

MODERN SCREEN

OBER
0
ENTS



GENE TIERNEY

Paulette Goddard **SAVED MY LIFE!** "

WHY *Vic Mature's* **MARRIAGE WILL STICK**

It's Better Than Good... It's Perfect!

America's top musical stage hit is now a fast-stepping song-filled screen musical extravaganza that takes its place alongside of glamorous "Ziegfeld Girl" ...It's a grand story...told to the rhythms of Gershwin, Kern and Freed ...with romance and stars and dancing and spectacle! Good? It's the best!

LADY BE GOOD

Starring **ELEANOR POWELL**
ANN SOTHERN
ROBERT YOUNG
LIONEL BARRYMORE

WITH **John Carroll** · **Red Skelton**
 Screen Play by Jack McGowan, Kay Van Riper
 and John McClain. Based on an Original Story by
 Jack McGowan. Produced by **ARTHUR FREED**
 Directed by **NORMAN Z. McLEOD**
 A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Song Hits!

"Your Words And My Music"
 "Lady Be Good"
 "Fascinating Rhythm"
 "The Last Time I Saw Paris"
 "You'll Never Know"



"Lady Be Good!"



"Lady Be Good!"



Wait till you hear
 Ann Sothern sing
 "THE LAST TIME
 I SAW PARIS"





Even if you weren't Born to Beauty—

YOU'LL WIN HEARTS.. if your Smile is Right!

Your smile is a priceless asset. Help to keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

EVERY attractive woman isn't really pretty. Every movie darling isn't a classic beauty. But take to your heart this true observation—you can seldom find fault with their smiles.

So take hope, plain girl, take hope! Even if you weren't born to great beauty—you can have compliments, phone calls and dates. Make your smile the real, lovely YOU. *And remember*, healthy gums

are important to a bright, sparkling, attractive smile.

If you've seen a touch of "pink" on your tooth brush—do the right thing today. *See your dentist!* His verdict may be that your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. But don't take chances—let him make the decision. And if, like thousands of others, your dentist suggests Ipana and massage—take his advice and get Ipana at once.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with mas-

sage, it is specially designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Try Ipana and Massage

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

O sweet and lovely
Lady be good.
O Lady be good
To me.



We are in voice today. It's not that
hint of autumn in the air. Nor is it the
pretty compliments we've been receiv-
ing from the public about "Dr. Jekyll
and Mr. Hyde."

The fact is that we've been vocally
hypnotized by Ann Sothern's song
efforts in "Lady Be Good". So please
pardon our Sothern accent.

You've seen her as "Maisie". But did
you know she could sing like that?
Neither did we. In case you don't get
around to the picture, here's the way
she does it.

I'm just a lonesome
Babe in the wood,
So Lady be good
To me.



What a film! What a fine film! What a
mighty fine film! It has a plot that's
hot, a cast that's fast, comic scenes that
are anatomic, and throngs of songs.

Eleanor Powell has never been better.
Toe, ankle, leg, thigh, torso, arms,
shoulders, head. All dance together in
real rhythm.

Jack McGowan wrote an original.
Then he and Kay Van Riper and John
McClain fashioned a screen play. Then
Norman McLeod directed. Result—
Oo-la-la!

Add music by George Gershwin, Jerome
Kern and Roger Edens, lyrics by Ira
Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein and
Arthur Freed. Then serve.

Footnotes: Robert Young turns in a
stunning co-starring job. Lionel
Barrymore is still the old master.
John Carroll is a discovery. Red
Skelton is Joe Comic. Virginia O'Brien
is a bright flash in the dead pan.

Fan song: O Leo be good
To me.

—The Maestro

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

MODERN SCREEN

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How Old does your Face Powder Whisper you are?



Can your Face Powder Keep a Secret?

Of course your age is your own affair! But can your face powder keep a secret? Can it hide those first sly signs of age? Or does it cruelly accent every tired line—make you look a little older? Find your **LUCKY SHADE**—find your most flattering shade—in my new Twin-Hurricane Face Powder!

By *Lady Esther*

When someone asks your age, do you hesitate, just an instant? Do you drop off a year or two? It's no crime, you know... everyone wants to look young!

But if you want to look younger, more attractive—why use a shade of powder that may age you—even a tiny bit?

Are you *sure* that the shade you are using is the perfect shade for you? Some shades can hide your loveliness and charm—just as certain harsh, unflattering lights can. But the *right* shade of powder

can give your skin new softness and freshness—enchanting new glamor!

I hope you don't choose your powder by looking at the shade in the box. You must try different shades on your own skin before you decide which shade is yours, which makes you look your youngest.

That's why I offer you this gift; I'll send you **FREE** all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all—let your mirror tell you which is yours!

What is the secret of Lady Esther Face Powder? It's the new way it's made—the first really *different* way in generations. It's blown and buffed by Twin Hurricanes until it is softer and smoother by far than any powder made the ordinary way. You'll love it! It goes on so smoothly

and evenly, and clings 4 long hours or more. Women by the thousands say it's as loyal and flattering as any face powder they've ever used!

Try All 9 Shades **FREE!**

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder—without guesswork and without cost. Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier! Mail this coupon now, before you forget.



Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (72)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me **FREE AND POSTPAID** your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

FLASH!

Beginning September 15th, Lady Esther announces **ORSON WELLES** in an entirely new kind of radio entertainment. Columbia network, Monday evening. See your local paper for time.

MOVIE

reviews



Rugged mountaineer Alvin York (Gary Cooper) is rendered speechless by 16-year-old Gracie Williams (Joan Leslie). He fell head over heels in love with her at first sight!



There's three-way rivalry for Ginger Rogers' hand twixt title players in "Tom, Dick and Harry." Burgess Meredith offers dreams; Gea. Murphy, security; Alan Marshal, gayety!

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

SERGEANT YORK

★★★★

Here is high caliber screen entertainment that's a piece of genuine Americana.

Built around the real life story of Alvin C. York during World War I, this movie's an engrossing and timely drama of the inner struggles of a simple man. Told slowly but convincingly, it's the saga of York's life in the Valley of the Three Forks in Tennessee where with his mother, sister and brother he scratches an indifferent living from the stony soil. He gets religion and along comes the war with the terrible alternative; to kill or not to kill. First he has to stack up his aversion to killing against his conviction that he must kill in order to stop future warfare. He decides on the latter and becomes the greatest individual hero of the war.

Gary Cooper's never been as convincing or as thrilling as he is in the title role. Joan Leslie as his girl, Gracie, is a real surprise. She has the stuff. She is true and real.

There's a very fine supporting cast, which includes Margaret Wycherley, Walter Brennan and Dickie Moore. But the greatest individual honors, aside from Gary Cooper, go to Howard Hawks for steadfast, sure-footed direction, and Jesse Lasky, who had the tenacity to keep after this story for 20 years before he finally got the right to produce it.—W.B.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY

★★★★

This is an amusing full-of-fun movie that you'll be bound to enjoy.

The story tells what happens to a romantic telephone operator (Ginger) who is pursued by three different kinds of young men. Some of it gets pretty wild and impossible, but all of it is so unusual that you're grateful to the writer and director for their courage. It's told with tricks and surprises so that the resultant movie is full of laughs, satire and a few genuinely tender moments.

Ginger's more versatile here than ever before, and is perfectly cast as the adolescent girl who can't make up her mind among her swains. Her choice is determined by a series of dreams about each of them.

The cast is better than average. George Murphy is Tom, a rising young businessman; Alan Marshal is Dick, a wealthy playboy; Burgess Meredith is Harry, a poor and lazy young dreamer. It's hard to choose between them for acting honors. There is good background support, too, from Joe Cunningham, Lenore Lonergan and Phil Silvers. All are about as good as they could possibly be.

When you add it all up, the main honors go to Ginger for her acting, Paul Jarrico for the unusual and effective writing and by no means least to Garson Kanin for brilliant directing.—RKO. (Cont'd on page 14)

JUST LOOK AT THESE COMING ATTRACTIONS!

Here they are! The Choice of all of Hollywood's offerings for this month and the near future! Better check them off—you'll want to see every one!

"Let's make a date now to see 'em all, Sue."

"Gladly darling! I'm almost as anxious to see them as I am to see you!"



GARY COOPER
as
"SERGEANT YORK"
with
WALTER BRENNAN
JOAN LESLIE
GEO. TOBIAS • STANLEY RIDGES
A HOWARD HAWKS PROD'N

ERROL FLYNN
FRED MacMURRAY
"DIVE BOMBER"
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ
IN TECHNICOLOR, with
RALPH BELLAMY • ALEXIS SMITH
Robert Armstrong • Regis Toomey
Allen Jenkins

"NAVY BLUES"
ANN SHERIDAN • JACK MARTH • JACK OAKIE • RAYE • HALEY
and the
BEAUTIFUL "NAVY BLUES SEXTET"
Herbert Anderson • Jack Carson • Jackie C. Gleason
Directed by LLOYD BACON

BETTE DAVIS • ANN SHERIDAN • MONTY WOOLLEY
"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
From the play by GEO. S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART
with Jimmy Durante • Reginald Gardiner • Richard Travers
Geo. Barbier • Laura Hope Crews • Directed by WM. KEIGHLEY

"INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON"
with
RONALD REAGAN • OLIVIERE BRAYON
JAMES STEPHENSON • JOA PEREY
WM. LUNDIGAN • REGINALD DOWY
Directed by LEWIS SEILER

"THE PRIME MINISTER"
with
JOHN GIELGUD
and
DIANA WYNYARD
and
Will Fyffe • Owens Nares • Fay Compton
Directed by Thorold Dickinson
Produced at Teddington Studios

FREDERIC MARCH
MARTHA SCOTT
in
"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"
From the Novel by Hartzell Spence
Directed by Irving Rapper

"THE MALTESE FALCON"
HUMPHREY BOGART
MARY ASTOR
Gladys George
Peter Lorre
Directed by John Huston
Based upon the novel by
DASHIELL HAMMETT

"NEW ORLEANS BLUES"
with
PRISCILLA LANE
BETTY FIELD
RICHARD WHORF
LLOYD NOLAN
JACK CARSON
ELIA KAZAN
Directed by Anatole Litvak

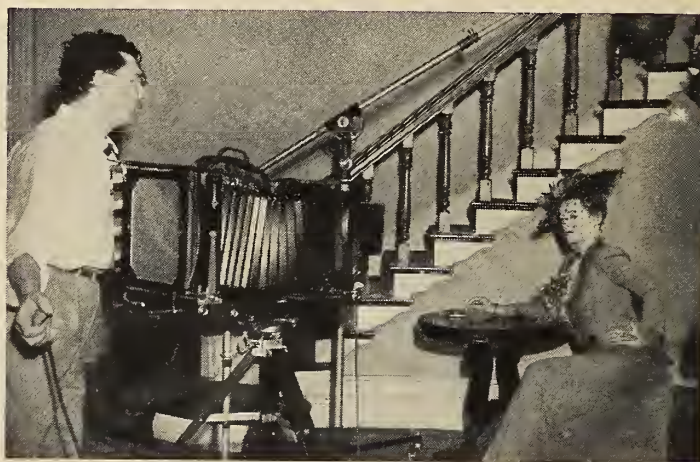
Do you know that
every wonderful one
of these are
**WARNER BROS.
PICTURES!**

ON THE SET WITH

"THE LITTLE FOXES"



Lovely, ruthless Regina Giddens (Bette Davis) is wife of Horace Giddens (Herbert Marshall), president of small Southern bank in year 1900. She has a daughter, Alexandra (Teresa Wright).



In lavish style for which he is famed, Goldwyn brought in top-flight portrait photographers George Hurrell (above), Maurine, Paul Hesse, James Doolittle, Charles Kerlee and L. Willinger to make publicity sittings of Stars Davis and Wright. Unit lenser was Bert Six. Since wild life conservationists ban birds an hats, studio had to barrow one from Louisiana Museum.



Chief trouble maker among authentic Edwardian period gowns designed by Orry-Kelly, this black velvet, bead-trimmed creation necessitated use of flesh-pinching corsets, brought on Davis collapse. Bette's wardrobe also included gown of black taffeta and lace, and one of white lace, both heirlooms. For stays, designers had no whalebone, used steel instead.



With her avaricious brothers, Ben Hubbard (Charles Dingle, above) and Oscar Hubbard (Carl Benton Reid), Regina plots to buy control of a cotton mill. Each one must put up \$75,000.



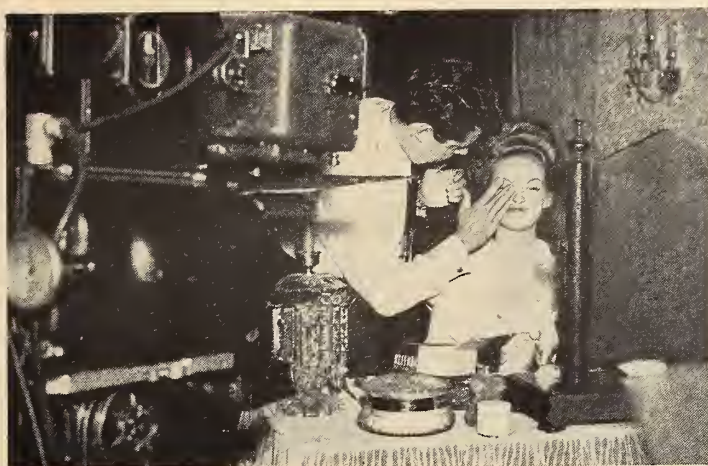
To interpret morbid psychological nuances of Lillian Hellman's stage smash, Goldwyn gave camera assignment to thin, sensitive-faced Gregg Toland (kneeling), Hollywood's ace cinematographer. Toland lighting wizardry (see "Citizen Kane"), not elaborate make-up, made over-40, hard-faced Regina Giddens of 32-year-old Bette Davis. Candles were electric-lit.



Bitter antagonist of the greedy, arrogant Hubbards is David Hewitt (Richard Carlson), young newspaperman and son of the village dressmaker. Regina discourages his attentions to Alexandra.



Anxious to get the money needed for her share of the mill deal, Regina sends Alexandra to bring home Horace, ailing of a heart condition in Baltimore, treats him with unaccustomed solicitude.



Made up and costumed as Regina Giddens, Star Davis strikingly resembles more voluptuous Tallulah Bankhead, star of stage show. Becoming pompadour hairdress required 48-minute work each morning, helped illusion of middle age. Instead of conventional make-up, Warner artist Perc Westmore (above) depended on plain white base, very little eye shadow.



Nervous Bette smoked incessantly between scenes. Light-provider (above) is Prop Man Irving Sindler, who always sneaks his name into a Goldwyn film. In this one, it appears in newspaper insert. Bette's companion is Herbert Marshall, suave, 51, British—object of her hatred in the film, a warm friend in private. He played chess by mail with a British schoolmate.



Weak, disillusioned, Horace soon realizes her purpose, flatly refuses her demand for the \$75,000. Coldly, brutally, Regina drops her mask, tells Horace she hopes he will soon be dead.
(Continued on page 10)

IRRESISTIBLE *Glamour*



YOURS WITH
Irresistible
RUBY RED

Jewel-tone lipsticks flash into the limelight. Leading star of this dramatic mode is **IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED**... a deep, rich, sparkling red which blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. Softer, smoother, longer-lasting, thanks to our secret WHIP-TEXT process. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores



IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER...
SMOOTHER

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

CONTINUED . . .

"THE LITTLE FOXES"



Director Wyler, 39, blue-eyed, France-born, chucked department store clerking for films, worked up from prop boy to top megaphonist, from two-reel horse operas to his latest "The Westerner." For "Little Faxes," he had advantage of an entire, six-house village square built inside a studio sound stage—plus services of original Broadway cast members.



Meanwhile Lea Hubbard, weakling son of Carl and teller in the Giddens Bank, reports he has access to \$90,000 worth of Horace's bonds. The Hubbards "borrow" the bonds, scornfully tell Regina that she's now out of the deal.



Regina vents her fury on Horace, induces a heart attack. When he drops his vital medicine bottle, she refuses help, watches him totter vainly upstairs in search of another, then collapse. The horror of her deed leaves Regina unmoved.

Stickler for realism, Wyler brought in Dr. E. Bertrand Woolfan (above) to okay Herbert Marshall's portrayal of man subject to heart attacks. Wyler himself found Marshall's wheelchair handy for relaxing between scenes, in one rare mood, propelled himself around, tooting like an auto harn. Death of 6-ft., 175-lb. Marshall is film's high point.



Hailed as new find is Teresa Wright, Maplewood, N. J., high-schooler and star of Broadway's "Life With Father, who cuts her movie milk teeth on fat role of Alexandra, Regina Giddens' 17-year-old daughter. A doll-collector, Teresa was not camera-shy, felt nervous only for still shots. Her film romance with Richard Carlson was tacked onto original play.

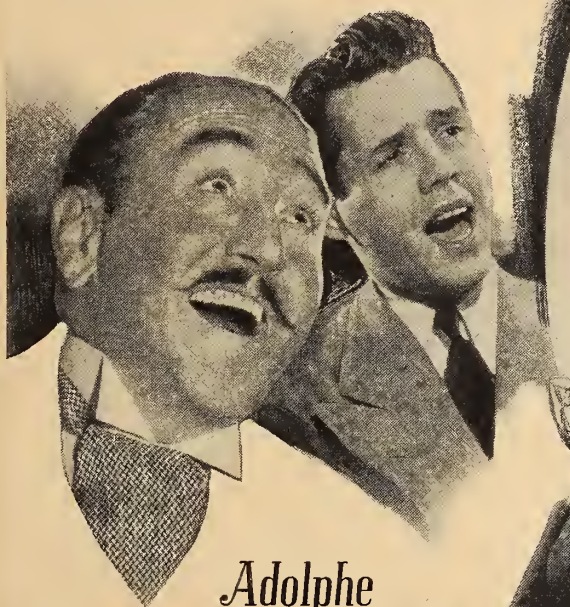
Horace's death brings Alexandra to sudden, bitter maturity. With new-found courage and David Hewett's support, she defies Regina's decision to move to Chicago. Regina finds herself, at the end, suddenly lonely, bereft.

THERE'S *Glamour* ON THE SCREEN AGAIN

BECAUSE

*Gloria's
Back!*

Star news of the year for every movie fan who's over seven!...You'll see what you've missed when you see what she does to you in this hilariously amorous story of two love-birds who eloped without his children's consent!



Adolphe
MENJOU

In A Screaming Comedy

"Father

with John Howard

RKO Radio Picture

Original



Gloria

SWANSON

Of Life Among The In-Laws—With Reverse English

Takes A Wife"

Desi Arnaz • Helen Broderick • Florence Rice

Produced by Lee Marcus • Directed by Jack Hively

Screen Play by Dorothy and Herbert Fields



Jack Sprat and Wife AGREE

Jack Sprat could eat no fat — his wife could eat no lean. So they argued until the neighbors complained. Then one day Jack brought home a package of Dentyne (that delicious and pleasantly chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's that?" cried Mrs. Sprat. "A treat for your taste," said Jack. "Just you taste the blended richness of Dentyne's fine flavor."

"Say — it's good," cried Mrs. Sprat. "Dentyne is better than dessert."

"And not so fattening as some desserts," said Jack slyly. "Besides it will help keep your teeth naturally bright and sparkling. Here don't chew *all* six sticks!"

So Jack and Mrs. Sprat no longer argue — they both enjoy Dentyne.

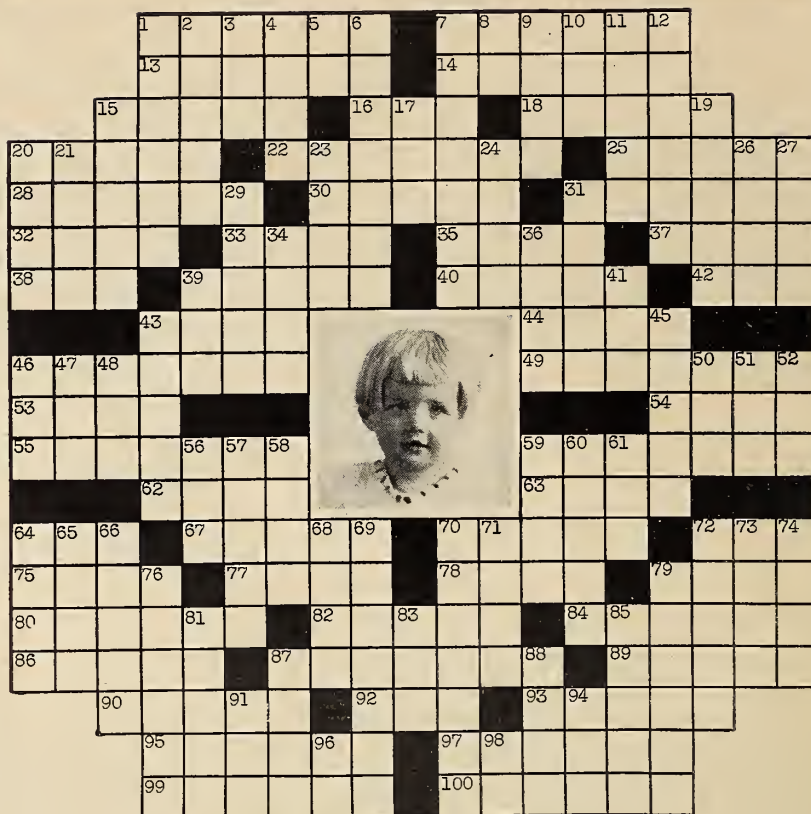
(Moral: You can't argue about Dentyne's fine flavor. You enjoy it instead. And it helps keep your teeth bright and attractive. Dentyne's package is flat, handy, and flavortite.)

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 88

ACROSS

1. Star of "Almost An Angel"
7. Wife of "Sergeant York"
13. He immortalized "Knut Rockne"
14. Bellamy's detective characterization
15. Made history as "Citizen Kane"
16. What James is to Russell Gleason
18. S-shaped moldings
20. Watered silk fabric
22. Lightest
25. Chemical element
28. ----- Judge
30. Ellen Drew's real name: ----- Ray
31. Spanish lady
32. Dregs
33. Bahe in "Our Wife"
35. Light tan
37. Femme in 19-Down
38. "Tom, Dick --- Harry"
39. Hephurn played "Alice -----"
40. Harvests
42. J --- ie Matthews
43. Arabic letter
44. Allot
46. Any young actress
49. Film's gala first showing
53. Invade
54. A seaweed
55. Trying experiences
59. Femme in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan"
62. He's in "Father Takes a Wife"
63. Tree of Java
64. Film producer
67. Top motion picture players
70. Wealth
72. Cry of a sheep
75. Immigration officer in "Hold Back the Dawn"
77. Issue
78. Declare
79. Our star pictured above
80. He's "Love Crazy"
82. Famous director of films
84. Star in "Smilin' Through"
86. Take: var.
87. Kari in "Aloma of the South Seas"
89. Bitter herbs
90. Mickey's film father
92. Curvaceous star
93. Norse god
95. Isolate
97. Singer in "Rookies on Parade"
99. Light, narrow sword
100. Commission

DOWN

1. Miss Bowdon
2. Comic in "Parachute Battalion"
3. C --- le Landis
4. Universal's Mexican dancer
5. Our star's home state: Min --- sota
6. Singers in "In the Navy"
7. Male lead in "Puddin' Head"
8. Dialect comic
9. Groove
10. Part of the limb
11. Heroine of "Unfinished Business"
12. Scanning
15. Lubricated
17. "Danger on the ---"
19. "The Big ----"
20. Eskimo actor
21. Priscilla Lane's ex
23. News paragraph
24. Groom of India
26. Natural mineral deposits
27. Negative votes
29. Male lead of "Thieves Fall Out"
31. Above: prefix
34. Lead in "Manpower"
36. Sloping roadway
39. Everything
41. James --- wart
43. Comedienne in "She Knew All the Answers"
45. Silent day Shirley Temple
46. Standing Room Only: ahhr.
47. Popeye is one
48. Help
50. Dorothy W --- on
51. Self
52. Gloomy
56. Roman bronze
57. Prominent actor: John -----
58. Bang
59. First name of our star
60. Lily Pons' field
61. Champion's favorite fodder
64. "---- At Sea"
65. Musical instrument
66. Mrs. William Powell
68. His sports reels are tops
69. Stutter
70. Star of "Flame of New Orleans"
71. Elliptical
72. Noble
73. Heroines of "West Point Widow"
74. Eons
76. Vicki's last name
79. Margaret Sullivan's husband
81. Girl's name
83. Ingrid Bergman's daughter
85. Aunt Milly of Hardy series
87. Singer in "Father Takes a Wife"
88. Pitcher
91. Pinch
94. Femme lead in "Accent on Love"
96. "Pepe --- Moko"
98. "F --- st Love"

...and this was to
have been *Lydia's*
Wedding Night!

Yes, Lydia learned all about
love . . . but it took four men
to teach her. Vividly, unfor-
gettably, her story is revealed
in this, the thrilling drama of
a free woman!

Alexander Korda
presents

Lydia

The Love Drama for

which You Will Remember 1941
starring

MERLE OBERON

ALAN MARSHAL • JOSEPH COTTEN

HANS YARAY • GEORGE REEVES

with JOHN HALLIDAY • SARA ALLGOOD

and **EDNA MAY OLIVER**



Directed by Julien Duvivier • Original story by Julien Duvivier and L. Bush-Fekete • Screenplay and dialogue by
Ben Hecht and Sam Hoffenstein • Released thru United Artists

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

★★★★ Here Comes Mr. Jordan

The only thing wrong with this picture is its title. That phony handle hides one of the most amusing, most original, most entertaining comedies of all times.

Robert Montgomery is the star, and he turns in a very fine performance. James Gleason and Claude Rains are supporting players, who are better here than they've ever been. Evelyn Keyes is the girl, and she isn't as good as she ought to be. But even more important than the acting in "Mr. Jordan" is the writing and production.

The story concerns a mugg prize-fighter named Joe Pendleton, who's killed in an airplane accident. It seems that there's been some mistake in heaven, and he is not supposed to have died for fifty years hence. So he goes back to earth and borrows the body of a very rich socialite. That is one of the funny things—this mugg prize-fighter inside the body of a smug banker! It isn't like anything that was ever screened before. It's swell.

Bows to director Alexander Hall, to writers Seton Miller and Sidney Buchman and to producer Everett Riskin.—C.

★★★½ Charley's Aunt

Here is a top-notch movie that you're sure to love. It's as old-fashioned as a museum piece, and no attempt has been made to bring it up to date. All the laughs are based on situations which no longer exist, but it isn't old-time folderol by any means! It's been funny for many, many years and still is.

Jack Benny, who always has played himself in movies, acts the part of an Oxford boy who masquerades as somebody's aunt in a series of inane situations. He makes out elegantly. Just as well as Sidney Chaplin and Charlie Ruggles did years ago!

There's an extra good supporting cast, which helps today's version considerably. Among the male actors, Edmund Gwenn and Laird Cregar are best, and Kay Francis is tops among the femmes. But Benny has to carry most of the script himself—and does. Directed (and very neatly) by Archie Mayo.—T.C.F.

★★★½ Sun Valley Serenade

It's a pleasant, fast-paced musical that Sonja appears in this time. The skating stuff is excellent but at a minimum. Surrounding it is an amusing story, some fine music and a much-better-than-average cast. John Payne is the boy, Lynn Bari's the other girl, Milton Berle hands out the laughs, and Glenn Miller attends to the syncopation.

For story purposes, Payne's a band-leader in love with Lynn Bari, a singer with a big reputation. Largely because of her, Johnny gets an important booking at Sun Valley. But his press-agent, Milton Berle, has arranged a publicity stunt whereby Johnny is to adopt a foreign refugee. The kid (Sonja Henie) arrives and tags along with them. The accompanying complications are played at a merry pace.

Johnny and Lynn both sing okay.

Milton has never been funnier. Sonja has never been cuter. And the music is way above average. Seven fine tunes, with "The Kiss Polka" and "Chattanooga Choo Choo" best.

For specialty numbers there are the Nicholas Brothers, who have never been topped in their particular kind of dancing; Joan Davis; Dorothy Dandridge—and an extra good skating chorus. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.—TCF.

★★★½ The Bride Came C.O.D.

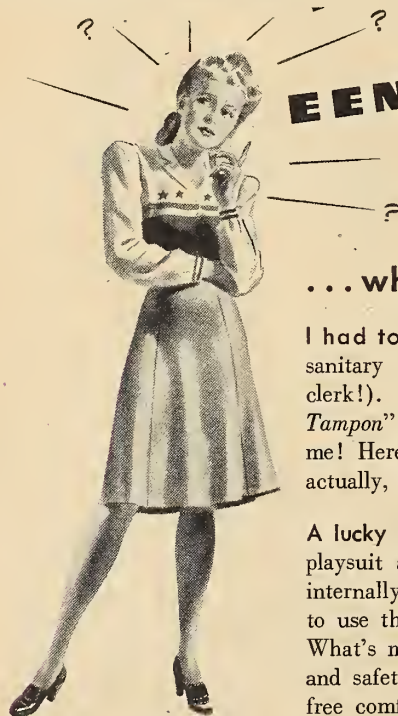
Bette Davis and James Cagney are partners here in a splendid light comedy liberally garnished with good, old-fashioned slapstick.

The story is one of those idiotic affairs in which a number of amusing characters are wound around an unusual situation and permitted to go 'round and 'round. If it works, it's swell. This one works.

Bette does a fine job as a spoiled heiress who is about to elope with Jack Carson, an I-love-me bandleader. Cagney is an aviator hired to fly the couple to Las Vegas. Eugene Pallette, Bette's father, is again it and makes a deal with Cagney to kidnap Bette and deliver her at so much a pound C.O.D. Everything would have worked fine except Kid Cupid delivers a two-way punch during a plane wreck in the desert.

This is one of those rare cases where topnotch writing, direction and acting all help each other rather than getting in each other's way.

Besides the excellent thesping of the



**EENIE - MEENIE -
MINEY - MO**

...which Tampon should I choose?

I had to be sure which brand of this new *internal* sanitary protection was best (and you can't ask a clerk!). Then I spotted the words: "*The Kotex Tampon*" on a package of Fibs...and that settled it for me! Here was a name I could trust completely! And actually, Fibs cost less...not 8, not 10, but 12 for 20c.

A lucky choice...with Fibs I can even slip into my playsuit and enjoy life with nobody the wiser! Worn internally, Fibs require no pins or belts and are so easy to use that no artificial method of insertion is needed. What's more, only Fibs are *quilted* for greater comfort and safety. Remember to ask for Fibs...enjoy chafe-free comfort and save money, too!



FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon



NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT
12 FOR 20¢

★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

two stars, there's an amazingly good performance by Jack Carson. Harry Davenport is outstanding as a ghost town proprietor; Eugene Pallette is good in his standard blustering father role, and comedy support is added by Stuart Erwin, William Frawley, George Tobias, Edward Brophy and Harry Holman. Don't overlook the excellent pacing by Director William Keighley.—W.B.

★★★ My Life with Caroline

The trouble with this picture is: too much charm and too little substance. Ronald Colman's married to Anna Lee, who thinks she's in love with Reggie Gardiner until Ronnie convinces her otherwise. The producers and directors manage a few innovations, but too much time is spent in talk, talk, talk.

It's the American début of Anna Lee, who has a lot on the ball but overplays in spots. Colman gives the leading role plenty of *savoir faire* and charm. He's closer here to the old Colman who used to bowl you gals over than he's been in some years.

Reggie Gardiner is quite good, although you may be surprised by the type of characterization he undertakes. There are a number of pleasing support performances with Charles Winninger, Gilbert Roland and Hugh O'Connell heading the list. Directed by Lewis Milestone.—RKO.

★★★ Manpower

Here is rough and tough melodrama, with Edward G. Robinson, Marlene Dietrich and George Raft heading the cast. If you like these players, if you don't object to rough-house humor and dialogue, a bit on the borderline—well, then, you'll have an uproarious time.

Few pictures have moved at a faster pace than this yarn of the power lines and the men who keep them up. Marlene's a hostess in a clip joint. Robinson befriends and marries her, but is a dud around women, and she soon falls for Raft, Eddie's best friend. The triangle is solved by Robinson's falling from a power tower and getting killed while fighting with Raft.

The actors are all as good as they ever were. There is an extra special strong supporting cast, almost all of them of the same virile vintage as the stars: Frank McHugh, Alan Hale, Ward Bond and Joe Crehan.

Raoul Walsh's direction punches each scene home with conviction, and there's a distinct bow due to Ernie Haller for his better-than-average photography.—W.B.

★★½ Accent On Love

Familiar in practically every detail, this movie still manages to be pleasant because it's so freshly-handled, well played and neatly directed. Also, it's important because it gives budding-star George Montgomery a big chance.

George is married to a rich gal. Tired of his useless existence, he hires out as a ditch-digger, falls in love with a poor girl, gets a divorce, convinces his ex-father-in-law that something should be done about the awful conditions of tenement buildings and marries the new girl in his life.

Besides Montgomery's performance, there is an A-1 acting job by Osa Massen. J. Carroll Naish is tops as a foreman, Thurston Hall impresses as Pop, but Cobina Wright, Jr., barely manages to get by with her snob socialite portrayal. Directed by Ray McCarey.—TCF.

★★½ Barnacle Bill

This picture is over-length and none too original—but it makes you laugh once

Two office bachelors —but no date for Joan!



Popularity and Jobs are Safer if a girl remembers to use Mum every day!

TWO attractive bachelors—both marked for success. And they picked Joan for a honey the very first morning on her new job. But why no bantering—no bids to lunch—none of the attention the other girls received? Well, Joan, the truth, the tragic truth, is—the girl guilty of *under-arm odor* doesn't get or deserve the *breaks*.

Joan would be amazed if you mentioned her fault—if you deliberately said "Mum." She bathes every morning, of course. But she needs Mum to protect that after-bath freshness, to keep her safe all day—or all evening long.

Many smart girls—eager to get ahead

in business or socially—make Mum a daily habit. They wouldn't dream of taking chances with charm when Mum is so quick, so safe, so easy to use!

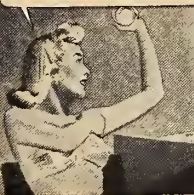
MUM IS QUICK! A touch under each arm, before or after dressing... in 30 seconds charm is protected.

MUM IS GENTLE! Use it right after underarm shaving. So safe for fine fabrics that it has won the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible all day or all evening, yet does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

LIFE'S MORE FUN WHEN MUM GUARDS CHARM!

BUT WHY EXPECT A BATH TO LAST FOR HOURS, JANE? I FOLLOW MY BATH WITH MUM



TO HERSELF: I MADE A HIT WITH JERRY... AM I GLAD MARY TIPPED ME OFF TO MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins

Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose. Use Mum this way, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

STARGAZING at a BIG PICTURE

WHEN we say
"BIG Picture,"
WE'RE putting it
MILDLY... because
"ICE-CAPADES OF
1942" is the greatest
COMBINATION of
STAR-spangled
COMEDY, music,
ROMANCE and
SPECTACLE to reach
THE screen in a mighty
LONG time... You'll
SEE lovely
DOROTHY LEWIS,
FAMED skating
STAR of
NEW York's
HOTEL St. Regis
ICE show, in her
SENSATIONAL
ROUTINES—and in



A heart-touching love
STORY with handsome
JAMES ELLISON...
YOU'LL howl at the
ANTICS of
JERRY COLONNA,
VERA VAGUE,
ALAN MOWBRAY and
PHIL SILVERS—and you'll have the
ADDED treat of seeing for the first
TIME on any screen the renowned
TROUPE of
"ICE-CAPADES" performers...
THE skaters, ice-dancers
AND clowns whose
CARNIVAL-on-ice
THRILLED the entire
NATION... You'll see
THEM all—
BELITA... LOIS DWORSHAK...
MEGAN TAYLOR... VERA
HRUBA... ROBIN LEE... JOE
JACKSON, JR.... plus all the
HOLLYWOOD stars we've
ALREADY told you about...
ALL in one giant entertainment—
"ICE-CAPADES OF 1942"...
DON'T miss it! It's



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

in a while. Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main have the leads and recall the Beery-Dressler pictures of some years back.

Beery goes through his usual paces as a seldom-working fisherman who cadges a living from friends and acquaintances. Virginia Weidler shows up on the scene, a long-absent daughter who is very proud of Wally's sailing ability. To live up to her conception of him, he has to work. This brings about his regeneration.

Beery, Miss Main and the Weidler tot are all topnotch in their own particular ways, and all are permitted considerable leeway in the mugging department. Extra good support is turned in by Barton MacLane, Leo Carrillo and Donald Meek. Directed by Richard Thorpe.—M-G-M.

★★½ Blondie in Society

This is one of the best of the Blondie series. More humor than usual, a more adult key, but still retaining its essentially juvenile following.

The motif is dogs. Dagwood brings home a Great Dane which embroils the Bumstead clan with the neighborhood. But don't worry; the Dane doesn't outshine the regular Bumstead pup. Daisy holds her own.

The regular Blondie cast is at regular pace throughout, Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms registering as usual, while neat support is added by Slow-Burn Edgar Kennedy. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.—Col.

★★½ Hello Sucker

Unimportant but amusing, this is a Hugh Herbert comedy full of zany carryings-on. None of it makes sense, but most of it is fun.

Tom Brown and Peggy Moran, fresh from the country, are sold a defunct theatrical agency by a couple of sharpers. Hugh Herbert is a magician who feels sorry for them and gets them out of the scrape by helping them make a success of the business.

Lewis Howard and June Storey provide the romantic complications, while Walter Catlett and Robert Emmet Keane are a good comedy support team. Directed by Edward Cline.—Univ.

★★½ Cracked Nuts

It's not bad—but a few exciting stars in the cast would have helped.

It seems that Stuart Erwin is a hick who wins a slogan contest and goes to the city to be clipped by Mischa Auer and Bill Frawley. All of them try hard but are too routine; you know just what to expect all the way. And Una Merkel is completely wasted as Stu's girl-friend. She deserves better material than this. Directed by Edward Cline.—Univ.

★★½ Hurry, Charlie, Hurry

The story is the kind that reminds you more of two reel comedies than anything else, but it keeps moving. Leon Errol paces the actors and leads them a merry chase. Leon is a bank president who wants to get away from his snooty wife, Cecil Cunningham, in order to do some fishing. So he invents an invitation to Washington to visit the Vice President. The V.P. shows up, and—well, that's about it, plus much ado. It's fun.

Errol is swell, Miss Cunningham is amusing, George Watts is excellent as Leon's fishing companion, and the romance is left to Kenneth Howell and Mildred Coles who don't get enough footage to tell you very much about their acting ability. Directed by Charles Roberts.—RKO.

★★½ The Officer and The Lady

This is an average cops and robbers melodrama which deserves space because it introduces a new young actor named Bruce Bennett.

It's one of those completely fictitious yarns full of action and excitement. Bruce Bennett is a young cop who is in love with Rochelle Hudson, a young school teacher. She can't marry him because her father, a former cop, was crippled for life by Sidney Blackmer, brains of a gangster ring. Roger Pryor is Bennett's competition for Rochelle. On the side he is Blackmer's partner in crime. It all ends well, of course. Direction Sam White.—Col.

★★½ Two in a Taxi

Here is a pleasant little picture off the beaten trail. It's true and honest and has genuine feeling.

The story has to do with the trials and tribulations of a boy and girl trying to earn \$300 for a down payment on a gas station. If they make it, they think they'll have enough security to permit their getting married.

Anita Louise tries hard but is a bit too classy and cultured for her part as the girl. The boy is played by Russell Hayden, who is a youngster to be watched. Noah Beery Jr., Fay Helm, Chick Chandler and Dick Purcell are best among the supporting players. Directed by Robert Florey.—Col.

★★½ Forced Landing

Here's a picture you won't remember, but which will give you your money's worth of wild adventure.

The story has to do with enemy agents holding strong government positions in a mythical country. Richard Arlen, an American working for a civilian air transport line there, runs across a plot to wreck construction of defense measures and manages to foil the villains after an hour of exciting aviation thrill stuff. Suspense is the essence of this movie, and there is a lot of it.

Arlen is A-1 as the hero, and Eva Gabor makes her movie debut as the girl friend. J. Carroll Naish and Nils Asther are the bad boys, and both are above average. Directed by Gordon Wiles.—Par.

★★ Dance Hall

Blame the writers for this miscarriage of drama. The actors and the poor director were helpless.

Carole Landis plays a specialty singer in a dance hall; Cesar Romero is the manager; William Henry is a pianist who is writing the inevitable symphony on the side; June Storey is a gold-digging waitress. You can imagine the rest.

Of the actors, the best performance is turned in by J. Edward Bromberg in an impressive bit role as a salesman. Directed by Irving Pichel.—TCF.

★★ Sweetheart of the Campus

Talent and material are spread too thin in this slim, little musical. The story has amusing possibilities. It might have held up pleasantly with a stronger cast and production.

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard provide most of the entertainment. They are part of a jobless band whose members enroll in a dying college so they can open a night club on the campus. Well, they don't come through, although there is some very good music. Several of the tunes are right down the groove, best being "Beat it Out."

Besides Ozzie and Harriet, there is some impressive dancing and some unim-

pressive acting by Ruby Keeler. Gordon Oliver is fine as the band manager; Charles Judels gets a lot of laughs as the night club proprietor; and Kathleen Howard is swell as a prissy member of the school-board. Direction, by Edward Dmytryk, is too slow.—Col.

★★½ Bad Men of Missouri

This picture is a sort of glorification of the Younger outlaw gang, one of those once-upon-a-time hoodlum bands in the same mold as the Daltons and the Jameses. Dennis Morgan, Wayne Morris and Arthur Kennedy are the leading trio of Youngers. The formula is the same old one. The three Youngers see their father killed by carpetbaggers and turn to a life of crime for revenge, being sort of triple-threat Robin Hoods.

Morgan, Morris and Kennedy are all fine and would be believable if the material they were portraying were possible. Morgan gets a bit the best of it in an acting way. Jane Wyman doesn't get much to do but does that little well. There's extra good support by Victor Jory, Alan Baxter, Walter Catlett and Howard Da Silva.

In spite of pretty poor writing, Richard Enright manages to keep things moving with his fast-paced direction.—W.B.

★★½ Ringside Maisie

The newest Maisie picture is not as good as it should be. Maisie just doesn't lend herself to prize-fight pictures and vice versa.

Robert Sterling is the prizefighter with Murphy as his manager. Maisie thinks Murphy is a heel and tries to get him straightened out, until she finds there are no heels named George Murphy. Sterling loses his eyesight for a while via a crooked fight, but everything ends happily for everybody except the audience. Directed by Edwin Marin.—M-G-M.

★★ For Beauty's Sake

Here is another instance of a good novel which just doesn't lend itself to screening. It's a comedy which falls flat in almost all departments and isn't helped any by a cast of young and unimportant players.

Ted North is a serious young professor who suddenly finds himself the owner of a beauty shop. According to his aunt's will, he must operate it for two years or lose a fortune.

Marjorie Weaver is swell as a daffy dame who's in love with Ted and tries to help him. She ought to go far some day. North, on the other hand, doesn't show much here. Joan Davis, Tully Marshall, Richard Lane and Ned Sparks help the festivities considerably. Directed by Shepard Traube.—T.C.F.



"Charley's Aunt" role is big boost for James Ellison, shown cooing in to Arleen Whelan's pretty pink ear.

Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay — Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

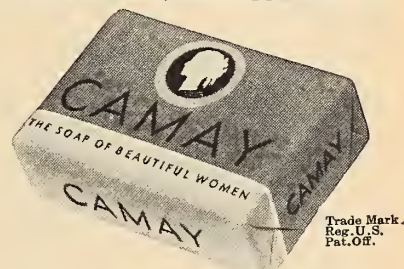
Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier! You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. It's the day to day routine that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to have a lovelier, more appealing skin.



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 splashings.



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.



TYRONE
POWER

**A
YANK
IN THE
R·A·F·**

BETTY
GRABLE

JOHN SUTTON • REGINALD GARDINER

PRODUCED BY

DIRECTED BY

DARRYL F. ZANUCK • HENRY KING

Associate Producer Les Edelman Screen Play by Donnell Ware and Karl Tunberg

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

The aerial battles
in "A Yank in the
R.A.F." are authentic,
and were filmed over
Germany, France and
England with the full
cooperation of the
British Air Ministry!

Watch for "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"



WILLINGER

Ingrid Bergman

She's never worn a phony eyelash, posed for cheesecake or had a date with Greg Bautzer. She's committed the Hollywood faux pas of being ecstatically married—to a handsome viking of a guy, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. Has a blonde daughter, Pia, who's frankly four and neither precocious nor beautiful. Ingrid has no maid, no car, doesn't own a lipstick. She likes to wash dishes, has a complexion like Shirley Temple and bites her nails. She's a strange one, is Bergman—but what a honey! Hemingway fell for her (insists that she be Maria in his "For Whom the Bell

Tolls") and so did Buzz Meredith. Spence Tracy thinks she's marvelous. Ah, but ask the man who owns one. . . . Dr. Lindstrom says she's the most wonderful woman in the world and the most beautiful. She has a million virtues and only one vice—a propensity for \$100 trans-Atlantic phone calls. Unpatriotically she doesn't like smorgasbord or the "Hut Sut Song"; shows signs of becoming Yankee-fied—adores corn on the cob and Joe DiMaggio. At 26, Ingrid's starred in fifteen movies (mostly in Sweden), is crazy about her bad girl role in M-G-M's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."



Cary Grant

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Archibald Leach who ran away from home in Bristol, Eng., to join an acrobatic troupe. Well-versed in stilt-walking, acrobatic and clown routines, he trekked all over the British Isles and across the Atlantic to the N. Y. Hippodrome. During an automobile trip to Cal., he casually took a screen test and has been hitting cinematic headlines ever since. Nowadays you'll recognize him as Cary Grant, starring in Columbia Pictures. He has a preference for striped ties and an

arch-hate for monogrammed shirts and hankies, but doesn't understand why anyone gives a darn. Claims he's a bungler when it comes to courtin'; then discredits his statement by successfully wooing top-notch heiress Barbara Hutton. Close-mouthed, he won't talk about his fiancée or closest pals, Noel Coward and Randy Scott. He has an aversion to cozy "twosome" shots, consequently goes to previews alone or with a staid, unphotogenic crony. Doesn't mention his enormous donations to B. W. R!

MASTER OF LOVE!...

His Words of Love Set All Women's Hearts on Fire!

"All these years without you, I've dreamed of being in your arms again, my love!"

Paulette

"He made me afraid of myself . . . afraid to see the deep longing he had put in my heart!"

Olivia

Only Boyer, suave, sophisticated . . . only fresh, lovely DeHavilland . . . only sultry, beautiful, Goddard, could bring this hauntingly beautiful love story to you . . . played in the exciting atmosphere of a Mexican border town!

Charles **BOYER**

Olivia **DE HAVILLAND** ★ *Paulette* **GODDARD** in

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with **VICTOR FRANCEN** • **WALTER ABEL** • Directed by **MITCHELL LEISEN**
Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • From a Story by Ketti Frings • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Ginger Rogers

Only beauty secret Ginger Rogers ever observes is a frisky soap and water face-scrubbing thrice a day. She doesn't wear any make-up on the street except lipstick and eye-brow pencil—her brows are invisible without it! She never diets because her dancing keeps her in trim. There's a soda fountain in her playroom, and she's forever gorging ham and eggs and spaghetti with meat sauce (but no wine). She loves to shop for peach-colored lingerie and blue pajamas, her only wardrobe frivolities. Usually she

jumps into slacks and low-heeled shoes and lets it go at that. Hates bridge, but is a crackerjack tennis player and swimmer and adores baseball. A stickler for routine, she observes studio hours religiously, then turns around and is late for social engagements. She's a fairy god-mother to 4 army officers in Tibet and an honorary admiral in the Texas "Navy." A social gal, she likes to have a crowd at her home to play games. Had the RKO-Radio set of "Tom, Dick and Harry" just jammed with visitors!



JOHNSTON

Bruce Cabot

It all happened because Bruce Cabot was a first-class romanticist. So convincingly was he as a kiss-tester in would-be actresses' screen tests, he was given a full-time contract! And he's still master of that 'gentle art in United Artists' "Sundown" and with Liz Whitney, his gal. No one's more surprised at this trend of events than the natives of his home town in Carlsbad, N. M., where young Jean de Bujac (his real name) had them all prepared to cheer a first-class boxer. That idea dissolved with his job

as sparring partner when he knocked out his boss! Since he ran away from home at 15, he's worked as cowpuncher, scrubbing freighter decks, drilling oil, hauling in bleached cattle bones from the desert, renting apartment houses and bouncing drunks at a Hollywood café. If he had it all to live over, he'd be a broker. As far as women are concerned, he prefers 'em to wear black or blue and be avid football fans. They score one up if they can cook calves liver and bacon and earnestly admire his horses!



Carol Bruce

It wasn't enough to be the toast of Broadway. She wasn't satisfied wowing 'em in the top show of the town! What Carol Bruce wanted was a pot shot at Hollywood, where other Carols had done such big things! And she was used to getting what she wanted. . . . Born on Nov. 15, 1919, in Great Neck, L. I., she had lived and breathed to be a serious dramatic actress from the moment she saw her first flicker. Elocution lessons and singing scales ended on a blue note during The Depression, when every ounce of energy went into selling hosiery at \$7 a week and grad-

uating from night high school at 15. Advancing to the ranks of model, she looked for stage work during lunch hours and was rewarded by a contract with Larry Clinton. People began to notice the svelte 5' 5", 112-pound, dark-eyed beauty, and she was catapulted to fame in "Louisiana Purchase" warbling "The Lord Done Fixed Up My Soul." Right now, she's in seventh heaven taking that longed-for pot shot in Universal's "This Woman Is Mine." Living with her mom and sister in a penthouse, she's forever studying her lines; leaving her social life till later.

*Why Can't
men understand?*

★ that the past—those memories of romantic moments—cannot be erased by a new love?
It's what every woman knows—and won't tell!



Produced and Directed by
GREGORY
LA CAVA

With all the grand comedy of his
"MY MAN GODFREY"...all the
poignant drama of his "STAGE
DOOR"...all the heart-lifting ro-
mance of his "PRIMROSE PATH"...

UNIVERSAL PICTURES presents

Irene *Robert*
DUNNE *and* **MONTGOMERY**
in

Unfinished Business

with
PRESTON FOSTER

Eugene Pallette Esther Dale
Walter Catlett June Clyde
Dick Foran Samuel S. Hinds

SCREEN PLAY BY EUGENE THACKREY



Glenn at 9 months. He was Gwyllyn (pronounced Gwellen) Ford then; lived in Quebec, where he was born.



1929—The Fords had moved to Santa Monica. Glenn was a boy scout, white hope of his school football team and star of the "Colossal Ford Productions" put on in the Ford barn.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

WELSH RARE-BIT

Glenn Ford has a talisman against swellhead. He was feeling moderately pleased with himself as he drove out to Santa Monica one day. A comparative unknown, he'd been given the part of Ludwig in "So Ends Our Night," one of the acting plums of the year and he'd copped rave notices.

Just back from the Miami première, he'd climbed into his car and was speeding toward the little theatre where he'd trained. His thoughts sped pleasantly ahead. The gang would be proud of him. They weren't the kind to fuss, but there'd be a nice little stir and a few pats on the back. He was looking forward to it. He was even a little embarrassed in advance, as he opened the door and walked in.

They were slapping wallpaper on flats. "Hiya, Ford," they yelled. "Come on, lend us a hand."

"My dome," chuckles Glenn, "shrank to its normal pin-head size. I was back in the groove hanging wallpaper with the crowd. They're my safety valve. If I ever get uppity, they'll haul me down. If I ever won the Academy Award, they'd say, 'So you're lucky, you big stiff. So what are we supposed to do, bow down? There's a hammer and nails, go hit yourself on the head.'"

He's long, eager and cheerfully simple-hearted. Like any rube, he asked the waiter at New York's 21 Club for matchfolders to take home. He's a hero-worshipper, two of his heroes being F.D.R. and Paul Muni. Invited to lunch at the White House, he and the other guests were warned not to pester the President for autographs. Glenn meant to behave, but when the President grinned at him,

all he could think was, "Shucks, I want it so badly," and out popped the request.

"You shall have it, Glenn," Mr. Roosevelt promised. Glenn thought, with all his troubles he'll never remember, and I was a dog to ask. But an autographed photo reached the hotel next day, and now stands framed in the Ford living room, opposite Mrs. Roosevelt's framed invitation to lunch.

By some freak, he and Muni bear a striking resemblance to each other. They met at the home of David Loew, the producer. Glenn stammered his admiration. "I've been wanting to meet you, too," smiled the older actor. "Wanted to see what a son of mine might have looked like, if I'd had a son." This bore a special poignancy for Glenn. His father hadn't lived to see "So Ends Our Night."

When Glenn—or to give him his real name, Gwyllyn—was seven, the elder Ford left a lucrative post with the Canadian Pacific Railway, because he felt that the little town of Glenford, Canada—founded by his family—offered inadequate schooling facilities for his only child. Glenn's sweetest memories of that period are bound up with an old French music box, which had lulled to sleep three generations of his Welsh-Canadian forbears. When his generation came along, he alone of a tribe of cousins refused to sleep except to its tinkling strains, and he still remembers the day his grandfather called him and presented him, a five-year-old, with the treasure. He plays it for himself now, and looks forward to winding it up for his first-born.

Having heard of the glories of California and its orange trees, Glenn's father took his wife and son to Santa Monica, where he eventually landed a contracting job. The boy



1940—He'd become a U. S. citizen, had crashed Hollywood and had a mild crush on Susanna Foster. Rarely went night-clubbing; took up badminton, tennis, golf.

**A visit, friendly as a handclasp,
with Glenn—that deluxe model Ford**

went to school and thrive and developed a stubborn devotion to the theatre. The town supported seven little theatres and, in one capacity or another, he belonged to them all—as carpenter, electrician, stage manager, actor, director. Deep in his mind lurked the dream of acting for a living, but he didn't dare believe in it yet. On quitting high school, he took whatever came along. The Santa Monica merchants knew and liked him. "Sure, Gwyllyn, you can have a job." He clerked, drove cars, sold vacuum cleaners, twirled searchlights at a movie house where he was later to make personal appearances, flung himself into little theatre work at night and found no cure for the actor's itch.

So he mapped a campaign. Homer Curran produced New York hits on the coast. A round trip from Santa Monica to his office in Los Angeles cost sixty cents. Glenn saved up enough to cover the fare for two weeks. Anyone watching him would have had his head examined, for all he did was ride to town, sit in Curran's outer office and ride home again, apparently well-content. The point anyone would have missed was that the producer had to pass him twice a day, on his way to lunch and back. On the fourth day he nodded, on the sixth he said, "Hello, kid," on the eighth he asked what he wanted. "A job," gulped Glenn.

Curran was amused and, after a little parley, interested. "Tell you what, kid. We're doing 'The Children's Hour.' There's a bit in the third act we might give you a shot at. Come around tomorrow."

Wrapped in rosy clouds, he floated to the library,



1941—New romance with Universal's cute English star, Evelyn Ankers, and a new role in Columbia's "Texas." Still completely unspoiled, smiles constantly. Favorite word: "Golly!"

memorized the three lines of the grocery boy, read them next morning and got the job at twenty-five per. His mother thought it was wonderful. So did his father, in a way. Mr. Ford wasn't much of a talker. He looked something like Gary Cooper and had the same kind of bashfulness. A practical man, his son's leanings sometimes troubled him. "Wish the boy would learn a trade," he'd say ruefully now and again to his wife. Never to Glenn.

The show opened in San Francisco, and one paper said that Gwyllyn Ford as the grocery boy was a knockout. Thereafter, when Curran had a bit to hand out, Glenn got it.

Meantime, movie talent scouts had convinced Glenn that the screen was not for him. Covering the little theatres, where he continued to function week after week, they'd be struck by his acting but discouraged by his face. "Not very pretty, are you?"

"No, sir."

"Character juvenile, that's what you are. We need leading men. Stick to the stage, kid."

Only Tom Moore of Twentieth Century-Fox insisted on making a test, which all but cost him his job. After watching Glenn's performance of "Parnell," Moore sent for him. "Wanted to see what you looked like behind the whiskers. Hmm. You're a character juvenile, son."

"Okay, I know it."

"We'll make a test anyway."

They dolled him up, straightened his nose with high-lights, stuck him into tails and put him through the romantic works. Tom showed (Continued on page 89)

"Paulette Saved My Life!"

GODDARD HAS PLAYED IN COUNTLESS THRILLER-DILLERS—BUT NONE HAS EVER PACKED THE PUNCH OF ONE FANTASTIC REAL LIFE ESCAPE!

None of Paulette's cinema fiction ever packed the punch of a five minute scene she played on a dank June 1940 night, in a weird spiraling pink-and-blue cement structure four miles outside of Mexico City!

On that night, Paulette Goddard saved a hero from death. In a moment, shrugging at danger, she saved a life. A fine, worth-while life. That of pudgy and colorful Diego Rivera, Mexico's greatest artist.

I went from Hollywood to Mexico City to talk with the genius Paulette Goddard had saved and to learn, exclusively for Modern Screen, the "inside story" of the Mexican adventure. I saw Diego Rivera, and I heard the entire story, piece by piece.

Up until the summer of last year, Paulette Goddard had realized most of her ambitions. She had emerged from Great Neck, Long Island, left high school for a semi-nude chorus stint in "Rio Rita" and gone to Hollywood to do bit work for Hal Roach. Then, as a dazzling platinum blonde, she got a job in an Eddie Cantor film and was finally spotted by Charlie Chaplin. He thought she had everything. He thought only her blonde hair was wrong. He said to her, "Paulette, your face needs the definition of a dark frame. Let your hair grow back to its natural brunette shade. Then wear it brushed off your forehead and shoulder-length." After that, Paulette was physical perfection—and things came to her.

But one ambition remained unrealized. Paulette Goddard had always dreamed of having her portrait painted by the great Mexican muralist, the stormy petrel of the art world, Diego Rivera. Paulette had learned much about Rivera. She remembered when he'd been selected to paint a huge mural in Rockefeller Center, New York. She remembered Rivera worked eight weeks in preparing and six weeks in painting the mural—until officials learned a head of Lenin was in the nearly completed work. Officials ordered Rivera to get rid of the head; Rivera refused, insisting Art could not be dictated to. Finally police threw Rivera out, but not before he took snapshots of it so that later he might reproduce it in Mexico City. The mural was destroyed, an international controversy broiled, and Rivera became notorious.

She knew he'd been panned in San Francisco for choosing to paint Helen Wills as a person representative of California, and she knew he'd been lambasted in Detroit for a painful panel which was said to represent the Holy Family. She knew, too, that all his life he'd been involved in political intrigue, had fought for the

underdog and was now hated equally by Fascists, Socialists, Communists and Capitalists.

"I won't be happy until Rivera paints an oil of me," Paulette told friends.

And promptly she set out to fulfill her ambition. She decided to spend a week in Mexico City. Actually, she spent two weeks. Once there, she took a car to Rivera's unusual home—actually a number of separate homes, one for the painter, one for his wife ("to insure domestic peace," he explains), studios, workshops, kitchens, all surrounded by a fence of green cactus plants. In the patio Paulette found workmen building frames for Rivera's paintings and a pet hump-backed monkey and two yelping Dachshunds. She did not find Rivera's third wife, the brilliant half-German and half-Mexican Frieda Kahlo (whom Rivera remarried just a few months ago).

In the second floor room of his pink-and-blue cement-walled studio, attended by his gorgeous brunette Indian model, Nieves, and the attractive Hungarian artist, Irene Borjus, who fell for him while he was separated from his wife, Diego Rivera waited for Paulette Goddard.

"Yes," Diego told me, "that was our first meeting. My opinion of her beauty? Well, my answer is that later when I wanted to paint the type of a beautiful young American girl for my fresco at the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition, I again asked Miss Goddard to pose for me!"

Apparently, Rivera saw in Paulette Goddard what lesser artists had seen before him. Five feet four inches tall and weighing 115 pounds, her measurements a year ago were: bust 34 inches, waist 23, hips 35, thigh 20, ankle 8. All of which had two years earlier inspired six popular American artists to vote Paulette's "The Most Beautiful Body In The World" and caused Chairman Jefferson Machamer to exclaim, "Artists have sought the ideal model through the ages and rarely have found a perfect combination of face and figure in the same person. Miss Goddard has such a combination!"

And, worshipfully, Rivera says, "Her beauty is for me as great as her brilliance of mind!"

Rumor has it there was one minor disagreement between Goddard and her admirer. He wanted her to pose in the nude; Paulette refused. They compromised on a "classical boudoir scene" of her seated on a mat, attired in white shorts and white sheer blouse, with a naked Indian servant girl combing her hair.

Years before, Rivera admitted to Paulette in the course of her sittings, he had been interested in Communism. Now he hated its tyranny, and he fought against Communism in speeches and in actions. As a result, the Reds in Mexico, (Continued on page 35)

BY IRVING WALLACE

International News photo

Paulette Goddard and Mexican muralist Diego Rivera arrive safely in Hollywood a few days after their hair-raising encounter with a group of Red assassins in Mexico.



Rumor has it that when Paulette asked Rivera to paint her portrait, he first insisted that she pose nude. She refused, so they compromised on the above outfit.

Mexico City's also the locale of Paulette's latest screen adventure. She's the other woman in Paramount's "Hold Back the Dawn."

Photo courtesy Look Magazine

Party of the Month

High spot of season at

Hollywood Park Turf

Club is Gold Cup Ball!



"Smilin' Through" is the first picture Jeanette and Gene Raymond have made together since their marriage!



No truth to those rumors that Cloudette and Joel Pressmon are parting! They're blissful in their sumptuous home—complete with tennis courts and a phone in each room.



Shooting gallery men (he just can't resist 'em) Fronchot Tone's latest femme is Jean Wallace. That Veronica Lake hair-do's been sweeping Hollywood brows like mad lately.



Nearly every columnist on the market has a soft spot for Ty Power and Annobello! They've just returned from the East, where they co-emoted in summer stock at Westport, Conn.



Longest-standing of Mickey Rooney's retinue of girl friends is Linda Darnell, who's forever trying to reform him. His current enthusiasm's figure skating, and his burning ambition's to impersonate Carmen Miranda on the screen.



Lone Wolf Warren William's waxing social with Claire Trevor (Mrs. Clark Andrews). She has an infinitesimal appetite, advises hefty ladies to cut theirs by sipping soup!



Red Skelton gives credit for his best lines to scribe wife Edna Stillwell. Says his act never flourished till he wed in '30, when she was cashiering in theatre where he played!



Phil's a natural in his anti-Nazi role in Warner's "Underground." Shortly after he came to this country, his native Holland was blitzed!

You were probably conscious of him first as the sympathetic young German doctor in "Escape." You may also have noticed him as Hedy Lamarr's violinist-husband in "Ziegfeld Girl." But you will tingle to the discovery that here is a sensation, a star-to-be, when you see him as the martyred, adventurous hero of "Underground."

You will want to know: Who is this Philip Dorn? Where did he come from? What is his story? What is he like in person?

He is six feet two, with a strong, honest, thoughtful face. There is nothing of the swashbuckler about him, yet he has had as many adventures as Errol Flynn. He's the quiet type.

That's partly explained by the fact that he's Dutch. As a race, the Dutch aren't famous for shouting about themselves. They like to live their own lives and let other people live theirs.

He was born in the little seacoast town of Scheveningen, a few miles from The Hague. His father was a small shipbuilder.

As a boy, always around boats, Philip had the ambition to go to sea, to roam the world—and that fever isn't out of his system yet. It helped to bring him to Hollywood just as it took him before to other far places.

To his father and mother, the theatre was a snare of Satan. It was something to be kept out of their



Phil reads three books a week, sometimes sees four movies a day—all to improve his English. He won't be satisfied till he's lost every trace of his accent—which is stronger in person than on the screen.

**HERE IS A MAN WHO CAN
BECAUSE HE HAS LIVED
HAS KNOWN LOVE AND JOY AND
WHO HAS DONE MANY THINGS**

BY JAMES CARSON

. . . YOU CAN'T BEAT THE

lives and out of their son's life. He was thirteen or fourteen when he saw his first play, a Red Cross performance. He had been forbidden to see it, but the curiosity of youth was so strong it pulled him inside the *verboden* doors.

"I did not know such a world existed," he says today in his careful, heavily-accented English, across a table in a Hollywood studio commissary 6000 miles from Scheveningen. "I was intrigued by it. Immediately I had the ambition to become an actor. It was a way not to be like your neighbor or your brother or sister. That was the original lure, I think. Youth rebels against fitting into molds."

With blunt Dutch determination, he announced his new ambition at home. His father thundered that no son of his would ever go on the stage. His mother used better psychology. She took him aside and told him that she hoped some day he would create beauty for the world—that he would be a painter or writer or musician. An actor, she said, was only an interpreter of other men's thoughts, not a creator.

He listened to his mother and consented to be sent to a school of fine arts in The Hague. But his heart wasn't in his studies. To put it tersely, he flunked out.

Ashamed to go home, he felt as if he might as well make his disgrace complete, even though his father might disown him for it. He made up his mind to find out whether he had the makings of an actor or not.

"I had found out that I could never be what my parents hoped," he says, with a self-deprecating smile. "But how did people get on the stage? I had no idea. Knowing no better, I used the direct approach. I went to a theatre manager in The Hague and asked for a job as an apprentice actor. And—he gave me a job. It was as simple as that . . . I don't know what the manager saw in me. Earnestness, perhaps."

He was only 15 but got away with claiming to be older. His voice had changed and was under control. Also, he was tall, well-proportioned and serious beyond his years. (His failure in school weighed heavily upon him.)

"Two weeks I had been playing a bit part in this theatre when a fellow collapsed on a stage in Amsterdam, and they sent for the juvenile lead of our company to replace him. I was promoted to juvenile lead! That was something that could happen only once in a lifetime. It was not ability that made me an actor. It was opportunity."

But did he say that to himself then? Didn't such sudden success go to his head—a little?

He shakes his well-shaped head now, leaning back in his chair, amused at the question. "No. That was something that couldn't happen. Never have I been able to pound my chest and say, 'I am an actor.' Furthermore, I can't understand all those actors who do. Perhaps that is my mother's fault." (Continued on page 81)

INTERPRET LIFE DRAMATICALLY

DRAMATICALLY—A MAN WHO

SORROW AND DANGER—A MAN

IN MANY PLACES—PHIL DORN!

DUTCH

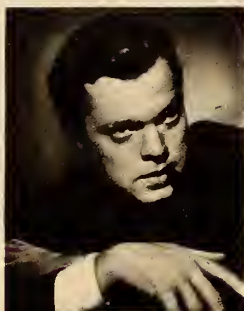


His hobbies are candid photography and collecting East Indian antiques.



GENE TIERNEY

*Thanks also
for dropping in,
come again - won't
you?*



ORSON WELLES

*Will I ever be
a purple cow*



SONJA HENIE

*Sometimes it is important to forget
happiness depends on this.*

Telltale

YOU WON'T TALK? WELL, YOU DON'T

Take up your pencil and write, and you are identifying your personality as surely as a fingerprint tickets your person! This is the credo of graphology (handwriting analysis)—as exemplified by Dr. Arthur Holz.

Several months ago, LIFE magazine, hard-headed and factual, put Dr. Holz's powers through a tough test, printed the results on its pages, found no flaws.

From MODERN SCREEN Dr. Holz received unsigned samples of the handwriting of eleven stars. In each case, he was informed of the sex and age of the author. Graphology built up the rest . . . enabled him to make the astonishing analyses below.

We hope you readers will be intelligently skeptical. And we have asked Howard Dietz, M-G-M's brilliant publicity head, to vouch for the good faith of the Holz analyses. His own hand is analyzed on page 98, and he has this to say about Dr. Holz's work:

"As far as I can judge, the technique of this analysis by Dr. Holz was on the level. Needless to say, I'll settle for the build-up he gives me, and it's a bit drippy to return personal praise. But with some detachment I read his copy on the others in the test and, since I am assured that the distinguished Viennese did no peeking or snooping, I must say that he's a remarkable and frightening fellow."

GENE TIERNEY . . .

The writer has a strong power of influencing others. Her glance works directly on the senses of her spectators. Moreover, she is endowed with a particularly flowing and graceful body, and she has a way of emphasizing the magic of her eyes with appropriate bodily gestures. She has an indomitable will and is terribly ambitious. She is very bold, has something catlike about her, and she has an almost cruel tendency to make gratuitous use of her wiles.

She's particularly suited to vamp roles and to the presentation of types a little soiled by life's temptations. She has lightning perception and puts her finger with unfailing accuracy on the essential in any role entrusted to her. Her life path is laid along a straight line, and she hates to get lost in non-essential detail. She craves love, and because of her abundant temperament she can easily evoke love in others. She is extravagant in her dealings, and in love affairs is inclined to be domineering and guard her independence jealously.

ORSON WELLES . . .

The writer is highly intelligent, aesthetic—a man with a high power of imagination. This imagination springs from a healthy source, and he doesn't lose himself in planless fantasies. He has a great gift for describing situations, knows how to highlight them dramatically. His facets are many; he is rich in ideas and shows this in the pursuit of his calling. He is always seeking after a living expression. In all his dealings, you can watch his need for harmony and clarity come to life. And yet he has in every respect a warrior's nature—constantly struggling to improve himself, constantly battling forward. He possesses extraordinary powers of creation.

There is no trace of the stuffed shirt about him. But when it comes to his job, he's always deadly earnest, puts his whole self behind the realization of his inspiration. He is the terribly high-strung type that's subject to occasional explosions, and at such times he can be hard and tyrannical.

There are times when he craves strictest solitude. But when he's with people, he is animating and stimulating, has lots of humor and can take his audience by storm. This is the essence of his success, which would be as great in the field of letters as it is in the theatre.

Scrawl

HAVE TO. YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS ALL!

SONJA HENIE . . .

The writer is a simple, natural, good-natured, harmless person. She is definitely not the vamp type . . . instead substantial and comradely. This is not to say that she lacks the feminine qualities of tenderness and motherliness. On the contrary, she is very dependent on any person she likes and very dependable.

She is upright to the extent that any lie or intrigue is quite foreign to her. What impresses you most about her is her vitality, the steam with which she puts through anything she's begun. She is highly disciplined and has iron control over her mind and her body.

She's graceful and yet her body is tough as steel. She loves sport and has special athletic gifts. She's no born actress, and I should say she was better suited to home life. She's made for marriage but can't be happy with a husband who doesn't share her interests.

CHARLES BOYER . . .

This is the handwriting of a man whose charm simply overwhelms any audience. He makes a show of being weary, disinterested, sometimes actually blasé. And this delectable passivity charms women. He is a distinguished actor, and he carries his ability over into real life—can twist most people around his little finger.

He has an air of youthful forthrightness, so convincing that you believe anything he tells you. He knows how to look after his own advantage. Completely irresistible, he fascinates you the way bacon fascinates a mouse. What with his graceful carriage, his expressive glances, brimming with warmth and love, he's predestined for the role of a lover.

The interesting thing about his acting is that he can play the tough guy with the same facility that he brings to his upper-crust roles. At heart, he's a homebody, needs a wife who can give him a comfortable home. But woe to his wife if she is jealous, for the magic of his personality stamps him a ladies' man.

BETTE DAVIS . . .

The author is intelligent, has keen powers of observation, is charming and lovable. She is more or less a slave to her moods—but doesn't show it. This inner chafing, restlessly striving against a strong will, gives her a distinctive air. Her intellect has declared war on her emotions, she is nervously tense, seeks peace, yet she is terribly anxious to present a serene front to the world.

She is at her best portraying stubborn conflict roles, stubborn people who fight on even if they lose. She plays the naïve, sweet type or the fallen woman. Yet she is never what you would call a vamp type and never thoroughly debauched. She brings to such roles a certain inviolable integrity. You feel always that life has kicked her around—bruised her—but not really soiled her. By subtle shading she can leave you with a deeply sympathetic impression of a thoroughly unsympathetic person.

Offstage, she is pleasant, doesn't make unnecessary demands on others. But in spite of all the efforts of Lady Luck, in spite of her outward happiness, she is inwardly a lonely person; she suffers much; she can buy peace of mind only at great cost.

CONRAD VEIDT . . .

Here is a man of great drive. There is in him a mixture of the continental bon vivant and the Broadway bluffer. It confuses you—so that you never quite know whether he's (Continued on page 92)



CHARLES BOYER

*To Miss Ida Zeitlin
With all best wishes
of continuous success*



BETTE DAVIS

*Glad Marlene is
not taking my place
in your affections* (with a circled 'E')



CONRAD VEIDT

*Now your birthday present:
Allright it shall be a bigole!
I promise me to be careful!*

BY DR. ARTHUR HOLZ



Carole looks and acts older than 22; has a wonderful figure but says she's slightly bow-legged. Has deep tan, expressive hands, hour-glass waist. No polish on her 3-in. nails.



She's studying the piano now. Has taken 8 lessons and can play "Clair de Lune." Has written several unpublished popular songs.

IT'S OUT-LANDIS!

BY HENRY P. MALMGREEN

**AN INTIMATE CLOSE-UP OF THAT
GENTLEMEN-PREFERRED BLONDE**



Is a whiz at tennis and mad about flying. Caught the fever from the Bob Cummings. Managed 3-point landing after 2 lessons.



Her two floppy-eared spaniels will movie-début in "Wild Geese Calling." Glenn Ford wants one of her pups (there were originally 7), but she can't part with them.



Carole lives with her mom in a 10-room house. Wardrobe includes 10 evening gowns, 19 street dresses, 3 suits, 10 prs. slacks, 9 blouses, 17 prs. shoes, 5 sport coats, an ermine, silver fox and skunk coat.

"Just call me a free-lance artist!" parries blonde, blue-eyed Carole Landis, with that husky, bubbling laugh of hers, when you try prying into her love life. Charles Chaplin, Gene Markey, Matty Fox, Kenny Morgan, Cedric Gibbons, George Montgomery, Bill Marshall—they've all developed flash-bulb squints playing the casual Landis swain. And Hollywood's legion of gossip-vendors chorus one question weakly: "Who's next?"

Like the smart girl she is, Carole, who began her current climb to glory in the Stone Age sarong of "One Million 'B.C.," won't say. In the tastefully-furnished bedroom of her new (rented) Brentwood home, there's only one male photo—of Franchot Tone—cryptically autographed "Yours without protest." And even he, insists Carole, "is just a friend."

Rather than the new-escort-a-night hot-spotting that's hung a title of "Hollywood's most-dated starlet" around her pretty neck, this restless, exuberant 22-year-old prefers to talk about her passion for flying or her five dogs or the 18 x 24 living room that's being redecorated Chinese style—or the ambitious, unabashed way a San Bernardino school girl battered a hole through Hollywood's closely-guarded walls.

Born Frances Lillian Mary Ridste in Fairchild, Wis., Carole moved with her family to California, grew up a reluctant grade-schooler, within brief hitch-hiking distance of filmland—her ultimate goal. At 7, she sang brashly, untunefully before a bored amateur night theatre audience. At 12, she had curved out precociously enough to walk off with stockings and an electric heater in two beauty contests. Three years later, she eloped to Yuma with a 19-year-old school chum, then snarled in a tangle of annulment proceedings, broke the tie herself in a month's time.

School, of course, was tame stuff after that, but Carole stuck it out for another year. Then, thumbing through a phone book, she changed Ridste to Landis, hit the trail for Frisco and a night club singing job. Cannier than most movie-struck youngsters, she realized that experience helps grease the way past casting office secretaries. And engagements that followed at Frisco's swank St. Francis Hotel and the ultra-ultra Rio Del Mar country club gave her that.

Three weeks after arriving in Hollywood, her next stop, Carole, who had never taken a dancing lesson in her life, wiggled and stomped her way into the chorus of Warners' "Varsity Show." (Continued on page 96)



Is gradually acquiring a library and favorite author is Hemingway. She also collects records (mostly popular songs), figurines, miniature animals and colorful swear words.



Bedroom is 20 feet square, has modernistic furniture and 2 huge white bearskins on floor. Bed is medium-sized; dressing table colossal. Off the bedroom there's a dressing room and bath.

he who got SLAPPED

THE STRANGER-THAN-FICTION ROMANCE OF VIC MATURE AND MARTHA STEPHENSON KEMP

The whole business was nobody's fault. Nobody could have dreamed up the tragic mess that was cooking that day. Nobody could have prevented it. There's no villain in this piece. Just two high-minded, super-sensitive young fools.

There was Martha with a diamond wedding band on her finger and something dead in her eyes. There was Victor with a 6 foot 2½ inch, 204 pound tapered body that was getting him several thousand fan mail letters a week. With a serious, young passionate face that was attracting attention from women named Vanderbilt and Garbo, as well as the 20,000 named Smith and Jones and Zabldowsky. (Literally, I mean. Mrs. Cornelius V. and Greta G. were among the fans who fought their way backstage to tell Victor Mature how special extra he was opposite Gertrude Lawrence in Moss Hart's super-psychological offering, "Lady in the Dark.")

But it hadn't always been that way.

He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, where his father was a knife grinder and poor. Vic grew up a good-natured, friendly and astonishingly handsome young man, and it came to pass one day that he was invited to a Society dance.

It was painless enough for the first hour or so. And then he asked a certain young lady to dance. She glared at him a moment, then enthusiastically slapped his face.

"How dare you—you dirty son of a common knife grinder?"

Something happened to Victor Mature that moment. Something violent that began at the pit of his stomach, going upward till it flooded his brain.

And it didn't stop—not that night, nor the next year. Nor during the next three years when he was crashing Hollywood. His fan mail became a source of wonder and joy to his studio: He acquired dozens of friends among Hollywood's great and near great, but grim things still went on in his heart.

The matinée idol period came next. Victor had been playing Randy Curtiss in "Lady in the Dark" for four months when he met Martha Kemp. In those months he'd covered the hotspot circuit nightly with some eighteen or twenty different girls. It would have been interesting if anyone had cared to notice that not one of their names appeared in a social register. And that wasn't because Park Avenue didn't try! It was because

Victor Mature was a funny guy by then, with a deep, hidden, defensive anger in him and a hot, bitter memory of a Louisville dance.

He wouldn't have asked Martha out, if he'd known what he was doing. That's just to begin with. But it all begins, rightly, with Martha's clothes.

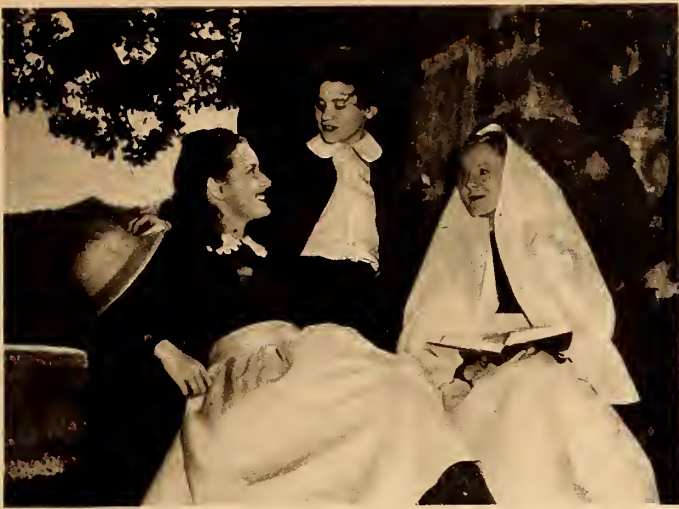
They were black—and so painfully simple. They made her look, in that Bergdorf-Goodman crowd at the British War Relief Benefit where he first spied her, like the children's governess sent down to watch the show. Little and scared and shadowy. She hadn't planned it that way, of course—Martha hadn't planned her clothes in a good many gloomy months. But that's how it was. And Victor started right off, thinking crazy:

"A guy could lift her in one hand . . . and she wouldn't break . . . because she's got strength in her, for all her littleness . . . strength and guts . . . and sweetness . . . now what could a girl like that be doing in this crowd?"

She was introduced as Mrs. Something. He missed the name in all the noise and confusion, but he saw the diamond band on her finger, and his heart shriveled up. Victor Mature was surprised. You don't feel that way because a girl you don't know (Continued on page 68)



He got 60,000 fan letters after his first film. Never wears a hat, hates to dance—though Betty Grable says he's an ace conga-er.



Maureen O'Hara and Anna Lee fell madly in love with 11-year-old Roddy McDowall. He's a British evacuee, crossed the Atlantic pursued by Stukas and submarines.



John Loder, who was the youngest English officer to serve in the last war, talked current events between scenes and learned Welsh from the singers.

"WAS MY VALLEY"



Walter Pidgeon, who used to sing in light opera with Elsie Janis, has never sung in the movies till now. He's cast as a minister who sings with his flock.



Mae Marsh, an extra in the film, and Donald Crisp met for the first time since she was the star of "Birth of a Nation," which he helped direct 26 years ago!



To achieve realism and keep these novice actors relaxed, Ford had their singing recorded on location, instead of on the studio's sound stage, as has always been the custom.

My Sister and I

BY ROSEMARY LANE as told to John Franchey

THAT LANE DUO MAY PUT ON A SOLID SISTERLY FRONT —BUT THEY'RE RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS AT HEART!

Back home in Indianola (Iowa) life had a wonderful simplicity to it.

If I rolled a hoop down Main Street on Sunday, and a startled stranger wanted to know who the little dear was, there would always be someone around handy to say: "Her? Oh, that's Rosemary Lane. No telling what she'll do next."

That, of course, was before Fred Waring poked his head into a cubicle of a music-publishing house where Priscilla and I were trying out a ditty called "Fit As a Fiddle," made a two-piece choral society out of us and put us in front of his band. The next stop was Hollywood and pictures.

The movies made a sister act out of us—one-two-three. So that what had formerly been a rugged individualist, meaning Rosemary, became overnight one-half a duet which in the public mind ought to dress alike, think alike and behave alike. Hence, if Priscilla happened to be fond of licorice candy (which, by the way, she isn't) it was a dead cinch that I was mad about the stuff. If Priscilla loved kittens (which, by

the way, she does) it was perfectly safe to put me down as a sponsor for any cat enterprise that reared its pretty feline head. Likewise, if Priscilla liked her hair combed back nonchalantly in schoolgirl fashion, a hairdresser would automatically start rigging me up in the same coiffure the minute I sat down in his chair.

It worked the other way, too. When I started taking French lessons, my tutor corralled Priscilla and inquired when Pat would be ready to begin her lessons. Let Priscilla start to order her dessert at some restaurant, and a waiter with a memory (and brain) like an elephant is almost sure to come prancing up with a raspberry sherbet which he knew she would adore because I did. Once there was a shoe salesman who almost swooned away out of shock when he found that the slipper Cinderella Rosemary wears was a size too small for Pat's little tootsie.

The point I am trying to make is that my sister and I—we're different.

To begin with, we are not two peas in a pod—even to look at.

Priscilla is the blonde one with large, striking features and a dark complexion. I'm the redhead with small, features and a freckled com- (Continued on page 74)



This is the way Rosemary and Pat looked when they stormed New York with their mom. Shortly after, their parents divorced and Mrs. Lane became mgr. & agent.



When the sisters came East at the ages of 14 and 16, they débuted with Fred Waring and orch. at Roxy's. Of Fred they both say, "He's still the best friend we have."



Priscilla, the baby of the family, is engaged to John Barry, but no date's been set on account of the draft. After 3 years' dating with Bud Westmore, Rosemary's still casual.

Mrs. Lane took in boarders to finance their early piano, dancing and singing lessons!



HOLLYWOOD'S UNDECLARED WAR



In "The Informer" Director John Ford wore Victor McLaglen down to a mumbling frazzle, a performance which capped 1934-35 Acad. Award.

Since the movies began, stars and their directors have waged—beneath suave smiles and honeyed words—a sort of undeclared thirty years' war which today stacks them up as natural enemies like cats and dogs or cops and robbers. But strangely enough, the professional rabbit punches which daily illuminate relations between stars and their Svengalis are not often widely publicized. Take the Bette Davis-Willie Wyler tiff . . .

A few weeks ago, Bette walked off the set of "The Little Foxes" in a huff, whereupon the production folded like a paper cup. It was tactfully explained by Sam Goldwyn's press agents that Bette's art had handed her a nervous breakdown. She'd been working too hard . . . the weather was hot . . . etc. But it was also rumored persistently that Bette had been feuding a little too furiously with her director, William Wyler. The skirmish had begun on the set of "The Letter" and simply moved over to "The Little Foxes," where it warmed up and exploded.

Some folks say that Willie Wyler, ace director though he is, just has to have one whipping boy on each of his sets. On this actor he dumps a daily load of sarcasm and disapproval of every word spoken and move made. In "The Letter," Bette's protégé, Jimmy Stephenson, took that uncomfortable rap. After one particularly hectic session, he told Bette that as far as he was concerned, Mr. Wyler could take his "Letter" and eat it. Bette, wise in Wyler's ways, gave Jim a fight talk. Promised him that if he could stick it out, he'd find it worth the effort. Always, for some odd reason, Wyler's whipping boys turn in the performances of their lives—and Jimmy was no exception. As for Bette—she was handy giving out advice, but she had a harder time following it. When it came her turn, she couldn't take it. But "The Little Foxes," all finished now, might very well hand Bette her next Academy "Oscar." If only for the reason that Willie Wyler bent his baneful eye in her direction!

It's funny, but practically every time you land upon a Grade A spat, you stumble across a knockout performance. There's the case of Claudette Colbert, for instance.



Gable's a headache to directors because of his yen for realism. He won't let his screen partners pull their punches; often gets knocked out cold!



Garson Kanin reassuringly gripped Ginger Rogers' hand for all close-ups of emotional stress 'n' strain during filming of "Tom, Dick and Harry."

Wesley Ruggles used to be one of her favorite directors. They were as chummy as two bugs in a ruggles—then up came a certain picture. The script locale was a mountain ski resort, and Wesley wanted to shoot it at Sun Valley. He figured it would take six or seven weeks on location. Now Claudette Colbert is notably allergic to locations; besides, she was then the recent and blushing bride of Dr. Joel Pressman. "What's wrong," she demanded, "with the Los Angeles Ice House?" That's where most winter epics are filmed in Hollywood, with frosty breath and everything.

Well, there was a story conference, and Mr. Ruggles got his way. They went to Sun Valley—but not for six weeks. When they got there, there was no snow, and the location trip stretched into three months. They returned not speaking, and that's more or less the way it's been ever since. Ruggles has never directed Claudette again, which is too bad. Because the picture—"She Met Him in Paris"—was a sparkling hit and did more to boost Claudette's stock than any since "It Happened One Night."

Incidentally, "She Met Him in Paris" wound up shooting most snow scenes in the Los Angeles Ice House after all, which handed Claudette a slightly bitter last laugh.

It's not always the director who comes out on top in the eternal scuffle. There's Sidney Lanfield, for instance, a handsome, smooth and self-confident gentleman who used to operate around Twentieth Century-Fox. Tyrone Power was just a raw kid from the East then and had just landed a spot in "Sing, Baby, Sing." After baby had been singing one week, Ty Power looked like a green piece of cheese to Mr. Lanfield, and he told his boss, Darryl Zanuck, that he was certain to gum up the picture. So Ty was replaced by Michael Whalen. And Mr. Lanfield has ever since been trying to live that wrong guess down, like the man who turned down the Vitaphone.

But the little play which scored most heavily for the star team against Sidney Lanfield was put across by Sonja Henie, another green-as- (Continued on page 97)



Some stars resent being treated like kids by their director. None such is Joan Crawford, who Trilby-ed for Geo. Cukor in "A Woman's Face."

EXPOSING THAT HUSHED-UP SUBJECT

—THE UNDERCOVER KNUCKLE WORK

BETWEEN STARS AND DIRECTORS!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Roz calls Bill Powell "the father-confessor type."



Montgomery rates "because he's a wit. Capitol W."



She dates on "boom town" Gable's magnificent insults.



"Cary's dynamite to work with and a very funny man."



Jimmy's exciting because he's completely...

THE

MEN

IN

HER

LIFE

BY JAMES REID

WHO BUT ROZ THE IRREPRESSIBLE WOULD DARE TO
NAME THE NINE MOST EXCITING MEN IN HOLLYWOOD!

Rosalind Russell gave away, free, one of those baleful glares that studios pay her a fortune to register on the screen. "What do you mean," she screamed, "—you want me to talk about The Most Exciting Men I've Known? Don't tell me there's a rabid public interest in my love-life." As an afterthought, she raised her eyebrows and added, "—if any."

"I've discussed a million times in exhausting detail, how I live alone and don't like it, and how I can't do anything about it until I fall in love. The customers must be asking, 'Can't Russell talk about anything else?'"

That was just the point. She could tell the customers about The Exciting Men She Has Known.

"Oh," she said craftily, as if she suddenly understood this suggestion aright, "you mean—I could give the lowdown about the men I've been supporting all these years? In fact, the story might be called: 'The Men I've Supported.' Of course, it's a steal on a Cary Grant idea—he says he's going to give a story some day called, 'The Women I've Been Supporting.' But if he opens his mouth at the wrong time, people *ought* to steal his ideas. . . . Sure, I'll tell you about Grant and Gable and Stewart—and others. I'll tell you what it's like to be around them, day after day. People might be surprised."

This wasn't exactly what we meant. We didn't want to limit the discussion to the men she met during working hours.

"But," she protested, with elaborate innocence, "the men I've worked with are the most exciting men I've known."

She wouldn't have it any other way. Besides, those brown eyes of hers had a definite gleam in them. She saw prospects of having fun with the topic of her movie loves. And she wasn't going to be cheated out of that fun.

She began by pointing out: "You can't say I wasted any time getting in with the best men. The very first one, for example, was William Powell.

"The occasion of our first get-together was my first picture, 'Evelyn Prentice'—in which I played the second feminine lead. And I might not be on the screen today, if it weren't for Bill. I learned more from him than from anyone else I've encountered in Hollywood.

"I have him catalogued in my little black book as the understanding, sympathetic type. The amused father-confessor.

"I was a hopeless novice—I had never been on a movie set before, and I just didn't know what it was all about. He took time out to give me (Continued on page 79)

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Biggest splash at Jimmie Fidler's shindig was made by Jackie Cooper, who left Bonita to home and brought Phyllis Ruth. They double-dated with Bud Westmore and Rosemary Lane.



All those elegant Billy Conn-Jean Parker clinches have to be cut from Republic's "Pittsburgh Kid," because Billy's manager doesn't think the public wants him Clark Gable-ized.



Dan Topping and Sonja denied stork rumors right and left until Mrs. Henie crossed 'em up. She inadvertently disclosed that they're expecting a little Topping for Xmas!



It's an event when Anita Louise and hubby Buddy Adler tear themselves away from their beloved newsreel theatre. Run by Adler, Anita patronizes it constantly, occasionally collects tickets!



Betty Grable's playing chauffeur to George Raft these days. She adores driving and has complete confidence—nevertheless insured her legs for \$100,000, just in case!



Martha Raye and Neal Lang played right along with the guests at their beach party celebrating Neal's birthday and housewarming their new home. Guests were requested to wear their oldest!

SCREEN SPECIALISTS . . .

BY IDA ZEITLIN

NUNNALLY JOHNSON looked at the movies and concluded that, if this was all they wanted, his child Nora could do as well, and he could improve on Nora. The inquiry was pursued in no spirit of bumptiousness, but with the impersonal logic of a scientist and in the interests of a flattened pocketbook. Now that he's turned out such bell-ringers as "House of Rothschild," "Chad Hanna" and "Grapes of Wrath," he still considers scenario writing a pipe and sings hallelujahs for the invention of celluloid.

At eight he decided to be a journalist because he'd read a book about Richard Harding Davis and didn't want to work as hard as his father, a railroad man in Columbus, Georgia. His first job on a Savannah paper was interrupted by the war. His last order as a lieutenant to one Corporal Steese, assistant city editor of the New York Tribune, was to get him a spot on that sheet. After years as reporter and columnist on various New York papers, he quit to write short stories on the theory that they'd give him more leisure and freedom to work where he pleased.

He says there are two kinds of writers, amateurs and professional. An amateur may be brilliant like James Thurber, but circumscribed to his own field. The mark of a professional is adaptability. Give him a charade or an epic, he'll study its basic structure and grind out a reasonable facsimile. Johnson's a professional. He adapted himself successively to the formulas of True Confessions, Smart Set and The Saturday Evening Post. In '29 his bankbook shrank with the story market. That's when he began dissecting movies. Evidently Paramount made him a grudging offer which he translates roughly as: "If you'll pound at the gate on a certain Monday morning, we may let you in." He had to borrow sixty dollars for fare. Three years later Zanuck took and hung on to him.

He's been associate producer on his own picture for five years and considers it the ideal arrangement for a writer. Zanuck gives him an assignment, they talk it over and don't see each other again till the script is finished. He regards conferences as so much waste motion and staggers his set and fashion designers by admitting they know their stuff better than he does. He says the best producer is one who leaves his writer alone, and the best writer one who asks his producer no questions. If he has a favorite among his own scripts, it's "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Currently he's

PROFESSIONAL WRITER . . .



working on "Chicago." As opposed to those who wait for inspiration, he's strictly a businessman writer who comes in at ten, hangs up his hat, works till the five o'clock whistle blows, puts on his hat and goes home.

He's tall, trim, faintly faunish-looking and retains his Geo'gia drawl. His close friends range back to newspaper days, and his idea of a pleasant evening is to sit, read, talk and have a few drinks. He used to exercise under protest till he managed to dig up a doctor in good standing who said it was wrong to exercise after forty. His sports activities are now confined to dabbling a toe in the pool once a week to see if it's wet.

His wife is Dorris Bowdon, who played Rosasharn in "Grapes of Wrath" and is mildly interested in returning to work, if she ever gets their Holmby Hill house thoroughly furnished. Of two daughters by a former marriage, Marjorie's a recent bride, Nora's bringing her dog to spend the summer. Nunnally maintains that dogs are a nuisance and that he'd gladly pay a man to bring one around twice a week, so that he could discharge his obligation by patting it. When he makes such statements, he carefully avoids the eyes of his own two pooches.

WOMAN MAKES THE CLOTHES . . .



THE SWANK DRESSMAKER designs from thirty to fifty dresses for a season's collection. Edith Head, top fashion designer at Paramount, does as many for a single picture and has six pictures going at once. What saves her from the strait jacket is that she loves to draw, and ideas come to her with ease. She thinks—cheerfully—that all studio designers will eventually go crazy, but meantime they have fun.

Except for the extras, she dresses all the women in Paramount pictures, from star to bit player. Each dress must be not merely a dress, but a unit fitting smoothly into the pattern of the picture. She avoids the bizarre to concentrate on gayety and freshness. To ensure originality, she designs her own fabrics and has them woven, appliquéd or embroidered.

She was teaching French, Spanish and art in a private school in Hollywood, attended by the De Mille and other picture children. With them she visited the studio, whose atmosphere she found as exciting as school was boring. So she took an armful of sketches to Howard Greer, then head designer at Paramount, talked herself into a job and was heartbroken when they didn't send her right out to dress Gloria Swanson. From designing scales for mermaids and butterflies' wings, she was graduated into Westerns, then became junior designer under Travis Banton—a feat unique in the annals of her profession.

Her first big star was an elephant, for whom she designed the bellyband that supports a palanquin. Her second was Pola Negri. A staff of drapers, cutters, finishers, embroiderers, rising at times to three hundred, carry out her ideas, but she does the designing alone and unprotected. It works like this: She reads the script, confers with producer, director and star, makes her sketches, presents them for approval to producer, director, star, art director, cameraman and—if the picture is in color—to the Technicolor expert. The workroom takes over, preliminary fittings are made on the dummy of the player and at least two fittings on the player herself. Then the clothes are finally tested on the screen.

Miss Head wears bangs, tinted glasses and an air of serenity, and her talk is threaded with humor as lively as the colors she loves. Her principal headache is the necessity for dressing a girl dowdily or in bad taste to meet story requirements. That hurts. Her principal pleasure, apart from the work itself, lies in contact with a variety of stimulating people. She says the most fun she ever had was with Mae West and Charles Laughton, whom she dressed as Nero.

She's married to Wiard Ihnen, art director at Fox. When she wearies of designing clothes for pictures, she'll sketch for the wardrobe of a friend. "For the very same reason," she says, "as sailors buy rowboats."

STYLES IN WILES

THIRTEEN MEN TELL

GLADYS HALL WHAT

THEY LIKE ABOUT WOMEN!



GEORGE BRENT . . .

"For my money, the woman who can say the right thing at the right time, relieve tight domestic situations—she is Venus' fly-trap. Men hate being embarrassed. Therefore, the woman who spares them embarrassment is the winnah! Besides, if a woman hasn't got a feminine, intuitive mind, she can't have feminine appeal."



JOHN SUTTON . . .

"To be, or seem to be, completely feminine is the most delightful of all woman's wiles. They must wear feminine clothes, speak in soft voices, achieve a slightly timid manner.

It may well be more wile than Nature nowadays, but if that be true, give us this day our daily wiles!"



HUMPHREY BOGART . . .

"There's one particular feminine come-on that I appreciate the most. It's the girl who is a good listener—or pretends she is. The wildest woman ever made of sugar and spice is the one who flatters a man with her full and undivided attention. The pay-off usually is that she gets *his*—for the duration."



CARY GRANT

"A woman's hands get me every time. More than her face, figure, clothes, anything. The girl who, when she smokes, makes the cigarette seem a part of her hand. The girl who, when she kisses you, touches your face with her hands. That always gets me down for the count!"



TYRONE POWER

"The feminine art of giving in gracefully is as appealing a wile as I can think of . . . and as clever a one. If more women would practice it, they'd find more men being equally gallant. It's ladies who insist on having their own way who get it with the least frequency!"



ROBERT STACK . . .

"I guess I'd say that change of temperament is the super-feminine wile to win me. Men get a pack of entertainment watching a woman leap from one mood to another. A poor fellow becomes absolutely dazzled trying to anticipate a chameleon girl's next mood! The unpredictable—that's for me."



GEORGE SANDERS . . .

"I love it when a woman wears an elusive perfume . . . I'm not quite sure where it comes from, what it is . . . want to follow it . . . I love it when a woman knows how to play the piano beautifully . . . so that she can play for me softly in the twilight. . . ."



ERROL FLYNN . . .

"I most admire the wile that enables woman to get her own way, as follows: She tells you what she'd like to do, then makes a brave show of trying to enforce *your* desires. Being a push-over for unselfishness, you stick out your chest, give in to her, are a sucker—and love it."



JIMMY ELLISON . . .

"I go for the girl who doesn't smoke, doesn't want a career, gets frightened at mice, clings to your arm when you're walking together. It makes a man feel like a *man*. I love it—and when a girl makes a man feel this way, he'll *always* love her. . . ."



OTTO KRUGER . . .

"The woman's wile that intrigues me the most? Flattery, *with* the syrup! The woman who says she hasn't seen you for years but you look 'just the same.' And all the time you're thinking 'Don't give me that stuff.' Actually, what you say—and mean—is 'Really? Tell me more!'"



PHILIP DORN . . .

"The girl who makes a point of knowing a man's mother is the wise and wily lady. A man is searching for his mother's qualities in all other women, and the girl who can make herself most like the mother is the girl he's most liable to love."



CHARLES BOYER . . .

"The charm of woman lies, I think, in her mystery. Perhaps it's the way she dresses, frequently wearing a veil . . . she must make her rendezvous with you in extraordinary places . . . she must not answer questions fully but leave you constantly wondering."



LOUIS HAYWARD . . .

"Wiles? Absolutely none of them. Feminine wiles are painfully obvious. If they weren't, how would you be able to recognize them as wiles? If a man is terribly intrigued with a woman, he'll forgive her her wiles—he'll adore them in fact. He'll be flattered, he'll fall, but—he won't be fooled!"

ACADEMY AWARD AUNT

**She takes the cake domestically
as well as professionally — that Oscar-
winning actress Jane Darwell!**

BY JEANNE KARR

To the public at large she's Jane Darwell, this year's Academy Award winner for her heart-warming performance of Ma Joad in "Grapes of Wrath." To Mary and Daphne Ogden, the grandnieces who live with her, she's Aunt Pat. Her real name is Patti Woodard. Her father, who had made the name Woodard important in railroad circles, wasn't too keen about having it transferred to the more spectacular world of the footlights. So a friend said, "Why don't you borrow my maiden name for luck?" Which is what she did.

If you want to see her eyes shine, ask her about the girls. Her speech will be matter-of-fact, even detached, but privately she thinks they're as fine a pair as ever stepped foot into life.

Mary's nineteen—tall, willowy, sweet-faced with dark blue eyes and masses of light brown hair, which she wears in a long bob. Daphne, a year younger, is shorter and thinks she has to diet. Her eyes are like her sister's, but her hair is a glorious mop of burnt copper that people turn to look at when it comes down the street. "It's all right," she admits grudgingly. "But what could be worse than freckles, a turned-up nose and Daphne for a name?"

She's a deadpan Puck, demure amid the hilarity she creates. A couple of years ago her driving ambition was to marry and have a lot of babies. Now she wants to be an actress like Aunt Pat, who's going to send her to the Pasadena Community Playhouse for two years of training after she graduates from North Hollywood High School this summer.

As a model in the school fashion show, she's already won her first notice. "Above all things, remember to walk slowly," Aunt Pat had told her. Daphne paced across the stage, removed the cape of her costume, laid it over her arm, paused smiling before the vice-principal, turned shoulder and hip like the Vyvyan Donner girls in the newsreel and sauntered off. "Daphne Ogden," said the school paper, "was a perfect picture of poise and grace."

She laid it beside Aunt Pat's plate at dinner that night. "A star is born," she announced.

Mary's the dreamer, head in the clouds, dedicated from childhood to the arts. She stares at strangers, murmuring, "That girl has a Botticelli face," spends all her money on Cézanne prints and books about Michelangelo, goes to the Chinouard School and plans to draw for a living. She's not so good at practical things like spelling. "Don't be mizzled," she read thoughtfully from an ad. "Funny. I never heard that word before." The

word was misled. "She paralyzes me," says Aunt Pat.

Her second passion is for music. "Do we have to listen to another symphony?" moans Daphne. Or she'll improvise at the piano, while her sister's trying to get to sleep. "That's a daisy pushing up through the grass," she'll call loud enough to be heard through the bedroom door. "Isn't it lovely?"

"Simply beautiful," yells Daphne, to whom it sounds more like a time-bomb. "Better quit now before you spoil it."

She doesn't care for sports, at which Daphne excels, but dances like a dream. "Only by herself, though," adds the irrepressible redhead. "Because she goes out with such arty people, they think dancing's beneath them." To which Mary responds with the indulgent, superior smile one keeps for children.

The fourth member of the household is Uncle Bill, Miss Darwell's older brother. He regards his family with the benevolent humor of a St. Bernard watching puppies at play. He refuses to "go racketing with the girls"—which term includes his sister—and allows himself to be lured out only to the races, where they're all two-dollar plungers. For the (Continued on page 86)



When Jane was a kid, her ambition to act was nipped in the bud by her socially conscious parents. Now she's very careful to give nieces Daphne and Mary free rein!

Camera Make-up



Above. Too-heavy make-up conceals the freshness of Gene Tierney's complexion, and her lips appear indistinct and dry.



Left. Gene Tierney of 20th Century-Fox with expertly applied make-up. Here her eyes, lips and skin look young and natural.

BY CAROL CARTER

**YOUR PICTURE IS A RECORD OF YOUR
BEAUTY, SO MAKE IT DO YOU JUSTICE**

It's important to be photogenic these days, what with candid camera fiends lurking around every corner and best beaus offing to camp with your picture!

To get yourself in condition for a planned or "surprise" photograph take a tip from the experts. The principle of photography, you know, is based on the contrasting of light and shadow, and you can assure yourself of a picture you're proud to have in circulation by using contrasting make-up to bring out your good features.

In making up, always use a foundation base. If your features are irregular, use two, the darker to shadow a too-full jaw or to make a prominent nose, chin or forehead less noticeable. Your regular base is ideal for snapshots and the like, but for portrait photographs, there are special camera foundations that are excellent. However, some of these are too noticeable for street wear. Whatever you choose, begin low at the neckline and pat your base on evenly, carrying it well up to your hairline. Be sure to include those too-often-neglected areas—under the chin,

behind the ears, back of the neck and around the eyes.

Unless you use a special powder-type foundation, spread powder on evenly over your base, and here again, it's desirable to use two shades. Be sure that they blend softly into each other so that there is no tattle-tale line of demarcation. Then dust off the excess with a piece of tissue or a special brush to give your face a soft, matlike finish.

Rouge creates shadows, you know, and like foundation, can play down prominent cheekbones or a too-full face, if applied expertly. A careless job, however, will give your face hollows where you least want them. For a planned photograph where special camera make-up is used, rouge is generally omitted.

Your lips will be lovely, and natural looking in your finished photograph if you use a deep, clear red lipstick. Model your lips carefully, making them wider or shorter, fuller or thinner, to give your face better proportion. If they're too heavy, use a medium (Continued on page 34)

BY CAROL CARTER



Mary Martin, dainty star of Paramount's forthcoming "New York Town," uses a natural-colored lipstick with her attractive new blonde locks

LIP TIPS ON LOVELINESS



A lip pencil or special brush may be used to outline or reshape lips. Lipstick is then filled in and sharp edges rubbed off.

"Dear Miss Carter: I'm fifteen years old, and I want to use lipstick. My girl friends do, and I look so unattractive without it—but my family objects. Won't you please help me?" "Dear Miss Carter: When should a girl begin to wear lipstick? I live in a small town and am fourteen years of age. Please advise me." "What shade of lipstick should I choose for my very first?" writes a sixteenster from Fort Worth. "Please tell me when I should and should not use lipstick. I am seventeen and live in the suburbs of a big city," writes another little sub-deb friend of ours.

Dear teensters, sub-debs and all you in-betweensters, you have our heartfelt sympathy for those quandaries of yours! We *know*! Big sisters, brothers, parents, girl and boy friends all take pains to advise you of their own particular attitude about lipstick. When they're through, you just don't know where you're at!

One reason for all the confusion is that there aren't any universal rules set up for teen-age girls. There are so many factors involved—general appearance, social habits, size and type of community—that make-up habits are of necessity highly individualized.

If you're poised and sophisticated for your age and live in a city for example, the answer will be altogether different from the counsel we'd give to girls who are decidedly youthful in appearance, lead a sheltered rural life where social life is extremely conservative.

One rule which does apply to all of you, though, is putting on lipstick artistically and with finesse *before* you risk your first public appearance. You'll save embarrassing moments this way. Lipstick colors range from natural or changeable shades through pale, rosy tints, clear, true reds and on into a variety of blue-reds

and orange-reds right down to the deeper, heavier brown-reds.

There's more of a knack to applying lipstick than creams, powders and all the other cosmetics put together. Consequently a girl's got to develop a technique if she's going to avoid that torrent of criticism from friends and relatives.

We're more concerned about *how* you wear your lipstick than on which mouth make-up you decide. For cosmetics of all kinds are practically foolproof these days what with the U. S. Government bureaus of standards and research fine-combing every product that gets near cosmetic counters. The government controls the colors used, and the manufacturers spend actual fortunes on research to make sure that no color or perfume can in any way conflict with little pet allergies or idiosyncrasies you may have.

In applying lipstick, always start and finish with a clean face. Almost all lipsticks have an under-tint which makes them lasting, but which, left on the lips, will interfere with the next coat. If possible, wash and cold cream your lips before applying lip make-up. At least wipe them well with a tissue. If you have difficulty removing color which has extended beyond the lip line, try a bit of peroxide on a tissue or puff of cotton.

There are two methods of applying lipstick. No. 1: Start in the center of your upper lip and work out to the corners. No. 2: Begin at the corners and color toward the center. While you're doing the job, keep your mouth open with a slightly smiling expression so you'll completely cover the inside edges as well as the outside. Now press your lips together and transfer any excess color to the lower one. Then blot (*Continued on page 91*)



After pressing both lips together to transfer any excess, blot lips with tissue. This assures a neat, natural look.



Powdering lightly over the finished job sets lip rouge and gives that soft mat-like finish so becoming to young girls for daytime wear.

**WITH
ACCENT
ON YOUTH**













MODERN SCREEN'S

HOW TO APPLY LIPSTICK AND ROUGE FOR DIFFERENT FACES








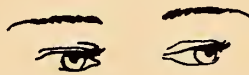








HOW TO APPLY ROUGE TO GIVE BETTER PROPORTION TO EYES

HOW TO APPLY LIPSTICK TO GIVE BETTER PROPORTION TO NOSE

WHICH OF THESE STARS REPRESENTS YOUR TYPE?

OVAL	ROUND	LONG
 <p>Make up lips full, following their natural outline. Begin rouge on cheek under each eye and blend back toward temples in triangle.</p>	 <p>Make up mouth as wide as becoming, bringing color out to end of lips. Use darkest rouge that is becoming. Blend toward temples, then down along jawline.</p>	 <p>Follow natural lip contours, making lower one full at corners, but don't extend length. Use light tone rouge and keep to center of cheeks.</p>
NORMAL	ROUND	CIRCLED
 <p>Intensify natural cheek coloring slightly. Keep rouge away from area near eyes.</p>	 <p>Blend rouge from a point well beneath each eye and carry it lightly toward temples.</p>	 <p>Cover circle edges with foundation and powder, blend rouge faintly over these.</p>
SHAPELY	SHORT	LONG
 <p>Apply your lipstick, following natural outline. Avoid heavy or bright lip make-up which will make nose seem too small.</p>	 <p>Emphasize upper lip with deeper, brighter lipstick and make it slightly wider and fuller than lower lip.</p>	 <p>Concentrate color on lower lip, making it slightly wider and squarer than upper lip.</p>
 <p>● Hedy Lamarr, M-G-M</p>	 <p>● Olympe Bradna, Warner Brothers</p>	 <p>● Dorothy Lamour, Paramount</p>

Lipstick and Rouge Chart...

SQUARE	HEART-SHAPED (Broad brow, narrow chin)	TRIANGULAR (Narrow brow—broad chin)	DIAMOND-SHAPED
 <p>Bring lip make-up out to full length of mouth, softly curving upper lip. Start rouge under eyes, blend toward temples, then shade downward over jawline.</p>	 <p>Keep lips slightly heart-shaped, though natural, and fairly small. Begin rouge on highest point of cheekbone and blend toward temples.</p>	 <p>Make up lips wide, arching them slightly. Begin rouge beneath eyes and shade toward temples, then down over jawline.</p>	 <p>Follow natural lip contours, keeping lips fairly small and gently curved. Apply rouge on crest of cheekbones, blending outward in all directions.</p>
WITH GLASSES	DEEP-SET	PROMINENT	SMALL
 <p>Blend rouge high on cheek just under each eye. Rouge lips vividly and carefully.</p>	 <p>Apply rouge well beneath eyes, avoiding hollows, and blending toward temples.</p>	 <p>Blend rouge delicately well up to point just below eyes.</p>	 <p>Apply rouge on cheekbones well below eyes, and use it sparingly. To emphasize brown eyes, use orange-red rouge. For blue eyes, use blue-red.</p>
LARGE	FLAT	WIDE	UPTURNED
 <p>Emphasize color on lower lip and make slightly wider and fuller than upper lip.</p>	 <p>Follow natural lip curves, keeping lips wide. Blend lighter foundation down length of nose. Use vivid lipstick.</p>	 <p>Make up lips following natural contours but fairly wide. Use darker foundation to shadow sides of nose.</p>	 <p>Concentrate color on upper lip, making it slightly brighter than lower lip.</p>
 <p>■ Ann Sheridan, Worner Brothers</p>	 <p>♥ Vivien Leigh, United Artists</p>	 <p>▲ Ann Sothorn, M-G-M</p>	 <p>◆ Merle Oberon, United Artists</p>

GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS

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At recent USO benefit, Janie Withers did a swing version of the "Hut Sut Song" (arranged by the very smitten Buddy Pepper). Gene Autry (in one of his 65 som-breros) sang "Mexicali Rose."

WE APOLOGIZE!

There appeared in the February, 1941, issue of *Modern Screen* an item by Sylvia Kahn, Hollywood reporter of said magazine, as follows:

ERROL SKINFLYNN?

An ancient mining engineer, recently returned from the far-away Indies, reports a revolution fomenting in romantic British Guiana. The cause of the trouble, he tells us, is Hollywood's own Errol Flynn who vagabonded through that country before becoming a famous movie star. Our engineer asserts Errol borrowed dough from practically every explorer, miner and native on the island, used his gleanings to pay his steamship fare to America—and, to date, hasn't kicked back a cent! The boys in Guiana didn't mind for the first few years, but they've run into lean times of late and could use the money. They claim they've written Errol on several occasions and asked for it, but they've had no response. This department is fond of Errol and wouldn't want to see anything happen to him. That's why we're tipping him off, here and now, the gang is planning to finance a trip for one among them who will come to these shores and personally put the bee on his neglectful old-time pal!"

This publication hereby desires to correct the misstatements made

about Mr. Flynn in said article. As a matter of fact, the story is entirely without foundation, nor was Mr. Flynn ever in British Guiana. Thus, the entire report was inadvertently based upon misinformation.

Short Shots

Pittsburgh Billy Conn felt proudest about his first picture-making assignment for Republic when someone pointed out that he was earning more than Clark Gable. Latter nets \$7,500 a week. Billy got \$20,000 for 15 days work! . . . Surest way to start charming Michele Morgan glowing is to compliment her on her lack of French accent. She'll display her amazing English opposite Paul Henry (nee Hernreid) in "Joan of Paris" . . . It wasn't once-wed Brenda Marshall who kept her nerve when she eloped with Bill Holden to Nevada. Brenda cried and cried from the moment they routed out a clergyman at 3 in the morning until the final "I do." It was Bill who carried through like a veteran . . . Sad-eyed Leonid Kinsky's taking swimming lessons every morning now to build up lank chest and shoulders. Spotting John Payne's magnificent pectoral development on the set of Twentieth Century's "Week-end in Havana" one morning, Leonid begged to have his elevator boy's uniform padded to fill. The studio said nix. They wanted



Evening's funniest skit was one in which Irene Dunne and Roz Russell read the same lines simultaneously and ditto for Cary Grant and Charles Boyer. Double talk de luxe!



30,000 Hollywood-ites packed the Hollywood Bowl for the show put on by dozens of stars. Evening's high spot was a skit by Rudy Vallee and the brothers Barrymore.

their Kinsky lean and funny. So Leonid queried Payne on how to become a Strongfort overnight, was advised to swim. Results are not yet discernible . . . Tearfully once-overing the results of the fire that gutted her bedroom not long ago, Ann Sothern was handed a special delivery letter. It was a message of sympathy from the lad being held for trial at the county jail for having rifled her home of valuables several weeks earlier! . . . Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are having final touches put on a 20-foot steel and concrete bombproof shelter in the basement of their new home out in Brentwood . . . Jane Clayton, Twentieth Century newcomer, and Husband Russell Hayden introduced Daughter Sandra to Hollywood's lollipop set on her first birthday. Bill Boyd and his wife wanted to come, but had no baby, so they brought Bill's horse instead. The kids loved it . . . It's costing Roy Rogers \$1,500 to put his beautiful sky blue trailer back into shape. He came back to Republic from a personal appearance tour with 560 fan names scratched, gouged or scribbled on the sides with penknife, lipstick and pencil. We hear that in one town, super-enthusiastic fans dispersed a whole platoon of coppers who tried to stop them.

Bank Knight

For Warner's young Mr. William Justus, the big time should have been years away. And it would have been if Bette Davis hadn't wandered into a movie house on Hollywood Boulevard. Who she wondered, was that wonderful young man in the "short"? Next day Bette reported to her bosses all a-bubble. Her discovery *must* have a screen test. She couldn't remember his name. But that didn't matter. Okay, said the studio, mindful of Davis discoveries of the past. And the rest must have seemed like a dream to young William. Pleasant-faced, deep-voiced, he's Richard Travis now, and you'll see him in a big fat introductory role: the newspaperman in the much-discussed "The Man Who Came to Dinner"—all because Bette Davis went to a movie one day.

Broncho Bust-up

It's usually the svelte-profiled leading man who takes it on the chin and other places when the script calls for a bit of horse-wrangling. But not so with strapping 190-pound George Montgomery! Born the youngest of a family of 15 children on a ranch near Brady, Mont., in 1916, he's been bringing home rodeo trophies since he was knee high to a jack rabbit. Forking a bronco for a scene in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Riders of the Purple Sage," he found the animal spiritless, gave him a healthy clip to wake him up. It did. In the resultant explosion of horse flesh, Cameraman Lucien Andriot knocked himself out of his camera hood, Director Jim Tinling tripped on a reflector, Assistant Charles Hall took a nose dive clambering over a . . . The very worst part of the whole thing was that it took ages to get any medical assistance, for the studio doctor happened to be on duty that day at a "more dangerous" loca-

Didja Know?

That a technicolor home movie hobby would be the unkindest cut of all to your bankroll? Camera alone costs \$25,000! . . . That Lucille Ball, who's paid nearly \$1,000 a week by RKO, carries little cash with her intentionally? Like many a soft-hearted big name, she gets nicked for between \$30 and \$50 in unreturned "touches" weekly . . . That Metro's Tom Conway (Bad Man) looks and acts like George Sanders with good reason? He's George's brother. . . . That British-born Binnie Barnes drove a milk truck for the health of it at 15? . . . That Maria Montez, pining for her RAFiancé, was cruelly jolted by a recent cablegram from the young flyer? The cable company interpreted "darling" as "sailing," had Maria in a fever of hope for a while. . . . That any Universal employee who thinks up a usable picture title can tuck a \$25 bonus into his or her penny bank? . . . That Bob Hope, now, among other things, a partner in Cleveland's Hope Metal Products Co., once tempted haymakers with that lantern jaw as "Packy" East, prizefighter? . . . That Ann Rutherford and Bob Stack come into their own this month? They get their first star billing together in "Badlands of Dakota." . . . That A-1 Actor Marc Lawrence seems to have climbed for keeps from that "gangster" rut? Hot on the heels of his pungent half-wit role in "Shepherd of the Hills," Marc's being tested for Fernando in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." . . . That Fred MacMurray developed those shoulders building up and tearing down stage sets before the studios trained a camera on him eight years later? . . . That George Montgomery is still puzzled over that Cocoanut Grove mystery? Invited to a party for the "Badlands of Dakota" cast, he brought along Ann Rutherford. They arrived, found a table set for 12, no one present. After rattling around alone for an hour, they finally gave up, went on home. That Jane Withers has a neat way of reproving discourteous hogs who honk impatiently behind her? To the back of her red Buick convertible, Janie has fastened a sign that reads: "When someone following gets unpleasant, stop under the dashboard, and the gadget stop!"

Woman maneuvers

Add Linda Darnell +
a tour of Calif.-
up the lads +
—only to
came a
work
Cr



Huge contributors were I and her advertising exec Bette Davis, Fannie Brice

GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS

GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS
Continued . . .
 GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS

GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS GOOD



Dennis and
 Burns' and
 Ronnie.

Disa and Data

"An Obliging Young Lady" is a tailor-made title for Ruth (Mrs. Citizen Kane) Warrick. Right off the bat she meets her leading man, goes into a love scene with him. "Did you mind?" we asked her on the RKO set. "No," grinned Ruth, "the same thing happened when I met my husband" . . . Sea-loving Stirling Hayden chafed so at his 7-year Paramount contract bonds that the studio's advancing \$15,000-\$20,000 to help him buy a boat. At this writing, Stirling's got his eye on something 120 feet long! . . . Metro producer Carey Wilson has piled up an amazingly complete collection of high school text books. He keeps it to make sure that Andy Hardy doesn't toss out any cultural quips that an actual high-schooler wouldn't be expected to know . . . Rare bird but smart boy that Richard Whorf. When Warner publiciteasers begged him for intimate life tips for a build-up, Dick warned wisely: "Wait until the fans see me in 'New Orleans Blues.' If they like me, then go ahead." . . . It took three deep-dyed exec conferences to figure out every possible way of quick-changing Humphrey Bogart from villain to good guy for "The Maltese Falcon." For the first time, he wears pressed pants and a necktie in every scene, had two hair-pieces added to his own slick locks to make him look as respectable as possible . . . That little iron door-knob Ida Lupino's been sporting around town on every possible ensemble was designed by Marjorie Cummings, wife of M-G-M Producer Jack Cummings. There's a little gold padlock on the thing, and guess who has the key? Louis Hayward, of course—on a watch fob . . . That stranger M. C. Bob Hope had to hand a prize to as Calcutta Sweepstakes winner at the Hollywood Park Turf Club Gold Cup Ball (Britain benefit) was Alfred Wright, the lad who wrote that nasty piece about Bob in Time magazine . . . We stopped Mother-to-be Veronica Lake in a Paramount hallway. Grinning prettily from under that hank of blonde hair, she announced: "John (Dellie) and I are going off in a car somewhere about a month after the baby comes. Don't ask me where—we're just going for a whole month." . . . Michele Morgan named herself after "J.P.," wanted to prefix an American-sounding "Mike" to it but was persuaded to use the Gallic feminine equivalent . . . Life isn't always a bed of roses for celluloid's lovelies. Dorothy g-Lamour got up at 4, returned at 8, for 45 solid days during location shooting of "Her Jungle Mate" . . . Just a few days after Claudette Colbert rented a house at Santa Monica for peace and quiet, workmen began banging out a home-stead for Jack Warner right next door . . . Take no stock in that bambino-to-be of the Robert Prestons. Like everyone else, rumor-starter Jimmie Fidler mistook Bob for Preston Sturges. Preston Foster, also a top Paramourer, complicates the name situation even further . . . If and when Glenn Ford marries, it will probably be Chile-born, star-in-the-making Evelyn Ankers. She'd made a name for herself in England before Universal nabbed her.

Hollywood Legend

Trocadero is part of Hollywood legend. Dozens and dozens of flickered dimly in quiet corners, came again and again as their flames flared to incandescence. Here Mary Martin, her hair three feet long, once sang nightly for convivial producers without getting a word in edgewise. Lana Turner made her boy friends take her there. She met Greg Bautzer, who had haunted the place hoping for a role in the Troc orchestra played "Melancholy Baby," it was cue to step up to a mike and sing her favorite song. She met his wife Marjorie Lane while she was waiting for her young entertainer was a pretty little girl . . . That was the Trocadero when Billy Wilder opened Ciro's, before the Mocambo boom. Now the word goes 'round that the Trocadero is back again. Nostalgic news for many who remember the flavor of a certain period in film-making, a by-gone, r-to-be-forgotten period in their own

ous and seductive, they're seldom makes something like a tempera- ar hall of NBC to send Charles' incredible triangular eyebrows.

For a nickel, a paper cup ap- a small spout from which flows adcast recently, Mr. Boyer fed s than a penny's worth of re- l sport that he is, inserted an- red sudden pangs of remorse ddenly the sparkly stuff began of the contraption and cascad- ars worth had splashed by the rceful page boys could get the it's the first time in Hollywood r's eyeballs have been exposed.

Three Rings

The Powder Room Prophets have three new Hollywood marriages to work on. Between lipstick daubings, they'll tell you anything you want to know about the Gene Tierney-Oleg Cassini, Kathryn Grayson-John Shelton and Brenda Marshall-Bill Holden alliances. The same gal who predicted divorce for Lana Turner and Artie Shaw the minute she heard they were married, regretfully announces to anyone who will listen that she feels the same way about the Tierney-Cassini hitching, and bases her opinion on "circumstantial evidence." Didn't she see Gene spend more than \$50 in small coins calling her parents in the East from the phone booth at Mocambo? And weren't Gene's allergic-to-chocolate eyes turned reproachfully on her husband during the entire conversation? . . . The Grayson-Shelton tie-up is a little tougher to tab. Kathryn has been kept out of the public eye while M-G-M built up the "sweet young thing" angle, but 19-year-old Zelma Hedrick (her real name) has a mind of her own. She realizes all the studio has done for her in preparing her for stardom, but if they're determined to make another Durbin of her, she doesn't see why she can't successfully pattern her private life after Deanna's, too . . . The Marshall-Holden marriage is the only one of the three that gets the "blessings on you, my children" routine from the local gossips. Hollywood, for all of its streamlined glamour and quick romances, is still an old-fashioned town in lots of ways. It beams benignly on long engagements, forgets that they are long in most cases because either person concerned is waiting for his final divorce decree from another!

R. I. P.

The gloom around the Flynn ménage was thicker than a Yorkshire pudding the day Errol's beloved Schnauzer, Arno, was found dead on a California beach. Errol and Arno were two of a kind; Arno was often called the "Errol Flynn of the canine world." The pooch took orders from no one but his lord and master, came and went as he pleased and was the only dog allowed on the Warner Bros. lot. Death stepped in the night he jumped off Flynn's yacht for a swim, and there was no way back for the dog who once jumped from a moving train and delayed a première-going party an entire hour while Flynn hunted for him.

Red Skelton

Red's the only guy in Hollywood who can mix comedy with sex appeal in equal doses. He debuted as a comedian at the age of 10 in a medicine show . . . Has been a minstrel man on a river-plowing showboat, clown with the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus, master of ceremonies at walkathons, night club entertainer, radio comedian, vaudeville funnyman . . . Won't answer a telephone, 'cause the sound of a voice coming over the wire makes him break out in a red rash . . . Always carries expensive cigars and collects pipes but has never smoked . . . Does a perfect imitation of a drunk but has yet to taste liquor . . . Acts like an extrovert, thinks like an introvert . . . Is 6' 2½", weighs 190 lbs., has copper-red hair, dark brown eyes and dimples . . . Once ate half a dozen doughnuts six times a day during a vaudeville tour that lasted weeks (as part of his act) . . . Still likes 'em . . . Loves prize fights, swimming, home-made movies . . . Hired a tutor to work with him between acts when he was on tour, so he could catch up on his education . . . Likes to buy broken-down homes and remodel them.

Death of a Heroine

Three men in shirt sleeves sat huddled around a battered table. The shades were drawn, the air hot and heavy with smoke. A pile of cigarette butts rose from one to three inches before anyone spoke. "We can't just murder a sweet kid like that!" growled one. "Honest, she's grown on me like a sister or something." "We've got to," grumbled a guy with a two day's growth of beard. "She's getting too big for her own shoes." Another silence. Then the third man spoke. His eyes were half-closed in dreamy speculation. "Maybe we could do it a nice way. How about accidental carbon monoxide poisoning? Or we could slit her throat while she's sleeping." Somewhere a clock chimed twelve. The man with the beard pushed back his chair with a noise that made the others jump. "Let's talk about this after lunch, boys." He yawned and stretched. "Laraine Day may be getting too important for that job as Dr. Kildare's nurse. But the fans like her. Maybe we'll have to leave her in the story after all."

Ballyhoo's Who

Let Garbo stub her toe, let Lana Turner's hair-do go into an upswing . . . if it happens in Hollywood, it's news—and even if it doesn't happen, local Winchells aren't above dreaming up something to titillate the public. All they need is a shred of a rumor. A recent issue of The Hollywood Reporter, filmland bible that graces every breakfast table and soda fountain in town, ran this case in point: "Ellington Joins Welles," said the headline. "Orson Welles," the



Now that the Johnny Paynes are three, and reportedly going on four, they're moving from their 5-room love nest into a house in Brentwood near the Gary Coopers.



Just when the matchmakers had Olivia de Havilland practically middle-aisling with Bob Stack, didn't we catch her conga-ing with Gene Markey—two nights in a row!

story continued, "has made a deal with Duke Ellington to collaborate with him on an original. First half of the action in the projected work deals entirely with colored people; latter half with whites." We were intrigued. Here was a rare combination of genius. We checked further. Sure enough, the boys had been dreaming again. The facts: Messrs. Welles and Ellington had met one night for the first time. Said the Duke: "Mr. Welles, I think you're a hot fella." Orson beamed. "I think you're a hot fella, too. We'll have to make a picture together some time." Of such scraps is filmland news fashioned! . . . While on the same subject: a local columnist with space to fill announced in one startling line that Corporal Jimmy Stewart had left his plane in Olivia de Havilland's safe-keeping when he went off to the army. The reaction left Olivia gasping. His agent, (Continued on page 102)



SUSAN HAYWARD, APPEARING IN
PARAMOUNT'S "REAP THE WILD WIND"

Smart ways to

I always envy the beauty editor because each month she gives you so many helpful suggestions on how to make the most of yourself. How to keep your skin smooth, make your eyes sparkle, your hair lustrous and all the rest, which is very fine!

Meanwhile, I show you what we all like to see—*new clothes*. But in between beauty and the dress, there are various little things for you to do and use which will help you to look as well-groomed as attractive, young stars like Susan Hayward or Gene Tierney.

Did you ever stop to think how many times in a year you put on a new dress? Not many, actually. Even if money is no object, you usually have certain favorites which you wear and wear. And unless you are getting married or have lost everything in a fire, your clothes are seldom brand new from head to toe.

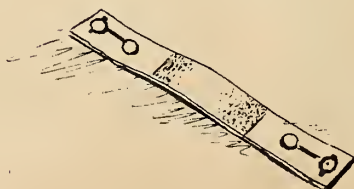
Yet people look at you every day in the year and what they see and remember is *you as a whole*, not just the bright new sweater, a felt bag, a feather hat or even the pretty face that goes with it. All right, then, let's take time out from fashions and briefly run through what you can do—and easily—to make you look the way you want others to see you.

Do you have a mirror? I mean a really good, full-length mirror placed where you can face yourself in a strong, clear light? If you have, fine; otherwise invest. You probably can find one in a second-hand shop and paint it yourself to match your room. Just be sure it is not wavy!

You love suits, of course, and that means blouses and sweaters. Do you have trouble keeping your blouse down inside your skirt? Your tucking-in days are over if you insert a Kleinert garment gripper in the waistband of your skirt. The strip of rubber stretches as you place it, then on contracting, it grips the blouse and the most strenuous moving about will not lift the blouse from where it belongs. In other words, you will no longer appear to be coming apart.

Do you have your own clothes brush and suede shoe brush? Not just family ones that never can be found? Be fastidious about them, keep them clean and use them even more often than seems necessary.

You know that whatever is attractive as well as handy has a way of getting used often. Well, why not buy, or more fun, make a fancy box like the one shown here and put in it all the gadgets you need for cleaning—shoe polish, cleaning powder and cleaning fluid for removing those little spots. Incidentally, remember what was spilled, don't wait long to clean the spot, and read the directions carefully so you won't ruin your dress. There is much you can do at home to keep your clothes in order, but when a dress really needs professional cleaning, don't hang onto it—go ahead



BY ELIZABETH WILLGUSS

good grooming



and send it to the cleaner. The money is well spent, and the dress will be back, clean and fresh, in three or four days at the most.

What about an electric iron? Yes, you have one, but is it handy so you press your dress or is it such an effort to untangle from the kitchen cupboard that you decide the dress can go another day? Sometimes, you know, all the difference between looking really well-groomed and looking so-so, is a creased neckline, a wrinkled sleeve or pleats that are not quite pleated. For pleated skirts or plain ones, Kleinert's skirt shields are invaluable for resisting skirt wrinkles.

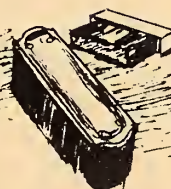
While it seems as unnecessary these days to mention dress shields as to tell you to brush your teeth, the Kleinert Nu-Pin shields are an important aid to good grooming—so easily removed for washing and so easily pinned in again. With your new woolen dresses this fall, you have to be even more careful about your fresh dress shields than with washable summer clothes.

How is your sewing kit? So complete that you have every possible color of thread in case a shoulder strap breaks, a seam rips or a hem catches? You just don't pin up a hem if you really want to be well-groomed! All right, forgive me for that one. Do all your dresses have zippers? If not, go buy some in the right colors and sew them in. It isn't difficult and makes all the difference in your appearance. You probably use the old but effective trick of collecting attractive buttons to replace the ones that came on the dress. If a snap or hook and eye is needed at the collar or waist to make a better fit, do you bother to put it there? If your dress droops at the shoulder, do you fix it with the right shape shoulder pads?*

And now, if you make your own clothes, do you see to it that they really fit *you*? You've seen pictures of dress forms for Bette Davis and other stars. You, too, can have a dress form. Made at your sewing center of a wonderful thermoplastic material, the form is quickly molded on you like a second skin. Then when it hardens, the form keeps its shape, your shape rather, and your clothes can be fitted in a truly custom-made manner.

When you wear hats, remember to keep them brushed and their veils pressed and when you go hatless, keep your locks in place with a pretty barrette, a Grip-Tuth retainer which holds your curls, or if you're young enough, a ribbon bow. In fact, have a collection of ribbon bows in every color.

What else? Now that you are well-groomed, it's time to take a last look in that long mirror. Your stocking seams are straight, your slip doesn't show, and you like what you see . . . so off you go to meet the people!



* ALL OF THESE AIDS YOU WILL FIND IN YOUR LOCAL FIVE AND TEN

HEAD TO TOE . . .



A



- A. A young little tricorn with emerald green jersey snood.
- B. Gainsborough picture hat with iced blue feather facing.
- C. A black felt custom casual with bright suede trimming.
- D. Flattering chantilly lace on a black velvet cocktail hat.



C



D



MARGARET HAYES, APPEARING IN
PARAMOUNT'S "SULLIVAN TRAVELS"



E

MARGARET HAYES, LOOKING AT THE NEW HATS, WEARS PARIS FASHION PUMPS. AT RIGHT, OTHER PARIS FASHION SHOES.

- E. Monk slip-on with walled toe, keg heel, in brown maracain.
- F. Bow knot pump in elasticized suede with slim faille bows.
- G. Slip-on pump in elasticized softee calf with whisker bow.
- H. Walled-toe bow pump in antique tan elasticized calf.



F



G



H

For stores near you carrying Paris Fashion Shoes, write Fashion Editor.

SHE'S FAMOUS—SHE'S BEAUTIFUL

Popular Girls Everywhere

take her tip...

It's as simple

as

1

I NEVER NEGLECT
MY DAILY **LUX SOAP**
ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIAL. PAT THE
LATHER LIGHTLY IN

2

RINSE WITH
WARM WATER,
THEN A DASH
OF COOL

3

PAT YOUR SKIN DRY.
NOW IT FEELS
SMOOTHER, SOFTER.
LOVELY SKIN
WINS ROMANCE!

STAR OF RKO'S
"MR. & MRS. SMITH"

CAROLE LOMBARD

This lovely Hollywood favorite shows you how to give skin screen-star care right in your own home! Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics—gives skin gentle, thorough care it needs. Why don't YOU try **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

HE WHO GOT SLAPPED

(Continued from page 38)

About Kissin'

Much has been said... much has been written about kissin'... but here's something you can do about it. Envelop yourself in the scent that fragrantly echoes the romantic impulse —DIER-KISS. Use the Perfume, the Cologne, the exquisite Talcum and move about as though you were walking in a halo of sentimental fragrance.

Perfume \$3.50 • 52
Toilet Water \$1.50
Cologne \$1 • During
Powder \$1 • Sachet,
do luxe size \$1 •
Talcum 75c to 10c
Foundation Film,
Face Powder, Lip-
stick \$1 each

DIER-KISS
by KERKOFF

wears a wedding ring.

Victor glanced at the man sitting next to Martha.

"Your husband, I presume?"

It wasn't subtle. But it worked. Martha's green-blue eyes widened slightly, and she said, without expression:

"My husband is dead."

Victor Mature said, "I'm sorry," and the girl said it was all right. She had a voice, he decided dizzily, like one angel asking another angel the time of day.

After a while he asked her what she did for a living. She said she modeled hats. Victor Mature said:

"I knew you worked. I'm not a ball of fire at sizing people up. But you—I could tell you worked. I mean—you don't belong in this crowd."

MARTHA KEMP looked at Victor Mature very carefully. She really saw him. It was the first time she'd really seen anything—anything real, outside of herself—for—how many months was it now?

She said: "So you can tell?"

"Yes. I mean—that's nothing against the Park Avenue element. Some of my best friends and so on. But they don't have much grip on things, do they?"

"Yes."

When he asked her to have dinner with him, she said she would.

Going out with Martha wasn't like anything that had ever happened to Victor Mature before.

As he followed her through the swinging glass door at the Stork Club that same night, he knew quite suddenly what heaven would be. It would begin as the Stork Club did—with a flash of many mirrors and Martha in them, smiling, tilting up her face to him. It would be a loud, crowded room with a discreetly restrained decor and a less restrained crowd. A crowd of writers, linoleum manufacturers, playboys, big name bandleaders, politicians, playgirls, columnists, Hollywood moguls, advertising executives and auto men from Detroit. All looking as much alike as the extras in a Chinese mob scene. Only Martha wearing a real face, a real smile and saying real things. . . .

But Martha, in heaven, would be a little different than she was that night! She would never, for one thing, forget you were there. She'd never stare somberly into her drink and forget to answer you. She'd laugh—the same way—oftener.

Funny, how many people knew her. Victor had never been jealous in his twenty-eight years. He'd thought of jealousy, always, as a pretty comic state.

They went to the El Morocco later. And Fefe's Monte Carlo after that. Victor had made the same rounds nightly for months. It was good business. With a Broadway hit on your hands and a flock of movies coming up, it's a good idea to be seen . . . and an easier way to get your name in the papers than getting hit by a street car.

For months then, he'd been doing it. But not with a green-eyed, white-faced, sad-faced, sweet-faced girl. Not in a state of daze with his mind like a dead motor and his heart like a fire engine.

Victor talked a lot about himself that night. It was screwy (everyone knows that now), but the way he figured, she had to know everything there was about him. But all he had to know about her was what she looked like. And the way

she listened, while the pupils of her eyes got big and dark. . . .

Victor talked about Louisville—grinding knives and jerking sodas and simonizing cars. There was a story he could have told about a dance—but he didn't. Because that was nobody's business but his—not even Martha's.

Victor, as he'll be the first to tell you, wasn't too bright about it. He might as well have told about the dance—because he made her know, even that first night—so exactly what he felt about "the Park Avenue element." He got on that fascinating subject at 2:00 o'clock at El Morocco, and she was still listening, with the pupils of her eyes very large and dark and her face very pink when they came out of Monte Carlo about 3:40 A. M.

She wouldn't let him take her home. That was a funny thing when you come to think of it. But if she was ashamed of the dinky two rooms that she lived in, well, Victor could understand that, too.

He put her in a cab and asked huskily: "Tomorrow night, maybe?"

"No. Not tomorrow night."

"Wednesday then? Thursday?"

Thursday, maybe. He could meet her at Sally Victor's where she worked. And what was her name again? "Martha Kemp," she told him. That should have done it. That should have rung a bell. But it never occurred to Victor to connect her with a handsome bandleader and sudden death and screaming headlines. He didn't connect her with anything. She was just Martha and no questions asked.

VICTOR MATURE did a matinée Thursday. And thirty stenographers came backstage in a delegation that his press agent had organized, and he kissed ten of them for cameras, and it was supposed to be good publicity. It got, for some reason, on his nerves. . . .

Thursday night Martha talked more. Victor found out that she'd loved her husband rather extravagantly. And that the night he died it was like "looking at a red brick wall without any windows that would be there for good. I don't know if that makes much sense. . . ."

He found out that she'd been left with a ten-month-old child.

It only went on for two weeks in all. But it happened so darn fast. And he thought she liked him. He thought that when she started to say things like:

"What do you really know about me, Victor? You've built up something you like—but what makes you think it's got anything at all to do with me?"

She was terribly shy. Though you might not guess it if you saw her cool friendly manner in the niteries—and all the people who knew her . . . and her greeting them . . . you wouldn't know unless she tried to talk about herself and got scarlet and inarticulate instead, and gave it up.

She must have known that he wanted to marry her when it happened. He'd pulled his punches, of course, because two weeks is no time at all, and there was still the ghost of a dead happiness in her eyes for any fool to see. . . .

But she must have known. The way Victor figured it afterwards, comparing her to the Louisville girl, he'd already asked Martha to dance when she slapped his face.

It happened on a Friday morning.

She'd been unusually silent the night before. But what did that mean?

The letter came special delivery, Friday, June 6th. It said, in essence, thanks for a lot of fun, Victor, but this is goodbye. I'm leaving for a visit to Chicago. It was all there in black and white. Everything he should have known about her if he'd had any sense. She was Martha Stephenson Kemp of Park Avenue. Post-débutante, alumna of Miss Porter's and Miss Spence's. Hal Kemp's widow. She'd modeled hats for fun. It was all there. And then at the end in her small, well-bred hand, "All this should show you that I'm not the kind of person you imagined me or the kind you want. And so goodbye."

"You dirty son of a common knife-grinder—how dare you?"

That's what Victor saw in that letter. Say he was whacky. Or say that he was simply a very proud and sensitive young man. Anyway, remember that for Martha he'd let himself feel what some men never feel for a woman—and most men not more than once in their lives. And he had, after all, been banged in the nose pretty hard—and Martha had made it pretty plain that the bang was not unconnected with her social position.

They tell stories about how Victor blew up. About his not recognizing people—about the night he ran amuck and tried to cancel his contracts with United Artists and RKO for two new

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flickers. They say the screwiest thing was the way his face changed.

But people didn't know Victor Mature. Even his best friends were a little too civilized to be able to understand exactly what he had felt for Martha Kemp, and even they had never known what fundamentally Victor was like.

When pieces of the story leaked out afterwards, they said he went to Chicago to make it up with her.

That's not true.

He went to Chicago to administer a slap.

By asking around a little he found out the name of Martha's Chicago friends. It wasn't what you'd call hard, finding out about Martha. If he'd asked before—if he hadn't been walking in a blindness and a fever—well, the whole thing needn't have been.

It struck Victor Mature forcibly that the child playing on the sunporch looked like Martha Kemp. Hair, eyes, complexion—just the same. There was one big difference. Baby Kemp was a gurgling, an almost ecstatically happy creature. Whereas Martha—Martha with her haunted eyes... but Victor didn't want to think about that. He had his performance to think of.

He didn't stand when she came in. He merely grinned and asked just as he'd rehearsed it:

"H'yah, honeybunch—surprised?"

"Yes," said Martha Kemp faintly. Her face was pink. "What are you doing in town?"

"Family ties, sugar. My brother from Louisville is here, and I came over to meet him. So I thought I'd drop in and say hello."

"Oh."

He was pulling the letter out of his pocket.

"Also, I thought I'd see if you could decode this for me! It's a little over my head."

Martha was no longer pink. She was white.

"I thought it was—plain enough."

There are critics who don't appreciate Victor Mature as a serious actor. They should have seen him then.

"Honey, I'm a dope, and I admit it. But just what is all the shooting about. I mean—say, Martha, you didn't think I was playing for keeps, did you?"

It was perfect.

Martha had been sitting with one foot under her in an immense wicker chair. As she stood up, slowly, she seemed

suddenly very tall. Victor had to remind himself that the top of her head didn't reach his shoulder.

"You were playing for keeps," Martha said slowly. "Oh, yes, you were! And this corny act of yours isn't fooling me. You're saying all this to hurt me."

Victor felt cold—in his hands and feet, especially. He didn't feel up to moving or answering. Or taking his eyes from that straight black and white figure with the shining, furious eyes.

"You think you've got the right to despise me, don't you, Victor? Because I'm myself—and not the girl you thought up and wanted me to be. Oh, I could feel you trying to force me to be somebody else—all the time we were together!"

"Listen, you—" Victor began. His deep and slightly ragged voice didn't sound like his. Martha didn't let him finish.

"You listen! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! I wouldn't marry anyone now—I wouldn't do that to Hal's memory—that's why I came away. But now—now I'm telling you, even if it weren't for Hal, I wouldn't marry a rotten snob who came a thousand miles to hurt me. Yes—that got you, didn't it?" she added, with a gloating fury as she watched him whiten, "you don't think of yourself as a snob, do you? But you are! In reverse. And a bully. And I'm ashamed of myself that I ever—that I ever—that I ever—get out of here, will you?"

And then Victor stood up. He crossed the room and took her by the elbows—

"That you ever what?" he asked.

But Martha Kemp was crying. Silently, with big tears that spilled helplessly over each other and tasted salt when Victor kissed her.

* * *

The wedding was at 957 Park Avenue, Martha's mother's home. It was planned originally for City Hall, because the bride thought that the groom would prefer it there. But Victor said that 957 was her home, wasn't it? And was she ashamed of her home, or what? And Martha cried again.

All of which is the strange, and not very gay story of how Victor Mature married the girl he loved. And the only thing that anyone knows, now, about Victor and Martha is the way they look, when they're together. Which is something to make the most hardened characters, like this writer, feel like sneaking off for a good long cry...



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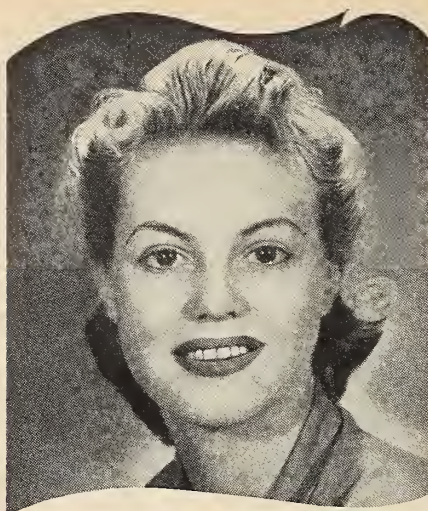
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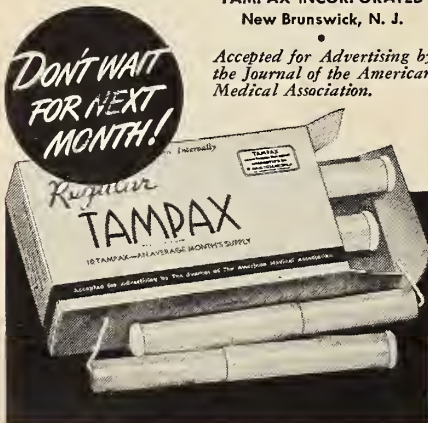
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

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

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
Accent on Love (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Meet Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia).....	3★	Meet John Doe (Warners).....	4★
Adventure in Washington (Columbia).....	3★	*Melody for Three (RKO).....	2½★
Affectionately Yours (Warners).....	2½★	Men of Boys Town (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)....	C 3★	Million Dollar Baby (Warners).....	3½★
Back Street (Universal).....	3★	Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO).....	3★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M).....	C 2½★	*Mr. District Attorney (Republic).....	2★
Barnacle Bill (M-G-M).....	2½★	*Model Wife (Universal).....	2★
Big Stare, The (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Maan Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Black Cat, The (Universal).....	2½★	Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia).....	C 2½★	*Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Blossoms in the Dust (M-G-M).....	4★	*My Life with Caroline (RKO).....	3★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners).....	3½★	Nice Girl? (Universal).....	3½★
Buck Privates (Universal).....	C 2½★	Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Case of the Black Parrot (Warners).....	2½★	*Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount).....	3★	One Night in Lisbon (Paramount).....	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Out of the Fog (Warners).....	3½★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists).....	4★	*Parson of Panamint (Paramount).....	3★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★	*Penalty, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Citizen Kane (RKO).....	4★	Penny Serenade (Columbia).....	3½★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M).....	3★	Peaple vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	2★
Camin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★	Pat O' Gald (United Artists).....	2★
Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)....	3★	*Power Dive (Paramount).....	2½★
*Cracked Nuts (Universal).....	2½★	Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Dance Hall (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Rage in Heaven (M-G-M).....	3★
Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO).....	3½★	Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	C 2★
Double Date (Universal).....	2★	Reaching for the Sun (Paramount).....	3½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney).....	C 4★	Reluctant Dragon (RKO).....	3★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal).....	3½★	*Repent at Leisure (RKO).....	2½★
Flight from Destiny (Warners).....	2½★	Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Footlight Fever (RKO).....	2★	Ride on Vaquera (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners).....	3★	Road to Zanzibar (Paramount).....	C 4★
*Farcical Landing (Paramount).....	2½★	Road Show (United Artists).....	2½★
Free and Easy (M-G-M).....	2★	Rookies on Parade (Republic).....	C 2½★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Round-Up, The (Paramount).....	3★
Getaway, The (M-G-M).....	2½★	Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Girl, A Guy and a Gob, A (RKO).....	3★	Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO).....	2½★
Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★	Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★	Sea Wolf, The (Warners).....	3½★
Ga West (M-G-M).....	C 2½★	Sergeant York (Warners).....	4★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Scattergood Baines (RKO).....	2½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★	Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO).....	2½★
Great Lie, The (Warners).....	3½★	Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Great Mr. Nobody (Warners).....	2½★	She Knew All the Answers (Columbia).....	3★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount).....	3½★
*Hella Sucker (Universal).....	2½★	Shining Victory (Warners).....	2½★
Here Comes Happiness (Warners).....	2½★	Sis Hopkins (Republic).....	3★
*Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia).....	4★	Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga (Universal).....	2★
Her First Beau (Columbia).....	C 3★	Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★	So Ends Our Night (United Artists).....	3½★
High Sierra (Warners).....	3½★	South of Pago Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
Hit the Road (Universal).....	C 2½★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★	Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★
Honeymoon for Three (Warners).....	3★	Strange Alibi (Warners).....	2½★
Harbor Island (Universal).....	2★	Strawberry Blonde (Warners).....	3½★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★	Sunny (RKO).....	3★
*Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO).....	2½★	*Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★	*Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbia).....	2★
I'll Wait for You (M-G-M).....	2½★	Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)....	3★
In the Navy (Universal).....	3½★	That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists).....	3★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal).....	3★	That Hamilton Woman (United Artists).....	3½★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★	That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★	There's Magic in Music (Paramount).....	2½★
It Happened to One Man (RKO).....	3★	They Dare Not Love (Columbia).....	2★
I Wanted Wings (Paramount).....	3½★	They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
*Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount).....	3½★	They Met in Bombay (M-G-M).....	3★
Knackout (Warners).....	2½★	Thase Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners).....	C 3½★	Tight Shoes (Universal).....	2½★
*Lady Be Good (M-G-M).....	4★	*Time Out for Rhythm (Columbia).....	2½★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount).....	3½★	Tabacco Road (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal).....	3★	Tom Brown's Schooldays (RKO).....	C 3★
Lady from Louisiana, The (Republic).....	3★	Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO).....	C 4★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia).....	3★	*Taa Many Blandes (Universal).....	2★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M).....	3★	Topper Returns (United Artists).....	3★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount).....	2★	Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M).....	2½★
Letter, The (Warners).....	4★	Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Life With Henry (Paramount).....	C 2½★	*Twa in a Taxi (Columbia).....	2½★
Lane Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia).....	2★	Underground (Warners).....	3½★
Love Crazy (M-G-M).....	3½★	Victory (Paramount).....	3★
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Major Barbara (United Artists).....	C 3½★	Washington Melodrama (M-G-M).....	3★
Man Betrayed, A (Republic).....	3★	Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Western Union (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Man Made Monster (Universal).....	2★	Woman's Face, A (M-G-M).....	3½★
Manpower (Warners).....	3★	Young As Your Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universal).....	3★	You're The One (Paramount).....	2½★
		Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M).....	3½★



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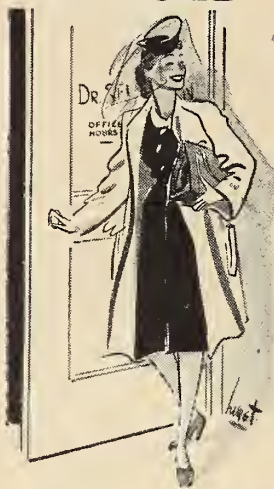
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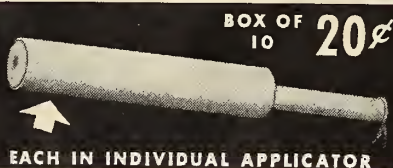
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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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MY SISTER AND I

(Continued from page 43)

plexion. Priscilla has the boyish figure. Mine is the feminine model. I admire her hair. She pretends to envy what I call with maidenly modesty my limbs.

In disposition and temperament we go our own way pretty much. Priscilla is the one who knows exactly what she wants. I'm the one who's undecided but searching. Priscilla is full of imagination and creativeness: she writes poems, for instance. I'm not quite so full of imagination or not nearly brimming over with creativeness: I write letters, for instance. They do not sound as clever as those written by Dorothy Parker. Priscilla's a lass who loves to be alone. I'm a somebody who prefers being around people and in the middle of excitement. Priscilla wouldn't cross the street to see a bullfight. Me—I'd hop over the hedge and scale an 18-foot fence. Priscilla's the insomniac. I sleep until hit on the head with a baseball bat.

OUR tastes, naturally, do not follow parallel lines. Take the matter of clothes. In this department we have been the despair of fans and well-wishers who have nursed the frail hope that some fine day we would dress like a sister act ought to dress, which, I suppose, means like identical twins.

And yet . . .

Back in Indiana when Priscilla was in grade school (and Rosemary, too) she was a miniature Lady Mendl. Count that day lost when she didn't affect three changes of costume daily, from hair ribbon to shoes, including slip.

How times have changed!

Today the subject of clothes leaves Priscilla cold, so cold, as a matter of fact, that biennially she has to be dragged into making a shopping tour and picking up some new items. Even at that, a good many of her numbers never get to see the light of day. At home, more than not, she lolls around in blue jeans. But with gusto!

Me, I'm a dress-designer's best friend and the mortal foe of my budget. If I'm not held in check when I pass I. Magnin's in Hollywood or Bergdorf Goodman's in New York, I'm apt to go berserk and try to buy the establishment. Sometimes I wonder if even my feeble efforts aren't futile. Priscilla is sure to end up by “borrowing” the favorite items in my wardrobe anyhow—especially when I want to wear them.

When it comes to behavior as a sister team, we would baffle a grade-A psychologist. Priscilla is the even-tempered one who takes life in her stride, makes decisions and never looks back. I'm the mademoiselle who's always asking Tom, Dick and Harry for advice and winding up all mixed up, at which sorry point I play a hunch and land right side up, mostly. Priscilla is always Priscilla, which means that a picture of her last year, today and a year from now will look like the same girl. I'm the one who's always changing my make-up, my hair-do or what have you. Last year I was a raven-haired brunette. This year of grace 1941 I'm a redhead, as you may have gathered by now.

Emotionally Pat is the deep and silent type who stores up pent feelings inside of her until she treks to the desert at Yucco Loma as a sort of escape valve. Mine are apt to come out in a mild rage or a crying fit.

Pat is the one who's hard to make

friends with. But once you do, you have a friend for life. Whom she loves she loves mightily, so that her friends are few and her acquaintances non-existent. I tend to like people quickly and numerously. Pat doesn't care for small talk. I seem to be forever making trifling conversation.

Maybe you're getting the idea that Pat lives in a world all her own. Maybe she does. But she is quite alive to what this world is all about. With her it's a matter of selection. She knows what she likes and lets the rest go by the board. With Pat there are no acquired tastes, no learning how to like or to do something that she doesn't like or can't do almost automatically.

She could be wonderful in sports if she wanted to. If I happen to be able to beat her in an event or two, it's only because I'm always taking lessons so as to improve my game. Pat wouldn't dream of going about it that way. A natural-born swimmer, she's easily my better. I can trim her just barely in tennis. The differential can be traced to the coaching I've received in the game. In ping pong we're about even. We wouldn't be, though, if I weren't always practicing. I'm a better bowler than Pat is. You guessed it: I've taken lessons.

Pat's indifference to things that aren't second nature with her goes back to the time we were kids. Mother had turned us over to a piano teacher and sat back, I suppose, waiting for us to become piano prodigies. Mother's dream vanished into vapor before the first season was over, when the teacher dropped by to see mother and admitted that paying out good money for Pat's lessons was a waste of money. Naturally, her lessons ended. I managed to stick it out for a few years. Which proves nothing except that Priscilla is allergic to lessons, and I'm not.

PRISCILLA didn't quite finish high school. I did and succeeded in finishing one year of Simpson College, Indianola's pride, where I studied music. Priscilla made fair grades. Mine were disgustingly super. So much so that once when I got an A in a course—science, I think—the rest of the class protested to the professor that he was showing favoritism. Whereupon the good man gave me an oral examination right there before everyone. And I kept my A.

For all this, Priscilla is the wise one, the deep one. I'm the voracious reader. Priscilla is the thinker. I'm the talker. Priscilla is the listener and the spectator.

At the risk of bringing Priscilla's wrath down on me, let me make clear that Pat is no ivory tower dreamer. She can be a miniature saber-toothed tiger when the mood hits her which, glory be, isn't often.

She usually prefers to issue an ultimatum and hope that my natural caution will prevent bloodshed. The sleep situation is a good case in point.

I was born, seems like, one of those imperfect slumberers who need an acre and a half of sleeping space. Unfortunately, this was not even remotely possible during my childhood if for no other reason than that Priscilla and I shared a double-bed. Well, for a while Priscilla put up with my roving bed manners. One night about midnight she shook me good, woke me up.

“Rosemary,” she said solemnly, “you are making sleep impossible for me. So what I have decided to do is to draw an

imaginary line down this bed so that each of us has her half. Every time you shove any part of yourself over this line, I am going to conk you on the head with a pillow. If that does no good, I'm going to use a shoe."

I hurry to point out that I got religion overnight and became a model sleeper.

Priscilla is not demonstrative. I am. Priscilla, nonetheless, has a fierce family loyalty about her that she has proved at every turn. Beginning with the Fred Waring era when she would go up to Fred and tell him that I ought to be paid more money because there was nobody quite like me (whereas it was actually Priscilla who was the unusual one of the two) and continuing right up to the time I was put under contract by Warners', Priscilla has always been getting in her licks for me. She does it quietly, calmly, where it will do the most good. I'm the opposite. I yip about Priscilla to anyone who will listen, including my mother, who ought to know Pat by now.

Priscilla is not fundamentally a career girl. She wants a husband, a home and a posse of moppets. I'm the optimist who is dead sure she could juggle a career and a home very neatly.

The romantic situation at this writing stacks up as follows: Pat is engaged to John Barry, a country editor, gentleman cowboy and all-around good scout. Description: tall, dark and handsome. I don't know when the marriage will be. I don't think Pat does. As for me, I'm footloose but en garde.

Secret desires? I think that Pat is in secret a stymied poet. She has always been clever at verse-writing. Once I entered one of her poems as my own in a poetry contest and won a prize. I couldn't write a poem to save my soul. My secret desire is to become a success on Broadway if only to prove that I can do it.

Our differences are not without their little ironies. Priscilla hates night clubs but is the niftiest little dancer on the floor when she chooses to cut a rug, as they say. I like the boites occasionally. My dancing I would class as wretched. Priscilla, who hates crowds, always ends up as the life of the party whenever the Lanes entertain. Rosemary, the vivid thing and the one who loves human beings en masse, is swallowed up in the to-do. Priscilla, the nonchalant, reads a lyric over once and remembers it. Rosemary the try-hard works like fury to learn words and forgets them overnight. And so it goes.

A little while back I remember dropping the remark that Priscilla and I were not exactly two peas in a pod. Does anyone dare to doubt me now?

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send today for the new, up-to-date list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"When I have a baby I'll be different!"



1. My kid sister's cute. Engaged exactly a month and already she's telling me how to raise my baby! "My baby won't be

fussed over like yours," she said the other day. "I'll treat my baby like a person—not like a hothouse flower!"



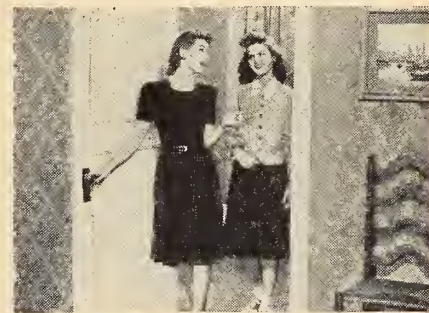
2. "And what," I asked, "makes you think I treat Patsy like a hothouse flower?" "Golly," Sis answered, "look at this row of baby stuff! Special soap, special powder, special oil, and I hear you've even got a special laxative for that little chip!"



3. "Indeed I have a special laxative for Patsy," I retorted. "And I bet you dollars to doughnuts that you'll have a special laxative for your baby, too! I don't spoil Patsy, Sis. I'm bringing her up exactly as the doctor told me to!"



4. "He says a baby's system is delicate. You can't treat it like an adult's. Babies need things especially designed for them—especially the things that go into their little stomachs. That's why they need a special laxative, too. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "The doctor said I'd find Fletcher's Castoria thorough—yet it's always mild and safe. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. Patsy's crazy about the taste of it, too. I'm going to give her some now. Watch."



6. Patsy took her Fletcher's Castoria like she always does...licking the spoon. Sis grinned and said, "Gee, maybe you've got something there." "You bet I have," I answered. "Patsy's never had a laxative problem, because she always gets Fletcher's Castoria."

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



After a hard day's work on "Week-end in Havana," Cesar picks up at dinner with his favorite Latin dish, "Paella."



Cesar's choice American menu is chicken craquettes with mushroom sauce—a *pièce de résistance* on every gourmet's list!



Handsome —BUT CAN HE COOK?

"Emphatically no," says Cesar Romero, but that doesn't keep him from enjoying good food!

Cesar Romero views with alarm the new trend among Hollywood's prettiest career girls. It is said these streamlined darlings now not only expect their escorts to dance divinely and have a smooth line—but they want them to be culinary experts, too! "Today girls go for guys who can swing a mean casserole and toss up a delectable salad while you watch," Romero sighs, "and I'm allergic to kitchen utensils."

Although the handsome star of 20th Century-Fox's "Week-end in Havana" fails as a master chef, when it comes to dining, he's a real epicure. Because his parents are from Cuba and Cesar was born and brought up in New York, his taste is Pan-American. He likes the piquant seasoning of a Latin dish like "Paella" (a combination of fish and rice with a tart Spanish sauce), and equally enjoys the bland flavor of chicken croquettes with creamy mushroom sauce.

SACRED SALAD BOWLS: In Hollywood homes the stars have put salads on a pedestal. Not only because crisp greens contain vitamins, but the ceremony of mixing

the salad course at table symbolizes a gracious way of living. The "props" for this feature of the meal have their attraction. Styles in salad bowls are many. Movie-town's select favor the old-fashioned wooden chopping bowl. To clean this kind of bowl, wipe it out with a drop or two of oil on a paper napkin—then rub thoroughly with a slice of lemon. Best news—you can find these bowls at the five and ten!

CASSEROLES TO THE FORE: The Good Neighbor Policy has taken Hollywood by storm. Central and South American dishes are the thing—cooked, true Latin style, in casserole. Earthenware vies with Pyrex in popularity among Hollywood's hostesses. And how a casserole does simplify the preparation of a meal!

CESAR ROMERO'S "PAELLA"

To serve 4 to 6:

Spanish sauce
4 tablespoons cooking oil
3 fresh tomatoes or 1 can tomato soup

- 2 green peppers sliced in rings
- 3 onions, cut fine
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 ample cups rice, carefully washed
- 2 pinches saffron, pressed
(ingredients to be added if desired)
- 2 spring chickens, about 2 lbs. each
- ½ lb. pork meat, braised
- 1 can shrimps, drained

1. Using earthenware casserole allow oil to heat and add garlic and onions, permitting them to brown. Then add peppers, tomatoes and saffron. Season to taste by stirring in salt, pepper, etc. Simmer over slow heat.

2. If chickens are included braise and parboil them after they have been washed and quartered. Add chicken to sauce followed by chicken broth. Allow them to boil for 5 minutes. Then add rice—a little at a time so as not to interrupt the boiling. Cover, turn heat low and simmer 2 or 3 minutes.

3. Add as many other ingredients as you wish. Mix well and cover. Heavy brown wrapping paper cut to fit the casserole seems to preserve the flavor better than a metal cover. Allow rice to cook up into mixture. Baste with a cup of water and place in the oven for 18 or 20 minutes. Serve with green peas and pimentos.

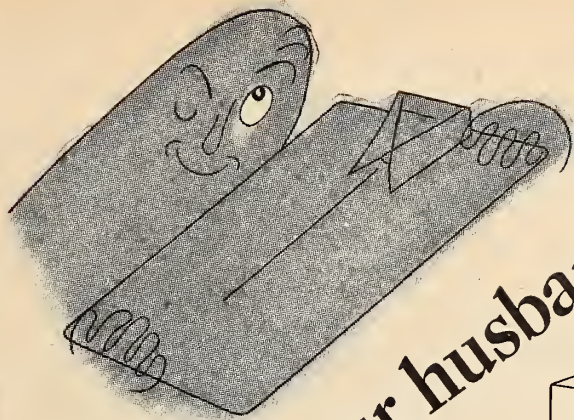
CHICKEN CROQUETTES WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

To serve 4:

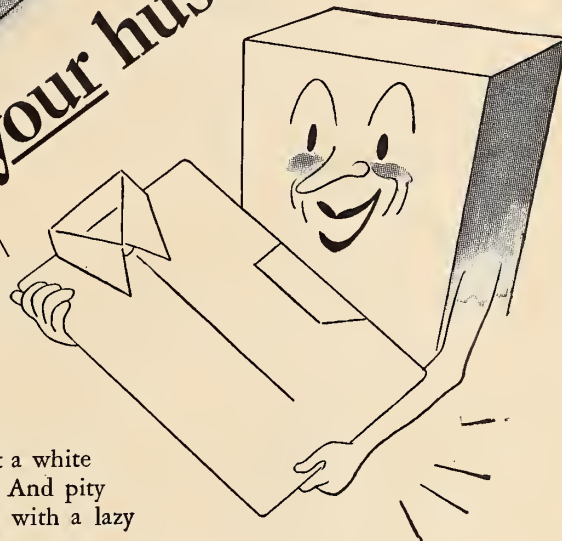
- ½ can condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1½ cups chicken, ground fine
- 1 cup bread crumbs, corn meal or cracker crumbs
- 1 egg, well-beaten with 2 table-spoons water
- 3 tablespoons milk

1. Mix ground chicken, lemon juice and ½ can mushroom soup. Set in refrigerator to chill. Then shape into cylinders, balls or cutlets.

2. Cover the croquettes with crumbs or corn meal, then dip in egg mixture and dip in crumbs again. Fry in hot deep fat (365°-385°) for 2-5 minutes, or until browned. (If you are averse to fried foods, add mayonnaise to crumb and egg mixture and pan-broil the croquettes.) Mix milk and cream of mushroom soup, heat and serve as sauce over croquettes.



Which is your husband's shirt?



Pity the poor man who's forgotten what a white shirt really looks like. And pity the wife who washes with a lazy 'half-way' laundry soap.

What a difference Fels-Naptha's *two* thorough cleaners make in homes like this!

No grease or grime can be ground in too deep for gentle naptha and *golden* soap to reach and loosen. No garments need be ruined by rubbing when this 'team' is there to whisk the dirt away.

If you've been struggling through wash-day with weak, 'half-way' soap, it's high time you changed to *golden* Fels-Naptha. Then you'll see clothes completely clean and sweet. Shirts and linens gloriously white. No more aching arms and back and, if you use husky Fels-Naptha Chips, no sneezing—*positively!*

—Next washday
do your wash
the Fels-Naptha way.



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



Here's the way I help my skin
deal with that

Summer hangover



RARE is the skin that comes home from a summer vacation without a hangover of sunburn, windburn, skyshine, and a general weather-beaten look.

Now's the time to get after that summer skin hangover. Put Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams to work on it!

And also give these special creams a chance to help if you are bothered with such blemishes as rough scaly dryness, oily shine, and enlarged pore openings.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM
(Formerly Texture Cream)

Get the full benefit of this cream by using both as a night treatment and as a day foundation. It softens and neutralizes accumulations often acid in nature in the external pore openings. It also contains cholesterol which by retaining moisture acts to keep your skin more supple and pliant.

As a foundation women agree that Phillips' Skin Cream "does something extra." It removes excess oiliness and softens dry rough skin so that powder and rouge go on evenly and adhere for hours.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM
A new experience awaits you in the way this different cream cleanses! You see it not only loosens and rolls away the surface dirt and make-up but penetrates the outer pore openings and cleanses away the accumulations which daily lodge there. Leaves your skin clean, softened, and refreshed!

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia
CREAMS



SKIN CREAM
(FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)
30c and 60c

CLEANSING CREAM
30c, 60c and \$1.00

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"

(Continued from page 41)

"Stagecoach," Ward Bond in "Tobacco Road." Wayne offered Ford \$1,000 for the hunk of cloth, but was spurned.

For first time in any film, a new camera technique, on which studio technicians have been working three years, is used to give third dimensional reproduction. Said to be most revolutionary departure in ten years, its details are secret, involve theory of 100% universal focus. . . . Patric Knowles left Hollywood to join up with RCAF as flying instructor at the outbreak of the war. A few months ago he took up a tyro who froze onto the controls. Knowles managed to land with a minimum of damage, but found, after a physical check-up, that the shock had spoiled his eyesight for flying. Mustered out, he returned to Hollywood. . . . Roddy McDowall has the part of the young Huw. Was chosen for it on account of his wonderful English accent (he's a British evacuee). Unfortunately, between casting time and the time he was to appear before the mike, he buddied with Stanley Clements (miniature toughie in "Tall, Dark and Handsome"), began talking with a Tenderloin accent. The studio had to part them. . . . Roddy is an elf. He's Puckish, with unruly hair, an angel's smile, and a strong leaning for baseball, for sliding down banisters, a dead-shot with a pea-shooter, a passion for declaiming Shakespeare. But only when adults aren't on hand. . . . Sara Allgood spent time between scenes knitting a pair of socks for John Ford. Anna Lee knitted helmets for British soliders. Widely traveled she swapped her smattering of Japanese, Arabic and Russian for lessons in Welsh from obliging singers. . . . This cast, like all his others, is devoted to Ford. On studio sets he served tea every day at 4, provided biscuits and sweets. . . . Patient with everyone, he seldom shot more than two takes of any scene, seemed to coax great acting out of his players. In this, as in other of his big pictures, he uses gangs of 10 or 12 perennial Ford extras. Said one: "In 'The Long Voyage Home,' Ford asked me if my rent was paid. I said no. So he pushed me into the water in one scene. I got \$35 extra—stunt man's pay."

Maureen O'Hara got into lively discussions of politics, war, world situations with Welsh singers. She loves to go to the movies, especially previews. Dying to go to New York. Crazy about gin rummy, which George Raft and Al Ritz taught her flying out to Hollywood by plane, but insists it must be for fun only. Spent lots of time on the set collecting autographs to send back to her brothers and sisters in Ireland. . . . John Loder and Anna Lee starred in plays together in England years ago. Director Bob Stephenson first discovered her looking over screen tests, happened to ask Loder if he knew anything about her. Loder's response was enthusiastic. Stephenson was so smitten he married her two weeks later. . . . This picture cost more than "Grapes of Wrath" and "Tobacco Road" combined. . . . Normally to save time and expense, all studio scenes are shot at one time, all location scenes at another, but Ford shot this one in its correct sequence. Felt that this would preserve the atmosphere and mood of the story. It's the way John Ford does things—part of the magic that makes his pictures great when others are just good.

THE MEN IN HER LIFE

(Continued from page 47)

some tips." She underlined that last sentence with an ironic smile.

"I'll never forget one scene in which I was on the witness stand, and he was cross-examining me. 'Where were you on the night of August 15th?' he thundered. 'Why, I was at home,' I said. Several more lines flew back and forth. After the take, I told Bill, 'You nearly threw me in that scene. You never looked at me.' He laughed again. 'I was too busy, looking at the camera,' he said. 'You'll learn, you'll learn'. . . And I *did* learn, thanks to him.

"I was very lucky, getting with Willie the Pooh in my first picture. I might have gotten with some so-and-so, who would have said, 'Really, I can't take time to teach these stage actresses how to get by in the movies!'

"Bill was the complete opposite of what I, as an actress from The Theatre"—her intonation indicated that she was jibing at her earlier self—"expected a movie actor to be. I expected all movie actors to talk only about themselves and The Cinema. And here, the first movie actor I encountered was a man who was thoroughly real, completely natural, amusing and mentally stimulating. Far from being an egotist, he constantly made himself the butt of jokes. He was a Jack Benny with sophistication.

"I ran into him again six months later when Myrna Loy and the studio had a little disagreement, and I was sent in to pinch-hit for her in a picture with Bill. That was my first lead. The day I walked on the set, Bill came all the way across the sound-stage to greet me. 'Roz,' he said, 'I'm so glad you're doing this picture.' I knew very well that he would have preferred Myrna, but he made the effort of trying to make me feel that I was the one he wanted. . . . A woman can't help liking a man like that. And finding him exciting.

"In my second picture, 'Forsaking All Others,' I met up with Gable and Montgomery, which was no hardship. My principal recollection of Clark on that first set is of playing poker with him. (That was in the good old days before gin-rummy.) They were always yelling for him, and he was always pretending not to hear. 'I've got three 5's,' he'd say. 'What have you got?' . . . He was one of the crowd, mixed with everybody, talked everybody's language. It was a cinch to get along with Gable.

"I came to know him better when we made 'China Seas' together.

"I remember, at the time, when a cer-

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in a forthcoming issue of Modern Screen.

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



WISHING *won't make it so!*

JUST your luck, you moan. . . . You've looked forward to this jamboree for weeks, but the day that suits everybody else doesn't suit you one bit! For it's the wrong time of the month for you.

If only you could smile and laugh and be gay . . . be the life of the party! You wish it with all your heart.

Well, other girls manage it, and so can you! But they don't get rid of grouches merely by *wishing* . . .

They've learned the secret of lasting comfort—Kotex sanitary napkins.

You see—Kotex is *less bulky*, which means you're not bothered by rubbing and chafing. And that's not all . . .

Say "Phooey" to old fears!

Kotex helps take your mind off your troubles because it has a new moisture-resistant *safety shield* which gives a girl added protection . . . added confidence and poise.

And what a relief to know that with Kotex there can never be any bumps and bulges to give your secret away.

Honestly! Kotex has flat, pressed ends that can't show even when you don't wear a girdle.

So is it any wonder that Kotex is the most popular napkin made! It's the answer to *your* problems when you want to feel gay and happy and carefree!

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree



with Kotex!

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW
about what to do, what not to do, on "difficult days". Send for the new **FREE** book: "As One Girl To Another". Just write P. O. Box 5434, Dept. MM-10, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.



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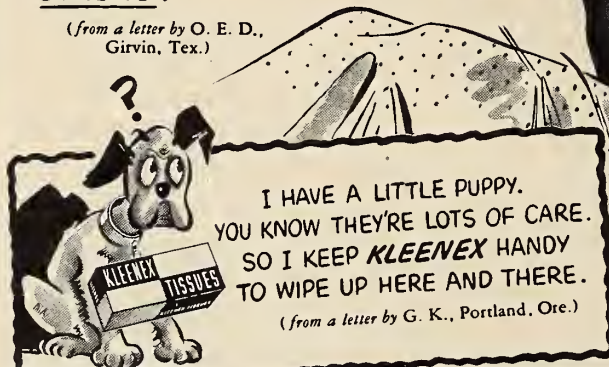


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SNEEZY TIME GAL!

MY HAY FEVER AND I HAVE BLOWN A LOT OF TISSUES TO PIECES BUT **KLEENEX** CAN TAKE IT...IT'S **BOTH SOFT AND STRONG!**

(from a letter by O. E. D., Girvin, Tex.)



I HAVE A LITTLE PUPPY. YOU KNOW THEY'RE LOTS OF CARE. SO I KEEP **KLEENEX** HANDY TO WIPE UP HERE AND THERE.

(from a letter by G. K., Portland, Ore.)

KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BYE-

AND THEN WIPE AWAY THE LIPSTICK TRACES WITH SOFT, ABSORBENT **KLEENEX** TISSUES...

100% PERFECT FOR REMOVING COSMETICS.

(from a letter by J. B., Portland, Ore.)



ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

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

tain girl friend of mine heard that I was making a picture with Clark Gable—who was getting ballyhooed all over the place as The Great Lover—she asked me: 'Does he go into an act between scenes?'

"And that," said Roz, nodding her head sagely, "brings up an interesting point.

"People seem to labor under the delusion that actors and actresses can't help trying out their far-famed glamour on each other between scenes. Maybe it happens, but I've never seen it, and I've been around and kept my eyes open. The reason it doesn't happen is that acting is exhausting work. If you didn't relax between scenes, you'd get old ahead of your time."

But she was talking about Mr. G.

"You mean, Vitamin G. That's what my beauty operator calls him. I nearly cracked my mud pack the other day, when she pulled that one on me.

"There's always some great elemental reason why people succeed, regardless of the boosts and pushes they get, and that's as true of Gable as of anyone else. I have my own pet theory about the explanation for his success.

"With Clark, I'd say that the elemental thing is that he doesn't mouth his words. He doesn't speak from his throat; he speaks from his stomach. Don't laugh. I'm serious. I don't know whether it's natural or whether he learned it, the way a singer learns to think high notes. But it's there, and it's a great attribute. It's what gives you the feeling of intense power about The Big Moose—it's what makes him exciting."

Roz paused to demonstrate what she meant. She said from the throat, "My dear, I fully intend to shoot you before dawn"—and the line sounded shallow and affected. Then, with the same identical intonation, she said the same line "from the stomach"—and it sounded intense with suppressed emotion. It seemed completely possible that, in that enormous handbag of hers, she had a sub-machine gun concealed.

"Between 'China Seas' and 'They Met in Bombay,'" continued Roz, "there was a lapse of six years, during which I didn't work with The Big Orange-and-Alfalfa Man from Encino. And being of a naturally suspicious nature, I had my doubts

that he'd still be the same guy. After all, he had been a box-office champ for ten years, he had been Rhett Butler, he had married Carole Lombard, and he had taken up gentleman-ranching. I expected he would have gone a little stratospheric. He threw me off-balance when I came on the set by giving me an all-out welcome, as if he remembered me. But I recovered fast. 'Uh-huh,' I said to myself, 'he's still smart—smart enough to make you think he's a pal of yours, when you know very well he'll want 90 per cent of the close-ups.' Right after that, there was a big story conference. I kept waiting for Boom Town to clear his throat and state that he thought his part needed some expansion. He cleared his throat all right, but what he said was: 'You'll have a stronger story if you build up Rosalind's part more.' . . . When a man can take his kind of success and still keep a perspective like that, he's a man worth knowing.

"AFTER six years, the only change I can see in him is that he wears his hair farther out over his ears. He isn't out to impress anybody. Do you know what his favorite greeting to me was? 'You look terrible today—why don't you stay home nights?' He kept me busy thinking up insulting retorts.

"Then," she went on, "there was Bob Montgomery. I've done four pictures with him, and don't ask me the names of all of them, because I couldn't tell you. But each one of them was an experience, largely because Mr. Montgomery is a Wit. Capital W. Around him you have to think of your answers fast, or you're a dead pigeon.

"We fought constantly—but all in fun. Everybody didn't understand that. Every time we worked together, we had to deny rumors we were feuding. He called me Razz Russell, and I called him Robber Montgomery. We'd get in front of the camera, and I'd say, 'For heaven's sake, get in your marks,' and he'd say, 'I'm only out of them because I'm trying to protect myself. You're upstaging me again.' There was never a serious word between us, though we dead-panned everything we said to each other. The gags never stopped. . . . Any man who can make life amusing is, to my mind, exciting. So Bob goes on my list.

"And so does that nice little Cockney boy, Cary Grant—and for the same reason. You never know what he's going to say or do next. He's dynamite to work with. And a very funny man.

"To date, the picture I've enjoyed most, is 'His Girl Friday'—and the main reason is: I had to try to keep up with that human dynamo named Grant. He hits a terrific pace. When he isn't using his eyes or his mouth or his hands to get a reaction, he's using his feet. He's a terrific ham, but—he gets results no one else gets. For my money that makes him a genius. He'll try anything to be entertaining. And that's as true off the screen as on. Any time, any place, he's exciting company."

Roz helped herself to a refill from the teapot.

"Then there's Jimmy Stewart," she said. "People have asked me if I'd call him shy. My answer is yes, definitely. I think he is sincerely and genuinely shy. But—I also think that, much to his amazement, he found out that shyness pays, and he decided not to abandon it. It's a permanent part of him now.

"I can't imagine Jimmy ever being flashy. That, however, is not only forgivable but laudable. It gives him a solidity that's rare nowadays. It sets him apart from the mob."

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE DUTCH

(Continued from page 33)

Nodding toward a colorful painting of a California landscape, hanging on the nearby wall, he explains, "If I had painted that, I could say, 'I bought that canvas and those oils—they were mine. And it was my hands that put those oils on that canvas in just that way. I could be proud. It is something I alone created.' But anything I accomplish as an actor is in the hands of other people. It depends on them. I say words written by a playwright, not by me; my actions are governed by a director. Sometimes things I want to do turn out badly, and other things I do with objections turn out well. Either way, I am not alone responsible."

That's unexpected talk from an actor. Most actors, even in their modest moments, don't take any credit away from themselves. But this Dutchman blithely confesses:

"I BECAME an actor by a stroke of luck, and I stayed one because I was just lazy. Conceitness"—his version of the word conceit—"did not enter into it. The life was easy, so it was attractive. I worked at night for three hours. In the daytime, I could be a gentleman, a man of leisure, a sporting man."

After that first lead, he never played Hollywood. He became a fixture of the best theatre in The Hague, staying there nearly seven years. Then in 1928, he started seeing the world.

Every year before World War II, several leading Dutch players, both men and women, were invited to form an acting company and go out to the theatre-starved Dutch colonies on tour. It was an honor, and a very profitable one, to be invited—as Phil was in 1928. Aged 22, he was asked to head the company, whose repertory consisted mainly of Ibsen and Molnar plays. On later trips he also did such plays as "Journey's End" and "Men in White."

That first trip was to the distant Dutch East Indies—Sumatra, Java, Celebes, Bali, Dutch New Guinea. To him, an incredible tropical paradise.

"When the others went home, I stayed," he relates. "To myself, I said, 'It would be a pity to go home before I know if I'm waking or dreaming.' I stayed two and a half years. I had a little money saved, and it is possible to live very cheaply there. I studied parts, but mostly I studied the country. Three or four months at a time I would spend in the jungle hunting. I would go to the police and ask for a prisoner who had hidden in the jungle to be my guide. But I was particular what kind of prisoner I asked for. I didn't want a thief. I preferred a murderer."

"That makes me sound like a strange person, but let me explain. Once I attended a dinner party given by the warden of a prison camp there. During the dinner, the warden confided that the native prisoner waiting on us was a murderer. The women gasped. 'But how can you let him walk around free?' everyone asked. The warden said, 'He is not a killer at heart. No native is. His crime was a crime of passion. He can be trusted the rest of his life. It is the same with my gardener and my cook. They both are murderers. But I wouldn't trust a man who had stolen five cents. A thief is a criminal at heart.'



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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

He admits that he had some bad moments on those jungle expeditions, but he won't elaborate on them nor dramatize himself as an adventurer. "It was not adventure, it was sport," he insists.

It was a money shortage, not career ambition, that finally took him back to Holland and acting. He kept returning to the East Indies on tour, and he went on tour to Dutch Guiana (which also has jungles) and to Curacao in the West Indies. But on none of those voyages West across the Atlantic did he think of going on to Hollywood and having a look around. He wasn't interested in films.

"By that time," he explains, "I had a stage reputation, and always good roles came my way—because I was 'hard to get.'" He smiles in reminiscence of that polite skullduggery. "There were offers from Warners in England—offers that promised to make me rich, if I would learn English—but I turned them down.

"Then in 1935 Holland started its own film industry—you didn't know about that, no?—and in 1936 I signed as a star. There was no star system, however, as here. The stars were not the only famous ones in the pictures. I made a picture called 'Rubber,' for example, in which the man who played the second lead was my first director. He was a man fifteen times the actor I was, a man always the top; I was just a bum, by comparison. I was so grateful to him for his support I always had him with me. If he had had a flair for learning languages, I would have brought him with me here."

In one of the Dutch films Phil made, he was directed by Henry Koster. And that changed his life a few years later.

"Bobby"—his nickname for Koster—"went on to America and became famous, directing Deanna Durbin to stardom. He kept writing to me: 'Study English. I'll be sending for you. This is the place to be.' I kept writing back that I wouldn't be coming. I was scared to death of Hollywood. So many good people went there, and after a few months Hollywood said, 'Goodbye, it's nice to have met you, but we have to drop you.' They came home, and people said, 'They weren't good enough for Hollywood.'

They had to come back.' And their reputations were shot to pieces. I didn't want that to happen to me. I was going to stay in Europe.

"I made pictures in Holland until the idealists in the industry got in trouble with the business men—or perhaps the other way around. Then I went to Vienna. Altogether, I made fifteen pictures, although only three or four were good. I was in Vienna the day the Germans marched in. After that, it was not fun any more. . . . It was then that I listened to an offer I had from Universal in Paris.

"They gave me seven weeks to make up my mind. I went to London and in six weeks saw two hundred movies and thirty plays. By that time, I could understand the language, at least. I had hopes of learning it. I signed and sailed for America.

"I'll never forget my first day in Hollywood. I had lunch at Universal with Bobby Koster, Marlene Dietrich and Jimmy Stewart—they were making 'Destry Rides Again.' They asked me if there was going to be war. I said, 'No, there will be no war. Both sides are bluffing, I'm sure of that. Otherwise, I wouldn't have come here'. . . . Just three days later," he adds ironically, "the war started.

"Right away, Universal gave me the lead in a picture called 'Ski Patrol,' and right away I gave Universal a headache. They had to put every word in my mouth. I didn't know what I was talking about. They tried me in two more pictures, both B's—then they sold my contract. I can't blame them for that. I am only grateful to Universal. They made it possible for me to learn the language. I hope to go back and do pictures there. I would like some day to do one with Koster. He couldn't take the chance when I was there. Our friendship could not go that far even though he felt responsible for my being in Hollywood. My accent was still too thick."

The fact that the studio that brought him to Hollywood didn't want him after three pictures had little effect on him emotionally. His emotions had all been spent a few weeks before with the in-



In "You'll Never Get Rich," Fred Astaire's o chorine-hoting donce-director, and Rita's o donce-director-loving chorine. Being engaged to another guy, plus the fact that Fred's boss is Bob Benchley (he has his eye on Rita) means nothing to her. By the end of the picture, Fred's actually chosing Rita Hoyworth. And, of all places, they get hitched in a draft camp!

vation of Holland.

"The day that happened, despite all my wishful thinking that it couldn't happen, I rushed down to the Dutch consul and signed as a volunteer in the Queen's Guard. Then I became a crazy man. For four and a half days, I had the radio going night and day. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, I couldn't think of anything but the horror Over There. Then came the end. I still wake up in the night, from dreams of Holland . . . I say I won't talk about the war. But I can't help talking about it. I'm thinking about it all the time. I know from letters I get, from veiled words, how the Dutch people feel."

UNIVERSAL sold Dorn's contract to M-G-M. And the reason why M-G-M was interested was that, after "Escape" had been in production three weeks, with the part of the doctor still uncast, someone suggested testing "that new Dutch actor at Universal." The test proved that he was the man not only for that part, but for future important parts. (He put everything he had into that test.)

He wasn't sorry when M-G-M loaned him to Warners for "Underground," which is probably the most dramatic anti-Nazi picture yet. "The story was good, the director was good, and the part was good. I couldn't be sorry about that."

He doesn't know what's next in the cards for him. He has had an offer to play opposite a famous stage actress on Broadway and would like to accept, if only for the speaking-English-in-public practice that it would give him—but the studio is turning thumbs down, because if the play should be a hit, he would be away from Hollywood at least a year. And he is becoming a valuable screen asset.

"I don't care what kind of role I play," he says, "as long as it is not too sweet and as long as it is different from the one before."

In other words, he's capable of thinking for himself.

He has signified his intention of becoming an American citizen. Some of his fellow-countrymen can't understand that. He explains by saying: "A man loves the woman who is his mother, but then he goes out in the world and meets a woman he wants for a lifetime companion. He still loves his mother—but in a different way he also loves the woman he marries. Holland is my mother, and America is my wife."

The girl who answers to the name of "Mrs. Dorn" also answers to the name of Marianne. She is an actress—"and a good one, too," Phil testifies, "though she will work only on the stage. She was one of the finest actresses in Holland."

They live in a little house high up in Laurel Canyon, where they get a distant view of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which in winter "look like Switzerland." They bought the little house, and Phil is going all-out for gardening "after being cooped up ten years in apartments." It is the first plot of ground he has ever owned. "I get a thrill thinking that it is all mine clear to the center of the earth."

He loves to pile into the car (they have a bag, packed with changes of clothes, constantly in the trunk) and set out on a trip for some destination unknown. "We went down to the beach for a swim a few weeks ago and ended up in San Francisco."

Well, that's typical of him. He started out in Hollywood doing B's, but he's certainly headed straight toward stardom in A's. He's the only one of his particular kind.

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The jewel-like clarity of Tangee's NEW Red-Red will liven your lips with a glowing new vivacity, soften them with a subtle new smoothness. For Red-Red is *true* red...the lipstick shade so rich and pure it goes with anything you might wear, a perfect foil for *both* your gowns and furs. Tangee's unique cream base helps prevent chapping or drying. Of course, there's a matching rouge. And Tangee's famous Face Powder: So clinging, so flattering, so *un-powdery*!

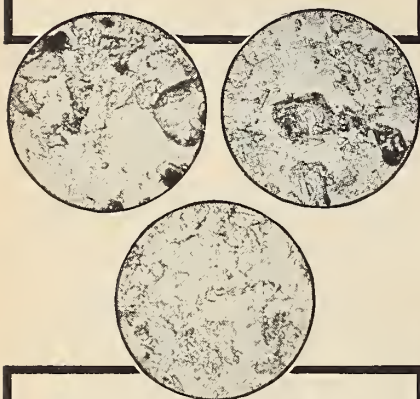
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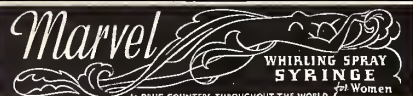
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CAMERA MAKE-UP

(Continued from page 55)

or rose lip rouge to make them less noticeable. Always remove excess lipstick by pressing a piece of tissue between your lips. Moisten your lips just before your picture is snapped.

Eyes need special emphasis, too. Dark lashes and brows will make your eyes seem brighter, and curled lashes increase their apparent size, so go to work with the mascara, brow pencil and curler! If your eyes are quite deep set, use only a light shade of shadow. Or if they're prominent, give them better proportion with a dark shade. If they're set close together, shadow them more heavily on the outer lids and use more mascara on the outer lashes. If they're set far apart, place the emphasis on the inner half of the lids and lashes. You can add sparkle to your eyes by touching a bit of lash cream to your lids and lashes.

IT'S wise to shampoo a couple of days before photographing if possible. A too-recent set holds the hair too close to the head, and the camera doesn't catch the highlights. Camera-wise stars give their locks extra life and sheen by brushing them vigorously just before the picture is taken. Brilliantines, too, add a yummy lustre.

Bonnet off—when you're having your picture taken—unless you're so fond of the hat, you don't mind dating the photograph to the very year and season. A deep-brimmed hat will throw a shadow over the upper part of your face unless you hold your head up in an unnatural position.

Photography, you know, makes every one seem broader and heavier, so take special care in selecting your clothes. If you have an average figure, choose a simple frock with slenderizing lines and omit all distracting details. Velvets, silks and satins are all very photogenic, and black, ice blue and off-white are excellent colors. For that extra-special picture on your best beau's desk or bureau, wear black if you're a blonde, for it'll dramatize your fair complexion and hair. If you're a brunette, a touch of white near your face will give a flattering contrast.

Your posture is important, so be sure

that it's easy and natural—but naturally good. Keep your back straight and take care that your chinline and neck aren't hidden by your shoulder.

The camera's a regular old maid in picking up and magnifying flaws, so watch your grooming to the last detail. And let that next snap do you justice!

Your smile is always lovelier and more spontaneous when your mouth feels fresh and clean. The daily chewing of gum refreshes your mouth, pretties up your lip and cheek muscles by keeping them mobile and feminine-looking, and also helps to make your teeth brighter and more attractive. If you keep your favorite flavor always on hand, you'll be assured of a smile that draws people to you.

Match your lips to the season's brightest, clearest crimsons this fall with Tangee's new Red Red Lipstick. It's the perfect foil for all other fashion shades too, blends with all complexions and makes lips provocatively lovely. Or, if you have fragile, delicate coloring and prefer softer make-up, you'll adore Tangee Natural Lipstick. It's orange in the stick, but when applied to your lips, changes to your own most becoming natural coloring. Each shade has a harmonizing rouge, of course. Try both types.

Grand for kissing the boys "hello" is Princess Pat Liquid Liptone, for it not only makes your lips alluringly red and natural, but it won't rub off on anyone or anything. It's available in nine shades, so find the one that suits you best. It's easy to apply with a handy applicator that helps you draw your lips to their most flattering outline. To prepare your lips for new make-up, you can remove it any time you like with Princess Pat Liquid Liptone Remover.

For that perfectly smooth, sophisticated make-up job, use Hampden's Powd'r Base. It comes in a handy wedge-shaped stick and goes on smooth as satin, giving your skin a clear, natural-looking finish. Not only does it conceal minor blemishes, but you can improve facial contours by using two shades—a light to emphasize good features, and a dark to play down poor ones. Hampden's Powd'r Base is available in natural skin tones to match every complexion.



Cocktail party hostess Bette Davis introduced Richard Travis to Ann Sheridan and Monty Woolley. They're all in "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

"PAULETTE SAVED MY LIFE!"

(Continued from page 29)

backed by money from Moscow and headed by a gaunt-faced, big-eared labor leader named Toledano, were after Rivera.

At the time Paulette was having her portrait painted, Toledano, who had trained a quarter of a million laborers with broomsticks for his private Red army, decided to wipe out the enemies of Communism.

The killers first went after a personal enemy of Stalin's, Leon Trotsky. Twenty men, one dark night, all disguised as police, broke into Trotsky's Coyoacan villa, raced up to his bedroom and blasted 300 rounds of bullets into the room from their chattering Tommy guns. They missed Trotsky. He was hiding under the bed. However, they kidnapped Trotsky's secretary, a New York boy, a Duke University graduate named Sheldon Harte . . . A week later the boy's mutilated body, beaten and bruised, was found under the kitchen floor of a nearby farmhouse.

Rivera was No. 2 on the list. One very warm June night during Paulette's stay in Mexico City, she was in Rivera's studio while he worked overtime on her portrait.

Suddenly, the sound of automobiles and the screeching of brakes was heard.

LET Diego Rivera himself tell you in his own simple and undramatic way what happened next.

"That evening at the end of the sitting, Miss Goddard saw around my studio several cars with suspicious looking men inside," Rivera explained. "She investigated, then telephoned me saying, 'If I know my pictures, you're on the spot!'"

"I inquired through my driver-assistant, and there was no doubt that they were after me. With a friend, Irene Borjus, I succeeded in leaving the place hidden inside the car. A few minutes later twenty men broke into my house!"

Since Rivera wouldn't reveal every detail, I took it upon myself to learn what actually happened. When the autos drew up around Rivera's house, Paulette heard them, peeked outside and suspected something fishy. She told Rivera so. He laughed.

Chin up, her knees doing the La Conga, Paulette marched down the twisting iron stairs of the studio into the darkened patio. She opened the cactus door and walked outside.

All was silence. Five cars full of men. All staring at her. Poised, she walked toward them, past them, but out of the corner of her eye she spotted one of their guns. The minute she got around the corner and out of sight, she began running, caught a cab, sped to the nearest phone booth and frantically called Diego Rivera.

His line was busy. Suspense grew. Death hovered. She called again and again. Finally he answered.

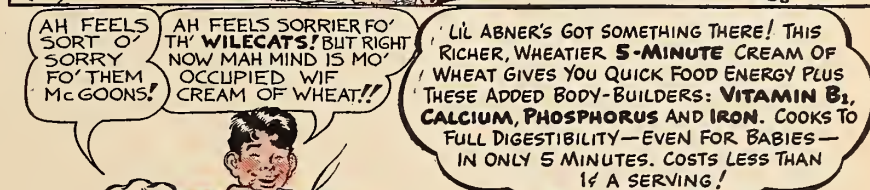
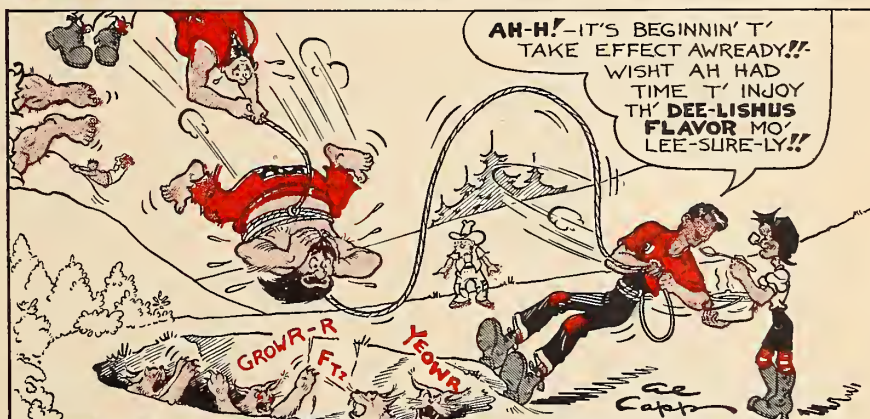
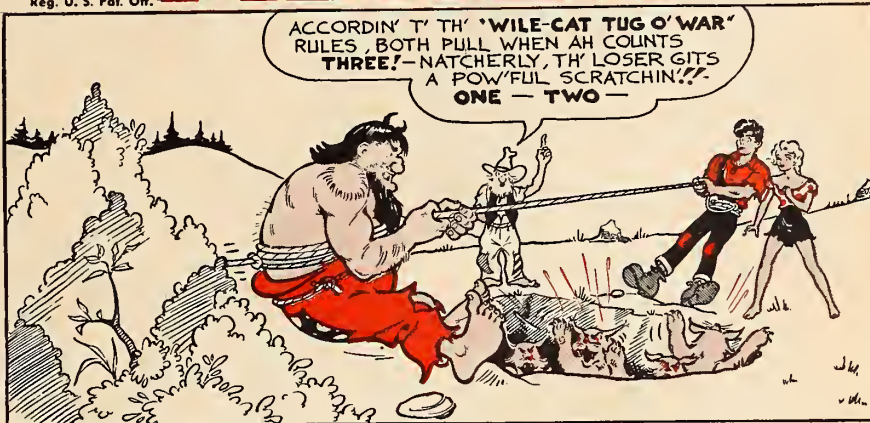
And that's when she hoarsely whispered that classic sentence, "If I know my pictures, Mr. Rivera, you're on the spot!"

Promptly, before the Red assassins broke in, he had an aide hide him on the floor of the family station wagon. Then he ordered the aide to drive out, while he lay perspiring on the floor.

The killers, duped by the light still bright in his studio, let the auto pass!

LIL ABNER by AL CAPP

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And thus, thanks to Paulette Goddard's courage, Diego Rivera made his escape from the murderers who, a few minutes later, broke into his studio to find him gone!

"After leaving my studio," Rivera told me, "I hid for several days in the house of a friend. After that I went by plane to Brownsville, was admitted to the United States with a five hundred dollar bond to go to paint my mural in San Francisco."

Incidentally, when Diego Rivera got safely across the border, he emerged from his place at San Antonio and, disheveled, without tie or coat, began shouting, "Where is Paulette Goddard? Where is that girl?" He wanted to thank her again and again for saving his life. In a few moments she appeared. She'd driven up from Mexico City at break-neck speed to meet him and fly with him to Hollywood.

During my conversation with the pudgy painter in his bizarre studio—a studio lightened only by an entire wall of special glass—I asked Rivera if he detected more than mere beauty in the actress. He did. "In spite of the fact

that I had only a professional acquaintance with her," he said. "I found her extremely intelligent and very liberal-minded!"

"I have heard Miss Goddard say, 'I am not an actress, I am a girl.' On the screen she has the same qualities that she has always in life—alertness, beauty and intelligence.

"Charlie Chaplin? Yes, I had the honor to meet him at his home in Beverly Hills. You know, more than twenty-five years ago I was one of a group of writers and artists in Paris, who called themselves 'The Friends of Charlie Chaplin.' I consider him perhaps the greatest living artist of our time. He is as great as Molière or any other great master of tragedy and comedy and as great an author as an actor."

* * *

The action was brief. The lines were short. But the best performance by any motion picture actress during the past year has not been performed in Hollywood. It was played on a hot night in a lonely spot outside of Mexico City by an actress the Gods of Art will not soon forget!

ACADEMY AWARD AUNT

(Continued from page 54)

rest, he reads, listens to the radio and bosses things generally. He considers it his special function in life to spoil Mary and Daphne. "Why don't you leave them alone?" he growls when their Aunt Pat finds it necessary to correct them.

A couple of years ago Miss Darwell bought an old stucco farmhouse on two acres of tree-shaded ground in the valley. There they live with ten dogs, twenty-five cats, one rabbit and innumerable fowl. The turkeys and ducks, the geese and chicken are for home consumption. Before long they expect to be milking their own cow. The owners of a Norwalk dairy have presented Miss Darwell with a Guernsey heifer, "in return for the pleasure you have given us." She's buying a third acre behind the house, on which to build a barn to house the cow.

Cats ramble at will, peeking from behind bushes and lifting their pussies from the kitchen doorstep. Four small dogs are given the run of the house. Two sleep on Uncle Bill's bed. There are kennels for the rest, whose number varies with their needs. All strays are welcomed, cleaned up and kept till a home can be found for them. Not any home. No orphanage matron is fussier than Jane Darwell. "Are you sure you love dogs? Do you have a fence 'round your house? If it doesn't work out, will you bring him straight back to me?"

One of her friends offered Daphne a blonde cocker spaniel. "May I keep him, Aunt Pat?"

"Not if he's already taken care of." Daphne lifted a brow. "Wait'll I show you." Never was capitulation more sudden. One look from Sad-eyes in the bend of Daphne's arm, and he'd hooked himself an adoring Aunt Pat of his own.

The farmhouse with its small, low-ceilinged rooms needs plenty of remodeling. "But I'm strictly a cash-and-carry woman," says Miss Darwell, "so we're doing it slowly." Thus far, they've concentrated on the dining-room built between the old house and garage, overlooking the rose-garden. They go downtown

together, pick things out, argue over them. "Being an art student, Mary thinks she knows just what's right." The room, in any case, is just right—large, beautifully proportioned, an exquisite crystal chandelier and wall sconces reflected in the burnished mahogany of family heirlooms. The room, like a friend, receives holiday gifts. "We bought it, the andirons and the fire screen for Easter."

They live their personal life outside the movie world. Miss Darwell has kept close to many friends of her youth. The girls have their own school companions. For the rest, their days are filled with work and play and a lively interest in one another's concerns. Most of their evenings are spent at home. The girls must report on what happened at school, Aunt Pat on what happened at the studio. "Who was in the scene with you? Was he cute? What did he say? What did she wear?"

"It's a tossup," says Uncle Bill, "as to which of the three gabbles faster."

When Edith and Summy, who work for them are off, the girls—out of their high regard for Aunt Pat—prepare dinner. Like the master violinist in the story, who fiddled for thirty years but hated music, Aunt Pat's an expert cook who doesn't like cooking. Driven to it, she'll turn out fried chicken and creamy gravy that are gustatory poems. But she'd much rather not.

So the girls take over. They set up two card tables before the fireplace in Aunt Pat's bed-sitting-room upstairs. The menu generally features one surprise, which is sometimes good, sometimes a lemon, but manfully praised in either case.

Aunt Pat sometimes talks about the elegant new apartment she's going to build for herself some day. "Might as well stay where you are," says Uncle Bill. "Your elegant apartment'll still be our sitting-room." She concedes that this one is nice, if mongrel. The fire blazes. A dog or two lies curled at Uncle Bill's feet. Above the mantel hangs an array of family photographs in oval walnut frames. There's one of Grandfather Woodard, a stern-looking

old gentleman in a long white beard. "Stern!" hoots Aunt Pat. "I used to braid that beard and tie it up with pink hair ribbons."

They listen to their favorite broadcasts. To hear Uncle Bill tell it—anything bloodthirsty. "When people are killing each other one a minute, you can bet they're tuned in." They mark up their own I.Q.'s by private competition on the quiz programs. They never miss Jack Benny—or if they do, it's a minor calamity.

"Of course," says Mary, "when Aunt Pat gets hold of a crossword puzzle, everything else stops. Especially the cockeyed ones. She bellows with pain when Liberty doesn't have one. Says she's going to sue 'em."

Or somebody suggests a picture, and the three girls tear out.

"And first thing Aunt Pat says, 'I'm thirsty, let's have a soda.'"

"And the doorman at the Chinese says, 'I'll get your tickets for you, Miss Darwell,' at which Daphne and I burst with pride."

"And on the way home, Aunt Pat says, 'I'm thirsty, let's have a soda.'"

And when they get back, "How was the picture?" inquires Uncle Bill.

"Mm—all right—"

"What's the matter? Didn't they shoot more than six or seven people?"

On Sundays they drive to Agua Caliente for the races or to Santa Barbara for lunch. Or they go to the beach.

FOR obvious reasons, the girls enjoy shopping expeditions with their aunt. Especially Mary, who knows how to wear clothes. Daphne, supplied with the full quota of sweaters required by school etiquette, counts herself the well-dressed woman.

At the shop it goes something like this. The girls are trying on coats. Aunt Pat's eye roams and lights. "Darling, this little dress would look lovely with that coat. Slip into it and let's see. Mm—I thought so."

"We never hint," says Daphne gravely. "We don't have to. Once she gets started, we're set."

Mary observes that she'll never forget the time Aunt Pat said no. "She'd bought me a whole new outfit down at Martha Dean's. Well, then, there was this lovely woven dress that I didn't need at all, but the salespeople know what she's like, and one of them said, 'Let your Aunt Pat see you in this.' So I tried it on, and she said, 'I don't think so.' About a week later she tells me to go look in my closet. There's the woven dress."

"They look so well in the darn things," Aunt Pat defends herself, "that you feel like a dog if you don't buy 'em."

They get a good deal of simple pleasure out of poking fun at one another's foibles. Aunt Pat's dieting, for example. "Which lasts about a week. Then she says, 'Heavens, at my age what difference does it make, let's have a soda.'"

"Or when she suddenly decides, 'It's terrible the way I bring you girls up not to knit or sew. That's settled now. You're going to make a sweater.'"

"It's her guilty conscience. Because she's unhandy with the needle herself."

"She thinks she's living under false pretenses. On the screen she's supposed to be motherly. How can a person be motherly, she says, who hates to cook and can't sew or knit or crochet?"

"So one day she brought home these balls and balls of twine, sat herself down in the patio, crocheted a square and then forgot the stitch. Know anyone who can use a ton of twine?"

"Give me a break, girls," she pleads.

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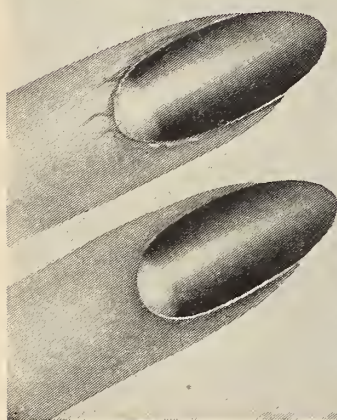


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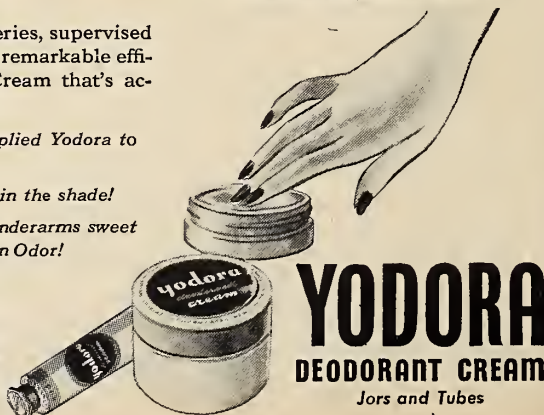
(*Underarm Perspiration Odor)

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2. Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade!
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"Give me a break."

The girls are generous. "Now you can tell about us."

On those rare occasions when she's really annoyed with them, Daphne's likely to melt into tears. Mary comes up with what she calls a "fancy reason" for whatever it is she's done or left undone. "At least, it's a reason to me. Aunt Pat calls it an alibi."

"I'm one of these peremptory people," Aunt Pat admits, "—fly off the handle, say whatever pops into my head. I can't stand beating about the bush. If you did it, say you did it, nobody's going to shoot you at sunrise."

"That's right," Daphne muses. "When Aunt Pat says a thing, it sure stays said." For her it does. She dates events by the calendar of her aunt's displeasure. "Don't you remember?" she'll inquire, limpid-eyed. "It was when you were having that spell about so-and-so." And Uncle Bill chortles with glee.

The big thrill of the year was of course the Academy Award. Aunt Pat got tickets for the girls. Uncle Bill wouldn't go. "Too much excitement. I'll tune in on the radio." That was all right with his sister. The less fuss, the better. She wouldn't even buy a new dress. "Fiddle!" she said, "I go out so little," and had an old one dyed.

She couldn't sit with the girls, having been invited to the banquet as Darryl Zanuck's guest. "Don't be too disappointed, Jane," he warned, "if you don't get it."

"If I do, I'll be overwhelmed. If I don't, the honor of having been nominated will be plenty."

Presently she heard Lynn Fontanne say "Jane—." That was all she heard. There was no other Jane on the list. Mr. Zanuck said, "There you are," but she didn't hear him. As he headed her toward the podium, she caught a glimpse of the girls jumping up and down like crazy. Between her and the goal stretched an endless length of parquet. How'll I ever get there? I have no knees. Bet I'll catch my heel and fall flat. What'll I say? I always talk too much, and now that I need a couple of words, they're gone. Grief! Other people know what to say; something'll come to me. "It didn't though," she insists. "I just grinned and bowed and scraped like an idiot."

Whatever she said or left unsaid didn't matter. The long rounds of sustained applause proved that. Woman and actress, she was the people's choice. They broke out afresh when the girls, laughing and crying, hugged her as she passed their table. They got home late to be greeted by an imperturbable Uncle Bill, still at the radio. "I knew you'd get it," he said.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 12

DEANNA	LESLIE								
O'BRIEN	ELLERY								
ORSON	DAD	OGEES							
MOIRE	AIRIEST	NITON							
ARLINE	TERRY	SENORA							
LEES	DREW	ECRU	GREY						
AND	ADAMS	REAPS	ESS						
	ALIF	METE							
STARLET		PREVIEW							
RAID			ALCA						
ORDEALS		JOHNSON							
	NEIL	UPAS							
SOL	STARS	MONEY	BAA						
ABEL	EMIT	AVER	LANG						
POWELL	CAPRA	AHERNE							
SETSE	DEMILLE	ALOES							
	STONE	MAE	WODAN						
	ENISLE	NIESEN							
	RAPIER	ERRAND							

WELSH RARE-BIT

(Continued from page 27)

Glenn the report, candid to the point of violence. "Some day we'll make another," he said grimly. Glenn said, okay, less in agreement than because Moore had suffered enough for one day.

For himself he didn't care. Curran had just cast him for a bit in "Golden Boy" and raised him to forty bucks. He went on the road with it, landing eventually in New York, where he understudied John Beal in something called "Soliloquy," which opened gloriously at the Empire and closed next night. Then followed that interval, without which no actor's life is complete—shabby stairs, snooty office boys, shrinking stomach, silent telephone, little man what now?

But, more fortunate than others, he didn't have to drain that cup to the dregs. Suddenly everything happened at once. He was offered the role of Leo in "The Little Foxes." A wire from Curran summoned him to the coast to play George in "Our Town." Torn between the two, he finally plumped for George. "The Little Foxes" was an unknown quantity, "Our Town" an established success. Besides, he owed Curran something. Besides, he wanted to go home. A week after he got there, George was cut from under him by Jed Harris's decision to take the New York company to the coast. Before he had time to gnash his teeth, he found himself playing Irene Rich's son in "A Broom for the Bride."

He felt fine the morning after the opening. The papers had run good notices. They were going to play Frisco, Santa Barbara, San Diego. The sun felt

good on his back as he pattered with the car. "Telephone, Gwyllyn," called his mother.

It was Tom Moore. "I want you to make a test—"

"You're a glutton for punishment, Tom. Not me—" But he went, and it turned out to be the model test of the year, the test everyone was taken to look at. Executives wanted to know where this boy had been. Moore's judgment was vindicated. Expecting nothing, Glenn had clowned and ad libbed his way through the scene and come out natural. They signed him for "Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence" and changed Gwyllyn to Glenn. For the first and last time, his father saw him on the screen. Glenn knew that, like it or not, he wouldn't say much. You had to watch his face. As they left the preview, it was one large grin. His son likes to remember that. A few months later Mr. Ford died of a heart condition no one had suspected.

GLENN'S plans to return to New York were intercepted by Zeppo, the fourth Marx brother turned agent. "Give me ten days. If I haven't got something lined up for you by then, go to New York." It took him three days. Glenn was put under contract by Columbia, trained through a series of B's and graduated into A's with "The Lady in Question."

Zeppo phoned one day. "Dave Loew and Al Lewin saw your Fox test. They're considering you for Ludwig in the Remarque story." On Sunday Zeppo phoned again. "Dress up. A car's coming to take

you to Lewin's. That's all I can tell you because that's all I know. You're on your own, and God help you."

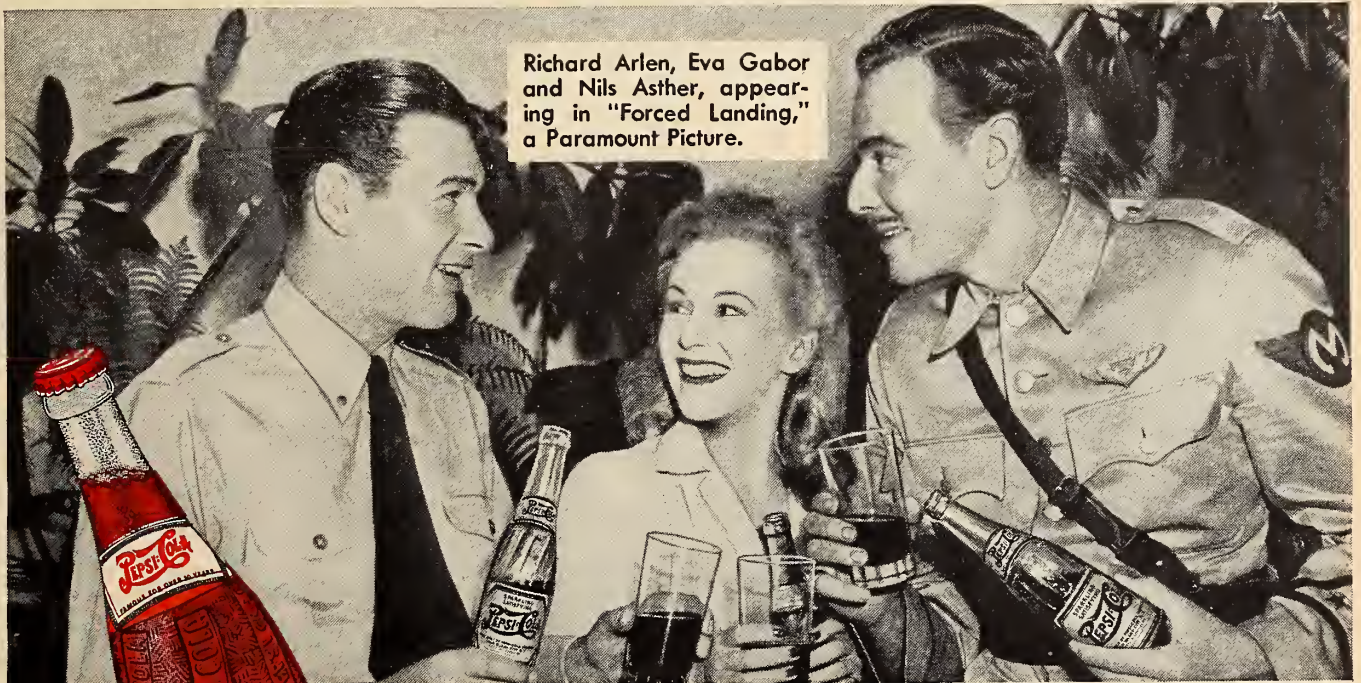
A limousine drove up. In state Mr. Ford was driven to Mr. Lewin's beach home. The chauffeur delivered him to a butler. The butler ushered him to a landing, from which a short flight of steps led to a beautiful room below. Six pairs of eyes were focussed on him. They belonged to Al Lewin and David Loew, producers, to John Cromwell, director, Erich Remarque, author of "Flotsam," from which "So Ends Our Night" was made, Talbot Jennings, screen writer, and a man from the Leland Hayward office to represent Maggie Sullivan, who was to play opposite Ludwig.

Glenn's stomach began to act as if he were in an elevator, going down. Like a squirrel in a cage, one imbecile phrase kept racing round his head. "This isn't for nothing on a Sunday, this isn't for nothing on a Sunday, this isn't for nothing on a Sunday."

"How do you do?" Mr. Lewin said at last and moved toward Glenn, who managed to negotiate the stairs. "I'll introduce you to these people later. Now I'd like you to do me a favor. We have the script of 'Flotsam' here. Will you read a couple of scenes for us?"

"Sure," Glenn said or tried to say. The sound that came out was like nothing human. He was shown to a large soft chair, into whose depths he seemed to sink endlessly. "My God," he thought for one wild second, "it doesn't stop."

"Will you have a drink?"



Richard Arlen, Eva Gabor and Nils Asther, appearing in "Forced Landing," a Paramount Picture.

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Name	
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Address	

"Well—uh—maybe a root beer, if you've got it—"

A root beer was produced, they gave him the script, told him to turn to page so-and-so and commence. The familiar look and feel of typed pages between blue covers comforted Glenn.

When he'd finished, he felt better. Now it was up to them. Now they'd have to say something. Maybe they'd invite him to dinner. What they said through spokesman Lewin was: "Thank you very much. It was kind of you to come. The car will take you back."

"Good news," Zeppo phoned next day. "You got it."

WITH the fanfare which attended his performance in the *Remarque* story, Columbia scheduled him for fewer and better pictures. He's just finished "Texas" with Bill Holden, and plays next in "Go West, Young Lady," a big musical, opposite Penny Singleton. Loew and Lewin have signed him to an outside contract for one year.

He's twenty-five and untouched by Hollywood sophistication. His legs twine for comfort when he sits, his words come in a rush, his smile is shy. He says shucks and heck and golly and doesn't patronize *Ciro's*, figuring that for the cover charge you can buy two books or two records. Since he likes books and records better than night clubs, that's how he spends his spare cash. He drinks no hard liquor and has been an American citizen for almost two years.

He and his gentle English mother live in a house they've just rented on the Pacific Palisades. She helps him with his fan mail and plays the piano accompaniments to his violin.

He owns a hundred and forty pipes and has smoked them all. Loud clothes, loud laughter and loud people irritate him. He doesn't like girls who rattle paper at shows, and if you're late for an appointment, he won't wait. He wears a large signet ring engraved with his initials, GSNF—Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford. His maternal grandmother, who died five years ago, had it made of the gold melted from her wedding ring. Glenn never takes it off.

His close friends, the boys and girls who drop in for supper on Sunday nights, belong to his school and little theatre crowd. There's one special girl who doesn't. Seven months ago, he and Evelyn Ankers discovered each other. She's the blonde English actress under contract to Universal, whom you saw in "Bachelor Daddy" and will see in Abbott and Costello's "Hold That Ghost."

They share the same quiet tastes and spend their evenings at his home or hers, playing gin rummy, listening to records or talking endlessly in front of the fire. They've never been to a night club together. Instead they'll roll up the living-room rugs and dance to their favorite records, reveling in the absence of swing bands and jostling jitterbugs. Glenn made one statement which is open to your own interpretation. "People say you shouldn't marry in the profession. Shucks, it's the person who matters, not what she does." Then, lest he'd revealed himself too far—"I'll probably get married in a couple of years."

His more immediate quest is for a couple of cocker spaniels. He feels funny about buying them. "It's like buying a son or daughter," he explains and thinks maybe he'll pick them up at the pound.

Through the branches of a tree, the sun chequered his face with light and shadow as he waved goodbye at the gate, a brush in one hand, a can of paint dangling from the other. Then, whistling, he began to paint the mail-box.

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LIP TIPS ON LOVELINESS

(Continued from page 57)

both with a piece of clean facial tissue. Now, apply another coat to even all edges, press and blot again as before.

There are two schools of thought on the subject of color—one favoring the vivid, hit-you-between-the-eyes type of lipstick and the other defending the modest, natural-looking, more subdued seducers. If you are the striking type, you just may get away with the first-mentioned kind. But for young girls and beginners in general, we recommend for your serious consideration the gentler and less flamboyant method of approach. For you there are two decided advantages in these less conspicuous colors. First, your mistakes—until you become expert—will be much less glaringly noticeable; second, the very spirit of the milder colors is much more in keeping with your youthful complexion, clothes and coiffures. Besides, these nice, mild shades will be much less apt to put your over-solicitous family into a useless dither. If the natural and pale rosy lip tints simply don't do anything for you, then try the clear, true red-reds that are so popular now. Fact is, these particular reds are always good in lipsticks and are the shades that sell most heavily all year 'round, winter, summer, spring or fall. Orange-reds and purplish reds really are much more difficult to wear and besides aren't half as youthful looking as the others we've just mentioned.

We can't set definite age limits on any girl's lip make-up. It just fits naturally into the picture when a girl has reached the stage when she pays attention to details like clean, shining, well-groomed hair, a good complexion, straight stocking seams and fresh, crisp collars and cuffs. All of the aforementioned niceties, together with lipstick, give a girl a poise and self-assurance not to be gained in any other way.

Time is another element to be taken by the forelock in regard to lipsticks. Make-up looks much softer under artificial lights than it does in the glaring light of day—so let your first be worn with evening things or after-dark dates. Then gradually work up to its use in daytime. School isn't the best place for a girl to start wearing any kind of make-up, neither are church suppers or Red Cross relief society meetings! If you have the good judgment to know the proper time and place for everything you do—we'll give you the green light to go ahead at will. If you haven't this sixth sense of the fitness of things—well, you'd better concentrate right now on developing it—it's going to be that important all the rest of your life.

Some communities are just definitely more conservative than others. And while you can always, with safety and good taste, keep within the unwritten law, woe to you if you have the bad

(Continued on page 93)

GENE TIERNEY, star of Walter Wanger's picture "SUNDOWN", with Bruce Cabot. You, too, can have soft hands by using Jergens Lotion.



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says GENE TIERNEY

(Charming
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MY FIRST DATE WITH JOHN — AND
MY HANDS ARE ROUGH AS GRATERS!



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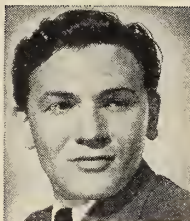
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cold or warm, bad or good.

Basically, he is the melancholy type who withdraws into himself. But he has his share of vanity. Artistic recognition is terribly important to him. And so he's developed his own particular type of charm, which hides this deep inner reticence.

To a psychologist, the interesting thing about this man is that there are moments when he is activated by a diabolic force. It appears suddenly, like a shadow, vanishes and lends a terrifying individualism to his screen performances. His love-making is in-



JOHN GARFIELD . . .

The writer is fickle in his moods. There are moments when he is very irresponsible and undisciplined—even with regard to his profession. He is impatient, not easily satisfied, can be sarcastic just to let off steam. But he's putty in the hands of anyone who genuinely understands him. Nevertheless, he's not too easy for a wife to get along with, because he's so uncontrolled. He can

escapably tinged with sadism. He is of that species of lover who can suddenly overwhelm his loved one with anguished doubts.

As a husband, he is a problem. He doesn't try to camouflage his moods, and they would prey heavily on his wife. Add to this that he's jealous, and that in matters of the heart he has no sense of humor. And beyond a doubt, he must be the dominant partner.

As an actor, he merely suggests—leaves it to the spectator to sense the stormy drama of his troubled soul.

As you know, I'm in the dog-house again for not wanting to do a pro story

Went to France with original British Expeditionary Force with London Scottish Regiment in Sept. 1914 Wounded in Battle of Ypres



. . . RONALD COLMAN

The interesting thing about this writer is that manly as he may be in appearance, he has many feminine qualities. And his confident and energetic exterior masks a shy and reluctant nature. You think of him as a go-getter. He isn't. He is intelligent, and he experiences life much more deeply than you can possibly give him credit for. For that reason, he is an actor of great versatility. He can do as fine a job with the hard, in-

considerate go-getter as with the cautious, withdrawing type, so weighed down with conflicts that he forges of them a chain of troubles for himself and his intimates.

Basically, the writer is a realist, but is nevertheless always striving toward something higher, something ideal. That protects him from getting fed-up and blasé, and signifies that he has lots of chances for further development ahead.



MERLE OBERON . . .

The writer is a person who thinks quickly and has lots of creative ability at her command. She is a born actress, has absolutely no trouble in playing the most widely varied roles. She has taste and a sense of beauty and both these traits are reflected in her work. She acts with charm and zest.

She can play wild west roles in which she portrays a tempting, half Apache seductress,

yet she can play the bold society woman with alluring undertones of the demimondaine. In private life she has a dominant nature, employs radical methods if she doesn't get what she wants. In her relations with people, she subtly compounds feminine wiles with a nice wholesome comradeship. She's a master at hiding her true motives.

(Continued on page 98)

The name of the bath essence is Scherck (Paris)

judgment to overstep it. Don't expect your neighbors in Podunk to approve the same kind of make-up that passes unnoticed in New York or Hollywood. They have a true sense of the fitness of things—a whole lot truer than yours if you are foolish enough to try to buck them. Wear conservative colors in conservative places, brighter ones in gayer places—and you'll have a sympathetic public.

And what do boys think about lipstick on their girl friends? They like it—if it's applied with care, restraint and at the proper times and places. Jimmy Lydon, who's playing the leading role in Paramount's "Henry Aldrich for President," had this to say on the subject just the other day: "We fellows don't care how much lip rouge our girl friends wear—just so we don't have to watch the repair work out in public. Why can't girls do their make-up jobs somewhere besides at tables, picnics, on dance floors or standing on street corners!" Take your cue, girls. Jimmy is pretty typical of all the boys we questioned. Freddie Bartholomew chimed in enthusiastically, "Yes, that goes for me, too, 100%"—so don't say we never warned you, my pretties.

As for what you should spend on lip make-up, we have only this to say—real economy is getting what you need for the amount you want to spend. And with the variety of lovely lipsticks everywhere available at chain and variety stores all over the country, keeping within your budget will be a perfect cinch. You can even have a set of several shades and types for various times and places and still earn the approval of your budget-conscious elders. Take our tips on the hows and whens and whys—and we'll bet you a lipstick there'll be no more to-do with the "conscientious objectors."

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YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start, and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse op'ries!" Mode up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below, and your chart is as good as lost!

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149 Madison Ave., New York City

I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

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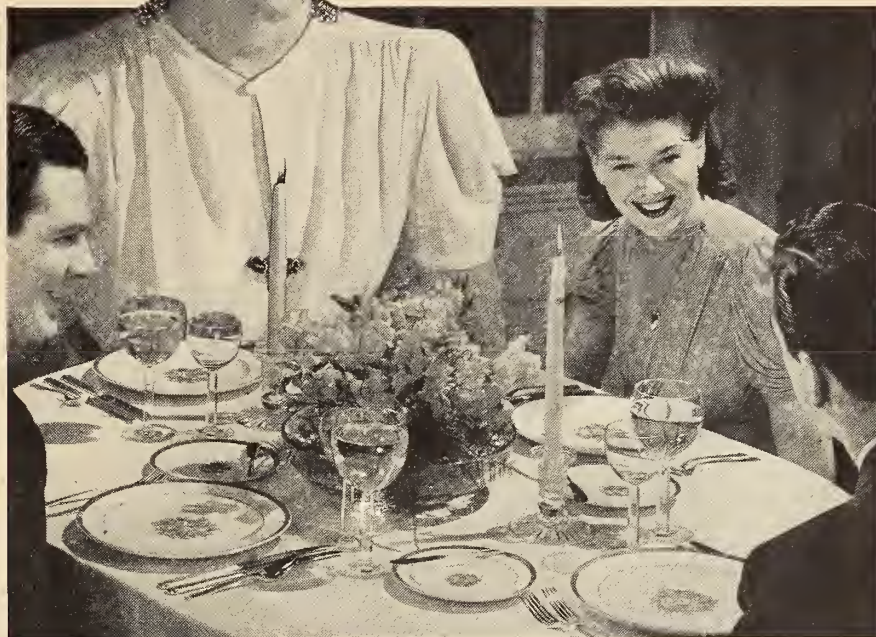
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perhaps, or pinned in the seams of dresses and sweaters. Kleinert's makes shields in all shapes and sizes, in colors of course, and even on tiny straps that slip in place in no time at all! Important to remember—never wear a dress even once without shields, important to remember, too, insist on "Kleinert's" for quality that's guaranteed.

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V. S., Marietta, N. Y. Bob Preston's a thorough-going Yankee, born in Newton Highlands, Mass., in 1918. When he was only two, his family moved to Los Angeles and Bob was providentially plunked right in the middle of the movie industry. During high school he played in many amateur Shakespeare productions and upon his graduation joined the Shakespearean Repertory Company and trouped through Cal. Some time later, a Paramount lawyer saw him perform and persuaded his studio to give Preston a test. Two or three "B" pictures broke him in, and in "Union Pacific" he had a chance to strut his stuff. He's married to Kay Feltus, is six feet one inch tall, weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown hair and brilliant grey eyes. You can reach him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal., where he's working on "New York Town."

Joyce Marcus, Los Angeles, Cal. Cammie King, the daughter of Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind," is the six-year-old daughter of a Los Angeles Public School elocution teacher. Her real name is Cammack King, after her father. Her only other movie part was furnishing the voice for one of Walt Disney's characters some time ago. She happened to get the part in "Gone With the Wind" when her older sister was turned down for the part because she was too old and suggested Cammie. The studio consented to try her out and took her practically on sight.

Usa Castro, Brazil, S. A. Bad news to their fans, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are not going to do another picture together. Jeanette's working on "Smilin' Through" with Ian Hunter, and Nelson's playing opposite Rise Stevens (opera star) in "The Chocolate Soldier."

Anna Mary Doyle, Buffalo, N. Y. Nope, Cesar Romero's not making any Cisco Kid pictures at the present moment. He's currently appearing in "Dance Hall" and working in "Week-end in Havana" for 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal. You can get an autographed picture by sending 25c in coin or stamps to him at that address.

Shirley Gray, Muskegan, Mich. Born in New York City on February 2, 1923, Bonita Granville's five feet tall and weighs a scant 102 pounds . . . Dick Greene's pictures are distributed by 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, California, at 25c apiece.

Autry Fan, Van Dyke, Mich. Gene Autry put in his first appearance near Tioga, Texas, on Sept. 29, 1907. He's 5' 11" tall, weighs 170 pounds, has sandy-brown hair and blue eyes. He hasn't a business suit in his wardrobe but it's chock-full of gay cowboy outfits (numbering about sixty)! He's been riding ever since he began to walk. His horse is Champ, who goes everywhere with Gene from an airplane trip to a barber shop! When Gene was ten years old, a traveling medicine show came along and he became the fourth member of a quartet attached to the show. With his money, he bought a second-hand guitar and taught himself to play it. At 18, he left home and became a telegraph operator in Oklahoma. Encouraged by Will Rogers who happened to hear him singing to himself, he went to New York but was advised to get more experience back West. After attaining considerable fame as the headliner on the Barn Dance radio program, he went into movies. "Down Mexico Way" is his next. He's happily wed to Ina Mae Spivey, who is almost as much a cowgirl as he is a cowboy!

Ann Leibowitz, York, Pa. Your friend Larry Nunn was born in Marshfield, Ore., 14 years ago. He's five feet four inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has light brown hair and blue-green eyes. He's completely athletic-minded. Plays soccer and football; boxes, fences and bowls. His career started modestly enough when he was given a role in Irene Rich's weekly radio program after almost six years of continuous radio and stage performances in Seattle and Tacoma. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio officials heard him and asked him to make a screen test. The results of this was beyond all expectations, and he was immediately cast as Judy Garland's admirer in "Strike Up the Band." Since coming to Hollywood, he's continued schooling in the Hollywood Professional School's junior high division. In addition to his ability to emote, he's a clever cartoonist and drew pictures of Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland on the set. He lives with his mother in a small Hollywood bungalow, and has just completed work on "The Bride Wore Crutches." Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Donat have always been his favorite stars.

Sheila Gibbons, Pelham Manor, N. Y. Whoever told you Joan Bennett had a 16-year-old daughter was sadly misinformed! Her eldest child, Diana, is only 10. . . . You can get an autographed photo of Ann Sheridan at Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal.; of Joan Bennett at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.; of Clark Gable at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.; of Stirling Hayden at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. They all cost 25c except Clark Gable's at M-G-M's which is 10c.

A reader, Toledo, Ohio. Sleepy Hollow, N. Y., gave more than Rip Van Winkle to the world! On Dec. 30th, 1904, it produced George Duryea who was to grow up into nationally-known heart-flutterer Tom Keene. Left an orphan at six, he lived with his aunt and uncle until he was eleven when he ran away out West and picked up a living working on ranches and driving stagecoaches. After one year of dramatics at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, he came to New York and was such a success on the stage that in a very short time he was playing the lead in "Abie's Irish Rose" on a world tour. Hollywood beckoned, and now he's in the movies. He's six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His favorite sports are horseback riding, tennis and swimming, and his leading off-screen lady is Grace Stafford, his wife.

E. Morgan, Baltimore, Md. RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal., would be glad to send you Ray Whitley's picture for 25c in coin or stamps. Born in Atlanta, Ga., on Dec. 5, he's five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 185 pounds, has dark curly hair and gray-green eyes. Yes, he's married, as yet has no kids.

Beatrice Cohen, Manville, N. J. The young man who played Fred Sheplock in "Chad Hanna," was Ted North, 24-year-old Topeka, Kansas, boy. His family were stage people, and he had the theatre in his blood. He tried a career at law, but gave it up to join his father's stock company. When he went to Hollywood, Warner Baxter, an old family friend, helped him get a test. He was enormously successful and signed to a

long term contract. His one and only ambition is to hit the top; his greatest fear is that he won't. He likes all sports (basketball's his favorite) and Shakespeare's plays. Ted's six feet one inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

A fan, Regina, Saskatchewan. Here are the leading ladies you asked about—Sally Eilers starred in "Lady Behave," Ann Sothern in "Smartest Girl in Town" and Anita Louise in "The Go-Getter."

Theresa Nobert, Glen Falls, N. Y. If you'll send 25c in coin or stamps to 20th Century-Fox, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal., you'll get a slick autographed photo of George Sanders.

Larry De Simone, Brooklyn, N. Y. Bouquets to William Henry for his superb acting in "Operator 13," "The Thin Man," "A Wicked Woman," "Society Doctor," "China Seas," "Double or Nothing," "Madame X," "Yellow Jack," "Ambush," "Persons in Hiding" and "Jennie."

Betty Anderson, Cincinnati, Ohio. Your tall, dark 'n' handsome friend Russell Hayden comes from Chico, Cal., and is 28 years old. He's wed to Jane Clayton and has a bouncing baby daughter, Sandra . . . Tim Holt has brown hair and eyes, is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and is only 22 years old. You can write to him at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

E. D. Ruccio, New Haven, Conn. Yes, "King Solomon's Mines" was a picture produced in England in 1937, with the following actors in the cast: Sir Cedric

Hardwicke, Paul Robeson, Roland Young, John Loder, Anna Lee, Arthur Sinclair, Sydney Fairbrother, Robert Adams, Frederick Leister, Alf Goddard and Arthur Goulett . . . Mary Martin's now playing opposite Bing Crosby and Brian Donlevy in "Birth of the Blues" due in November.

Wanda Atkin, Portland, Ore. Just send in your 25c to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and they'll be glad to send you an autographed picture of Sheppard Strudwick.

Jeanne Hulme, Stoneham, Mass. Dennis Morgan's thirty years old and has been in the movies for four years. Eddie Albert's thirty-two and has had two years of film experience. Both of them welcome mail at Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California.

Glenwood L. Jordan, Fredericksburg, Va. You'll probably be surprised but—Edna May Oliver's considerably the jolly soul off-screen and is famous for her uproarious sense of humor! You can get her photo at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lois Goodwin, South Bend, Ind. Claire Trevor was born one March 8th in New York City and attended school in nearby Larchmont. Later attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York more for the lark than because she had acting ambitions. However, before she graduated, she'd become so intrigued with the theatre that she went right into a stock company, played for several seasons and loved every minute of it. Movie shorts in New York followed, then the New York stage and finally Hollywood.

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more absorbent! They drink in moisture. Ideal for beauty care. Useful everywhere.



IT'S OUT - LANDIS

(Continued from page 37)

But even a choice bit of footage in the finale with Star Dick Powell was no special break. For weeks she knocked on studio doors, finally cracked the lead in a horse opera opposite John Wayne, then in "Daredevils of the Red Circle," a 15-chapter thriller.

The next four months pinched Carole's 25-inch waistline and her pocketbook alike until Hal Roach decided he wanted her for "One Million B.C." And it was a hungry, if sensational, starlet who went on to intrigue Twentieth Century-Fox with her work in "Turnabout," "Topper Returns" and "Road Show."

From that point, any movie-goer can bring the Landis life saga up to date. "Dance Hall" and "Moon Over Miami" have polished her up for solo stardom. In her next, "Cadet Girl," she'll turn loose a husky soprano on four new songs. On her marital scoreboard, she's marked up another error: last year's elopement with Stockbroker Willis Hunt, Jr., that fizzled into good-tempered friendship after four months.

LAST January tall (5'5 3/4"), chesty (36 1/2"), athletic (118 lbs.) Carole rented a lovely, rambling 10-room home in Brentwood that once belonged to Edna Mae Oliver, brought Mother Ridste from San Bernardino to live with her and went into a huddle with Twentieth Century's Dick Smith on a redecoration program that should be winding up about this time. Only other occupants of this new dwelling are a maid, three Malemute Huskies—Mother Lucky and her two rubber-legged offspring, Jinx and Skeezix—and the two famous black Landis spaniels, Sensible and Foolish.

A faithful blueprint of what movie-going America considers a glamour queen to be, Carole finds outlet for an amazing physical vitality; swimming, horseback riding, flying, playing Sunday morning tennis with neighbors Gary and "Rocky" Cooper and roaring around town in her new Cadillac convertible. Her walking pace is a half-run, and music makes her feet twitch, although some of her tastes contradict her personality: André Kostelanetz' music, Hemingway, white fox furs and the Scheherazade "because it's one night spot where you don't have to scream to be heard."

For Carole, the girl whom discerning American bee-keepers nominated "American Honey Girl," as for many another starlet, Bette Davis is tops among dramactresses. Unlike Bette, however, Carole will have to make producers and public alike forget that she's just another slim-legged, svelte-figured ornament to a sound stage before they'll add meat to her film diet. And she'll do it, too. Judging by her record to date, anything can happen if Carole really wants it to. It may seem out-Landis when you hear about it, but it will probably be true!

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HOLLYWOOD'S UNDECLARED WAR

(Continued from page 45)

grass star who did not appeal to him as prospective box-office bait. Furthermore, he was inclined to treat her like a little girl. He did not consider her very S-M-A-R-T. Sonja noted this, and her Norse blood boiled.

Her chance came one evening when she was leaving the rink at the studio. She'd been spinning around all day, and in some spots the ice was littered with wiggly curls. Lanfield noted these and said, "What are those things?"

"Ice worms," replied Sonja calmly. "It's all right as long as the lights are on, but the minute it gets dark, they eat the ice. I wouldn't be surprised," she added, "if the rink is riddled in the morning." Then she smiled sweetly and glided off to her dressing room, noting with satisfaction a slight change in Mr. Lanfield's healthy complexion.

That night he ordered the big lights left on, and I'd hate to tell you how much it cost. Anyway, the front office called him on the carpet next day, and when he explained about the ice worms the caustic comments he collected were Sonja's sweet revenge.

Of course, not all stars resent being treated like little kiddies in the interest of art. George Cukor and John Ford have been known to get away with it beautifully. George, for example, verbally spanked Roz Russell in "The Women" by saying, "Oh, for God's sake, Rosalind, forget the Plaza crowd and try to make sense in Hoboken." As for Joan Crawford, he tamed her over-dramatics

in "A Woman's Face" by methods not too flattering to a dignified artiste of the drama. He had her chanting, "One and one make two—two and two make four—four and four make eight—" and so on for hours on end to help her acquire those tragic, dispirited tones that made her performance so powerful.

THERE are a dozen variations of the technique John Ford used to get that climactic scene of Vic McLaglen's in "The Informer"—the one where Vic gets grilled by the Sinn Feiners he has betrayed. The straight of it is that John simply threw big Vic into the scene without any preparation, wore him to desperation by rapid unrelenting takes, and when he broke down in a blur of exasperated fatigue and moaned, "I don't know what I'm doin'—I don't know what I'm sayin'" —the camera rolled right on as he pawed his harassed face like a tired kid. And Vic collected a statuette.

But mighty few directors are wise enough to pull stunts like that and keep their friends. Still fewer stars have sense enough to take it and keep their tempers. Most Hollywood directors have to skirt hostilities cautiously by playing to the opposition.

Lana Turner, for example, from the start has been skittish about criticism and purry as a cat about praise. Her allure can wilt like a winter strawberry at the tiniest reprimand. And when she turns her anger inwards—(she's always more mad at herself than the director)—

the company might as well stop shooting. Director Sylvan Simon found a way out of this by bawling out his crew when Lana faltered. Suffering grips and cameramen hung heads and said, "Yes sir, I'm sorry," when Lana blew a line. But she never saw them wink.

Hedy Lamarr's dismal starts at M-G-M, on the other hand, are traced by some canny kibitzers to a lack of just such set tact and her bad luck in drawing Woody Van Dyke, M-G-M's rush captain, for her Hollywood debut. Van Dyke, a hurry-up legend in Hollywood, like another director, Lloyd Bacon, seldom rehearses a scene. Instead, he bounces right into it with unceremonious vigor. Most stars adore this, likewise Woody's glib, chummy setside manner, which gets by with calling Garbo "Kid" and Shearer "Baby." But to Hedy, still mentally in old Vienna or somewhere, it all added up to confusion. A lot of people said Lamarr simply wouldn't take direction. The other side is, she simply never caught up with it.

When "I Take This Woman" was on the fire with Van Dyke pumping the bellows, Hedy was perched on Tracy's lap in one scene, and he was asking her if she'd ever played hooky as a kid. Hedy's face remained beautifully blank for that scene when it should have turned tender. It was not until weeks after the picture was over that Lamarr uttered a remark which explained why. The word hooky came up, and Hedy

(Continued on page 99)

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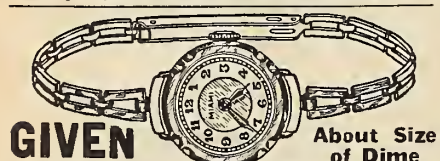
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... ALBERT BASSERMAN

The writer is exceptionally intelligent, has a sharp, critical power of observation. When he presents a role, it is only after he has penetrated the finest nuances of the personality. He is an actor who can unleash tremendous energy with an inflection—a glance. Yet he never stoops to tricks. He is a many-sided performer, but he doesn't care much for shallow roles. He demands in each part a challenge to his deep understanding of mankind. He likes unusual types, brings them to the stage or the screen in-

tensely portrayed. There is something classic in his mode of presentation.

In private life, he is modest and unassuming—and though he is by no means unaware of his worth as an artist and as a man, he is not the least bit demanding. He is a battler who champions an idea and never sacrifices an inch of ground. He is fearfully skeptical, a man difficult to convince of anything. And because he has a strong will and personality of his own, he cannot be cast into a mould of someone else's making.

I want to also to a few dances and that she gave for Dave Rose.



JANE WITHERS ...

Just at present this girl is suffering through a very trying period of adolescence. She is spiritually oppressed, sensitive and easily excited. However, she is the type to know exactly what she wants, and she has both feet planted firmly on the ground.

She has lots of physical temperament and, though she is still a bit childlike, there are times when she is a woman, ripe, mature. At such times, she will say astonishing things.

There is no doubt about her great gift for the stage. And if it were only that she is natural, never forced, never abandoned by her mother-wit, she would still be dynamite to any audience. She has that facility of identifying herself with any roles she plays.

Beyond that, she's very independent, plucky and energetic. Already she knows how to dodge people who bore her. She's shrewd and knows how to detour around tough situations. If she marries later on, she must pick a husband who shares her abundance of temperament, who is emotional, and yet strong enough to assert himself. She has a strong will and would crush a softie. But don't assume from that that she's wild and headstrong. Good common-sense always gets the upper hand.

She's up to the most strenuous physical and mental exercise, therefore able to make a fine showing in the theater. At the moment, she's particularly suited to those roles which combine childhood and maturity.



... HOWARD DIETZ

Thanks for Defense and not as bond for tribute, A slight distortion from a phrase by C. C. Pinckney

The author has many-sided intellectual interests. He is possessed, moreover, of a high degree of creative energy. Once he has conceived a goal, he goes after it like an express train. Coupled with this unflagging drive is a richness of imagination. He is the temperamental type of idea man, doesn't produce by the sweat of his brow—gets his inspiration spontaneously.

In spite of his imaginative gifts, he is a realist. Businesslike, he can skillfully ex-

ploit his ideas. He has a knack for combining art and commerce. It fascinates him to create something important out of apparent trifles. He is perennially modern—shows keen interest in any new idea.

No one could deny that this man has a weakness for women and that they have played a great role in his life. All in all, he is quite an epicurean who has mastered the art of making life pleasant for himself and others.

(Continued from page 97)

inquired, "What is 'hooky'? It's a game, isn't it?"

Such once-over-lightly-and-no-hot-towel treatment is perfectly okay with some stars. Bill Powell and Myrna Loy have been romping through the same screwball situations with each other for so long that all they need is a nod from Van Dyke to set them off.

Bawdy, bored John Barrymore takes evil delight in driving his set bosses crazy with a dozen delicious flavors of ham before he does a scene in a printable fashion.

When John was knee deep in his own screwy saga, "The Great Profile," he was called upon for a dying scene. John has expired in his billboard years more times than a carload of cats. So he proceeded to reminisce with gestures, rolling eyes, drooling tongue, chesty sighs and guttural rattles until finally Director Walter Lang called time out.

"All right, John," he implored. "You've died twenty times for yourself. Now—please—die just once for me!"

Clark Gable is one star who is relaxed and pleasantly manageable with his camera coaches in spite of his virility, and if Gary Cooper's director will shoot skeet with him, Gary will do practically anything. You can get opinions at Warner's that the reason Gary was so terrific in "Sergeant York" is because Director Howard Hawks lugged a shotgun around from set to set and banged away with his star between takes.

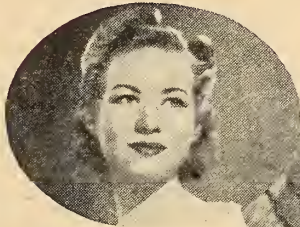
Of course, easy-going guys like Gary and Clark and a few others wouldn't have trouble with the meanest man who ever hoisted a megaphone. Give them a heman to hustle them around, and they're like contented cows. Clark is so pliable before a camera that they still tell about the "\$50,000 poke" at M-G-M. Jack Conway was directing a fight between Gable and Spencer Tracy in "Boom Town." It was on the tail end of the picture, and about the only scenes left were Clark's. Conway hired a double to sock Clark, thinking he could do it deftly and not dreaming Gable would be other than



Hell hath no fury like "Hellzapoppin'" . . . or, for that matter, like Olsen and Johnson. Universal has cast its latest screwball accretions as two Cupids whose efforts to strew love's bed with roses get bloodied in the thorns. By way of a happy ending, the picture closes with Olsen and Johnson slowly sinking from sight in a pool of wet cement.

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movie sock-wise after all these rough and tumble years.

Well, he made the mistake of yelling, "Take it like it hurts, Clark!" right before the action, and the next thing he saw to his horror was Gable stretched out in the mud, bleeding like a stuck pig. He'd stepped obediently right into the punch. It took an expensive week for his split lip to settle down again.

Cary Grant is almost as gentle and easy-going stacked up against the right director. His only temperamental requirement is a piano to peck on between scenes, and his only nuisance value (from his director's standpoint) is a Baby Snooks complex. Cary wants to know "Why?" about everything—not because he's cagey but because he's interested. As Director Leo McCarey once said about Irene Dunne and Cary, "Put those two in a picture—and they'll direct each other!"

That miracle man Preston Sturges always has breakfast, lunch and dinner with his cast at what Paramount commissary kibitzers term "Sturges' Training Table." If he can, he takes them home with him and sits around all evening, bedding the males down on handy cots. One star, we'd better not mention, cracked the other day, "When I have to leave Preston's set, I feel like I ought to raise my hand and ask to be excused!"

Such familiarity does not always ripen into star-director friendships—but there have been some instances of that, too. Henry Hathaway is a top-flight director today pretty much because Gary Cooper, a hunting pal, laid down the law at Paramount when "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was about to roll. Hathaway, an ex-assistant, was swarmed under by B westerns at that point. "He'll do 'Bengal Lancer,' or I won't!" stated Coop. Then there's the story of Harry Buquet, who

does all the Kildares these days at Metro. In the old days when Lionel Barrymore was a director, Harry was his assistant. His chance at a canvas chair arrived after fifteen long years. But his first assignment loomed as a turkey because he couldn't rustle up a cast. Lionel was seriously crippled with arthritis at that point. But when he heard of Harry's dilemma, he stormed, "I'll do the part for Harry if I have to do it in a wheel chair!" Which is just what he did and has been doing ever since in the Kildares.

Some directors have married stars and made a glorious go of it. But most of these aren't directors to the Hollywood hilt.

That is, they don't consult astrologers about when to start a picture à la William Dieterle. They don't swoon and get carried off the set in a trance—as Gregory Ratoff did periodically through "Intermezzo" to the amazement of Ingrid Bergman. They don't stalk around like Imperial Caesar in the DeMille manner. They don't dress up in Prussian officer's uniforms and play Teutonic tyrants as the eccentric James Whale did making "The Road Back." They don't brood swami-fashion like Joe Von Sternberg.

Most happy couples molded from this enemy clay are very normal numbers—on both sides of the fence—and what's more, one or the other usually retires for harmony's sake after wedding bells.

John Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan kept right on going after their nuptial idyll, it's true, as director and star, until the Canadian Navy beckoned to John. But they steered clear of each other on sets and maintained separately the professional hostilities we've been talking about. Maureen's Irish spunk has popped up in directors' faces in many places, and as for John on his farewell picture, "Bill of Divorcement," he did everything but



The American consul of the squalid Mexican border town is telling George Iscovescu (Boyer) he must wait five years for his U.S.A. quota number. Iscovescu is a dancer, a high liver. Five more years in Mexico. A jail sentence!

Today is the 4th of July. Tourists have spilled over the frontier. George, alone, sees a girl who used to be . . . Yes, Anita (Goddard)—his former dancing partner. "Darling," she says. But he is looking at the wedding ring. She laughs. "Yes, married," she says, "and divorced. He was a citizen. So am I now." George chuckles low. "So that is the game?"

The tourists are gone—except for Emmy Brown (de Havilland)—stranded, with a school-bus and a gang of pupils. Boyer begins his campaign. It takes a few hours. Emmy says yes, her eyes drunk with sudden love.

Back in Bordertown from his honeymoon, George has changed. Overwhelmingly, he loves his wife. Anita "understands." Her partner has gone soft!

And so she takes the new life that love has forged for George Iscovescu and smashes it, tells Emmy the whole cruel story of George's deception.

This is "Hold Back the Dawn"—all but the bitter end—or, just maybe, the sweet end?

take to daggers with Maureen O'Hara.

That pair cordially detested each other. The fireworks flew from dawn till dusk most disgracefully. Adolphe Menjou remembers one little episode to his painful sorrow.

It was the scene where the daughter pops her father one to snap him out of his fog. Katie Hepburn did it originally to John Barrymore. Maureen wasn't giving out the same smacking good job on Adolphe. "Good Heavens!" yelled John Farrow at last. "Slap the man! I'll tell you, Miss O'Hara," he added, with a happy inspiration, "just pretend you're slapping me!"

So the next time Maureen knocked Menjou for such a loop his face swelled, and he couldn't come to work the next day!

That's the attitude that's normal and healthy on a Hollywood set. Like Director Archie Mayo chasing Connie Bennett into her dressing room and tossing a stink bomb in after her. Like Bette Davis hissing Frank Capra every time he eats on the Warner Lot. Like William Dieterle donning white gloves on his set in case he has to contaminate himself by touching a star.

Only, if he did, I'm afraid Mr. Hitchcock would have to forego the pleasures of his whispering campaigns which manage to shatter the nerves of most unhappy stars he directs. Jolly Alf quakes his three hundred pounds in perverse glee as he spreads ominous fibs and disturbing stories around his sets, playing every star against the other. His favorite method is to pat stars on the back and tell them how good they are. Then to whisper confidentially to another star how awful they *really* are. Of course it gets back right, and no one knows which side is up or what time it is. Poor Joan Fontaine



Underneath the curls and decolletage it's glamorous Johnny Downs, lighting up a cigar between scenes of Hal Roach's "All American Co-ed."

was a nervous wreck all through "Before The Fact."

Like the old song . . . "Sometimes I love you, sometimes I hate you. But when I hate you, it's 'cause I love you. . . ." That's Hitchcock.

Malicious Al in this manner has scored many points for the directors since he floated over from England. But stars have their innings, too, and I would like to wind up on a retributive note by relating what befell one wise-cracking directing gent named Wild Bill Wellman.

Wild Bill is the type of set boss who makes gag love to all his feminine stars. On this particular picture he was in exceptional form with a certain beauty of spirit, whose identity you'll have to guess. After each take, Bill would chortle, "That's my sweetheart! What has So-and-So (her husband) got that I haven't got?" and so forth. He extolled the merits of the star's face and figure, the charms of her personality with extravagant and florid prose. He sighed for romance, panted for passion in his ribbing vein. The lady took it all in grimly.

Came the last scene and with it the usual Wellman nifty, a sigh for romance.

"Okay," said the star. "Now that the picture's over." She faced him with a twinkle in her eye, and as the whole company watched, launched boldly into a strip-tease. The costume was an old fashioned rig, and there were plenty of articles to remove. Before she got down to the final unmentionable, there were beads of sweat on Mr. Wellman's panicked brow, and he was swallowing hard.

When the beauty yanked this off dramatically, the company gasped.

Underneath the last dainty, of course, was a bathing suit. But Wild Bill never saw it. He had made hasty tracks out of there, a sober and chastened director.

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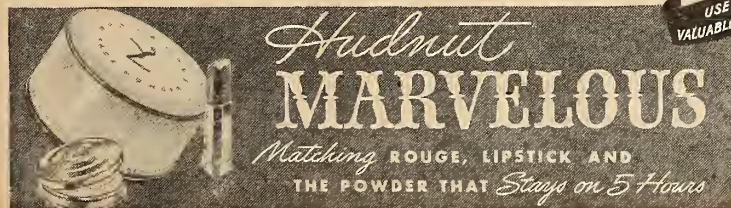
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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 63)

her agent, his studio, her studio, an insurance company and half a dozen other worried souls phone. The plane was registered in Jimmy's name. She couldn't use it, mustn't use it. It took a whole day for an exhausted Olivia to convince everyone that she was no airplane guardian.

PERSONALITIES

W. C. Fields: Laurel-copper in a field where screwball-ism has been raised to a fine art, he wrote the script for his newest Universal effort "The Great Man" (formerly "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break"), though screen credits modestly go to "Otis Crible Coblis." On preceding "Bank Dick," Fields signed himself "Mahatma K. Jeeves." Gloria Jean, 13, who plays with him in this one, was scared of the maestro until she discovered the courteous gent he really is. High spot is a soda-drinking episode that will leave you aching. Add note: name of 62-year-old Fields' pretty secretary really is Belinda Boss. That's not a gag . . . Jean Gabin: This brand new menace confesses, in still badly broken English, that he loves Hollywood, thinks American women are wonderful, but wishes they could talk French! So far, he's squired Michele Morgan, Ginger Rogers and Marlene Dietrich.

LONG VOYAGE HOME

Long John Carradine, they're calling him now. And all because he picked up "The Bali," a trim, 65-ft. schooner, on one of those flukes that all would-be navigators dream of. Seems that the chap who owned it loved it with that passion only a seafarer can understand. Down on his luck, he lost the craft to creditors, but still couldn't bear to part with his beauty. One night he approached the night watchman stationed on the craft, begged "one last party for his friends." Unsuspecting, the watchman went ashore to be out of the way. The ex-owner promptly dug out a cache of provisions he had been hoarding in a nearby garage, set sail, and slipped out of harbor under cover of darkness. Many days later police in Ecuador nailed him, accused him of having murdered his crew. Actually, he had sailed his big, 5-crew craft all the way by himself! Cleared of that charge, he was finally booked for embezzlement, and the boat was brought back to San Pedro where it was knocked down for a song—to Carradine.

HAMBURGERS FOR THREE

Philip Reed does a scene in RKO's "Weekend for Three" that requires a long stretch of puttering around with pots and pans in a kitchen. Watching him wrestle in this unaccustomed milieu, co-players Dennis O'Keefe and Jane Wyatt scoffed the suggestion that Phil probably couldn't even boil water! Indignantly he bet them \$5 on the spot that he could whip together a tasty lunch for that day. So all morning, while the cameras ground, Phil sweated—and his hecklers feasted at noon on the tastiest \$5 worth of hamburgers and French fried potatoes they'd ever eaten!

HE OTTO BE ASHAMED!

A sun-tanned chunk of 20th Century's "Swamp Water" company is back from location at Georgia's grimly beautiful Okefenokee Swamp, bubbling with stories of adventures and mishaps. Choicest was Dana Andrews' rueful account of how Assistant Director Otto Brower had gotten back at him for heckling the former's swimming ability. On one hectic day, a boat overturned. Principals and crew were mystified over Brower's near-drowning struggle to keep afloat until they discovered that he'd been clutching a script and expensive little camera in one hand over his head to keep them dry! The ribbing was unmerciful, but Brower took it manfully, a "bide-my-time" look in his eye. A few days later Andrews and the boys were ready to push off for a day's shooting, when a lovely stranger approached, asked prettily if she could go along to watch. Gallant Dana, all hospitable smiles, invited her to come, spent the day, between scenes, explaining intricacies of picture making. Came quitting time, and the group set out for home. Just as their boat was putting in at the studio's camp dock, two truculent bruisers came rowing up. "What the blankety blank are you doing with my wife!" grated one of them furiously, fingering a heavy revolver at his belt. Dana blanched, began sputtering apologies. One of the prop men begged to be allowed to go for a piece of artillery. The situation had gotten tense as any celluloid melodrama, with Dana sweating big wet drops. Suddenly the "irate husband" and his "wife" broke out laughing. They had been hired by Brower to toss a scare into his chief heckler!

POWER'S MUDDLE

The pooch-fanciers among you might like to bring your records up to date on Tyrone Power's assorted collection of dogs. Bringing the total to five is a black cocker spaniel pup given him just before he and Annabella left for that "Liliom" stint in Westport, Conn., by Flossie Friedman, Annabella's European dramatic coach, now working out on the Twentieth Century lot. Ty labelled it "Julie" after his wife's "Liliom" role. Other Power purps: "Lady," a mongrel police dog; "T.A.P.," (Tyrone Annabella Power), one of Lady's offspring; "A.P.," (Annabella Power), a French poodle; and "Princess," a strange black unidentifiable item.

VIEWS ON PREVIEWS

One California 'quake not registering on local seismographs is the current fuss rocking Hollywood over picture previews. Since September 1, new films are being shown upon completion only to the trade press, and the rest of the Fourth Estate has to wait until close to actual release date. Reason given by studio moguls: reviews, often unfavorable, prejudice exhibitors and public when published a couple of months in advance. This line of dubious reasoning got its most solid and pungent blasting from Manhattan's Ed Sullivan who commented acidly: "I think that of all the asinine things to which the master minds of Hollywood have resorted, this action is a new low in community stupidity." No review could hurt a good picture, Mr. Sullivan argued. By barring some 300 film-land scribes and correspondents from first showings, studio pundits have not only questioned their journalistic honesty, but have muzzled a publicity force that spread reams of valuable advance ballyhoo throughout the nation. At the root of all this hulla-

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baloo, according to Columnist Sullivan, was plain buck-passing on the part of the producers. Accused by exhibitors of turning out bad pictures and thus causing the current slump in movie attendance, the latter had to find a goat—and so picked on local Fourth Estaters, blamed poor business on the nasty things they'd been saying.

KISS THE BUCKS GOODBYE

Trust Jane Withers to figure out a brand new way to keep those nickels and dimes trickling into U. S. O. coffers. She wouldn't let anyone, whether big shot producer or visiting fireman, put foot on the set of "Small Town Deb" without first kicking in something for national defense. And to squeeze out a few extra pengos, she fined herself and co-players for blow-ups, muffing lines, etc. One scene called for Jackie Searl to make an entrance with his face heavily marked up with lip-stick. Janie offered to fix him up the pleasant way, by kissing him—but her fee would be \$1 per kiss for the U. S. O. Jackie was only too happy to accept—especially when it took six good smackeroots to do a good job—only too happy to dig out the six bucks . . . Speaking of Jane, she got an unusual fan request the other day. Frances Sadowski, 15, of Wilmington, Del., wrote offering to design her some shorts in exchange for the dress that "had given Jane her biggest thrill." Jane sent along a red velvet evening gown—her first—got back four lovely pairs of shorts.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS

It was on the set of "He Married the Boss' Daughter." Bruce Edwards got ready for his first love scene with Brenda Joyce. But one take followed another, and Bruce's nervousness spoiled each one. Finally Director Thornton Freeland took him aside and



Merle made "Lydia" for Husband Kor-
da; worked on her birthday to econ-
omize on the high cost of shooting!

wanted to know how come. Edwards pointed surreptitiously to a figure standing on the sidelines watching. It was Brenda's husband! "Would you take him aside, so as not to embarrass him, and ask him to go away?" asked Bruce. Freeland nodded grimly and walked up to a mike. "Will Mr. Owen Ward get off the set," he bellowed, "so my leading man can make love to your wife properly!" . . . Brenda, by the way, refutes the notion that film actresses are all hothouse luxury-lovers. On a recent mule-back trip through the High Sierras with Husband Owen, she slept for five nights in a row with nothing between her and cold, clammy snow but a sleeping bag. On the sixth night, there was nothing but an ice field available for camp, and the shivering pair had to mush on to bunk at a ranger's cabin in Inyo National Park.

ALL PASSION SPENT

A tough moment: When Eddie O'Brien had to go on making love to Nancy Kelly in RKO's "Parachute Battalion." Just before the picture started, they wound up a quivering romance offscreen by getting married. Before the film was three quarters through, they had squabbled, were ready to call the whole thing off!

BAREFOOT BOY

Robert Benchley can be forgiven an occasional memory lapse. He's been almost too much in demand by studios during the past few months. On the set of Columbia's "Three Girls About Town," came time for one of Bob's scenes. He came within camera range, rattled off his lines perfectly. But Director Leigh Jason groaned, clutched his brow. "That was swell, Bob, but *why* did you keep your head down the whole time?" "I was just looking to see if I was wearing

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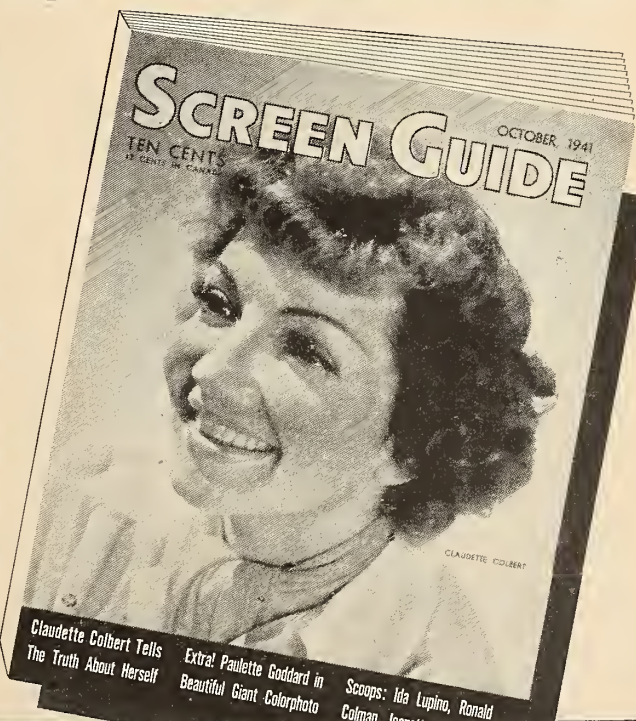
Can **Madeleine Carroll** Win Stirling Hayden?: Romance on a movie set. Then comes the other woman!

The Inside on **Vic Mature's** Marriage: Why did the bachelor who had dozens of Glamour Girls to choose from marry a comparative unknown? The answer is startling!

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SPECIAL! A Sensational Two Page Natural Color Portrait of Paulette Goddard. Color portraits of Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, and Alice Faye. You'll recognize October Screen Guide's Cover by the picture of Claudette Colbert as shown here.



SCREEN GUIDE

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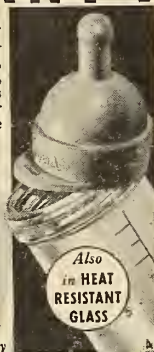
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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

any shoes," admitted Bob meekly . . . Mr. B., incidentally, always does a slow burn when visitors come up and ask him how it feels to be in pictures. He made his first trip to Hollywood in 1925, worked in the first talking picture ever made! There's little chance now, he confesses, that he'll go back to New Yorker dramreviewing. Hollywood is home.

BITING REMARKS

One of the least known nuisances of a glamour girl's career is the braces she sometimes must wear to make her teeth absolutely straight. One molar out of line, magnified on the screen, can make a cutie's pearly smile look like an uneven stone fence. Joan Leslie's wearing 'em right now. Loretta Young's beautiful teeth are one of her most important assets, so she guards their perfect alignment by wearing a "retainer"—a wire band across the teeth in front, held in place by a piece of composition material that fits across the roof of the mouth. Alice Faye's teeth were too widely spaced when she first arrived in Hollywood, but she was shot into a picture so fast, there was no time to do anything but fill the gaps with cement. Later, when she had more time, she had them corrected. Dottie Lamour, who everyone thought had perfect teeth, surprised the town by appearing with a platinum wire brace designed to close a heretofore unnoticed gap between her two front teeth. The gap had gone unnoticed because she had always worn removable caps to hide it, but decided to have it fixed permanently because the darn caps used to fall off everytime she took a bite out of anything.

GLAMOUR, TOUJOURS, GLAMOUR

Wonder if Rosalind Russell noticed that famous glamour gal watching her every move at Ciro's a couple of nights ago? Roz breezed into the club with three handsome men in tow, bon mots, wisecracks and puns leaving a verbal trail behind her. Directly across from her table sat one of the most important feminine stars in Hollywood with an unspectacular gent, obviously a business acquaintance. From the time Roz parked her silken-swathed torso at the table until she gathered her furs and men about her and swept into the night, the gal across the aisle kept her eyes trained on Russell's every gesture. The watchful one has no romance in her life at the moment and we happen to know she's the kind of gal who isn't happy unless surrounded by lots of attention. So maybe she was trying to figure out where along the way her technique for attracting every man in sight has weakened.

POSTSCRIPTS

Though stars receive enough fan mail to keep the U. S. Post Office Department out of the red, their personal mail, says the postman on our beat, is embarrassingly skimpy. Wayne Morris, for example, receives only two missives a month, and one is generally a bill . . . Ian Hunter must be content opening his wife's mail because he seldom gets any himself . . . Brod Crawford and Dick Foran, who share a swank penthouse, have pitched their letter opener into the trash basket. They receive one letter apiece, each week. Whenever they feel slighted, however, they borrow their colored valet's mail. He, Florida Hinton by name, receives a half dozen letters daily, much to the amazement and envy—of his employers.

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ANY sap knows that the real editors of a magazine are its readers. The accompanying questionnaire is intended to give you a whack at your rightful job of molding the policy of MODERN SCREEN. What do you like about us? What do you dislike? Finally, what is the MODERN SCREEN staff overlooking? Is there anything you want and aren't getting?

We are giving away 500 autographed portraits of motion picture stars. You will receive one of these autographed pictures if you send in the questionnaire below properly filled out. Act now, while the supply lasts!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our October issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choice.

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| Welsh Rare-bit (Ford) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Academy Award Aunt (Darwell) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| You Can't Beat the Dutch (Dorn) | <input type="checkbox"/> | "Paulette Saved My Life!" | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Telltale Scrawl (Handwriting) | <input type="checkbox"/> | It's Out-Landis! | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| He Who Got Slapped (Mature) | <input type="checkbox"/> | "How Green Was My Valley" | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| My Sister & I (Lane Sisters) | <input type="checkbox"/> | The Men in Her Life (Russell) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Hollywood's Undeclared War (Between Stars and Directors) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Styles in Wiles (How to Trap a Man) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Screen Specialists | <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News (Gossip) | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which one of the above stories did you like least?

What 3 stars would you like to read stories about in future issues?

List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

List your 3 favorite radio entertainers 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

Do you want MODERN SCREEN to feature a story on your favorite radio entertainer? Yes ☐ No ☐

List your 3 favorite bands 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

Do you want MODERN SCREEN to feature a story on your favorite band leader? Yes ☐ No ☐

Should MODERN SCREEN feature a story on a Western personality every issue? Yes ☐ No ☐

Every 2nd issue? Yes ☐ No ☐

★ Name the star whose autographed portrait you want

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—AND LIPS TO MATCH! HARMONIZE YOUR LIPS & CHEEKS...GET PRINCESS PAT LIPSTICK. LATEST SHAD

**That Garland gal's a full-fledged matron these days! Here's
the inside story on her sudden elopement with bandman Dave Rose!**

SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW!

Hollywood's back on its heels, fanning a helpless brow. The elopements have been coming that fast. First Tierney, then Grayson—then Garland.

Judy's overnight dash to Las Vegas to become Mrs. David Rose, of course, wasn't too much of a shock. The two of them had been advertising something like that ever since they met at a party two years ago—holding hands, talking music, building, out of friendship and mutual respect, the kind of a romance that soon shamed gossip-mongers into silence.

But after Judy's engagement announcement at her 19th birthday party, Hollywood was looking forward to something big and splashy in the way of a Fall wedding—the kind of a prospect that makes shy, soft-spoken Dave Rose panicky. Then one Sunday night as they sat beaming at each other across a quiet corner table at Mike Romanoff's, waiting suddenly became intolerable. Thick steaks had just been served them, but neither could eat. Dave called for a check. The waiter became alarmed. Was there something wrong with the food? Worried, he called the maitre d'hotel. Judy grew impatient. "We just want to get out of here and get married!" she announced to the flabbergasted man. And off they went to the airport. No time to buy a ring. But Judy had her mother's with her.

They made plans as they flew toward Nevada. A quick, simple ceremony, then off somewhere for a week of honeymooning—where no one could find them, where they could be alone.

The first part of it worked like a charm. But a phone call came to the hotel where they were staying next day. M-G-M would like their perky-nosed, golden-throated runaway to report back immediately for work in "Babes on Broadway." Mickey Rooney and an M-G-M production schedule never wait on honeymooners. But Judy and Dave, the two happiest people in the world, didn't mind. "This is no ordinary Hollywood Marriage," Judy told newshawks who met their returning plane. "It's the result of a wonderful romance of two years, and it's the real thing."

Dave said nothing—just grinned approval, his brown hair wind-mussed. Naturally retiring, he's still embarrassed by the spotlight that follows Judy wherever she goes, still a little sensitive, perhaps, over some of the things Hollywood has had to say about the troubles that broke up his first marriage with Martha Raye.

In a place like filmland, where reputation-shredding is a 24-hour pastime, people say amazingly nice things about the man Judy Garland picked for a husband. English-born, though now a citizen, he's average height and at least 12 years older than Judy, though you'd never guess such an age gap watching them together. In his own quieter, quizzical way he shares her enthusiasm for all the more strenuous sports but is bothered by typical shy man's inhibitions on a dance floor.

Though executive blood pressures at Metro would reach a new high at the mere thought of it, Judy would probably chuck movies for housekeeping if Dave said the word. And if she did, he could support her comfortably on his salary as musical director of the Mutual Don Lee network. Though people have insinuated nastily that Dave has capitalized commercially on his courtship of a star, it's really the most fantastic accusation that could be leveled at him. A brilliant musician, he's reached a posi-



tion comparable to Judy's in his own field, just recently earned a handsome plaque from grateful Hollywood merchants for "Hollywood Boulevard," one of three original tone poems.

Strongest Rose-Garland bond, in fact, is music. It brought them together originally, gave them a common language from the start. Now Judy's writing lyrics for some original theme songs that Dave plans to have published. She believes that some day he will be a great man in the music world, that his success will far overshadow hers. That alone tells you a lot about their relationship.

Right now the David Daniel Roses are living in an Ambassador Hotel suite in Hollywood—until the house they're planning is built. And it's Judy who's doing most of the figuring. What she likes and wants, Dave will, too. All he cares about is a flat spot big enough to set up tracks for the 700-pound locomotive and five freight cars that take up so much of his spare time—and a bit of room for Liebchen, his Schnauzer—and most of all, of course, Mrs. Judy Garland Rose.

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1 Clare Potter is a great American designer. And she looks the part. Note her distinctive pill-box hair-do, sloping shirt-waist. She excels in designs that suit the needs of American living—sportswear, street suits, simple dinner clothes. For inspiration, she turns to fabrics...has prints and colors made to order.



2 Unlike most designers, Clare Potter works on a living model...cuts her original pattern out of the fabric itself. At right, she rests...smokes a Camel...critically eyes pyjamas-to-be, as an assistant pins and measures. Says Clare Potter: "I like Camels best. They're *milder*—they contain less nicotine in the smoke, you know!"



Clare Potter

AMERICAN DESIGNER—

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3 "Persian Bouquet"—striking dinner-at-home pyjamas of printed sharkskin, a Clare Potter original. Here the finished design is being modeled for her approval while she enjoys another Camel. "I never tire of smoking Camels," she says. "They're the finest-tasting cigarette I could ever want."

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