to the dazzling and rowdy-dow Palladium Music Hall next door to NBC and jitterbugged and twirled to Glenn Miller's music. She called him Baby. He called her Honey. They didn't want fanfare, and they avoided photographers and crowds. They lived near each other in Encino and went for long brisk hikes in the blue hills. They went riding. They went dancing. They went a little crazy. And it was spring. But, of course, that had nothing to do with it.

For a long time Alice had been begging Zanuck for a vacation. She'd been working hard, pushing hard, was very nervous. Suddenly her three months' vacation was granted. She'd planned to go to New York with her mother. In all her years in Hollywood she commuted to New York, the old Tin Pan town, where she felt relaxed and at home. But now, at once, she was confused. A chance for a vacation in New York. And fun. Yet she was going steady with this Phil Harris. Also fun.

She went to New York finally, through the Panama Canal on the mighty and mammoth S.S. America. She would see the latest shows, buy the newest dresses, visit the oldest friends. She stayed in New York exactly three days. Each of these days she phoned Phil Harris. She missed him madly. He missed her badly. She returned to Hollywood.

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He was dividing his time between the Wilshire Bowl and a personal appearance on the stage of the Paramount Theatre. At the theatre she appeared nightly backstage and sat in the wings watching him and waiting to go out with him. At the Bowl she was at a front table regularly.

Finally, on her birthday Alice Faye received two presents from Phil Harris. The first was an engagement ring. The second was a recording Phil had made of his own voice crooning softly over and over and over, "Will you marry me, Alice?"

A week before she decided, she was in NBC, sitting in the control booth watching her Phil broadcast with Jack Benny. During the program, Harris began making fun of Benny which prompted Jack to ad lib that one classic line. He pointed up to blushing Alice in the glass enclosure and, nodding toward Phil Harris, remarked:

"You know, I just can't understand what Alice sees in that guy!"

The audience roared.

But apparently Alice sees plenty. For while she loves to read best-sellers, Harris enjoys Hemingway's books and Noel Coward's plays. She loves bowling more than any other sport, and he, too, likes to spend time at the Hollywood Recreation Center shooting at the ten pins. Alice likes to be carefree, to dress in slacks, to stay up late when not working, to hum songs, and Phil also prefers the easy and unorthodox jam session life.

Above and before everything, Alice Faye has always wanted, always desired, a husband who could bring to her love, companionship and music. Phil Harris will give her that love, that companionship—and certainly, now at last, she shall have that music!

LIPS THAT LURE

(Continued from page 47)

lines that add so many years to your appearance. Pucker and purse your lips every time you can. Whistle as often as you dare without shocking all your friends and relatives. Blow hard and soft by turns—when you are in the privacy of your own room. By such surprising antics are soft, lovely lips developed. Open and close your mouth, first vigorously, then gently, many times a day in odd, spare moments. Chew gum for at least a little while each day. This is a marvelous loosener-upper of lip and mouth muscles. And here is an exercise which, if practiced faithfully, will help correct a drooping mouth: Put a little finger in each corner of your mouth and pull gently toward your cheeks. This will not stretch or injure delicate tissues if it is done with care.

Another lip-prettier is the exercise of reaching out with your lips to bite an apple or some other edible held just out of reach. This forces lips to take a very beneficial exercise. A deep rotary massage with well-creamed fingertips around the edges of your lips each night and morning is another most effective loosener-upper.

And don't worry about the shape of your lips. If they are soft and expressive, a few lipstick tricks will do the rest, easily. Besides, lip shapes are interesting indexes of character. For instance, a large mouth is an indication of courage, generosity, understanding and good nature—four pretty priceless virtues. A well developed lower lip shows love of

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luxury. Center fullness in the lower lip suggests protective instincts, such as all good parents have. Sympathy and patience show in fullness of the upper lip. Good judgment, kindness, charity and common sense all lurk behind firm, full, well-proportioned lips. Rosebud lips imply a youthful, even childish disposition.

But now a word about the art of lip-stick make-up. When you sit down at your dressing-table to apply your lip rouge, try to visualize your lips as a structural part of your face to be fitted and related to the rest of your physiognomy—as well as to your own personality. Let your lips express *YOU*—the very best side of you.

If your face is *oval*, make your lips full and natural-looking and not too daring in color. Oval, you know, is the ideal face shape, and lips to harmonize must never be extreme in any way.

If your face is *round*, rouge your lips into rather wide curves. This will give the illusion of an oval face.

If your face is *long*, lips should be fairly wide, especially the lower one, and the color should be carried all the way out to the corners.

If your face is *square*, curve your lips with a strong bold line. Tilt them upward just a bit at the corners, too.

If your face is *diamond-shaped*, stress the center of your lips with extra color, outline them with soft curves and use colors of medium intensity.

If your face is *heart-shaped* with a broad forehead and narrow chin, shape your lips also something like a heart, using a medium shade of rouge.

If your chin is *broad* and your forehead *narrow*, make up your lips to look full as well as wide.

If your nose is short and turns up piquantly, a wide upper lip should ac-

company it. If your nose is long or large, though, emphasize your lower lip. If your lower lip is a lot fuller than the upper, round out the latter to more nearly match and balance it.

To make your lips appear wider, extend color right out to the very corners. (Be sure it doesn't cake there, though.) To make lips look shorter, shade off the color just before you reach the corners. Color concentrated at the center makes lips look narrower. And do extend your lip rouge far enough inside to leave no sudden break in color when you talk.

To make them fuller, extend the color just a trifle beyond the edges. To narrow their appearance, keep the color just inside their natural line. To avoid chapping, "undress" your lips at night—take off all make-up with soap and water, cream and facial tissue.

Whether your lip rouge comes in stick, cream or liquid form, always apply it last of all your make-up. Whenever possible, start with a perfectly clean face, freshly washed with soap and water and cleansed with a good cream and tissues. You can't expect perfect results if you put new make-up on top of old.

Do your upper lip first, then press both together firmly. This transfers excess color to your lower lip and helps prevent that artificial look.

A long, fine-haired lip rouge brush or a special red make-up pencil can be used to good advantage to outline your lips, especially if you want to actually change their shape. Draw your outline with one of these, then fill in with your lipstick, paste or liquid lip rouge. This make-up technique may be a bit involved for ordinary everyday wear. It does require a little time and skill, but it's well worth the effort for important or extra-special occasions. No matter how you apply your

lip rouge, be sure to soften the edges with a tissue or your finger, for nothing will make you look harder or older than a rigid line around your lips.

After finishing the upper lip, shape your lower one carefully. Blot off extra coloring from both with a clean tissue and "set" the color with a light film of powder over all. If you don't like the mat finish that this gives, add a tiny drop of cream—or just moisten your lips.

Skill, not speed, should be your aim in lip make-up. Don't try to change your type. Study your face; then dramatize your best points and play down your poorest. Lips that lure are softly, artfully natural looking. They speak of grace and charm and warmth—not hardness or artificiality.

It's every girl's duty to present a fresh, dewy face, even on sultry summer days. You can keep your skin clean and lovely by always using Phillips' Milk of Magnesia two companion aids to beauty, the Cleansing Cream for a thorough job of loosening and absorbing surface dirt, and the Texture Cream as a good skin softener and make-up base. This latter removes excess oiliness or softens roughness so that powder and other cosmetics smooth on easily and last for hours. Both neutralize excess acid accumulations on the skin.

If your fingernails are brittle and unhealthy, don't make excuses for them. Instead, let Mayfair Nail Culture help you get them back into condition. It includes two preparations which, used together regularly, will restore nails to their natural pliancy and correct irritating cuticle conditions. It's extremely beneficial to your nails after your hands have been in water, and can be used both before or after applying nail polish. Why not try Mayfair Nail Culture today?

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GENTLE JIM

(Continued from page 39)

times they'll let you come fairly close. To Cagney that's a major delight, as snuffing their lives out seems a major crime. Unless a man's hungry. *Really* hungry and with no other means of getting a meal.

If rabbits are killed anywhere on his property, whoever's responsible takes care that the boss doesn't know it. He won't even let them destroy snails. Standing beside a rosebush with the gardener, he picked one up, examined it closely and set it back where he'd found it.

"I'll get some snarol," said the gardener.

"Don't bother—"

"But they do a lot of damage."

"Let 'em live," said Cagney. "They probably do good in some other way."

You can't be associated with him for long without realizing the intensity of his repugnance to the destruction of life. Not that he forces it on you. He's no crusader. But it's part of him, as the fiber is part of cloth. While the Coldwater Canyon house was being built, Chuck Griffin, his secretary, heard the police dog yelping at the foot of a tree round which some workmen, almost as excited as the dog, were gathered. One of them was about to hurl a stick of wood but waited for Chuck to get in on the fun.

Up in the branches two scared raccoons huddled close to each other as if for solace, rigid with terror at the hubbub below.

"Better break it up, boys," said Chuck, "before Cagney comes along."

"Why, what's the matter? We just want to get 'em down for the dog."

"Well, I'm telling you. If Cagney sees this, he's likely to beat the tar out of you."

They thought he was kidding. He shrugged. "That's the way he is. Just a funny guy."

When he did come along, the funny guy locked the dog up in the garage until in their own good time the raccoons beat it.

Most of us like one animal or another—horses and dogs that respond to affection. We may think that deer are beautiful and raccoons are cute. But few of us get worked up over fish. Cagney doesn't make eyes at them, either. Yet life in whatever form is sacred, and for years he refused to let anyone fish from his boat, yielding only under pressure to the jeers and pleas of his friends. He managed to ruin fishing for his brother Bill.

Bill Cagney, Jim's producer and manager, was a fisherman of parts. Had anyone told him that the day would come when a few words were to make

him quit the sport, he'd have grinned derision. For four days on end once he sat in a boat casting, impervious to a lovely girl on the bank who kept waving him to come ashore.

He and Jim had sailed to Catalina. About to land, Bill had said: "I think I'll stay and catch some fish for dinner."

"I wish you wouldn't fish from the boat, Bill—"

Bill flapped a weary hand.

"Okay, I've only got one thing to say." Jim picked up a gaff. "Proportionately, that hook to the fish is about as big as this gaff to you. How'd you like to get it through the side of the face, in the eye maybe, and be played back and forth through the water that way for ten minutes? All right, don't tell me those fish don't feel. Their nerves are as quick as ours—"

"Go away," murmured Bill. "You're breaking my heart."

JIM went. Bill stayed and fished and reeled in his first catch. Removing the hook, he found himself wincing, most uncomfortably conscious of the gaff through his own eye. "Damn!" said Bill, and threw the fish back. From then on he was through. "My brother stuffed me inside a herring's skin," he explains in what passes for self-disgust.

Animals are dependent on human good will, which to Cagney's way of thinking makes humans responsible for them. About people he feels otherwise. He doesn't believe in coddling. He thinks the greatest kindness one human can do another is to help him toward self-dependence. He himself was bred to the school of hard knocks, economic and physical. He thinks they buttress the spirit and build character, that unless we're trained to stand up to them, they will destroy us.

He's no sucker. He won't fall for whiners or chisellers or the female who takes advantage of being one. If you're out on a limb through your own folly, he's likely to let you find your way down yourself on the principle that you'll eye the next limb twice before leaping. But the boys on the lot know that when they're in real trouble—an operation that can't be paid for, a sick child, a job desperately needed—Jim will take care of them. "See Bill," he says. Bill has standing orders. Jim prefers it that way. It saves him from squirming through the bog of embarrassment into which thanks plunge him. To let the right hand know what the left does is almost worse than keeping both in the pockets. There was no fanfare when he and his wife adopted their redheaded three-year-old. Against his efforts the bare fact leaked out. He's seen to it that there's been no further leakage.

His understanding is not confined to the checkbook. Newcomers playing with him bless his name. They don't even have to be newcomers. Co-starring in "The Bride Came C.O.D.," Bette Davis said: "I thought I knew something about acting. There's my professor." Ann Sheridan drew her first major part in "Angels With Dirty Faces." She was jittery as a jello. They started with a scene in which she slapped Cagney. She couldn't get it right. Having slapped his face crimson, she tried to fake it for rehearsal, and every time she faked it, Mike Curtiz, the director, yelled.

Cagney stopped the slaughter, took

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Ann off to the sidelines and rehearsed her quietly for fifteen minutes. Then he pointed to the camera. "See that thing, honey? There's plenty of film in there. Spoil a hundred feet, and there's always another hundred left. So just take it easy." They all profited from that. Ann lost her nervousness, and Curtiz got his scene in one take.

Arthur Kennedy was brought from New York to play Cagney's musician brother in "City for Conquest." Jim had asked for him on the strength of George M. Cohan's assertion that he was the finest young actor on Broadway. On the morning of Arthur's first test, Jim dropped in, grinned hello, good luck and goodbye. "Anyone else," says Kennedy, "with the best intentions in the world would have driven me nuts, sticking around, talking, encouraging, trying to be nice. He did just enough—showed a friendly interest, which was what I needed—and got out."

When he gathers at Chasen's with his pals—Frank McHugh, Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins, Ralph Bellamy, Spencer Tracy (the Irish Club, they call themselves)—his tongue wags freely. On the set he's quiet, listens more than he talks. The chair beside him soon finds an occupant. "How's the wife? How's the kid?" asks Jim. His queries are never perfunctory. He knows that the kid's been teething, that the wife's just back from a visit with her folks. His memory for names and faces is precise. He associates not only the name with the face but the human being with both. "Did your husband get over that operation all right?" he asked a woman visitor to the set. She stared at him as if he'd pulled a rabbit out of her nose. He'd met her husband briefly in Chicago five years earlier. What had stuck in his mind was the thing which had lain uppermost in the other's mind—an impending trip to the hospital.

HE can find no excuse for discourtesy—especially when shown to those who are in no position to talk back. He's the antithesis of the fellow who bawls out the waiter—a performance, incidentally, that makes him see red. Visitors on a Hollywood set have little more than a nuisance value. They stand around gaping, they cough in the middle of a take, they make the temperamental nervous. So when people want to ensure friends a thrill and a cordial reception at one stroke, they steer them around to wherever Cagney's working.

He treats them as a host treats a welcome guest. When they leave, he sees them to the door. If they gibber, as they're likely to do on their first encounter with a movie star, he does his very best to put them at ease. "Isn't it a lovely day?" was all one tremulous lady could find to gasp. Instead of letting it lie like an egg, he picked the day up and went on from there to days in general and California's in particular, not to mention the nights—till he'd restored to the lady her poise and spirits. For which she remembers him in her prayers.

The supposedly tough Cagney neither smokes nor drinks. He used to be interested in the fine points of boxing. Now he rarely goes to fights—only when he's invited and feels he can't beg off. He doesn't enjoy watching green kids take a shellacking. His tastes have turned him toward other and gentler arts.

He writes verse and makes etchings, but is shy about showing his compositions in either even to his intimates. He loves Persian miniatures. If you know them at all, you'll remember the goats arrested between leaps in postures enchanting and absurd, knees bent, cloven hoofs

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pointed like a ballerina's. Cagney keeps goats for the sole pleasure of watching them run up the hillside and hit that pose.

He's sometimes a riddle to his nearest and dearest. Walking in Beverly with Bill, he grabbed his brother's arm as the latter moved to take a short cut over the spring grass.

"What's the matter? You've done that half a dozen times before. Still afraid someone's going to yell get off the grass?"

"Let's go 'round. That's alive. No sense in trampling it."

"You slay me," sighed Bill, going around. "How about the rabbits trampling your cabbage patch?"

Jim grinned. "Any time you need grass in your diet, go ahead and take the short cut on all fours."

There's one look of Jim's that requires no explaining. Bill has caught it often. They may be laughing together when down it comes, pitying, still and baffled, cutting off laughter like a pair of shears. Then Bill looks around to see what's eating him now—some blind man tap-

ping his way along the boulevard, a dog with his tail up but a leg gone. It may be something as simple as a girl in a cheap new hat which calls glaring attention to her scuffed shoes and wilted spring suit.

"Look at her. She's got two dollars in the world to spend, and that's all she's got."

Whatever his private reaction, Bill registers protest. "She's happy. She loves that hat. She figures it looks snappy, she's got a date with a boy, she's going out tonight, and where the devil are you going tonight?"

Not that he thinks to persuade his over-sensitive brother. But drawing a smile, he feels the glow of some minor achievement.

A man of perception and few words, having met Cagney for the first time, said to the friend who'd introduced them. "I like him. He's a fellow you'd want alongside if you were in trouble."

And that, as well as any single phrase can, sums up the kind of a hairpin Cagney is.

IT'S A HECK OF A SENSATION

(Continued from page 57)

players, all right—they were in the cellar in the Southwest Conference—but they couldn't hire any. And he couldn't seem to think of any campus jobs I could get to support myself. I shrugged my shoulders and started out the door to head on West. Maybe the fact that I could depart so blithely got under his skin. Anyway, he called me back and said he had just thought of a job I could have. So I went to Rice—for seven years."

He played fullback on the Freshman eleven, which mopped up all opposition. The next year when the same team became the Varsity eleven, Rice started getting on the sports pages. Jim played end until a crackled knee benched him. He was out of competition when Rice won the Conference championship in 1934. But he can always say that he took part in The Reformation.

"I signed up for the pre-med course when I entered. I wanted to be a doctor. I had very high ideals. But the going was too tough, working my own way, so I had to give up the doctor idea."

"Now what?" I asked myself. Cold reasoning told me that the smart thing was not to get set in any one line but to be pliable. I had seen plenty of fellows train themselves for certain definite professions and then not be able to get any jobs in those professions—and not know how to do anything else. . . . I decided I wanted a diversified education, to be able to mix with all kinds of people. I took everything from animal husbandry to child psychology with the idea in back of my mind that if I could mix with all kinds of people, I could be a salesman.

"And it's lucky that I went through with the idea of being pliable because, when I got out of college, the only job in sight was that of a roughneck in the oil fields. I slung iron around for three months." He grins reminiscently. "You never know what you can do till you try."

"Then I got a job with General Motors in Houston. The head of the GM office there knew me at Rice when I played football and basketball. He was one of the people I hit for a job when I got out. He said then that when something opened up, he'd send for me. A lot of other people said the same thing. Only

he remembered.

"I started at the bottom—collecting delinquent accounts—and worked up to sales promotion manager."

That took approximately two years, at the end of which time he was entitled to two weeks' vacation. Jim decided to spend it in Hollywood.

"I looked over Hollywood a few days and decided I liked the place. Then I went out to M-G-M to see talent scout Hinsdell. 'I want to ask you two questions,' I said, 'after you take a look at me.' He raised his eyebrows and said, 'Yes. Go ahead.' I plunged. I said, 'Discounting whether I have ability or not, how do I stack up physically? Would I photograph as anything?'"

"He thought I was nuts. He asked me, 'What's on your mind?' I told him. I said, 'The second question depends on your answer to the first one. The second question is: How does a guy who has never acted in his life learn how to act?'"

"He found out that I wasn't a nut, and luckily for me, he was a Texan. He got a kick out of this blunt Texan barging into his office and coming right to the point."

"He said, 'Go back down to Houston and get yourself a diction teacher and get in some Little Theatre plays. Come back a year from now, and we'll have another look at you.'"

"The next year I came back. Again, on my vacation. I wasn't burning any bridges behind me."

By this time, Hinsdell was at Paramount. So Jim went to Paramount.

"I walked in on a Monday afternoon—to face this talent-scout array. I had nothing to lose so I wasn't afraid of them. I showed them my one newspaper clipping and my photograph. They said they liked me, and if I would stay around for six weeks and take some lessons in screen acting, they would give me a test. I said, 'Oh, no. I'm here on a two weeks' vacation from a good job. I'm not going to toss up that job on a gamble. If you don't want me, I'm going around to other studios.'"

When he blithely started out the door, they reacted like the business manager at Rice. They decided they had a job for him, after all. They gave him a con-



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tract without a test. On Wednesday his salary started, and he wired his boss that he wouldn't be back. He had become a movie actor—named James Craig.

"Three weeks later I was playing the lead in a Harry Sherman Western, 'Thunder Trail.' For two years I played nothing but Westerns. I'd be considered for a part in some straight dramatic picture, and then somebody would always ask, 'Have you had any stage experience?' and that was the end of my being considered. I got tired of answering 'No,' so one night about 11 o'clock I pulled out of Hollywood and headed for New York."

He made the rounds of all the Broadway booking offices and all the Broadway producers and finally talked himself into a part in Guthrie McClintic's "Missouri Legend." McClintic, the producer-husband of Katharine Cornell, never hires people who can't act. The fact that he hired Jim was a testimonial that Jim, by this time was an actor. . . . Columbia caught a glimpse of him after he had been in the play three weeks, overpowered him with an offer and rushed him to Hollywood to make some serials.

"After six or seven of those I transferred to Universal where I did six or seven quickies, including one called 'Zanzibar,' which wasn't good but wasn't bad. It played Hollywood, which was something.

"That was how Director Sam Wood happened to invite me over to RKO for an interview along with five hundred other guys, when he started looking for someone to play Mark in 'Kitty Foyle.' We talked about everything but the part and the picture. I still don't know what made him pick me. All I know is that I'm glad he did."

He personally scoffs at this romantic appeal. "I won the girl in 'Kitty Foyle,'" he says, "but I haven't kissed the girl yet. And the only kissing I get to do in this picture is a little old peck on the cheek."

But the fact remains that mash mail is beginning to arrive by the carload. A fact that inspired an over-enthusiastic press-agent to rumor a few romances for him. Jim squelched the rumors immediately with a public announcement that he was a happily married man with a two-and-a-half-year-old son. But ask him about the real romance in his life, and he says, "We don't talk about that." Apparently there is an agreement that he won't bring up his marriage if other people don't bring up phony romance rumors.

The baby's name is James, Jr., but Jim calls him "The Bub."

One thing Jim will never be, if he has anything to say about it (and he'll have plenty to say about it), is a Glamour Boy. "Audiences like to see real people," he says. "It makes it easier for them to visualize themselves in the same situations. I'm going to stick to Kipling's motto: 'Don't look too good nor talk too wise.'"

He lives just as he did before his big break—and still wears the same clothes including the same-size hats. His idea of "going out" is still a visit either to the neighborhood movie or to a baseball game. He has no use for night-clubs. He likes to be able to get up at 6 A. M. to shoot a little golf before going to work.

He worked methodically to get in the movies. But he's convinced today, "You can't get in the movies just for the money and make good. Somewhere along the line a little acting bug has to bite you and give you the urge to do a job well just for the sensation of doing a job well. You can't always do it, but when you can, it's a heck of a sensation."

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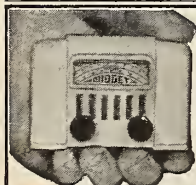
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IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

(Continued from page 55)

did all sorts of things—peddled paintings, tended the art gallery, hustled trays in tea rooms and finally posed in the pink for the paint and palette boys. "I was knee deep in Bohemia," recalled Dorothy, "and sometimes it was pretty sticky."

Just the same, she gradually got around to leads in the Carmel Little Theatre's offerings doing "The Night of January 16th" and "Cradle Song." Then suddenly came contact with Hollywood and—boom!—the headaches began.

Checking back, Dorothy seems to have a talent for getting tangled up with geniuses. Maybe you remember a while back when Charlie Chaplin had had his first spat with Paulette—right before he started "The Great Dictator." Charlie was lolling around Carmel, a little bit on the loose. He went to the Little Theatre one night, saw Dorothy doing her stuff, and the next thing Hollywood heard Chaplin had found a new protégée. She was young and she was beautiful, and to Hollywood that, coupled with Chaplin's well-known tastes, spelled romance. The newspaper boys got busy.

Well, most of them couldn't find anything beyond a rumor because that's all there was, but one enterprising news-hawk from a San Francisco sheet hopped down to Carmel and made Dorothy a proposition. If she'd tell all lurid details about the flaming Chaplin romance, said he, he'd be happy to give her reams of publicity. "There isn't any romance. I'm sorry," said Dorothy.

But the fellow wrote the story anyway—a masterpiece of imagination. He also printed a picture of Dorothy taken from her shady lady part in "The Night of January 16th." He just labeled it "Dorothy Comingore," as if that was the way Dorothy went around all the time. And what he hinted about her and Charlie Chaplin was scandalous!

Warner Brothers' casting king saw the item and wrote her a note. Send a picture, he said. Dorothy collected all her life class model proofs, snipped off the heads and forwarded the torsos. "Come at once for a test!" Warners wired.

HA! Ha! laughed Dorothy. "What will I use for money?" she wired back. They sent her that, shipped her down, lodged her at the very fancy Town House, with limousines, with chauffeurs, with everything, in fact, but a part in a picture.

Came the christening then (they tagged her Linda Winters), seventy-five bucks a week, and Dorothy settled down to being a studio stock contract player, than which there is nothing worse if you get the type of exasperating go-by Comingore got.

For when her legs had been properly snapped from every conceivable angle, and all the bathing briefies lensed on her curves, it came—the axe. "No particular promise as a personality" was the report.

She kept in bacon and beans with an extra job here and a bit there around town. She did a Poverty Row quickie and made \$150 which looked like a fortune but didn't last like one. Then to her amazement, her agent got her on another stock player studio list—this time at Columbia. Soon Dorothy discovered why.

"What did I do there?" said Dorothy. "Well, my hands were starred in inserts for all sorts of important pictures. The back of my head and other rear views got a good many breaks, too. Then, of course, the bathing suits. Oh, I kept

busy. I worked every day and all day. But I didn't do anything, if you get what I mean."

Dorothy finally forged upward and onward to a part in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." She was one of a bunch of extra tootsies who met Jimmy Stewart at the station. She said "Hello!" under the expert direction of Frank Capra. Which reminds me.

When "Citizen Kane" was first run off in Hollywood, Frank Capra saw it. Someone asked him how he liked Dorothy Comingore. "Great!" replied Capra. "You know she worked in some of my pictures." He didn't say what Dorothy did.

Well, the noble experiment at Columbia finally blew up when Dorothy's option arrived. Her \$55 a week was supposed to go up then. It didn't, so Dottie resigned.

SHE went to a Hollywood party shortly afterward feeling particularly ornery. She was busted, discouraged, and her attitude was pretty much what-the-devil. Richard Collins, a young Hollywood writer, singled her out, and they bantered over cocktails. When he told her he was a studio writer, Dorothy cut him short.

"I don't want to have anything to do with you!" she snapped. "I don't want to have anything to do with anybody connected with a studio!"

"Oh, but you are going to have something to do with me," replied Richard. "You're going to marry me." And that's what Dorothy did, although it did take a little persuasion, courting, flowers and things.

In fact Dorothy was Richard's loving wife the night she stepped out on the blind date with Orson Welles. She had bucked enough again to be faintly career-conscious, and she certainly needed publicity. As for Wizard Welles, he'd just come to town with much fanfare, and his press agent knew he had to keep it up in the gossip columns.

They went to a Hollywood premiere, and the beard said approximately ten words all night. "Good evening, Miss Comingore," and later on, "Good night—and God bless you." It seems he'd already met Dolores Del Rio, and the whole affair was just a chore.

The news photographs came out afterward captioned, "Mr. and Mrs. Orson Welles"—and considering the fact that both Orson and Dorothy were married—but to different people, you couldn't call it a big success. Still—look what happened three months later:

Herb Drake, the press agent who'd staged the blind date, found his boss in an exasperated dither one day. He wanted a leading lady for the début picture he'd finally gotten around to making. He definitely did not want a Hollywood star. He didn't know whom he did want. "Why not try that Comingore girl you stepped out with once?" suggested Herb Drake. Orson looked blank at that, because he'd forgotten the whole thing. But Drake nabbed Dorothy and practically shoved her into Citizen Welles' office, who in turn impatiently shoved the part of Susan Alexander at her, saying, "Study this for an hour and then come back and read it—"

She returned in an hour, read the entire part, and the Wonder Boy of Broadway rose up in his chair. "That's the most intelligent reading I've heard yet!" he cried. "You test tomorrow." It

was as short and snappy as that. And so was One-take Comingore's test. In fact her test is right in "Citizen Kane" today!

The production of Orson's first film, as everyone knows, was a free-for-all fight and a mixed up mess from start to finish. And Dorothy was right in the middle. On top of all that she made the whole picture with a madonna's halo around her head. Dorothy's baby arrived in January, and Dottie finished "Citizen Kane" in December. Orson Welles is not one to let a little thing like the progress of life bother him when he dips into a drama. Nor for that matter was Dorothy, even if she did feel—er—uncertain most of the time, having her first baby and her first real role at the same time.

As for the other upsets:

A battle raged around Dorothy's part. Orson had signed Dorothy. But the studio had signed another actress. Result, it was six weeks before Comingore—who could certainly have used it—got a look at a check.

THEN, she'll tell you, the side against her planted a certain assistant on the set to spy on Orson's goings ons and make life miserable for Dorothy in particular. He refused her a dressing room, so she had to dress off the lot—the leading lady, mind you!

Worst of all, of course, was the suspense when Dorothy's one great chance was on celluloid, and—it was announced that "Citizen Kane" would never, never be shown, because it trod on important toes. Well—put yourself in Dorothy's place and try to imagine how Cinderella felt when the coach started turning back to a pumpkin!

And as I said, the only thing that kept RKO from dropping Dorothy's contract in the civil war raging around Kane was

Orson's protests. "You can't do this," he raged. "Canning my leading lady before my picture's even released. It's not only a slap at her—it's a poke in the nose for me!"

So—you can see it hasn't all been beer and skittles even lately for Cinderella Comingore. However, she's survived the strain like a peach in a thunder storm.

Outside of sitting professionally pat with ace loanouts looming in the next deal, such as "Jane Eyre," "Sister Carrie" and "Valley of the Sun," Dorothy is having a swell time around the house with her baby and her husband, with spare hours devoted to the good books she devours constantly.

For Comingore knows enough about both art and show business to realize that there's no place like home. You can have Bohemia, the night clubs and Gay Hollywood. She's a home girl. Yes—and she likes to cook—now that she doesn't have to for a living.

The main interests in her life are whether or not one Judith Melinda downs her milk like a good girl and what kind of furniture to get for her house.

For quite a while the living-room was pretty bare and empty. It still hasn't a rug—but that's on order. Dorothy could have filled it with flimsy stuff long ago. Instead she bought just one piece—a big, solid and expensive divan. That's where we sat.

I said it was mighty comfortable, and Dorothy said, "I decided I'd rather have one good piece than a room full of junk. From now on every one I get will be good, too, or I won't get any."

She was talking about furniture, of course. But she was looking out the window toward Hollywood.

Quality, not quantity—that's Dorothy Comingore from now on out. And, off-hand, I'd say she had something there.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

the embittered old lady, James Barton as the beaten mountaineer, Marjorie Main as the blind lady, and Marc Laurence as the idiot boy, all characters that will live.

Boiled down, the movie resolves itself into a series of sharp and true character portrayals in an over-preachy and somewhat gabby story, magnificently photographed in breath-taking color. Credit is due the keen direction by Henry Hathaway.—Paramount.

★★★ She Knew All the Answers

There was a chance for something extra-special here in the way of movies, but uneven writing made it just so-so.

Joan Bennett is a showgirl who is about to marry a wealthy playboy, John Hubbard. But John's guardian, Franchot Tone, disapproves and threatens to cut the lad off without a cent. What good is a wealthy playboy without a cent? So Joan goes to work on Franchot by finagling a job as a phone operator in his Wall Street office. Yeah, that's right. She falls for Franchot and leaves John dangling.

Joan is decorative and animated in her role of the showgirl; Franchot drops his usual restraint to deliver a bang-up farce job; Hubbard is in the groove as the rich dawdler; Eve Arden scores sharply as a chorine, and William Tracy is made to order for the office boy spot. Directed by Richard Wallace.—Columbia.

★★★ Adventure in Washington

At one time this movie intended to call itself "Senate Page Boys," which would have been a better title. By any title, it remains a routine story of boys under the Washington dome.

Herbert Marshall and Virginia Bruce are the "names," but Gene Reynolds is the real star from the standpoint of delivery.

He has the best part, and he gives it the most.

The story revolves around young Reynolds, a kid born on the wrong side of the tracks, who is brought to Washington by Herbert Marshall, his Senator, as a page boy. He is a tough kid, ready to fight, ready for anything—except discipline. He is, of course, a troublemaker for a long time, but the other youngsters are so decent and fine that he eventually gives in, knuckles under and becomes one of the mob. Then there is a leak on the Naval Appropriations Bill. Gene gets in a spot, and the film ends in a mock trial in the Senate chamber, with the page boys taking over the senatorial tasks and meting out justice. Hokum? Sure, but it's entertaining.

Marshall as the Senator is one of the movie's disappointments; it is obvious miscasting; Virginia Bruce is excellent as a newspaper gal, even if there never was such a newspaper gal in the world. Director—Alfred Green.—Columbia.

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★★★ Caught in the Draft

The thing that skyrocketed Hope to the very top of the column is the fact that he has been given some good solid stuff to act out; in this one he is simply set down among a bunch of soldiers, a bunch of uniforms—and a bunch of old jokebooks. He plays the role of a movie actor who gets hooked into the army, falls for the colonel's daughter, Dorothy Lamour, and—well, that's all the story there is. From here on it's one joke after another—most of them funny, even if you have heard them.

Hope is assured and pleasant; you can't help liking the guy. Dorothy Lamour hasn't any sarongs to wear this time, but she does manage to get in a bathing suit shot, and no one ever denied that she's photogenic. To help the merriment, Bob is surrounded by Lynne Overman and Eddie Bracken, both of whom manage to get in some laughs without jeopardizing Hope's center-of-stage. No songs. Directed by David Butler.—*Paramount*.

★★★ One Night in Lisbon

Thanks to Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray you will probably want to see this otherwise "so-what" picture.

Once upon a time this was a polite British parlor comedy entitled "There's Always Juliet." In order to give it excitement and scope, it has been moved to a present-day background, with the war sort of vaguely zooming along in the background. The movie, however, remains a polite British parlor comedy.

Madeleine is an English lassie of quality in the British government service, and Fred is an American aviator who flies planes to Europe. They meet in a shelter during an air-raid, and he goes immediately on the make. That's about all the story there is. Madeleine is exactly what you expect her to be, and Fred is a bit better than he has been in the past. Both are perfectly cast, and Virginia Van Upp, who wrote the last three or four movies for this couple, has supplied them with some smooth chatter.

John Loder manages to do an excellent acting job as Madeleine's British suitor. His part calls for no histrionics, which makes it even more remarkable that he manages to stand out. Extra strong support is given by Pat Morison, Billie Burke and Dame May Whitty. Directed by Edward Griffith.—*Paramount*.

★★★ Billy The Kid

"Billy the Kid" is not the finest cowboy picture ever made, but it comes close to having the best scenic shots ever seen as background, and it has lots of action to the tune of good, hard riding.

Robert Taylor plays the part of Billy the Kid. There is no attempt (at least, this reporter doesn't believe there is) to make the story historically accurate. It is a whitewashing of the legendary bandit's character via the now popular movie method of explaining that he was out getting revenge.

Such story as there is tells of his switch for a moment to the righteous path. He goes to work as an honest cowpuncher for Ian Hunter. But Gene Lockhart's gangsters mow Hunter down, so Taylor goes out for solitary vengeance. Brian Donlevy, Taylor's boyhood friend and Hunter's foreman, regretfully has to pump Taylor full of lead to stop the carnage.

The acting is grim and positive in the way of pictures of this type; nothing subtle about it. The Technicolor is only pretty good. The direction by David Miller is sure-footed.—*M-G-M*.

★★★ Lady From Louisiana

Here is a surprise for you. Altogether unheralded, it's a peacheroo, and the fact that it was turned out by one of the smaller studios, Republic, is news, too.

This is the story of the rise and fall of the lottery racket in New Orleans many years ago. That means it is a simple gangster film in essence, but the colorful and authentic background, plus A-1 performances, move it way up.

John Wayne is a young racket-busting attorney who cleans up New Orleans after a tough seven-reel struggle. Ona Munson is the Southern belle with whom he falls in love before he learns that her pappy is the racket promoter, Ray Middleton. And this Middleton gent, by the way, turns in what may well be one of the very top acting jobs of the year. He's an eye-opener! Henry Stephenson is fine as a polished gent of the old South, and Helen Westley does her swell matriarch act over again.

Thinking it over, it's the physical production that is outstanding. It all looks so authentic and exciting—and the finale, showing the Mississippi rising, bursting through the levees, is incredibly good. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus.—*Republic*.

★★★ Her First Beau

Buried under the title is a very extra special good movie. It's fun from the first second. Jane Withers and Jackie Cooper make a swell team; neither of them has ever been more likeable.

The story deals with two families living in a small town, one with a son, one with a daughter. There is a big party, the girl's first evening dress, a forbidden night flight over a dangerous lake in an untried sail plane and all sorts of other boy-girl items.

Jane dons long dresses and grown-up hair-do for the first time here and does it ingratiatingly. There is nothing to choose from in either of their performances; Jackie is as good as Janey, and vice versa. An extra good support cast includes Edith Fellows, William Tracy, Martha O'Driscoll, Una O'Connor, Josephine Hutchinson and Jonathan Hale. There is love and warmth in the direction by Theodore Reed.—*Columbia*.

★★½ Strange Alibi

A fast-moving plot with a neat trick finale makes this a good entry in the cops and robbers derby.

With practically no waste of footage, the story delves right into a big city crime wave. Arthur Kennedy, a young copper, frames himself into a spot where he allegedly is ready to rat; the racketeers take him on as one of the mob but give him more than he bargained for. They maneuver him to the point of his getting sent up for life on a phony killing rap. He has to break out of jail, having lost face all around, in order to prove himself innocent and point the finger at the tough hombres.

Tempo of suspense is maintained neatly, and the yarn really gets you, phony elements and all. This Kennedy lad, by the way, is the one who should benefit most from the film. He's plenty okay. Joan Perry doesn't get much to do. Jonathan Hale is best in support. Directed by D. Ross Lederman.—*Warners*.

★★½ Affectionately Yours

These things happen once in a while, so you needn't get too upset about it. All the pictures can't be good, can they? This one has Merle Oberon, Rita Hay-

worth and Dennis Morgan in the top rungs, which should have guaranteed it, but—maybe everybody was just trying too hard.

The story is one of those fluffy now-I'm-married, now-I-ain't affairs. Morgan is a Hollywood idea of a foreign correspondent, and his wife (Merle Oberon) wants peace and quiet; so she divorces him and is about to marry Ralph Bellamy. That's swell with newspaperwoman Rita, who wants Dennis for herself. But it's not okay with Dennis, because he still loves Merle. So you have seven reels of Dennis convincing Merle that she still loves him.

Bellamy, of course, has been playing the other man part so long that he fits it and can say his lines with his eyes shut. James Gleason and George Tobias get some good laughs in support. Lloyd Bacon's direction is spotty.—*Warners*.

★★½ Rookies On Parade

Although it lacks star power, this pleasant little musical should satisfy you. It packs laughs, has pleasant tunes.

Bob Crosby has the lead and shows once more that he is deserving of better things; the kid'll be giving brother Bing a race for his money one of these days. Cliff Nazarro (with and without doubletalk) scores neatly; Eddie Foy, jr., is a rare good comic; William Demarest and Marie Wilson contribute their share of fun, and Gertrude Niesen sings.

Crosby is cast as a disgruntled songwriter who gambles away his bankroll and that of his girl friend (Ruth Terry). Then he gets called to the army and, after more sulking and difficulty, turns over a new leaf, produces an army camp show and is regenerated. Orchids to Director Joseph Santley.—*Republic*.

★★½ Shining Victory

"Shining Victory" is the story of a doctor's research in psycho-biology. His earlier discoveries are stolen by another doc, so he's forced to begin all over again. He falls in love with his assistant, learns the fallacy of his previous belief that there is no room for sentiment in science. Just as he is ready to succeed on both the romantic and scientific fronts, a jealous neurotic burns his lab. The act of saving his records costs the girl's life.

Not very pleasant, is it? As a play named "Jupiter Laughs" it wasn't very successful on Broadway. It is completely unrelieved by humor in its film version. But the production and acting are astonishing. James Stephenson turns in a distinguished rendition as the doctor. Geraldine Fitzgerald's performance as the girl is one that will linger in your memory. Barbara O'Neil, Montagu Love and Donald Crisp are all above par. And remember the director's name, Irving Rapper. He's terrific.—*Warners*.

★★ They Dare Not Love

Someone went haywire in the conception and production of this picture, so that poor Martha Scott and George Brent never stand a chance. It's completely a matter of poor writing and unimaginative directing.

This is one of the anti-Nazi yarns, always difficult to do on the screen, because the theme hits most of us too close to the heart-line to be taken any less than very seriously. In this case, the story's unreal and movieish.

Besides Scott and Brent, both of whom struggle valiantly, other actors who go down with the ship include such swell thespas as Paul Lukas, Roman Bohnen, Kay Linaker and Egon Brecher. Directed by James Whale.—*Columbia*.

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