

# MODERN SCREEN

MEMBER

10

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321

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
PERIODICALS SECTION  
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Brenda  
Marshall:  
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"WHY I SAID YES  
TO BILL HOLDEN"

# I HATE HER

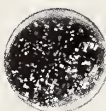


*SHE stole him from me! That's my place, congratulating Tim first! She sat in my seat on the fifty yard line during the game, and she'll be there where I should be, in his arms at the dance tonight. Why did Tim drop me so suddenly? What's she got that I haven't got?*

Nothing—you've got something she hasn't got. **Dandruff!** No man can be romantic about a girl with dandruff. But it's not too late. Hurry to your drug-store—buy a bottle of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. Fitch Shampoo is the only shampoo whose money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. It penetrates and cleanses the tiny hair openings on the scalp . . . lathers and rinses out equally well in hard or soft water without an after-rinse. Economical . . . use regularly each week. Ordinary soap shampoos often leave hair coated with a dull film, marred by dandruff. Don't trust them! Fitch Shampoo brings out every sparkling highlight, leaves hair antiseptically clean and free from dandruff. Fitch Shampoo actually reconditions as it cleanses! Try it today!

WRITE TODAY to the F. W. Fitch Company, Dept. M98, Des Moines, Iowa, for a generous FREE sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

## GOODBYE DANDRUFF



Soap Shampoo

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



Soap Shampoo

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



Fitch Shampoo

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



Fitch Shampoo

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

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

*Men*

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

**Fitch's**  
TRADE MARK



# DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO



*You can be Plain and still be Appealing*

**LUCKY, LUCKY YOU.. if your Smile is Right!**

**Let your smile win you admiration. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.**

**B**EAUTY editors agree! Beauty specialists give their approval and men from the days of Adam have endorsed with their eyes and sealed with their vows every single word: "Nothing adds more charm to a girl than a *bright, sparkling, appealing smile.*"

Take hope, plain Sue, and take heart. Even if you weren't born to beauty, you can win beauty's rewards. Help your

gums to health and bring out your smile's sparkle. Start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

**Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"**

Play safe! If you ever see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may simply tell you your gums have become sensitive because they need more work—work denied them by today's soft, creamy foods. And like many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean your teeth to a brilliant lustre but, with massage, to help bring new strength and firmness to your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. You'll like its clean, freshening taste. And that invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping your gums to new firmness. Keep your smile your most appealing asset. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today.



**"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*



We are about to usher in a most usherable morsel. It is called "Smilin' Through", that timeless classic of American theatre annals written dramatically by Janes (Cowl and Murfin) and screenatically by Donald (Ogden Stewart) and John (Balderston).

★ ★ ★ ★

Those who have bathed their eyes in the romance of Mooneyan Clare will be interested to know that in this moon-drenched incarnation, the director, Frank Borzage, has rendered us a musical version.



Starring the incomparable Jeanette MacDonald. And co-starring the logical choice—Brian Aherne as Sir John Carteret.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gene Raymond and Ian Hunter must be emphasized, for they are major curves in a rounded cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the theatre darkens and the traveling curtains part, leaving an after-image of the main title, the strains of "Two Eyes of Blue Come Smilin' Through" pleasantly massage our hearts and a lovely wistful story of honor and chivalry unfolds.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many of us are in love with the spirit of "Smilin' Through". Many more of us will be when we see and hear Jeanette's Mooneyan in perfected Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

There are songs that no one can deny. All of us will react soulfully to Miss MacDonald singing "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Just A Little Love, A Little Kiss".

★ ★ ★ ★

And to the more rousing, gayer melodies that throng through this visit to Nostalgia.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or, reducing ourselves to show parlance, "Smilin' Through" has everything.

★ ★ ★

That includes

—Lea



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

# MODERN SCREEN

OCT 22 1941

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Clark Lana

# GABLE★TURNER

IN

# "HONKY TONK"

When these two  
kiss it's a thrill that  
will be felt around  
the world.

She loved the toughest gem  
in the toughest place on  
earth! If you thought "Boom  
Town" packed a wallop,  
wait till you see Clark and  
Lana meet for the first time!



with  
**FRANK MORGAN • CLAIRE TREVOR**  
**MARJORIE MAIN • ALBERT DEKKER**  
**HENRY O'NEILL • CHILL WILLS**  
Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and  
John Sanford • Directed by **JACK CONWAY**  
Produced by **PANDRO S. BERMAN**  
**A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture**

# MOVIE REVIEWS



## IT STARTED WITH ADAM—AA-1\*

Other actresses are equally pretty, can sing as sweetly and act even better, but no other actress, with all of these accomplishments, can keep getting herself into such persistently good pictures as Deanna Durbin. How she does it is her own trade secret; but as a result, even an actor like Charles Laughton can gratefully accept second billing in her current production, and what's more—possibly because his part is one long, luxurious death-bed scene, an inducement no actor could resist—obviously *like* his subsidiary role. "It Started With Adam" is a home run for Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster, and those boys are still as hot as Babe Ruth at the top of his batting form.

This time Deanna has grown up sufficiently to learn something about life: at least, as much as a pretty hat-check girl in a big hotel can pick up in a nice way. To her comes distressed multimillion-heir Robert Cummings with an honorable proposition: his dying father can't go peacefully without first getting a look at his son's prospective wife, and his son's prospective wife (Margaret Tallichet), a guest in the hotel, can't be located. Deanna, an ambitious voice student, accepts a \$50 gratuity and proves such an effective fiancée-substitute at the deathbed that the old gentleman recovers, causing endless complications among undertakers, newspaper people and friends who have marked him down as dead. Mr. Cummings has to retain Deanna on a long-term basis, and when she begins doing vocal solos and obliging with encores, we don't like to tell you what happens to Miss Tallichet and her matrimonial designs.

"It Started With Adam" is an expertly constructed comedy with a wealth of light gags and neatly executed drolleries of situation. We don't know where Mr. Pasternak got his script (there is no writer credit), but it's all pretty wonderful. (Universal.)

P.S.

Hollywood's most beautiful, but most unpublicized chassis belongs to Deanna Durbin. Proof: height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 115 pounds; buzzcut, 35 inches; waist, 25 inches; hips, 35 inches; calf, 12 inches; ankle, 7½ inches . . . Bob Cummings had to consult his production schedule before combing his hair in the morning. Working in two pictures at the same time, he wore his locks parted on the right and tousled for one role; parted on the left and combed smooth for the other . . . Charlie Laughton spent five weeks lolling around in Universal's specially made 14 x 10-foot bed, built of California redwood, with posters 9 feet high . . . He hates cigars, but the script called for him to puff endlessly on dollar stogies. Set workers who can't afford more than the two bit variety were crushed by the irony of it all . . . No more orchestras will blare out from nowhere when Deanna is supposed to be singing alone in a garden or any other place. Universal's top money maker plays her own piano accompaniment in this one. Studio executives want to build her as a dramatic star, placing less and less emphasis on her singing ability . . . Charles Laughton says Deanna and

Edgar Bergen have the best sense of comedy timing of any stars he's ever worked with . . . Director Henry Koster is to Universal what Director Mike Curtiz is to Warner Bros. when it comes to instructing actors. When he wants 'em to act more confidential, he'll plead, "Please! More FBI!" He always refers to dialect comedy roles as "alien corn" . . . Instead of a loud bell or a small boy being used to summon her to the set from her dressing room at the opposite end of the sound stage, Deanna decided that a light flashed on the wall would be less trouble for everyone concerned . . . "Other woman" Margaret Tallichet, ex-studio secretary discovered by Carole Lombard, is married to "Little Foxes" director, Willie Wyler . . . Guy Kibbee climbs out of the comedian groove to play a bishop . . . Walter Catlett, for the first time in his years of show business, had his hair bleached for his role . . . Photographer Rudolph Mate, who had never worked on a Durbin production before this one, prepped for his job by disappearing into a projection room, completely equipped with lunch and dinner, to watch all nine of Deanna's previous pictures. (Continued on page 10)

\*Temporary rating. Owing to the necessity of going to press far in advance of picture release dates, our reviewer has been unable to see these films in completed form.

# Here's proof my Face Powder makes Skin look Younger!



## "ELBOW TEST"

shows instantly how new  
kind of powder makes skin  
look smoother, fresher.

By *Lady Esther*



Wouldn't you like to see, with your own eyes, how much *younger* your skin can look—how much lovelier and more glamorous?

You can—so simply and so easily—and without cost! Make the test that is thrilling women everywhere... the Lady Esther ELBOW TEST!

You know how rough and coarse the skin of your elbow is. Well, I'm going to send you some Lady Esther Face Pow-

der FREE. Just take a little on a puff and pat it gently on your elbow...

See what happens! See how the coarse skin of your elbow suddenly looks soft and smooth—how the lines and roughness seem to ease away.

If my powder can do that to the abused skin of your elbow—just imagine what it can do for the skin of your face! Imagine how it can hide tired lines—skin-faults and imperfections—big pores!

You see, my powder is different because it's *made* differently. It's blown by Twin Hurricanes until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary powder. It goes on a new, *smoother* way—more flattering to the skin than words alone can describe! You must see it with your own

eyes—that's why I ask you to make the interesting Elbow Test.

### Try All 9 Shades FREE

Your name and address on the coupon below will bring you all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. You not only can make the interesting Elbow Test—you can also try all 9 shades on your own skin, before your own mirror, and see which one is your best shade—your Lucky Shade. Mail the coupon NOW.



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind

*Lady Esther*  
FACE POWDER

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (73)  
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.



BY JAMES REID

Roy Rogers hasn't yet discovered a couple of high school girls under his bed, as Robert Taylor once did in New York. But he has seen other demonstrations of fanatic feminine worship.

When he set out on his last personal appearance tour, he had a shiny, brand-new, two-horse trailer. But you should see the trailer he brought home. Everything removable had been removed from it by demon fans. Every square inch of the paint job was scratched with feminine names and feminine protestations of love. And that wasn't all. His handsome trick horse, Trigger, came back minus a foot of tail. Women had torn out that much of the horse's hair to have something that belonged to Roy!

After he appeared in person in Carnegie, Pa., a Carnegie girl trailed him to McKees Rocks and then on to Washington, Pa., with one purpose in mind—namely, to get within kissing range of Roy. Every time she thought she had managed it, she leaped at him. For three days running, she smeared his face, neck and best cowboy shirts with indelible lipstick.

She embarrassed him almost as much as that Arizona girl who was so smitten that she followed him in a car borrowed without the owner's permission. He never talked so fast as he talked that time, persuading her to get back home before the sheriff organized a posse.

Roy was only 20 then, completely unknown and so poor that he owned just one pair of pants, which were two sizes too snug for him. But even in those lean days, apparently, he had some

Roy's horse "Trigger" has a phenomenal repertoire of tricks. Can, among other things, sit up, smile, add, subtract and multiply.

# from hillbilly to **HERO**

**HE'S TALL, BLONDE AND NOT TOO HAND-**

**SOME—BUT WOMEN CAN'T HELP LOVING**

**HIM! JUST WHAT'S ROY ROGERS GOT?**



Cheryl Darlene, aged 1½, steps out with her adopted mom and dad. The Rogers are mad about kids; plan to adopt lots more.

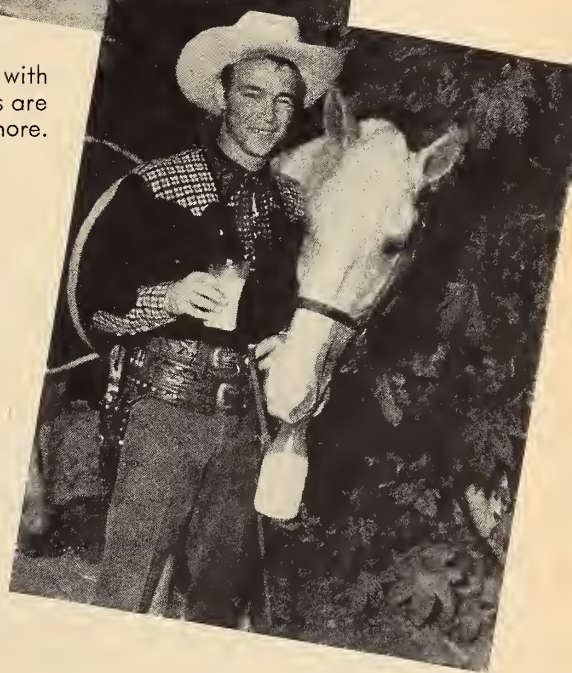
special brand of allure for the female of the species.

Now there's no doubt about it. In three short years, he has climbed from total obscurity to the position of Cowboy Star No. 3, and he's giving Gene Autry and Bill Boyd—both long-established favorites—a hard run for their money. He appeals to kids as all cowboy stars do. But he appeals even more to women, if his fan mail is any index. Ninety-five per cent of those thousands of letters a week come from females, from 16 on up.

He can't explain why, and neither can anyone else. He's no Valentino on horseback. Women don't get a vicarious thrill from seeing Roy take the heroine in his arms and smother her with a passionate, he-man kiss—because kissing scenes are carefully omitted from all Rogers scripts. Neither can his appeal to women be traced to the subtlety of his acting, because when he's in front of that camera, he's just trying to be himself as much as possible. Nor does his singing voice, pleasant though it is, have the emotion-rousing qualities of Caruso's—or even Bing Crosby's. And he isn't exceptional in appearance. He's five feet eleven, well-built, athletic-looking, with a young face, blue eyes, sandy hair and an easygoing, playful smile. He talks with a slight drawl and is apt to drop his "g's."

Except that his all-cowboy wardrobe is a little snappier than most, he's the type of unspoiled, unaffected, happy-go-lucky young Westerner you might meet on any colorful ranch. Maybe that's the secret of his appeal.

Whatever his appeal on the screen (Continued on page 91)



Roy, who used to have a lone pair of pants, now has so many he's lost count. Wears them inside his boots; Autry wears his outside.

"I'm living my whole life over again!"



**WATCHING MY DAUGHTER** make-up for the first time brought back memories of my first lipstick. How thrilled I was when Tangee Natural changed as I applied it—producing a rich, warm rose shade—even though it was orange in the stick.



**I THOUGHT OF MY** marriage day. Wore mother's wedding gown and, as always, Tangee Natural Make-up. The pure cream base kept my lips soft and smooth all through the ceremony and the reception. The matching rouge harmonized perfectly, glowing softly through Tangee's clinging, un-powdery, Face Powder.



**MY DAUGHTER** is 15 today—and the proud owner of her first Tangee Natural Lipstick. Her excitement and pleasure took me back over the years since I first entrusted my make-up to Tangee. And I know that she will depend on Tangee as I have...for natural loveliness.



**TANGEE**  
*Natural*  
"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

**SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT**

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

Check Shade of Powder Desired:  
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh  
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City \_\_\_\_\_

## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

### YANK IN R.A.F.—AB-1\*

It seems that Tyrone Power was the real hero of Dunkirk, and the real reason the British came through so admirably on that occasion was Betty Grable—a new Betty, with Serious Interests as well as those legs—who was serving at home as a morale-booster; dancing for the R.A.F. by night, mothering their wounded by day. This film contains more aerial action than story, which is all to the good. With the help of James Basevi, whose specialty is the reproduction of large-scale maritime events in a bathtub, Mr. Zanuck is in a fair way to lift your scalp with this opportunistic opus.

The story, on the other hand, just goes along for the aeronautical ride. Seems that Tyrone, a girl-chasing American pilot, ferries a bomber from Canada to England for a sizable cash consideration. He decides to join the R.A.F., not only to please his old Dallas, Texas, girlfriend, Betty—who is as ardently pro-British as the newspaper PM—but because a couple of Messerschmitts attack him when he is testing an unarmed American plane and make him personally mad, which is just too bad for Germany. Meanwhile, back in the elegant London pub where Betty is dancing, he encounters considerable competition for her favors with Wing Commander John Sutton well in the lead.

You knew all along, of course, that in spite of Dunkirk and a few minor misunderstandings, Tyrone would ultimately grab Grable. First, though, he gets into a fight with Commander Sutton; is saved from German anti-aircraft fire by the death of heroic Reginald Gardiner, (also a Grable fan); is grounded with Morley in Holland but escapes via the channel, and so on. The less interesting parts of the story, the non-combatant parts, take place in London. But, as we all know, London can take it.—TCF.

P. S.

Evacuation of Dunkirk took the British three days . . . 20th Century-Fox spent 27 days and \$190,000 completing a 15-minute film version . . . First shots were taken along the Pacific coast, but the waves were too treacherous. "Dunkirk" was moved to the studio back lot so the water could be controlled by pressure . . . "Extras" who had to retreat into the water wore light tennis shoes instead of heavy boots, received \$16.00 instead of the usual \$11.00 daily stipend, and were plied with hot coffee after every take . . . Scenes requiring shots of German Messerschmitts blasting away at English Spitfires were made at Mojave desert. Studio execs figured that in a lonely spot like that, there'd be the least possibility of anyone starting a panic by reporting the Luftwaffe in action . . . After years of forbidding Tyrone Power to fly, the studio did an about-face and urged him to get all the practice he could, so his flying scenes would be the McCoy. During production, he bounced out of bed at 5:30 every morning, rushed to a nearby airport and took a plane up for a couple of hours before reporting for work . . . Lord Beaverbrook, no less, approved the story, said he was glad it had so much comedy and romance in it and gave the studios the complete co-operation of the Air Ministry . . . Cameraman Otto Kanturek and Jack Parry

were killed filming actual dogfights over England. (Kanturek photographed "Night Train.") . . . English war regulations forbid women in auxiliary services the use of bright red lipstick or nail polish, so Betty Grable went without both during filming of the picture . . . Production halted for four days while she had her impacted wisdom teeth yanked . . . John Sutton, 6-foot-2-inch, 170-pound protégé of Bette Davis, was born in Rawalpindi, India. The first studio that signed him changed his birthplace to Orange, New Jersey, because they wanted to build him up as a "typical American" . . . Ronald Colman warned Reginald Gardiner that Director Henry King was a stickler for realism. Reggie read the script and began biting his nails. Story called for him to plunge to earth in a flaming plane. Sure enough, King planted him in a cockpit, gave him an asbestos suit to wear, surrounded him with leaping flame (from gas jets) and spent an entire afternoon shooting close-ups of Reggie grimacing horribly. Mr. G. emerged with singed cheeks and a bad case of jitters.

### NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—AB-1\*

Evidently Paramount has at last decided to take a chance and go "all-out" on Bob Hope, a comedian who has earned this belated vote of company confidence by turning out a succession of solid hits. Here, surrounded by an expensive supporting cast and a story which has been filmed successfully twice before, Bob may be regarded as virtually surefire box-office. Sophisticated patrons may snicker at the quaint spectacle of stockbrokers lolling on yachts and tossing \$10,000 bets around, but once they accept this out-of-date plot premise they'll probably have as much fun as the yokels.

The aforementioned betting involves the farcical proposition that Bob, an impecunious junior partner, can't get through 24 hours of social and professional life without telling a single lie. His partners, Edward Arnold, Glen Anders, Leif Erikson, do all they can to sabotage Bob's manly efforts in this truth marathon, while Paulette Goddard, his romantic interest, works even harder to outwit and frustrate his tormentors. Between them Bob is reduced to that state of wild-eyed dishevelment in which he seems to operate with maximum comical efficiency.

Without substantially altering the story from its early-1929 version and genially ignoring all that has happened to Wall Street in the interim, Paramount has altered its locale all the way to Miami. There is no reason, of course, why Paramount shouldn't shanghai its plots to the tropical zone if it feels like it; we merely mention it in passing so you won't forget to bring along your quinine and mosquito netting. Helen Vinson, Grant Mitchell and Rose Hobart are others prominently concerned in the cast.—Par.

P. S.

950 temperamental anchovies made their cinema debut in this one. Dumped into a tank of sea water with Bob Hope, they were supposed to cavort and splash around Bob's lightly clad torso. Instead they dived straight to the bottom

(Continued on page 12)



**HEADS UP!**



**HEARTS UP!**



**THUMBS UP!**

Here's the *first* story! Here's the *furious* story! Here's the *screaming* story of the RAF's daredevil Aces in Exile. From every conquered corner of the globe they come—avenging 'angels' sky-writing their heroic history!

*If you never climbed a plane 5 miles up . . . then streaked it earthward 500 miles an hour . . . If you never loved and laughed one moment though you were "going up" the next . . . then you can't possibly imagine how exciting a picture this is!*

*It's the role that zooms Ronnie to the heights of stardom!*

**RONALD REAGAN**

OLYMPIE BRADNA • WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • JOAN PERRY  
REGINALD DENNY • Directed by LEWIS SEILER

Screen Play by Barry Trivers & Kenneth Gamet • Suggested by a Play by Frank Wead

THEIR COUNTRIES CONQUERED, BUT NOT THEIR COURAGE



The 'Foreign Legion' of the RAF

WARNER BROS. THRILLING NEW TRIUMPH!



**Jacques, of BELGIUM**  
the never-say-die ace!



**Nick, of GREECE**  
striking back with relentless fury!



**Michele, of FRANCE**  
fighting-mad, fighting for freedom!



**Josef, of POLAND**  
avenging his home 5 miles high!



**Olaf, of NORWAY**  
flying hero of a heroic land!



**Jan, the CZECH**  
settling a score in the sky!

wouldn't move. Experts solved the problem by smearing Hope's body with sardine oil to lure the finny creatures from the depths. Bob's hoping the anchovies name a sandwich after him, in recognition of all he's done for their race . . . The gold compact Paulette Goddard totes around in the film is her own. It was insured by the studio for \$3,500. Only duplicate of it belongs to the Duchess of Windsor. Paulette dropped it so many times, she finally had the mirror replaced with a disc of highly polished steel . . . Leif Erickson made the trip to Hollywood for this picture on a motorcycle. Ran into a herd of cows en route, and was laid up in a hospital for days . . . Glenn Anders recites mottoes from Chinese rice cookies just before stepping in front of the camera. Says it gives him confidence . . . Hope showed up for work one day with a portable radio, so he could listen to a special broadcast. When he invited the crew members to listen with him, they all flashed similar radios, presented to them half an hour before by Paulette. "Look, fellows," Bob cracked, "don't drive to work tomorrow. I'm buying you all new convertible coupes!" . . . Salt water taffy proved a little rough on the cast's dental fillings, so an imaginative prop man substituted flat slabs of stale marshmallow . . . "Nothing But The Truth" was made by Paramount as a silent picture, too. In 1929, Richard Dix and Helen Kane played the Hope-Goddard roles . . . Cameraman Charles Lang is handsome enough to be in pictures himself . . . Paulette crashes to the floor so many times during the picture, she took tumbling lessons to prevent wear and tear on her valuable chassis . . . Helen Vinson operated her 150-acre peach farm

in Virginia from the set, by means of daily long-distance telephone calls . . . Hope loses his clothes again. The script calls for him to grab the first thing at hand that'll cover his exposed epidermis, and of course it's a woman's negligée. The first day Bob strolled onto the set wearing his swishy chiffon costume, his brother Jack turned to a friend, shuddered, and whispered, "Thank heaven we never had a sister!"

## APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE —AB-2\*

Although we have here a fine specimen of elegant, upper-professional class domestic comedy, some folks may leave the theater thinking wistfully how nice it would be to see a movie some time where the principal characters wouldn't all be rich, handsome, gorgeously attired, their behavior constricted by Emily Post; their conversation affected with dialogue-writer's cramp. At the same time, we have to be grateful for a picture like "Appointment for Love," which, after all, is lightly amusing, competently written and ends with a rough-and-tumble brawl between Margaret Sullavan and Rita Johnson during which Charles Boyer is narrowly missed by a hurled lamp.

The story: Miss Sullavan is a lady doctor who piques the interest of spoiled-playwright, Boyer, by going to sleep during one of his plays, and also, of course, just by being Margaret Sullavan. When she turns down his invitation to dinner, Mr. Boyer puts in an ambulance call, since that seems to be the only way to woo her from her work. He's cute that way. Though Doc Sullavan has more emergency calls than Dr. Kildare, and no

wonder, she and Charles find time to get married. They would have had a honeymoon except for one of Charles' old flames and another emergency call, to which the doc rushes off protesting that she is too modern to feel anything as uncivilized as jealousy.

The rest of the story is concerned with this formidable couple's touching efforts to fit their instincts together without renouncing either their streamlined principles or their respective professions. The final solution, worked out in the incident of the hurled lamp, is calculated to gratify masculine vanity and a strictly feminine sense of logic. It's all pretty cute. (Universal).

P. S.

Charles Boyer had to force himself to march right by the cigarette counter for a couple of weeks. His vocal chords were getting too husky from smoking to record well. Usually a chain smoker, he carries two different brands all the time. Uses one kind in the morning, then switches to the other after noon . . . Four-year-old Brooke, Maggie Sullavan's oldest daughter, visited the set during production and met Joseph Valentine, chief cinematographer. Couldn't wait till she was alone with mummy to ask if Mr. V. was the "man who cuts out the hearts" . . . Familiar faces from silent picture days: Aileen Pringle, Jack Mulhall, Charles Ray and Reginald Denny. Denny's miniature plane business takes up most of this time. Started a few years ago to supply youngsters with model planes and parts for 'em, the business took on more serious aspects when the government discovered that his large sized robot-controlled toy planes were valuable to the army as moving

# SECRETS of Stars' ELOPEMENTS

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practice targets . . . Boyer had to tone down his heavy French accent for his role as a playwright. Asked Margaret to correct his pronunciation whenever it leaned too far over the Gallic side . . . Universal bought \$15,000 worth of the most modern streamlined furniture for use in the picture. High spots of the collection are the new types of plastics, and lavish use of blond wood and curved glass . . . During lulls in production, La Sullavan brushed up on her flying technique, piling up hours of air time for her pilot's license. Husband Leland Hayward, top-notch actors' agent, owns an interest in T.W.A. airlines and a training school for pilots in Arizona . . . Monsieur Boyer got the desirable photographic quality for a close-up of his tongue by giving a red raspberry lollypop a couple of quick licks before the scene was shot . . . In a more serious moment, the Dean of Hollywood Screen Lovers had this to say about romance: "Hand-kissing is passé. Delicacy of approach has nothing to do with modern greeting. Today it's results that count—quick results—in the minds of modern romancers. There's no parrying for advantage, no deception or suspense in the modern approach to the inevitable clinch!"

## THE MEN IN HER LIFE— AB-2\*

Under an unfortunately commonplace title and with Loretta Young not altogether at ease in the role of a ballet dancer, the screen version of the novel "Ballerina" turns out to be a touchingly sad tribute to the iron self-discipline essential to the creation of a great solo dancer. Thanks mainly to the screen play by Frederick Kohner, Michael Wilson and Paul Trivers it achieves some measure of realism. It should not, however, be mistaken for a conventional love story; the only real passion involved is Loretta's for the art of the dance.

Almost all the way, romance is resolutely pushed aside. When it appears at all it is incidental, accepted only with the reservation that art is long and love is fleeting. Though smitten with a handsome young English Lord, John Shepperd (formerly Shepperd Strudwick) this consecrated ballerina marries her aging teacher (Conrad Veidt), and after his death her amorous relationships, even with the father of her daughter, Rose, are secondary to the dance. Finally there is the implication that true happiness for her lies in training Rose to follow the same stoical ideal of self-dedication to beauty.

Well, sir, as we said before, this is pretty deep stuff for Loretta and a bit high-falutin' for the average movie fan in the bargain. But the character of the ballerina lives in its own right, and the incidents involving her illuminate the necessary path of her destiny. "The Men in Her Life," on the whole, is a picture worthy in aim and by no means negligible in achievement. (Col.)

### P. S.

The film was produced and directed for Columbia by Gregory Ratoff through his newly organized independent unit, Gregory Ratoff Productions . . . His wife, Eugenie Leontovich makes her second dramatic screen appearance. She was so afraid that the studio caterers wouldn't tickle her husband's palate sufficiently, she cooked him all his meals in her tiny studio bungalow . . . Cherished dream of Loretta Young's has always been to be a dancer. She studied dancing extensively as a youngster and adored it. Six months before the start of this film, she



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A COLUMBIA PICTURE

went into active daily training with her ballet instructor, Sergei Temoff . . . She had 32 changes of costume, most of them of the voluminous hoopskirt type—some nine feet in diameter. All the costumes were designed in New York by LeMaire, and when they were air-expressed to Hollywood, it was discovered that they weighed half a ton . . . The picture is a record-breaker, since "Gone With The Wind," in number of sets employed. There are sixty of them . . . Lilly Daché designed all the millinery in the film . . . Loretta Young, who has a terrific fear of horses, had to ride bareback in one part of the film, and in another she takes a frightening ride through a forest on a galloping steed . . . Intrigued by the ballet slippers she wore as a ballerina in the picture, Loretta has ordered several pairs of shoes patterned after them. Black suede street shoes, with rather low heels, are tied across the instep and ankle with strips of suede. Another pair, designed to wear with slacks, is in colored suede with cork soles.

### DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—AB-2\*

It was very odd of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at this particular time to think of remaking "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Odder still was their decision to cast Spencer Tracy in that classic dual role previously essayed by two of the screen's most romantic profiles, John Barrymore and Fredric March. The result is quite the oddest picture of the year: a picture which is funniest when apparently it is trying to be most serious and never so routine as when it is trying hardest to be different.

Of course, Mr. Tracy personally does

bring something original to the characterization: his various transformations from Jekyll to Hyde seem to affect his dentistry less than they did Barrymore's and March's, which—as you may possibly recall—were a series of orthodontic nightmares. But the mechanics of the personality change remain unchanged; when he feels like going out and snapping a few garters, he mixes himself a diabolical smoke cocktail and downs it with a shudder; when he wants to be respectably Victorian again, he throws together an ethical highball and tosses it off with a suitably wry expression.

In two noteworthy respects, Tracy is luckier than his eminent predecessors. With Lana Turner for his good angel, and Ingrid Bergman for his bad angel, it is hard to see how any man could really go wrong. Miss Turner's dramatic talents do not appear to best advantage in the late 19th century, sweaterless styles required by her role. But Miss Bergman, though incongruously cast as a free and easy barmaid, again reveals that she has the most interesting and incidentally the most gratifying camera-proof face since Garbo. It anything in the world would justify such arrant pseudo-Stevensonian nonsense, Miss Bergman's presence would do it.

#### P. S.

Ingrid Bergman's sexy love scenes with Spencer Tracy had the set workers muttering to themselves. Censors viewed the filmed results, tut-tutted, my-my-ed, took another look, and finally okayed the scenes. . . . Tracy was physically and mentally exhausted by the time the picture was finished. . . . He began working on his characterization three weeks before actual filming began so he'd have

the sanity-to-madness transition down pat before he stepped in front of the cameras. . . . No advance ganders at Tracy's make-up as Mr. Hyde were allowed, but word leaked out that it wouldn't be half so scary as Fredric March's hairy-ape facade in an earlier film version. . . . Ann Rutherford, who's not in the picture, offered to loan Tracy the fangs used by her cousin, Richard Mansfield, as part of his make-up when he played "Dr. J. and Mr. H." on the stage. . . . There was no clowning on the set. No chummy chatter. . . . Only visitor allowed was Author Somerset Maugham. Introduced to Spencer for the first time, Maugham said, "Tell me, Mr. Tracy, are you made up for Jekyll or Hyde?" . . . Director Victor Fleming and Tracy have been wanting to do this picture together for years. Fleming jolted high-salaried executives out of their upper-bracket composure by insisting on casting against type, a risky step. Whole-some, innocent-looking Ingrid plays the part of a wenchy bar-maid, saucy Lana is a demure English maiden, and M-G-M's "Father Flanagan" does a complete about-face as the maniacal Dr. Jekyll. . . . Lana had a tough time with the long trains on her period costumes and never did get the hang of maneuvering her bustle. . . . She and Bergman aren't in a single scene together, and met only once, by accident. . . . Longest close-up in the history of the movies—250 feet—shows Tracy's expression slowly changing from Jekyll's to Hyde's as he walks down a hospital corridor. . . . For the biggest scene in the picture, the dessert course of a dinner, the players ate pastry and fruit smothered in wine sauce for three consecutive days, staggering out each noon for plain hamburger and coffee. . . .

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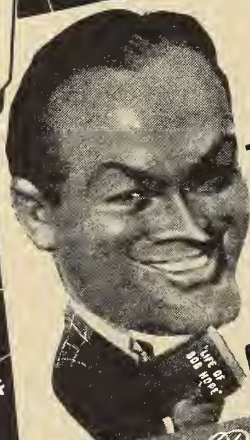
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All the beef trust dancers had to be padded here'n there. Hollywood doesn't grow 'em hefty any more.

## SUSPICION—AB-2\*

An Alfred Hitchcock thriller full of unconfirmed suspicions is news, and that's the cute twist in the present exhibit. Seems that Joan Fontaine (like Eadie) is a lady—and very English about it—a lady sufficiently fascinated by a strange, handsome, amorously aggressive gent to marry him without knowing much about his background or economic status. By a series of carefully Hitchcocked circumstances, an obsession is built up in Joan's naturally cringing mind that the man means to do her in (he has taken an insurance policy on her life, it seems) although to the naked eye he is just our big, familiar friend Cary Grant who we know wouldn't harm a fly. But it's amazing how one of those obsessions can grow, especially when old "Hitch" begins sneaking around it with camera angles, close-ups, enigmatic fadeouts, etc. This one becomes terrific before it finally explodes in relieved and slightly hysterical laughter.

Unfortunately, this film, which begins on a pleasantly racy note, ends in an unpardonable British muddle of sentiment, patriotism, and propaganda.

Cary's and Joan's supporting cast is a distinguished one, including as it does those pillars of the conservative British dramatic structure, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce, Dame May Whitty and Heather Angel. Except for a definite thumbs down on the thumbs up and cheerio ending, we cheerfully recommend it.—RKO.

## P. S.

Joan Fontaine has had eight hours instruction in flying and is ready to solo . . . Dame May Whitty has been in show business since she was sixteen, starring in London and New York stage productions and just recently in films . . . Alfred Hitchcock has made films in four languages, all with equal success . . . His hobby is tracing name origins of famous English pubs . . . Hitchcock's prize sealyham, Johnnie, is playing an important role in "Suspicion." It is his first film venture. Johnnie is the first dog in film history with a set-companion. Hitchcock's other dog, Edward, accompanied him to the set daily . . . With the single exception of Joan Fontaine, who was born in the cosmopolitan International Settlement of Tokyo, the large cast of the picture hails 100 percent from the British Isles . . . Both Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Bruce have featured parts in RKO's "Suspicion." Mrs. Bruce, former London star under the name of Lelia Campbell, is better known in Hollywood film circles as Violet Shelton . . . Pax Walker, young English actress blown into the sea when the Athenia was torpedoed at the start of the war, makes her American film debut in "Suspicion."

## \* Modern Screen's New Way of Rating Films

- Point 1—According to its production value: Expensiveness of cast, settings, etc. Rating, A, B, or C.
- Point 2—According to artistic value: Taste, screen play, direction. Rating, A, B, or C.
- Point 3—According to entertainment value. Rating, 1, 2, or 3.

In the review section of this issue of Modern Screen, only the first seven films have been reviewed and rated. Following them, the editors present a brief synopsis of every other picture to be released during the current month, leaving each reader the option of judging them on the basis of his or her own tastes and preferences.

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## SMILIN' THROUGH

The murder of his fiancée by a disappointed suitor has shadowed Englishman Brian Aherne's life for 30 years. His only solace is her orphaned niece, Jeanette MacDonald, whom he brings up from childhood. When she falls in love with Gene Raymond, the American son of the murderer, Brian flies into a rage and forbids the match. Not until he realizes that he has lost both the love of Jeanette and his dream-bride by his hatred, does he unbend and condone their marriage. His reward comes soon after when he is reunited with his bride in heaven.—M-G-M.

## CADET GIRL

George Montgomery and John Sheperd are brothers whom their father, leader of an army band, always wanted to be West Pointers. George is in the Academy; John, unable to enter because of slightly defective eyesight, is leader of a swing band in New York. The girl soloist, Carole Landis, is in love with John, but he's not aware of it.

George gets a summer furlough, goes to New York and John gives him a job singing in his band. Carole is told by John to help George see the town. Before the summer's gone, he's madly in love with her and begs her to marry him. She doesn't give him any answer.

The boys quarrel over George's hitting the high spots of the town, and George leaves to form his own orchestra, taking Carole with him. His orchestra is a sensation, while John's—lacking Carole—skids. George insists he's going to leave the Academy and that Carole is going to marry him. There are a few tense moments, but a happy ending is effected when George goes back to the Academy and Carole returns to John.—TCF.

## WEEK-END IN HAVANA

John Payne is being fitted for his wedding suit—preparatory to an altar-trek with Cobina Wright, Jr.,—when his boss rushes in with the news that one of the company's steamers has piled up on a Florida reef. Nothing will do but for John to rush to the scene (missing his wedding rehearsal) and straighten out potential legal difficulties with the passengers. All the passengers are willing to settle for future passage, except Alice Faye, a Macy's salesgirl. This is her vacation, she won't be able to get away again, and the steamship company has killed her one big chance for glamour and romance. To pacify her, John's boss tells him to escort her to Havana and do his best to give her a gorgeous time.

Everything is far from rosy in Havana. Alice loses fabulous money at the roulette wheel, which John must make good, and also gets herself mildly embroiled with Cesar Romero, Carmen Miranda's no-good manager. Cobina further livens things up by flying to the scene to see what's going on. Everything gets straightened out beautifully, however, with John and Alice inevitably discovering that they're made for each other.—TCF.

## HARMON OF MICHIGAN

After graduating from college, Tom Harmon (in person) turns to coaching football where he concentrates on earning money with a winning team rather than good sportsmanship. In a moment of stress, he initiates an illegal play to his team and wins the game of the season. In so doing, however, he loses the respect of everyone, including that of

his wife, Anita Louise, who leaves him. The severe injury of one of his players sobers him up, and he decides to turn over a new leaf. When she sees that he's going straight, his wife returns to the fold.—Col.

## INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON

Ronald Reagan flies a bomber to England and on his arrival meets two of his old flying cronies, James Stephenson and Bill Lundigan, now members of the International Squadron. He's no sooner introduced to the rest of the Squadron when he goes on the make for one of the members' girl, Olympe Branda. He takes her to dinner, and she's obviously infatuated. During the evening, there's an air-raid in which they see a little girl killed. Infuriated at the Jerries, Ronnie joins the Squadron. He's a crack pilot, but a playboy and he's constantly in and out of scrapes. A hero one minute, in disgrace the next. It isn't until the dramatic finale that we see him in his true colors—magnificently gallant and totally unafraid.—W.B.

## LAW OF THE TROPICS

This one involves much intrigue and romance on a South American rubber plantation. Jeffrey Lynn is jilted by his American fiancée practically on his wedding day. The native workers would lose all respect for him if they learned the truth, so Jeff strikes a bargain with night club singer Constance Bennett. She'll masquerade as the fiancée and marry him if he'll give her \$500. She turns out to be a fugitive from justice, but Jeff is in no position to be choosy.

There is a sub-plot concerning a rubber process Jeff has invented and for which the president of the company is trying to take full credit. Both themes work out eventually, and the fadeout shows Connie going back to Brooklyn to prove her innocence of an alleged murder with Jeff standing beside her.—W. B.

## HENRY FOR PRESIDENT

Jimmy Lydon (as Henry) gets in more trouble than ever when he decides to run for the presidency of his high school student body. His adversary, Kenneth Howell, school's No. 1 heel, gives him plenty of opposition by way of ice-cream-soda-bought votes, crooked ballots and vampish June Preisser who lures Henry into one pitfall after another. Pulling for our hero are Mary Anderson, who's madly in love with him, and his campaign manager Charles Smith. With their help he's elected president—after kissing a multitude of babies and innocently reading a stolen campaign speech. He's no sooner accepted the office, than he's called to the principal's office and accused of stuffing the ballot box and expelled from school. After a series of ingenious detective work and a wild airplane flight, he returns, shows up Kenneth as the rightful crook and becomes town hero—with Mary at his side.—Par.

## TEXAS

Fortune seekers Bill Holden and Glenn Ford get all the blood and thunder they can take the moment they start adventuring through Texas in 1866. After a series of hold-ups and near-hangings, they meet up with a bunch of cattle rustlers, headed by George Bancroft, Addison Richards and Edgar Buchanan, father of cowgirl Claire Trevor. At the same time they realize they've both fallen

in love with Claire, trouble starts with the crooks. Relations become strained all around, Ford is shot, Holden is accused and flees town. In the meantime, Ford comes to, testifies to Holden's innocence in the shooting and seeks revenge from Buchanan who double-crossed him. In killing him, Glenn loses his own life. Picture ends on a fadeout of Holden and Claire, reunited.—Col.

## BUY ME THAT TOWN

Sheldon Leonard, mob leader, is caught in the draft. Before leaving for camp, he warns his henchmen that he'll be back in a year and not to get any big ideas about who's running the show. However, the gang wants Lloyd Nolan for their new leader. Lloyd refuses; tells them that he and his pal Albert Dekker are taking a vacation. The pair go off in their expensive car, and while driving through unincorporated Middle Village, are arrested and fined \$42.

It develops they haven't been speeding or anything, but the town is bankrupt and fining prosperous-looking car owners is their sole source of revenue. After paying their fine, they learn that the town's for sale. They buy it and get the rest of the gang to help them run it.

After a number of lucrative but crooked schemes, Lloyd, smitten with the constable's daughter, Constance Moore, persuades them all to go straight. Complications arise when Sheldon returns from camp. There's a near-fire, a slugfest and eventually a double knot-tying—Lloyd and Connie, and Albert and Barbara Jo Allen, (radio's Vera Vague).—Par.

## ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY

This is Stephen Vincent Benet's tale of a debt-ridden farmer (James Craig) who sells his soul to the devil in exchange for seven years of prosperity. All good things begin to come to James and his wife Anne Shirley. They find a lot of gold pieces, their crops flourish and a lovely son Daniel (named after their friend Daniel Webster) is born to them.

The night he's born, Simone Simon, a strangely attractive, out-of-this-world creature appears and announces she's come to be the baby's nursemaid. Time passes and wealth changes James terribly. He spends most of his time with Simone, ignores Anne completely. When the seven years of prosperity is almost up, the devil's mediator (Walter Huston) comes to remind him of the pact. James runs to Daniel Webster for help.

Daniel prevails upon Walter to hold a jury trial. Then, although the jury is composed of such arch villains as Benedict Arnold and Simon Girty, Daniel sways them in James favor. His soul is once more his own, and he returns to Anne and little Daniel to live happily ever after.—RKO.

## SWAMP WATER

When Dana Andrews' hound, Trouble, gets lost in the slimy, green Okefenokee swamp of Georgia, Dana sets out to find him—strictly against his father's (Walter Huston) orders. Walter tells him never to return home if he goes after the dog. The first night in the dangerous alligator-infested swamp, Dana runs into Walter Brennan, who'd been sentenced to hang for murder, but who'd escaped from the Sheriff. The two become friends, and Brennan begs Dana to look after his daughter, Anne Baxter, and to return (Continued on page 64)

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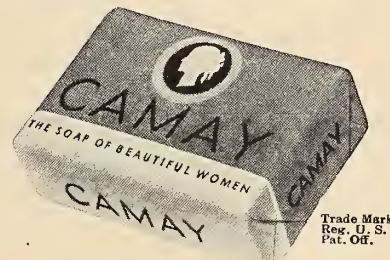
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"A WEEK-END IN HAVANA"  
"TROPICAL MAGIC"  
"WHEN I LOVE I LOVE"  
"THE NANGO"  
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**CÉSAR  
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...looking for an out!

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Original Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware • Music and Lyrics by Mack  
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A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



## JINX FALKENBURG

She loves champagne, Noel Coward, black dresses and Tabu perfume—which makes her sound very Tallulah Bankhead, but she isn't. No long cigarette holders for this gal (she doesn't smoke), and no zombie-ish make-up (she's perennially suntanned). Furthermore, her name's Jinx and she has a million freckles, both of which items cramp her style if she ever tries to put on the heavy glamour. A couple of thousand college boys recently voted her the ideal date, on the strength of her cute puss—but they didn't know how indescribably ideal she really is. She loves men in loud sports jackets, is an Artie Shaw fan, goes

mad at a football game and doesn't gold-dig. What's more, she adores beer—and for good reason! Got \$2000 for endorsing one brand last year. Jinx, who was born in Spain and spent most of her life in Chile, has been trying to crash the movies for five years. Managed to pick up a Chilean tennis and swimming championship en route, to say nothing of slues of modeling jobs (she's been on 60 magazine covers, posed for hundreds of ads). In her opinion, though, she hadn't really arrived till she'd snagged that fat and glamorous role in Columbia's gay new opus, "Two Latins From Manhattan."



FRANK POWOLNY

## HENRY FONDA

Paradoxical guy, this Hank Fonda. He looks like a malnutrition case, but he's always eating. Likes every food in the world except apples. . . . Always preferred brunettes, but married two blondes. His pre-Hollywood, love-in-a-garret merger with Maggie Sullivan cracked up because he was chronically unemployed; his 5-year marriage to New York socialite Frances Brokaw remains idyllic. . . . Ultra-modern in most ways (he loves flying, Nylon socks and Dali art), he still uses a straight-edge razor; prefers tubs to showers. Paradoxical but sweet is

Hank. He's incredibly generous. Got attached to a family of Okies while making "The Grapes of Wrath" and gave them a job taking care of his 325-acre ranch. Semi-supports a mob of chaps he knew when he was Theater Guilding in New York and rooming with Jimmy Stewart. Hank's beloved by Hollywood hostesses because he's an Arthur Murray-ish dancer, in demand for stag parties because he plays beautiful poker and adored by fans because he's so endearingly natural—and never more so than in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Wild Geese Calling."

## LORETTA YOUNG

Chief of the Tastienenos tribe in Mexico offered \$26 to purchase Loretta Young for his wife, but the studios said no sale! Among the bigger and better plans in store for her was the choice role ballerina-ing in Columbia's "The Men in Her Life." Besides, she was already wed—to Tom Lewis, big East-West coast commuting advertising exec! He's fast gaining weight on her fatty food menus (creamed potatoes, beans and chili) because she's hell-bent on adding pounds to her scant 107! Her willowy 5' 3" figger looks twice its height, and she claims

her legs are much too skinny for cheesecake art. Born Gretchen Young in Salt Lake City in 1913, she was as homely as a hedge fence until she went into movies in her teens. She's always had a soft spot in her heart for dancing and would probably be kicking in a ballet nowadays if she hadn't been such a swell actress. She's scared to death of fires. Goes to movies religiously and pastes every item written about herself in a giant scrapbook. Likes blue and white in her clothes and interiors. Picks out her own togs and designs a goodly number of them herself!



A. L. WHITEY SCHAFER

## GARY COOPER

Playing the reticent mountaineer role in Warner Bros.' "Sergeant York" is right up Gary Cooper's alley. All he has to do is relax and be himself! A crack shot, he's learned the art of taxidermy to preserve his more exciting bull's eyes. That singing (for the first time in 14 years of songless movie-making) is the real McCoy, too! He's a hillbilly from way back, plays the guitar and horn and constantly hums "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie." Never much of a hand at conversation, he's reputed to have uttered a total of 16 words during a 4-day hunting

trip! Only subjects on which he'll wax lyrical are his 4-year-old daughter Maria and his wife. She's N. Y. deb Veronica Balfe, who fell for him via fan magazine pictures while she was in finishing school. He likes to wear old togs, shapeless hats, garterless socks and no undershirt. Hates to shave! When not working in a scene, he lounges around in old slippers and sketches, more often falls dead asleep. He has a true mountaineer's relish for pipe and food! For breakfast he's been known to devour 6 eggs, 1/2 pound bacon, 5 slices of toast, orange juice and coffee!





## BONITA GRANVILLE

If it's autographs you're after, Bonita Granville's your ticket! She's been giving 'em out ever since she was a starlet of 7 and still loves it! Wherever there's a crowd, you'll find her headed straight for it! She adores her mom, Timmy, goes everywhere with her (when Jackie Cooper isn't around), eats with her at the studio commissary, wears her togs and vice versa. She won't even buy a dress unless it looks okay on both of 'em! She's never without her knitting and last year netted a total of 18 mostly blue sweaters. Her after-party coffee's famous

among her chums, who creep in on tip-toe to have a sip in the wee small hours. One night a week they get all dressed up and dine and dance. The rest of the time they roller-coaster, munch hot dogs and romance in the Tunnel of Love. She steers clear of politics and prefers to relax to T. Dorsey discs. If and when she does get mad, she slams things around, then forgets the whole thing in a split second. Her hair's naturally blonde and curly, and she's never once been beauty-shopping! You'll be seeing her soon in M-G-M's "Down in Santiago."

"It was an impulsive little girl trick,"  
confesses Maureen in this exclusive  
exposé of her marriage and divorce



Maureen and director Will Price have  
known each other 3 years and reportedly  
will merge when she gets her final decree.

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

## MY ONE-DAY MARRIAGE

This article is not one of those biographical items; it is intended to explain the background and details of Maureen's recent front-page activities. But in order to understand Maureen O'Hara's divorce and why it was necessary, you must first understand Maureen. And Maureen is not an easy person to understand.

The thing you remember about her once you've met her is her eyes—large, hazel, steady, sincere. They are the key to her personality.

Maureen O'Hara has never done anything in her life for any reason other than that she thought it was the honest, the sincere, the right thing to do. She is like that, always. Simple, straightforward.

She married George Brown because she thought it was necessary from the standpoint of honesty and sincerity. Four years later, not having seen him at all in the interim, and after thinking it over carefully for a long time, she filed suit for divorce. Again for the same reason. Because she felt it was the honest thing to do.

I saw her the other day at Cal-Neva, a hop and skip

from Reno, where she was living quietly, establishing legal residence for the purpose of divorce. She looked up at me, a slight frown on her smooth forehead. She spoke very slowly.

"I suppose," she said, "that a lot of people will misunderstand, but I've got to get this divorce. It's so unfair to him for me to continue being his wife. After all, I don't love him."

When I talked to her that day, she was a few days less than twenty-one. And my mind wandered back involuntarily to a day in Elstree, just outside of London, barely four years ago. That's when I first met Maureen. Only four years ago. She was hardly seventeen and acting in her first moving-picture. She was excited, tense, full of fear and hope and dreams.

I was told that she was a new discovery. A little Irish girl who had been recommended to Charles Laughton by (incredibly enough) Harry Richman. Laughton and his partner, Producer Erich Pommer, were sure she was going to be a big star (*Continued on page 80*)

CHARLES BOYER says:

"I am a man  
of many loves!"

CHARLES BOYER tells about his newest  
picture, "HOLD BACK THE DAWN."

"I am a man of many loves in 'Hold Back The Dawn'—a sort of international 'heel'—a man who lives by his wits and his way with women . . .

"Frankly, I was worried about playing a role which could be compared to my Pepe le Moko in 'Algiers.' But when *Mitchell Leisen* told me the entire story...how the rogue, Georges, who has known many loves, is at last taught the meaning of true love by the sweet, unsophisticated Emmy . . . then I knew that the role promised to be one of the best I have ever had. I was sure of it when *Mr. Leisen* cast lovely *Olivia de Havilland*



as Emmy . . . and the fiery *Paulette Goddard* to play the role of the dancer who plays such an important part in Georges' life.



"'HOLD BACK THE DAWN' is finished now . . . and I am proud to have had a part in its making, for Paramount feels that this is one of the greatest emotional dramas ever to be put on the screen."

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

**Hedda Hopper's HOLLYWOOD**  
 Here's a nice hatful of sneak previews from Bob Carl of Pasadena  
 "Unfinished Business" with Irene Dunne and Bob  
 dena



# THEY

BY IRVING WALLACE



**That's Me**  
 By Sidney Skolsky  
 HOLLYWOOD,  
 WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS were printing the stories that  
 Roosevelt and Churchill had disappeared to meet at sea, and the  
 tried to track down where and when the rendezvous would take  
 place, I thought of Hollywood.



## JIMMIE FIDLER in Hollywood

LYWOOD, more, as a broken-down Shakespearean actor to deliver Hamlet's Soliloquy. On the sidelines of Tawn's "ha-

Gossip columnists live by telling the  
inside on Gable and Durbin. Now, no  
holds barred, we're telling on them!

# SNOOP TO CONQUER

This is a strange creature. It lives under tables, in closets and at keyholes. It breathes new gossip and old gags. It talks in question marks. It is a repressed cross between Carrie Nation and M. Nostradamus. It thrives largely in Hollywood and may be found mostly on the corner of the lot where leg art is being shot for Film Fun.

What is it?

It is 300 odd—very odd—Hollywood columnists. It is Jimmie Fidler and Sidney Skolsky and Hedda Hopper. It is John Chapman and Harrison Carroll and John Truesdell. It is every Hollywood scribe with a head full of stories that can't be repeated and a heart full of love for the movie business, scribes ranging from big-hearted Louella Parsons, of the Hearst papers, to dynamic Herb Stein, the Hollywood Reporter.

There are so many. And almost all good. But we have room and energy to tell you, in detail, about only three—a trio of very different and very widely read professors of big-time daily pillars. Jimmie Fidler, Sidney Skolsky and Hedda Hopper.

The first up for diagnosis would be Mr. James Marion Fidler, a slight, handsome gentleman well-surrounded by a live-wire Southern accent. Jimmie Fidler may be distinguished largely by his three lawyers who read his every bombast for libel, his taste for Russian caviar and thin toast, his stinging "open letters" via column and radio which have advised (in the old days) Carole Lombard to steer clear of Glenda Farrell's boy friends, Miriam Hopkins to stop burdening studio typists with her fan mail and to please hire her own stenographers, and Tony Martin to please stop overacting in his warbling.

More than any other single thing, Jimmie Fidler's public criticism of stars has brought him fame. Today, 157 newspapers, from coast to coast, carry his verbal wrist-slappings. Publicly, he has advised Alice Faye to watch her health, Greta Garbo to let M-G-M select her stories, Martha Raye to keep out of night clubs, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald to halt their feuding, and he has bawled out Ginger Rogers for being snobbish in Hawaii, Joan Crawford for double-crossing him on a scoop. All this linen, Mr. Fidler has aired. There was only one kickback. When Fidler gave Constance Bennett hell, she fought back by suing him to the tune of \$600,000!

Naturally, this rough-and-ready columning hasn't brought Fidler all love and roses. Cecil B. DeMille described Fidler's items as "preying on defenseless people and poisoning the public mind!" Another time, in a trade paper, an exhibitor labeled our hero "Adolph Fidler!"

We mentioned these niceties to Mr. Fidler, across a restaurant table, and he pushed aside his caviar, pulled up his sleeves and indulged in firecracker rhetoric.

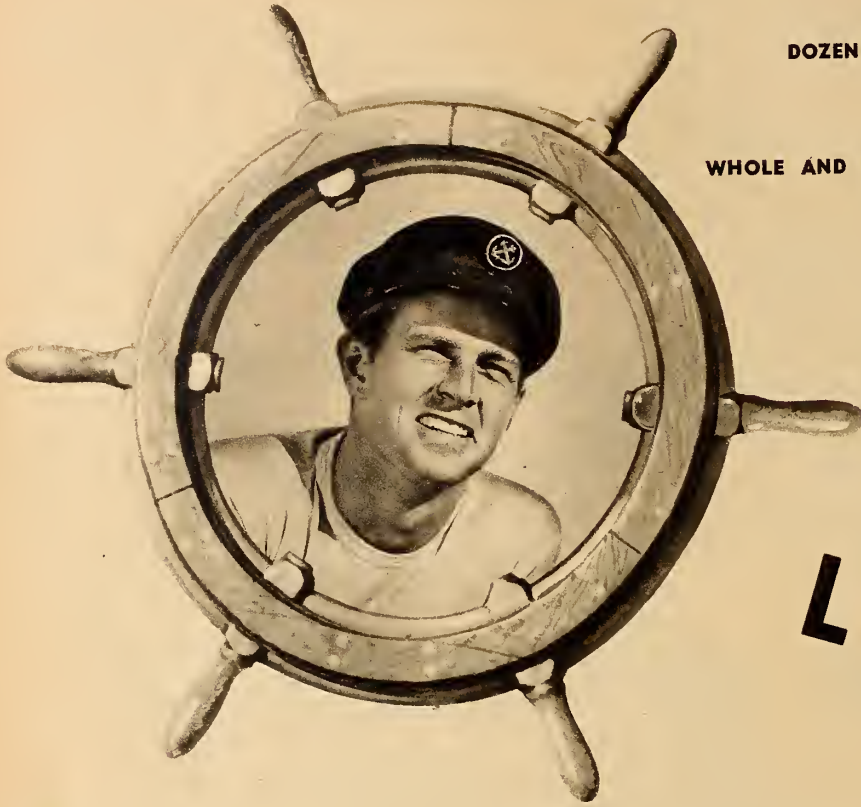
"Yes," he said, "I remember when I was called Adolph Fidler. It was a vicious attack and it got me sore, but there was no use fighting about it. I decided the Adolph Fidler tag would only make more persons read my column to find out if my attacker was right or wrong, and when they read my column, they would find out he was wrong."

Jimmie Fidler insisted that, when he criticized an individual or the entire industry, he spoke not for himself alone but for his millions (*Continued on page 84*)

THAT SEE-WORTHY HAYDEN LAD COULD HAVE A

DOZEN GIRLS IN EVERY PORT, BUT HE'S HEART-

WHOLE AND FANCY-FREE—WELL, ALMOST!



## LOG OF A

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Because Stirling Hayden wanted a schooner, he became a movie actor. He prefers the screen to anything else he could find to do ashore, but if some benevolent gene should appear tomorrow and say: "Your contract's off, and there's a sweet two-master waiting for you down at San Pedro," he'd head like a homing bird for the two-master.

Considering the aftermath of his début in Paramount's "Virginia," there's no chance that the gene will show. His single appearance deluged the studio in fan mail. Gary Cooper still has the inside track on the Jordan part in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." But Hayden is runner-up, which tells the story more strikingly than many words.

He's unique in my experience of movie players. He's the only one I know who, with his heart set on another goal, sidestepped into the Hollywood limelight.

He's not ungrateful for what the gods have provided. He doesn't blab of his feelings nor press his viewpoint on you. Whether by temperament or the tradition of the sea, he's laconic about what most closely touches him. But a fish might as easily try to breathe on land as Hayden to suppress the fact that his one pervading passion is for sailing ships. He doesn't suppress it. It's just there, like his nose, for anyone to see.

There was a large scrapbook in his dressing room, which I leafed through as I waited for him, expecting idly to encounter some of the press bouquets tossed at him after "Virginia." The book was stiff with clippings all right—about the ships he'd sailed in—photographs showing the beauty of masts etched against the sky. His eyes lighted when he came in and saw me looking at them. He owns eight such scrapbooks, and there's not a lone

clipping about Stirling Hayden, actor in one of them.

He crashed the movies on the strength of his looks. Six feet five of lean brawn, his face presents odd and attractive contrasts—dark eyes under a thatch of hair bleached by sun and wind to the color of ripe corn—white teeth against deeply bronzed skin—an air of gravity older than his years which heightens the effectiveness of his sudden smile. But looks alone can't be held accountable for the impression he made, else every curly-headed Adonis in town would be making his hundreds and directors could stop tearing their hair. Untried, unsung, he brought to his role an ease and authority which he may have been born with or may have mastered through nine years of learning to master the sea.

Hayden is pleased with his movie success. "The way you're always pleased," he says, "when you set out to do something and do it." On the other hand, he's neither elated nor dazzled. If he views his position more clear-sightedly than most, it's for two reasons. Since he was fifteen, he's been coping with realities which have shaped his mind as soundly as his body. Besides, films don't represent to him a dream come true. They're an opportune way of making a living. He gets a kick out of them. Yet, fêted and fussed over at the Richmond première of "Virginia," he bore in mind "that if I'd come through here two months ago, I'd have come through and that's all. Even now," he grinned, "they wouldn't lend me a hundred bucks. It's all part of a bubble, and the bubble's fun, but there's nothing behind it."

It was at Gloucester that the sea laid hold of his heart. Born in Montclair, New Jersey, he and his mother moved to the Massachusetts fishing town after the death of his

father, advertising manager for a New York newspaper, when Stirling was nine. An only child, his interests were those of any normal boy—football, baseball, throwing bricks at windows. Not school. At seven he concluded that he'd had enough of school. Authority kept him in thrall eight years longer.

He spent his summers fooling around the water. One day—he was thirteen—a cruise book fell into his hands and applied the spark to imagination which took fire and began devouring him. He read every book he could lay his hands on about long voyages in small boats. He badgered his mother to let him leave school and sail. At the end of two years she threw up her hands. "If you've got to do it, go ahead and get it out of your system."

He hotfooted it down to the yacht broker who'd promised him a job and presently found himself ship's boy on the schooner "Puritan," sailing from New London to San Pedro. For three months, at a dollar a month, he did all the dirty work nobody else would do. It wasn't like the books. By the time he got home, he thought he'd had enough, retired himself from marine life and went to work in a department store.

His disenchantment lasted just three months. Escaping from his counter to a fishing vessel, he fished the Grand Banks for a year and a half, took a small schooner

down to Palm Beach for its owner, shipped as fireman on a passenger steamer for fourteen trips between Miami and Havana. That was almost as bad as working ashore. He has no use for steamers. He has no use for anything but sailing ships. So he heaved a sigh of relief when a berth was offered on the "Chiva," plying among the West Indies. On the second trip out, they fired the captain and gave him command, though he was only nineteen and didn't have his papers yet. At twenty he shipped as a mate on the schooner "Yankee," which took him 'round the world. At twenty-two, he was licensed for sailing vessels up to seven hundred tons. That was a milestone. He planned to go on from there.

"But you can't do this all your life," people protested.

"Why not?" he asked, and they were stopped.

He was happy. He had his adventures but refuses to allow them any large significance. "Things don't happen that make very good reading. The world isn't full of cannibals and shipwrecks. It's a job like any other—like working in a mine or on a ranch. Has its high points and low points. In between, to most people, it would be monotonous. But if you like it, it's your life, that's all."

Whatever his own feeling, the press viewed him as a romantic figure, and publicized his youth, his exploits and his attractiveness. Tom (Continued on page 75)

# SAILOR



In "Bahama Passage" Paramount's Blonde Bombshell co-stars with his all-time favorite actress Madeleine Carroll. His film wardrobe's practically non-existent, (sneakers and dungarees), and his real life one's valued at under \$100

# PARTY OF THE MONTH

When half of Hollywood treks 90 miles to see a play, it must be something. It

was!—Ingrid Bergman in "Anna Christie"



It's a 2-hour drive to Santa Barbara, but Lana Turner and Tony Martin wouldn't have missed the opening for anything. Lana and Ingrid became good friends while making "Dr. Jekyll."



During intermission everyone whipped out for cool drinks. (Temperature was over 100°.) That's Kay Aldridge with Alfred de Liagre, co-director of the play.



After the play, Ingrid dined with John Houseman, managing director, at Ronnie Colman's eatery, "Harbor House." Her hubby was in Hollywood a few weeks but has returned to Sweden.



Dick Barthelme's daughter, Mary, is that gal in a million who's actually turned down screen tests! She's working as stage assistant with the Selznick Company.



Bergman was thrilled that the Lobero Theater was so packed, and more than half the 700 customers were Hollywood-ites.



Best friends Geraldine Fitzgerald and Livia de Havilland left their respective husband and beaux in Hollywood and had themselves a time alone. Geraldine will star in the next Selznick play.



The irrepressible Bob Benchley snored through most of the play but perked up afterwards. He was with Elizabeth McAneny, who's rumored to be the future Mrs. B.



**CRAZY, but  
we Love 'Em**

**ALTERMANIA, CLAUSTROPHOBIA—YOU NAME IT**

**AND TEN TO ONE SOME HOLLYWOOD-ITE HAS IT!**

Mind you, we are not trying to prove that they are the People's Choice for the Loony Bin. Maybe the things they do are mere whimsies, the light and lovable caperings of childlike spirits. Maybe. We can only suggest that you who read be their psychiatrists, classify the case histories about to be recorded as you think wisest and best.

As a take-off, when Barbara Stanwyck was making "Pioneer Woman" for Paramount last winter, she had, in the old lady sequences, a very elaborate and tedious make-up to put on. It took three hours. To save time, she arose at five-thirty every morning and put the base on at home. On the morning of which we speak, she got up at five-thirty, spent an hour over the preliminary make-up, did what she had to do with her hair, grabbed a hasty breakfast, got out her own roadster and, without waking her lord and master Robert Taylor, slid off to Paramount. She arrived. The gates were locked. *It was Sunday morning.*

Now, that's what we mean. Mere absent-mindedness, no doubt. Still, the Freudian pages are filled with lesser lapses.

Jean Parker and her husband recently bought a small farm adjoining that of Bette Davis in Burbank.



They also bought a horse. The trainer from whom they bought him impressed upon them that in order to get the best out of their animal, they must spend as much time with him as possible. So that he would become accustomed to their voices, touches, smell. Jean and her husband were both working, didn't have much time to horse around with their horse. So, one Saturday night they gave a small party. Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor were there, Mrs. Robert Donat, Richard Arlen and a few others. They brought the horse into the living room. He mingled freely with the guests. He seemed to fit in beautifully with the trailing ivy wallpaper. This is the truth, s'help me.

On the set of "Ladies in Retirement" where, if you know the play, you know that each character is decidedly psychopathic, the players, mad Idesy Lupino, mad Louis Hayward, mad Elsa Lanchester, et al., all behaving like fugitives from a padded cell, took their roles very grimly. After each scene, they would retire into their portable dressing rooms and crouch there, hugging their morbid moods, and could not be lured forth again for the next scene. The poor assistant director had himself a time. At the start of each new scene he would go from portable to portable making up little speeches,

saying little prayers to induce the Mr. and Mrs. Moonbeams to come forth. This took time, not to mention patience. He finally hit upon a device. He bought him a flute. Then he'd stand in the center of the sound stage and play it, whereupon the doors of the portables would fling open and the cast would burst forth.

In Hollywood there are a few select people more or less known to be slightly "tetched" . . . among this number, Ida Lupino, John Carroll, Marie Wilson, Eddie Albert and Louis Hayward figure rather prominently. In a nice, non-violent way, of course.

Eddie, for example, has a divine faith in Mankind. He says so. He is always investing money in a number of strange experiments designed to benefit it. On a recent trip to Mexico, he met an aged Indian who claimed to have found a herb which, properly brewed, makes the weak strong, the strong stronger, etc. Eddie concluded he would be a guinea pig and drink some of the brew himself. He did. The next day great bumps and humps appeared all over his face, head and elsewhere. He looked, in his own words, like "a man from Mars."

But not to be deterred, Eddie is now said to be interested in a device that, if (Continued on page 97)

BY JAMES CARSON

It's rumored that "Life Begins for Andy Hardy" will be her last role opposite Mickey Rooney. M-G-M thinks she should have more adult parts!



Judy's niece (and namesake) posed on her 3rd birthday with her mom Sue Sherwood, grandmo Gilmore and aunt Judy.



Judy occasionally dabbles at painting; last Spring did a portrait of her mom in her favorite gown (right).



She yearns to be a glomour girl like Lono Turner, but doesn't think she's the right type. Bridegroom Dave prefers her just as she is!



# My Daughter Judy

**DATES, MAKE-UP, CLOTHES — THAT GARLAND GAL HAD**

**PROBLEMS, TOO. HERE'S HOW HER MOM SOLVED 'EM!**

We take pleasure in introducing to you Judy Garland's mother, Mrs. William P. Gilmore. We took greater pleasure in meeting her. She's small, gay, gracious and combines the best features of good humor and good sense. Asked to talk as an expert on mother-daughter problems, with particular reference to Judy, she demurred only at the word expert. "Sounds so formidable for a parent," she murmured. "Makes me think of blueprints."

So we'll mention her qualifications informally. She's brought up three girls—Virginia, called Jimmy, the mother of a three-year-old—Sue who expects to marry when Uncle Sam gets through with her young man—and Judy who's just become Mrs. David Daniel Rose.

Since she's in the public eye, we asked Mrs. Gilmore to concentrate on Judy. What's true of her relationship with her youngest, however, is true of her relationship with all the girls. Judy's being a movie star has injected perhaps a minor complication or two, but nothing of any consequence. It hasn't affected Mrs. Gilmore's views, which were established long before "The Wizard of Oz," nor her application of them. She considers Judy an average daughter, herself an average mother. She's dealt with the problems presented to every mother. We believe that her manner of dealing with them will interest the mothers and daughters who read *Modern Screen*.

"I started," she says, "with the single idea that I'd enjoy having confidence rather than fear from my children. That's still my only yardstick. As youngsters, I never spanked them. I don't believe in it. If they misbehaved, I'd sit them in a corner, face to the wall. Didn't even make them stand. Standing gets pretty tiresome for babies. There they'd sit till I told them to come out, and that did it. To tell the truth, I don't think it was the corner so much as the fact they realized they'd hurt me. They're pretty nice kids.

"Once they grew too old for corners, I'd just go quiet on them. They can't stand that. 'If you'd only rave at them,' their father said to me once. 'When you just shut up and don't talk, it's horrible.' I suppose it is. But that's my way when I'm hurt, and since I'm a natural

talker, it's rather noticeable. I don't mean sulking, mind you. If there's anything worse than ranting, to my mind, it's a sullen face. But the girls get the idea. Pretty soon I hear, 'What's the matter, mother?' I tell them, after which it's over and done with. No grudges, no throwing it up to them weeks later. That incident's buried.

"In most cases, I think a flat 'no' is unwise. Automatically, it stirs rebellion in a girl of spirit, starts her thinking, 'Wait a minute now—' I've always talked things over with the girls. We may not agree, but I'm always ready to discuss it. If they're wrong, they admit it, and I'm just as likely to be wrong. Motherhood doesn't necessarily wrap you in wisdom. As a matter of fact, I find myself being pretty careful how I air my views to Judy. She's inclined to lay too much weight on them, which isn't good either. It may be because she was so terribly close to her father, and when he died I had to try to take his place with her as well as my own. She carries our pictures in a double frame wherever she goes. Every few days I've got to clean it up, where it's smeared with lipstick from kisses.

"That's the kind of trust you don't break faith with. Judy knows she can come to me with anything. If she's unhappy, she knows I'll try to fix it. If she's made a mistake, she knows I'll understand it can't be anything so dreadful if Judy did it. So I hope I'm not smug in feeling that I haven't hit too wide of my original mark. Dave, for one, will vouch that my girls aren't afraid of me. 'I can't get over the way they talk to you,' he said once. For instance? Well, if I say, 'Now, listen, girls, you do so and so,' they'll come back with, 'Okay, mother, why don't you do it too?' That's fine with me. I like the comradely sound of it. I never did care for the notion of a little autocrat 'round the house.

"And yet, in fairness to us all, I ought to point out that when I do put my foot down, that's it. There's no argument and no pouting. Something happened here a few years ago—if you don't mind my dragging another daughter in for a moment—"

Sue's very pretty, Sue's a professional dancer, and Sue tends, according to her mother, to be a little lazy. Offered a job as assistant dance (*Continued on page 77*)



Husky 5'6", 193 lb. Johnson's a grandpop in real life. To date his daughter June's scored a family and promising movie career.



## ON THE SET WITH

You'd think after working in Broadway's screwball saga "Hellzapoppin'" for three years, Olsen and Johnson wouldn't have two coherent thoughts to rub together. However, they really aren't as crazy as they look. They're getting a fat chunk for doing a screen version of their brainchild and a share of the profits into the bargain. In private life they are on the board of directors or are executives of 16 important business corporations. And in their spare moments, they're whipping up a 1942 edition of "Hellzapoppin'"—which has already grossed over \$4,000,000. Darned lucrative insanity, any way you look at it.

The celluloid version will be given a plot of sorts, which the stage show did not have. Story concerns two guys—Olsen and Johnson—who score a hit in "Hellzapoppin'" in New York and come to Hollywood to film their show. In Hollywood they are told they can't produce a picture without a story. A plot is written which brings Mischa Auer, Martha Raye, Robert Paige and Jane Frazee into the script, and the picture thus becomes a story within a story.

Lewis Howard and Robert Paige play a young millionaire playboy and a poverty-stricken young playwright respectively. Both are in pursuit of Frazee. Martha Raye is a vaudevillian who plays a Baby Snooks character called Baby Betty. She always carries a doll in the bottom of which she keeps a bottle of Scotch. Martha is in pursuit of Mischa Auer, who plays the part of a real prince masquerading as a phony. He can get more free meals out of people that way because they find him more amusing as bogus royalty than as the McCoy. All of which gives you some idea of the thing.

Off the set nonsense kept the entire cast in good humor from the



Mischa's swapping the mayoralty of Universal City for pound master. Says he already leads a dog's life around Martha!

## B'WAY'S "HELLZAPOPPIN'" WAS A SUNDAY SCHOOL



Jane Frazee (pron. Fray-zee) and Bob Paige are stage vets from way back. She's been singing and dancing ever since she can remember; he played a wicked piano at age of 10.



Clowning didn't stop at mealtime with Mischa and the boys—real names, Harold Ogden Johnson and John Sigvard Olsen. Their library of over 500,000 gags took 20 years to collect.

# "HELLZAPOPPIN'"

first take till the fadeout in spite of one of California's torridest heat waves. Frinstance . . . First day of shooting, the boys received the following gifts, all accompanied by gag notes:—From Mischa Auer, a stuffed crane because Mischa wanted to be the first to give them the bird. From Abbott and Costello, a huge pair of boots with the message "Hope you follow in the footsteps of the Broadway 'Hellzapoppin'." From the Marx Bros, a Christmas tree. From Bob Hope, a ham, a wash basin and board. From Jack Benny, a squealing pig. From Bing Crosby, a crowing rooster. . . . An auto accident put Martha Raye's leg in a cast. Kept her there about two weeks. After the accident, the boys sent her a note saying they didn't object to a fellow player resorting to arson or mayhem to grab the headlines—but attempted suicide!—that was too much! . . . All visitors on the set were initiated into the "ancient and august order of screwballs" and presented with a pin formed by a tiny screw and ball. Prominent members of the order are Charles Laughton, Wendell Willkie, Shirley Temple, Charles Boyer and Mrs. Lou Gehrig. . . . Olsen and Johnson used to arrive on the set about an hour early every morning so's they'd have time to think up new tricks to perpetrate on the cast and crew. The gang eventually fetaliated by converting their dressing rooms into padded cells!

With a bit of luck, the picture will be completed in September and will be rolling you in the aisles at your local theater around October or November. At which time, Olsen and Johnson will be back on their home beat rehearsing that revised edition—which is going to include Carmen Miranda. "And you can bet," says Olsen glancing up from his "Spanish in Ten Easy Lessons," "that we're for that good neighbor policy—and just think, we get paid for it!"

## PICNIC COMPARED TO THESE CELLULOID ANTICS!



When Bob and Martha discovered that Jane's birthday came while "Hellzapoppin'" was in the making, they sang "Happy Birthday to You" by the hour; partied her with ice cream.



Between takes, they clown, answer fan mail (Olsen writes 100 letters a day) or just keep their noses to the grindstone.



The fadeout shows them recording their footprints in Grauman's Theater. Cement's so soft they go in over heads.



Johnson (left) is a hypochondriac and the dead pan of the combination. Olsen is the sociable quipster. Both own huge cars and homes in Beverly Hills and on Long Island.

# yeah man friday...



Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Anderson have been married 2 years and are Hollywood's most blissful duo. "Roch's" newest film is "Birth of the Blues."



Mrs. Rochester's son is twelve and the popularity kid of Hollywood's Harlem. Entertains his cronies royally with dips in his pool and barbecue parties.



Their 14-room house is always mobbed with guests. Telephone exchange is "Rochester," but the maig answers the phone with "Anderson residence."

ROCHESTER, THAT MAHOGANY MIRACLE MAN, HAS ACQUIRED A VALET, A YACHT, 13 RACEHORSES AND 40,000,000 FANS. BY HARD WORK? DON'T BE SILLY! JUST A COLOSSAL SUPPLY OF GOOFER DUST!



Above, catering to "Roch," are "Stuff" Crouch, his secretary-valet, "Brown the Barber" and stand-in Gonzales Jones.

One reason why so many tourists return to their homes from Hollywood convinced that it is one of the screwiest towns on earth is because of Rochester, Jack Benny's man Friday. Riding past Benny's Beverly Hills mansion in See-The-Movie-Stars'-Homes busses early in the morning, thousands of sane Americans have spied a queer-looking little chocolate-brown man sitting on Benny's front steps alternately swigging from a quart bottle of milk and waving and yelling yoo-hoo at them. A gregarious fellow, Rochester loves almost any kind of people, even tourists.

Benny holds the first rehearsal of his weekly Jell-o program in his home, and Rochester, who invariably shows up late, won't go in to work until the milkman arrives on his late rounds, and he has had his breakfast. Then he struts in and tries to "loud talk" everybody else in the place, showing not the slightest regret that he is late.

Until a few years ago, Rochester did well to eat his breakfast anywhere he could find it; in fact, he often suffered severely from miss-meal cramps, that universal ailment which comes from a lack of funds and which knows neither race, color nor creed. Today, however, he is in the chips and can afford to eat wherever he chooses. He owns, among other things, a 14-room mansion in the colored section of Los Angeles; an airplane; a Lincoln Zephyr and a two-tone Buick station wagon; a yacht; a wife, who has more sense than he, and a 12-year-old son; four servants; 13 horses, none of which has yet won a race; a Dalmatian; a night club and a

cheap camera that he carries everywhere with him.

Unlike many successful people who spend their money for all kinds of gadgets they never intend to use, Rochester thoroughly enjoys everything he possesses, even his nags. He can already fly his plane (with a pilot sitting beside him) and expects to solo this fall; a good fisherman, he spends many a happy day on his yacht with some of his friends enjoying the sport of President and peasant; he rides to work in his station wagon, reserving his limousine for state occasions; at home he is forever tinkering with his wife's new movie camera, barbecuing ribs in his red brick pit or splashing around in his tile swimming pool. Unless he is doing something, he is the most dejected person extant, and if he can find nothing else to do, he runs his mouth, often to the anguish and disgust of his wife who has never succeeded in taming her funny spouse, even when company is around.

Until about four years ago, Rochester, who now ranks among the nation's leading comedians, was practically an unknown figure, familiar only to the habitués of barbecue and fried food joints on Central Avenue, the Harlem of Los Angeles, and to an assortment of small fry colored actors, hoofers and blues singers. When he had a job and a dime, his friends included practically everybody in sight; when he was broke and out of work, which was not unusual, they were virtually non-existent.

A happy-go-lucky cuss who made some kind of a living as a third-rate tap, flash, acrobatic and Russian dancer, he sprang to fame and fortune (*Continued on page 82*)



By Earl Brown

# WHY I SAID YES



When Brenda and Bill eloped to Las Vegas, they arrived in the wee hours of July 13th; had to rouse a clerk out of bed to issue their license. Desert nights are so chilly, Brenda wore her silver fox jacket!

**EVEN IN THE FACE OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE,  
THE HOLDENS STILL LOOK AHEAD AND BELIEVE!**



# TO BILL HOLDEN . . .

BY DENIS NORD

In Ibsen's play "The Doll's House," a door slammed and a whole social structure crumbled. In Hollywood, in our day, a door slammed and two kids were well on the way toward loving each other.

It happened one night after a dinner party at a friend's house, when, with other guests, Brenda Marshall sat watching Bill Holden.

He had begun to talk about a book he had read called "Johnny Got His Gun." He was excited. He was enthusiastic. He wanted to share his feelings.

As he went on Brenda felt something drawing up and tightening inside of her. Finally she could not stand it any longer.

She flung back her head and her eyes blazed into his. "I think you're silly," she flashed. "Going overboard about a book."

The room rocked and was strangely silent.

Bill looked at her. He looked at her as if he had never seen her before.

"Have you read it?" he asked.

Brenda stood up. No one moved and no one spoke. She stood very still, her eyes not leaving his face. Then she went out quickly, noiselessly. But the door slammed. And it slammed hard.

Outside in the darkness, Brenda told herself, "I hate Bill for that! I hate him. I hate the way he lets himself go. About a book. It's so childish."

She didn't know that underneath, deep down, so deep she couldn't even sound it out, was her own youth crying to his, her own fervor wanting release in something someone else might label silly. Brenda Marshall, born Ardis Ankerson, felt old. This child of cream-in-coffee skin, of singing blood that makes her voice a low melody, her eyes brown pools of flashing light, her every expression, every gesture an epitome of youth, dared to feel old.

But there had been her marriage to Richard Gaines, actor. She met him when he was assistant at Madame Ouspenskaya's Dramatic College in New York where she was studying. He was twelve years older; serious, scholarly. He seemed to be all she herself wanted to be. She admired him as an actor, as an instructor, she admired him as a man. She married him believing that in marriage she would find complete happiness, and that Richard would help her to be more the kind of person she wanted to be.

If she felt old that night standing there in the darkness,

it was because Ginger, her 2-year-old baby girl, was sleeping at home, and one life which she had felt promised so much had come to an end. If she resented Bill's unrestrained eagerness, it was because she had once believed with equal fervor in something so much greater than a book—and it had let her down.

When she thought how different his own life had been from hers, it disturbed her a little. She had always believed a person must stand on his own two feet alone. She saw the fuss his family made over him, and she felt a certain fear for him leap within her. Again something stirred in the depths she could not name. It was a longing for his way of life.

Born on the little island of Negros in the Philippines, Brenda's mother died when she was very young. There was a sister and a father, and Ardis had to learn to take care of herself. She learned that then, and well. When she came to this country at high school age, she saw herself through all those adjustments; she asked help of no one. When she knew she wanted to be an actress, she went to New York alone. She worked hard for what she brought to Hollywood when Hollywood sent for her. She had put in long, hard hours of heartbreaking labor. She admired anyone and everyone who had anything to do with acting. Looking at that handsome face of Bill's, she felt a drawing back, an inability to reconcile herself with what she had always thought was necessary to success.

They talked about it one night sitting in Bill's car on Point Lookout above Laurel Canyon. Before them the lights of Los Angeles glittered, a sea of sequins. Above, a soft blue sky begged for silence and offered dreams. But they rejected both. They sat turned around in the seat facing each other and talked not quietly, but violently, about their work. Suddenly Bill said, "I never want to *look* like an actor. I don't want to go about looking pale, underfed, sophisticated. That's one role I'll never play."

His words sent a wave of anger stabbing through her. How dare he talk like that? She had known actors who were pale, underfed, poorly dressed. But why? Because they sacrificed everything to their work.

Bill wasn't aware of the change that had come over her. He was smiling, remembering. "Know what I always wanted to be, Ardis?" he asked gently. "A chemist, more than anything else." (Continued on page 67)

# Oh Susanna!

**SWEET SIXTEEN, BUT SHE'S BEEN KISSED! HERE'S  
WHAT SUSY THINKS ABOUT THAT—AND LOTS MORE**

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

By her own process of soul-searching, Susanna Foster's reached her own conclusion about the most important thing in life—not money, not career, not even love in its specific meaning, but kindness.

"They tell you this story," she says, "that if you've got a voice or talent, you should give it to the world, make people happy. I think you can make 'em happier by being nice to them. I think it's above honesty even. I'd lie to be kind. But not to myself," she added promptly. "Lying's okay to save other people's feelings. But you've got to be honest with yourself, or else you're a phony."

Having heard tell of the rough side of Susanna's tongue, I asked her how come. She said: "I was young then. Now I'm beginning to use my head a little."

She's been publicized as a flip, amusing kid. She's so much more, that to call her flip and amusing is like calling a leaf the tree. Seventeen next December, she has the sense of twice her years. Part of it she comes by naturally; the rest she acquired through pressure of painful circumstance. It's said, of course, that a child should be forced into wisdom before her time. But you can't wax lachrymose over anything as spirited, sound and salty as Susanna.

Most striking is her gift, rare at any age and practically non-existent at hers, of objective self-analysis. She's honest with herself all right, to the point of near-ruthlessness. She used to think she had to be equally honest with others. But excuse it, folks, she was young then. "If I had those years to live over again," says Susanna, "there's one thing I'd change—my superior way with other kids. I didn't mean to be. I just never thought of myself as young. In my own mind, I was always grown-up, so I'd try to teach them. Fine business, huh? I even catch myself doing it now once in a while with Betty. Betty Brewer, you know. She's my best friend. But I stop myself pronto. Betty's a human being herself and has to settle her own problems.

"That must have been why the kids always seemed to shut me out, though. I didn't realize then it was mostly my fault. It hurt like blazes when I was ten or eleven, and they wouldn't let me play baseball with them. But of course I wouldn't show it, so I stuck my nose in the air and a chip on my shoulder and decided the world was against me.

"I carried that chip right out to Hollywood with me. I can't truthfully say it's gone yet, but it is shrinking. My first instinct is always this—" She doubled her fists. "Always thinking I'm going to get hit, so why not hit first? (Continued on page 94)



"Sassy Susy," as this candid coloratura's been dubbed, has sung professionally since she was 11. Here she is at 10 (center) with her sisters.



Jackie Cooper (her co-star in "Glamour Boy") is one boy she doesn't consider a J. J. (Joe Jerk). She's heartbroken he's a Granville monopoly.



Susy's real name is Susanna De Lee Flanders Larson. She's blue-eyed and what she calls "Swedish blonde." Hates orchids; prefers little flowers. She puts perfume on her nose so she can sniff it all day.

# "HONKY TONK"

BY HENRY P. MALMGREEN

WHEN A SCHOOLMARM FROM BOSTON FALLS FOR A



CANDY: "I see there's no use trying to fool a bunch of smart folks like you. . . ."

MAN WITH GUN: "Peel off them pants!"



ELIZABETH: "I don't think he can be such an old friend, my dear. Why, you hardly know anything about him."  
GOLD DUST: "If I told what I know, he'd be in jail."



BRAZOS: "If nobody thinks his feet are too close to the ground, I'm putting him in jail."

CANDY: "So I can be shot while escaping?"

## STORY

Being run out of one western mining town after another was dangerous and unprofitable, decided big, handsome Candy Johnson. He and his side-kick Sniper had just missed a tar-and-feathering by a hairsbreadth, and Candy figured there were safer, surer ways for a smart con man to put himself on velvet.

Yellow Creek, wide open and roaring, looked like the spot. It was. Plenty of gold and suckers—all under Brazos' thumb. But Candy fixed that. He challenged Brazos to a "suicide" duel, broke his nerve, demanded and got \$5,000 as a stake for the venture that began to take shape in his card-sharpened mind.

Part of the plan was to buy the allegiance of old Bourbon-soaked Judge Cotton, once a con man him-

self, now masquerading as a Justice of the Peace. Candy figured he could use the Judge, but he had another more important reason for befriending the doddering old man. Elizabeth—the Judge's lovely, Boston-bred daughter, who had come West after 20 years to join her father—knew nothing of his illicit past. Candy had fallen for her the first time he had laid eyes on her. And Elizabeth was more than interested in the burly, fast-talking gambler—so different from the genteel men she had known in New England.

Candy, as usual, worked fast. As a sop to the town's respectable element, he kicked in enough to build a mission. Then as a challenge to Brazos' crooked stranglehold on Yellow Creek, he threw (Continued on page 99)

FOR A **GAMBLER FROM YELLOW CREEK—WATCH OUT!**



CANDY (softly): "You can throw in your hand it you want to . . . only it'll cost you \$5,000."  
BRAZOS (through his teeth): "It's a bet."



CANDY: "You sure went to a lot of trouble last night to make it Mr. and Mrs."  
ELIZABETH: "You were quite agreeable—after the third drink."



CANDY: "Well, you've got a reason for taking the pledge now. You've got to act like a grandfather."  
JUDGE: "Just what does a grandfather do first?"



GOLD DUST: "Won't you try to eat something? Sniper's got to talk to you."  
SNIPER: "Candy . . . we're heading for trouble."

## PRODUCTION

Out on sprawling Lot 3, M-G-M carpenters whipped up the town of Yellow Creek, largest set Hollywood's ever seen—three acres of late 90's streets and buildings, including a City Hall, a mansion, and the biggest tent ever built for pictures. Three hundred of "Honky Tonk's" 500 bearded and booted extras crowd into this canvas colossus for one scene. It houses Clark Gable's roaring Square Deal Saloon and the largest collection of gambling devices ever assembled in one spot: 60 slot machines, seven roulette layouts, seven crap tables, faro, chuck-a-luck and wheels of fortune. All this canny Metro bought up when the Mexican Government expropriated the \$5,000,000 Casino at Agua Caliente about three years ago. This was once a favorite Holly-

wood haunt and is now a military school for boys.

Production headaches: One scene called for a cook to fry steaks for hungry miners. Economically, the studio tried faking it, but the sizzle didn't look real. So off went the supply department for 35 or 40 juicy tenderloins, and all day the extras happily gorged themselves . . . Gambler Gable's three assistants are lady barbers. And even in Hollywood the combination of tonsorial and thespian art is non-existent. So Metro picked out three stock girls, gave them a short, intensive course in hair-cutting and shaving under Studio Barber Jimmy Adams.

Biggest job of Costume Designer Adrian was to keep billowing gowns of the period (*Continued on page 99*)

# SCREEN SPECIALISTS

BY JEANNE KARR

Next time you see a horseman go crashing over a cliff in the movies, just give yourself up to the thrill. It's not done with mirrors but with flesh and blood men like Yakima Canutt. An all-round stunter, of whom there are few, Yak dives from high places, overturns speeding cars, skids, crashes, jumps from moving trains to horses, drives exploding wagons, takes three complete rolls with an army tank. At forty-five, he's better than he was in his twenties. Experience has given him such mastery over split-second timing that to the layman his exploits smack of wizardry.

Actually, they're worked out as meticulously as a blueprint. Yak puts his plan down on paper, mulls over it, marks every point at which something may go wrong, figures the way out if it should go wrong, then—"There's only one thing left to do, and you do it," he grins. He admits to having swallowed his Adam's apple once or twice, notably while putting a horse off a bluff with chute and slide for "Last of the Mohicans." Generally speaking, there's no sense of fear. Stunting's his business. He treats it as such.

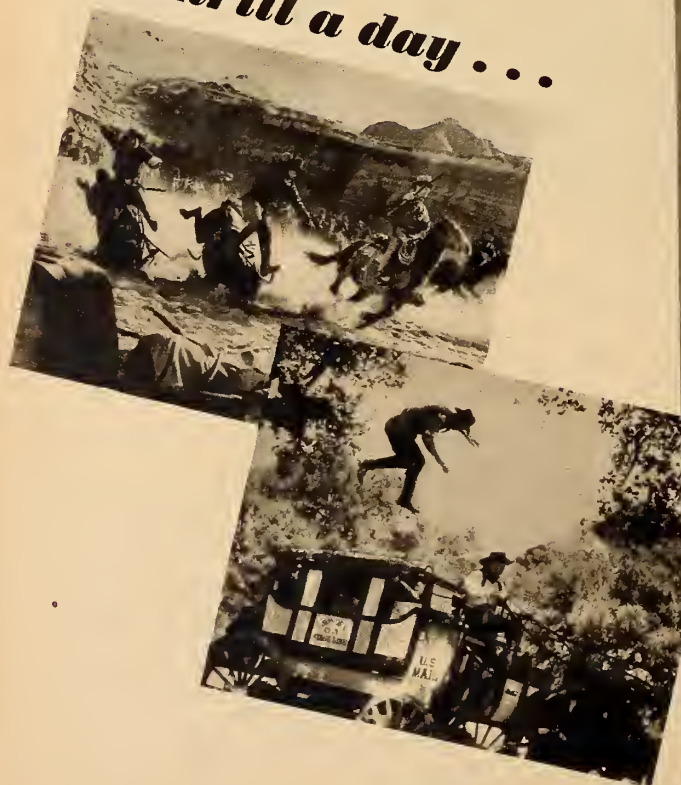
The insurance companies don't. They charge him higher rates. Neither does his wife. When they married ten years ago, he extracted an agreement that there was to be no feminine weakness about his work. She stuck to it till he met with his only serious accident in "Boom Town." A horse somersaulted and landed on top of him, forcing the saddlehorn into his intestines and sending him to the hospital for

three months. The horse came out unscathed. Yak's never had an animal hurt. When he uses them, he insists on the presence of a humane society officer. He can pay for his groceries to the tune of \$15,000 to \$18,000 a year. Besides stunting himself, he creates and supervises thrill stuff for directors and producers, works for all the studios and specializes in Westerns for Republic Pictures.

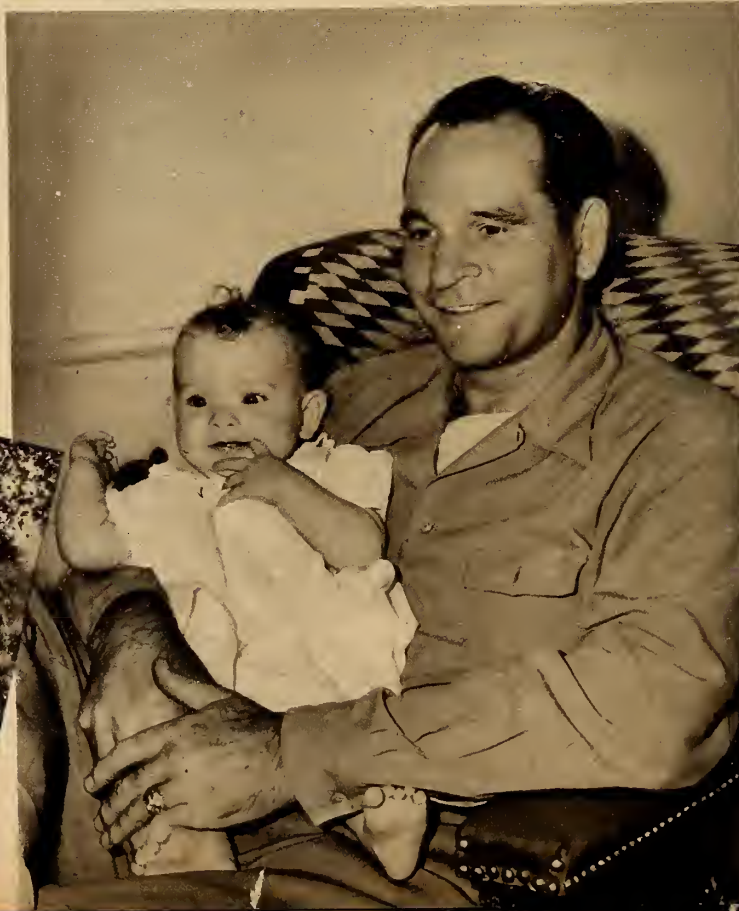
Born on a ranch at Colfax, Washington, he started breaking horses without his father's knowledge at eleven. At fifteen, he offered to ride a horse which had thrown several notables. The owners told him he'd have to get his father's consent. Dad gave in reluctantly after watching his son's performance. He wasn't Yak then, but Enos Edward. The name came later, after he'd started following the rodeos. He'd been celebrating with a couple of lads from Yakima, who got bucked off. "I'll build up the name for you, boys," said he but, being a little drunker than he thought, got bucked off too. The photographer caught a swell picture of the spill, which was used for advertising. So Yakima stuck. At twenty-one, he became world's champ. Defeated six years later, he quit and betook himself to Hollywood.

It scares Yak to realize that another two years will bring Edward, his elder son, to the age at which his father started riding bucking horses. He says his kids are going to college, if he has to take a club to them. By the time they're out, he hopes they'll be smart enough to steer clear of stunting.

*a thrill a day . . .*



YAKIMA CANUTT



Republic's thrill maestro has three children—Audrey, ten months, and a pair of sons, aged four and nine.

## HERE'S HOW TO PROTECT THOSE PRECIOUS ORBS OF YOURS

Eyes are far and away the most important single feature in a girl's face. Their size, shape and color are pretty well settled by heredity, though their expression is decided largely by what you make of your own personality. On the other hand, their depth, clarity and strength depend a great deal upon the care you give your eyes.

Skillful use of eye make-up is extremely important; so much so that the following four pages are devoted entirely to the art of its application. But if you don't first protect that one and only pair of peepers—all the make-up in kingdom come will not make your eyes the things of beauty that they should be.

Strained, neglected eyes just can't possibly look like fathomless pools—or even like normally intelligent, efficient organs of sight. For eyes reflect the status quo of mind and body as well as spirit—and once they're worn out, they can't readily be replaced—so treat yours with proper respect all of the time.

An eye is a delicate, complex, intricate organ, operated by six muscles and divided into two chambers: the front containing a chrySTALLINE lens, the second holding the iris or pupil. Rays of light enter your eyes and produce a chemical change on the retina in exactly the same way that light affects a sensitized camera plate or film. In fact, your eyes actually are marvelous cameras which are constantly taking pictures and relaying them to your brain via the optic nerve.

Under-nourishment, wrong food, a sluggish system, loss of sleep, strain, or any kind of worry show immediately in dull, expressionless, unglamorous eyes. And headaches that appear to come from other causes often are the result of tired, neglected eyes. The wrong kind of light, for example, will seriously affect the efficiency and beauty of your eyes. Glaring sun or electric lights, reflections from large, flat, glossy surfaces—all can cause severe eye strain. Dim or flickering lights are even more injurious. When you work, read or play games, be sure that the light comes from above and behind you. Hold books or the work you are doing fourteen to sixteen inches away and, whenever possible, hold them up in front of you—not down where you have to double up like a jackknife to see them.

Rest your eyes frequently. Look off to the most distant possible horizon or at any far off object. This not only rests but strengthens eye muscles. Blink your eyes often and shift them frequently, too. This rests and at the same time gives needed exercise. Avoid staring in a fixed gaze. This is not only rude and unlovely to look at, but actually injurious to eyes. Beautiful eyes are relaxed and full of motion. They are never stiff or stationary.

Consciously relax your eyes every night before going to sleep. Imagine you are looking into soft, lusterless black velvet or into deep black pools of water. During the day, close your eyes frequently (*Continued on page 71*)

## EYE CUES



Universal's Peggy Moran smooths delicate eye skin with rich cream.



Peggy cleanses her eyes night and morning with a mild, special lotion.



Moistened pads over closed eyes rest not only eyes but also nerves.

BY CAROL CARTER

**MAKE YOUR EYES LOVELIER TO GAZE INTO  
BY PLAYING UP THEIR BEAUTY WITH  
MASCARA, SHADOW AND BROW PENCIL**

# Eyes



# Right

Your eyes may be merry and friendly, soulful and large or fringed with the longest of lashes, but you can always make them even lovelier with the right amount of make-up, expertly applied. It takes only a touch of mascara or an accent of shadow or brow pencil to make them appear larger, brighter, deeper—and very much more exciting and interesting.

In making up your eyes—and every girl really should bring out their beauty—you should strive for an absolutely natural effect. Keep in mind their structural relationship to the rest of your features and to their natural frames—your brows. For instance, if you have a round youthful face with correspondingly round eyes, you can lengthen them slightly with skillful make-up, but don't try to make them look long, narrow and exotic, for that would be out of keeping with the rest of your face, your expression and your personality. The chart on pages 50 and 51 will guide you in using make-up to give your eyes better proportion and will also suggest colors to emphasize their natural hue.

Brows need regular attention if they're to be flattering frames for your eyes—tweezing, brushing and some additional color. Natural brows are the most becoming, so keep yours fairly thick, but do pluck out those unattractive stragglers that clutter the space between brows and those which spoil natural arches. This is just a matter of good grooming. You can also pluck your brows to give your face better proportion with good results, but don't thin them down to a harsh, ugly hairline or make them into an unnatural shape that has no relation to your other features and only gives you a strained or constantly surprised



Keep your brows neat, like Diana Lewis of M-G-M does. Pluck the strays between the eyes and beneath the arches.



Darken your brows subtly with pencil or mascara, using a short, delicate stroke to color each little hair evenly.



After making up, brush your brows with a special lash conditioner cream to give them a healthy, lovely sheen.

expression which looks anything but intriguing.

Before you start tweezing, apply cream or a cloth wrung out in hot water to your brows to open up the pores so the hairs will come out quickly and painlessly. Then, with sterilized tweezers, pull out the strays with a deft, quick movement in the direction in which the hair grows. After plucking, touch your brows with alcohol, astringent or toilet water to close the pores and prevent irritation.

Almost all brows—except very black ones—need subtle darkening. You can use either a well-sharpened brow pencil or mascara and brush but do use light, short strokes to color each little hair naturally. Never make a continuous rigid line or bear down so hard with your pencil or brush that the brows look gummy or artificial. Keep them silken and neat by brushing them free of powder after every make-up job. You can buy a special brush for this purpose. And whether you need brow make-up or not, always smooth a little lash conditioner cream over brows before going out. This gives them a natural, attractive sheen.

Now, apply your eye shadow. For a long time, this was worn only by theatrical people, but today shadow is obtainable in so many subtle, natural-looking shades that it can be worn with good taste any time of the day. And no one can deny its effectiveness in bringing out the color of eyes and making them look larger and more expressive. You can apply eye shadow with either your finger or a very soft brush, but mix it first in the palm of your hand so that it will go on smoothly and delicately. It's a generally good rule to start shadow at the roots of the lashes and blend it upward until it fades into the natural tone of the skin, but if you want to change the apparent shape of your eyes, you can vary this method somewhat—according to the directions given in the chart. But, remember,

shadow is always used on the lid above the eye—never below, or it will create a harsh, unattractive circle. If you do have natural circles beneath your eyes, you can do a lot to cover them up by using a foundation base and powder that matches your complexion, then blending your rouge lightly up over the circles.

Modern eye shadows are available in many intriguing colors—blue, gray-blue, blue-green, green, gray, mauve, violet, purple, brown—and their variations, so experiment until you find the ones that are most flattering to you. For daytime, the shades that most nearly match your eyes are most natural and becoming, but for evening, you can make your eyes alluring and interesting by using some of the more dramatic contrasting tones—purple, mauve, green, gold or silver. And if you are the sophisticated or exotic type, you may wear these shades in daytime if you apply them very, very delicately.

Mascara is the answer to the prayers of every girl whose lashes are sparse, short or too light for beauty, for it not only darkens but it also makes them look longer and more luxuriant. And, of course, it does much to enhance the beauty of already lovely eyes and lashes. Whether you use the cake, cream or liquid type, apply mascara with a clean brush, using just a little at a time, and stroke the lashes along their entire length, brushing the top ones upward to give them a slight curl and the lower ones downward. If you use the cake-type, your brush should first be moistened with water. Many beauties like to apply their mascara, as they do their nail polish—applying a light coat first and allowing it to “set,” then covering it over with a deeper shade.

You have several shades to choose from to accent your hair, complexion and eye coloring—brown (both light and dark), black, also the more (Continued on page 96)

BY CAROL CARTER



Begin your shadow at the lashline and blend it softly upward until it fades into your natural complexion tone.



Mascara should always be applied in a deft upward or downward movement following the growth of the eyelashes.



You can postpone aging lines by keeping the area around the eye well lubricated and massaged with a skin cream.

# MODERN SCREEN'S

## WEAR THESE SHADES

WITH

FOR DAYTIME

FOR EVENING



Laraine Day  
M-G-M



Hedy Lamarr  
M-G-M



Gene Tierney  
20th Century



Ann Rutherford  
M-G-M



Jeanne Kelly  
Universal



Rosalind Russell  
Columbia

### BLUE EYES

Wear blue, blue-gray or violet eye shadow.  
If blonde, brownette or red-head, use brown  
mascara and brow pencil.

If brunette, use brown or black brow pencil  
and mascara.

Wear deep blue, violet, orchid, blue-gray  
or silver eye shadow.

Wear blue, brown or black mascara, and  
brown or black brow pencil.

### GRAY EYES

Wear blue-gray, gray or blue eye shadow.

If blonde, brownette or red-head, use brown  
mascara and brow pencil.

If brunette, use black pencil and mascara.

Wear mauve, blue, violet or silver eye  
shadow. If skin is dark, wear green.

Wear blue, green, brown or black mascara.

Use brown or black brow pencil.

### GREEN EYES

Wear blue-green, green or light brown eye  
shadow.

If blonde, brownette or red-head, use brown  
mascara and brown pencil.

If brunette, use black mascara and pencil.

Wear green, mauve, brown or gold eye  
shadow.

Wear brown, black or green mascara.

Use brown or black brow pencil.

### BROWN EYES

Wear red-brown, dark brown, mauve or  
green eye shadow.

If blonde, brownette or red-head, use brown  
mascara and brow pencil.

If brunette, use black pencil and mascara.

Wear brown, blue, blue-gray or gold eye  
shadow. If skin is dark, green is intriguing.

Wear brown, black, blue or green mascara.

Use brown or black pencil.

### HAZEL EYES

Wear red-brown, green or violet eye shadow.

If blonde, brownette or red-head, use brown  
mascara and brow pencil.

If brunette, use black mascara and pencil.

Wear green, violet, brown or gold eye  
shadow. If skin is fair, use blue or violet.

Use brown, green, black or blue mascara.

Use brown or black pencil.

### BLACK EYES

Wear gray, dark brown, blue-gray or blue-  
green eye shadow.

Use black mascara and brow pencil.

Wear green, mauve, silver or gold shadow.

Use black or green mascara and black brow  
pencil.

# 8 EYE MAKE-UP CHART

## SHAPE YOUR EYES THIS WAY

IF YOUR EYES  
ARE

PENCIL YOUR BROWS

MASCARA YOUR LASHES

SHADOW YOUR LIDS

### SMALL

Keep brows fairly far apart and lower arches slightly by plucking hairs from upper edges. Accent with brow pencil, slightly heavier on under arch.

Apply mascara only on tips of lashes, and slightly heavier on outer ones near temples.

Emphasize lids faintly with light-toned shadow, blending from center of lid upward and outward.

### ROUND

Keep brows natural, but pluck stragglers. Accent and elongate slightly with brow pencil. Extend outer eye corners delicately with brow pencil.

Apply mascara to upper and lower lashes, emphasizing color from center to outer corners.

Begin shadow at lashline and blend upward, accentuating outer corners.

### DEEP SET

Remove hairs from inner ends of brows, also from below brows to make slight arch. Comb downward at outer ends. Accent subtly with pencil.

Apply mascara evenly to lashes, using more color on lower row than on upper one.

Use shadow faintly along edge of lash line only, and away from nose.

### PROMI- NENT

Keep brows medium thick and fairly close together. Remove hairs underneath to make arch. Accent with brow pencil.

Use more mascara on upper lashes than on lower ones with emphasis toward center.

Use shadow heavily on lower half of lids and blend delicately upward to line of brow.

### CLOSE TO- GETHER

Pluck hairs between brows to make farther apart and extend length with brow pencil. Accent entire brow with pencil.

Mascara both upper and lower lashes, concentrating more color on those from the center of the eye outward.

Start shadow at lashline at center of eye and blend upward and outward.

### FAR APART

Taper brows to slim line at outer sides and accentuate the inner ends with matching brow pencil.

Mascara both upper and lower lashes, concentrating the heaviest color close to nose.

Apply shadow at lashline close to nose and blend upward delicately.

# Candidly Yours . . .

**STOP AND LOOK SEE! SOME BRAND NEW SHOTS IN THE HOLLYWOOD DARK!**



High romance for these 3! Greer G.'s given her word to Benny Thau; Irene Dunne sports a 10th anniversary sparkler, and Loretta's spouse crosses a continent to weekend with her!



Linda Darnell's ditched M. Rooney and hails smooth publicity man Alan Gordon her No. 1. Dream Job. He's a slicker at dancing, so Linda's been hoofing it up to Arthur Murray Studios!



Tongues wagged overtime when Roz Russell and Hugh Fenwick were spotted together at Ciro's. Roz is engaged to Freddie Brisson, and Hugh will altar-trek with Kay Francis.



Johnny Payne's perpetually tousled topnotch is rapidly becoming a 20th Century Hollywood fable. It's uncombed even on a Ciro-whirl with wife Anne Shirley and Connie Moore!



Despite her recent \$20,000 bonus from Paramount, Dottie Lamour sticks to her \$15-a-week allowance. Boyfriend Greg Bautzer provides the balance of her entertainment needs!



\$10.29, MACY'S SUB-DEB CENTER

*Taffeta*

for you, my pêt, if you're about sixteen and going to a party. You like it black with yards of skirt, off-the-shoulders with Irish lace, and—in a word—devastating!

# Three Little Wools

Nine times out of ten you'll push up your sleeves because  
you like to be comfortable. There's not much doubt what  
you think of the vivid red, opposite; you say V in the  
light blue below; and the mustard wool speaks for itself.

MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO



ARNOLD CONSTABLE, NEW YORK



By Elizabeth Willguss

YOUNG NEW YORKER SHOP, LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK

ALL UNDER \$9



# GOOD

# NEWS



Latest charity event was the picturesque Moon Festival for Chinese War Relief, which included a movie star parade. Gene Tierney rode with Ted North.

## *Abbott and Costello rumored going high-hat!*

### WHAT, NO INCENSE?

If it's interior decoration you're interested in, cast an optic in the direction of Mary Beth Hughes. Peach-skinned, fair-haired Mary Beth recently became the mistress of an 11-room manse in a beautiful Hollywood suburb. High spot of her little teepee is the shell pink and baby blue bedroom which Mary Beth personally planned and furnished. She calls it her "Movie Star Bedroom," and she's not kidding! The place *does* look like a Darryl Zanuck production with a bit of Madame DuBarry thrown in! It contains an extra-sized bed—a mere 12 feet square—smothered in a pink satin coverlet and topped by a quilted headboard and canopy hung with six inches of blue satin!

It's the window draperies that steal the show, however. They're interwoven folds of blue and white silk that spiral from floor to ceiling like an old-fashioned barber pole!

"I know it's not exactly conservative," Mary Beth admits. "But what's the use of being a movie star if I can't even feel like one in my own bedroom!"

### BEDROOM FARCE

Mary Beth isn't the only girl with a unique bedroom. Carole Landis does her slumbering in a room that looks like a corner of San Quentin! Its windows are completely barred, and a contraption beside the bed holds one button which bathes the house in lights and another which summons the entire police force!

Carole isn't very happy about the prison cell aspects of her boudoir and intends to have the Dick Tracy apparatus removed as quickly as possible. She says she's not nearly as timid as the lady who had them installed, the former tenant of the house—Miss Edna May Oliver!

### CHARLIE'S WIVES

Some time ago Cecil B. De Mille ran into Mildred Harris, Charlie Chaplin's first wife, and promised the next time he made a picture he would find a part for her. And De Mille remembered. When he started the wheels turning on Paramount's "Reap the Wild Wind," he sent for Mildred Harris.

"Mildred," he said, "I haven't very much to offer. Just an extra's role. You'll get only \$7.50 a day. You'll also speak one line, and on that day you'll get \$25."

An act of kindness? Perhaps. For Mildred accepted the job.

And when she accepted it, she knew the star of the film would be—Paulette Goddard.

At this writing Mildred Harris, Chaplin Wife No. 1, and Paulette Goddard, Chaplin Wife No. 3, have worked together for almost two months. But they have never met. Which is probably as it should be. What could they say to each other?

### HEAD MAN

So you think you've got troubles? Well, consider the case of a well-known leading man who had a wonderful opportunity to bolster his career and bankroll by doing a series of personal appearances. The poor guy had to turn down the much-needed break because he's bald as an eagle and won't wear a toupee in public! He doesn't mind donning the gay deceiver on the set because the camera can always do a retake if it slips. But he does have a mortal fear that his neatly curled headpiece will topple to his toes before an audience and expose his beaming scalp to hundreds of fans who "just wouldn't understand."

Incidentally, it's rumored this same star has \$10,000 waiting for the man who can coax a tuft of hair into growing on his barren ivory.

### CROP CONTROL

If you can take a little gore with your gossip, just pull up a chair. We have a tale to tell about Fox-contractee Ted North, and a discovery Ted expects will net him a million. It's a hair wash composed of 50% worth of eucalyptus oil and 50% worth of an unknown ingredient—and it's guaranteed to grow hair on everyone from Donald Duck to Benito Mussolini.

Ted has the fervor of an artist for his product, so when he recently encountered a skeptic who gave him the old "I don't believe it—you gotta show me" routine, his dander was aroused. Determined to put his scalp sauce to the severest test of all, he grabbed the disbeliever by the hand and yanked him down to the city morgue. There, with the permission of the authorities, Ted rubbed the stuff into the bald head of an unclaimed corpse. The doubter was still doubtful when they left, but when the pair returned three days later, the oblivious cadaver was sporting wild and woolly locks . . . plus a Lionel Barrymore eyebrow produced by a drop of the liquid which had rolled out of place!

Well, that's the way we heard it.

Incidentally, if Ted will contact us, we'll be more than happy to



The festival—held in Chinatown—lasted 3 days, netted piles of money. Near the head of the parade were Paramount's favorite kids, Claudette Colbert and Jack Benny.



Perched on the back of their car and waving like mad were Ann Rutherford and her 3-nights-a-week beau, George Montgomery, currently the town's most dateable swain.

## Marriage changes Durbin's personality!

BY SYLVIA WALLACE

slip him the name of the baldy referred to above. Strictly on the q. t., of course.

### DIDJA KNOW

That Ann Sheridan is plagued by sinus trouble . . . That Joan Bennett had her hair cut short to end the Hedy Lamarr imitation talk . . . That Mike Brennan, Walter's son, will have no truck with Hollywood? He prefers being a \$30-a-month ranch hand because it's more dependable . . . That Constance Bennett really believes in sweetening her coffee, never uses fewer than ten lumps to a cup . . . That May Robson will play "Juliet" to John Barrymore's "Romeo" in "Playmates" . . . That as "Benjamin Blake," Ty Power will expose his torso in a Lamour-style sarong . . . That strict dieting has mowed 22 pounds off Patricia Morrison?

That European actors, Charles Boyer among them, can't get used to American high-waisted trousers and refuse to wear them . . . That Garbo will go torchy and warble to Melvyn Douglas in "The Twins" . . . That despite reconciliation reports, Gene Tierney's marriage still has her in the family doghouse? It's said her brother, visiting from the East, didn't even give her a jingle.

### DOUGH GIRL

The magic name of Vanderbilt is always news. So is the magic name of Hollywood. The two combined should make headlines. Actually they do not. For 17-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt, now a movietown resident, is doing none of the things that make reporters turn handsprings with joy.

True, she Ciro's and parties almost nightly on the arm of Bruce Cabot, Franchot Tone, George Montgomery or Pat DeCicco. True, too, she commits a misdemeanor every time she crosses a nightclub threshold (California law holds her too young for such establishments). But that's where Gloria's frivolity stops. For she never hurls champagne bottles in restaurants, never threatens to elope with this playboy or that and never complains about the high cost of living of President Roosevelt.

It's been said most of Gloria's \$25,000-a-year allowance has been dissipated in six months. If that's so, she must be buying defense bonds. Certainly she's not tossing it around this town. Her clothes are simple, and so are her plans. To one of our better known leading men, an old friend, she recently confided in true poor little rich girl fashion that she'd like to marry and have babies.

"I've never had a real home," she told him. "The sooner I get one, the happier I'll be."

### INCOME FACTS

They do grow them practical out Texas way! It's just been brought to our attention that our favorite Lone Star Stater Ann Sheridan has never paid more than \$75 a month for rent!

Annie pulls down one thousand simoleons each week over at the Messrs. Warner's plant, but that's not making her fritter her chips away on swimming pools and 17-room mansions. Or fancy clothes and expensive entertainment, either. No, sir. Not our Annie. She sinks her dough into real estate and annuities, and the last we heard, was laying out a roll for a gas station in Glendale!

### DOUBLE TALK

We like the story Universal's white hope, Robert Paige, tells on himself. Seems Bob was bitten by the movie bug long before he was bitten by a movie contract. At the time he was trying to crash films, Bob was working as an Orson Welles of the airways—singing, announcing, writing and acting for a local radio station. But strain and strive as he would, not a single scout would give him a tumble. Till the day he conceived "David Carlyle."

Introducing himself to his listeners as "Your announcer, Robert Paige," Bob would go into a long rhapsodic spiel about the "young artist I am about to present, that brilliant singer, that answer to a producer's dream—David Carlyle." Then "Mr. Carlyle," none other than Bob himself, would deliver a song. When he had finished, Announcer Paige would return and again sing "Carlyle's" praises.

So superb was Bob's salesmanship, a movie executive who caught the program, finally sent for "Carlyle" and offered him a contract. Twisted in his own trap, Bob had to admit the deception. But luckily, the movie exec was a right guy. He laughed the whole thing off, drew up a new contract—and Robert Paige was the name that went on the dotted line.

### KID STUFF

Gloria Jean thinks W. C. Fields is the world's finest gentleman. Fields always uses a mouth wash before doing a scene with her in "The Great Man." It kills his martini-scented breath . . . Allen



The parade-loving younger fry adored the Festival, especially Jane Withers and Fred Bartholomew. Janie's now in the throes of a serious romance with a cameraman!



Where there's smoke, there's inevitably Boyer. He smokes at least two packs a day. Irene Dunne calls him "Chuck" — and gets away with it!

## GOOD NEWS CONTINUED . . .

Jenkins, the man with the lemon-drop face, is beaming like a cherub these days. His wife will make him a papa in February . . . Joan Carroll's toy bank holds \$4.29. She earned the money herself. She used to give manicures backstage to the cast of "Panama Hattie" and charge a penny a finger. She says a handsome chorus boy is responsible for the odd figure. He only had nine fingers!

### ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

It's probably as false as your Aunt Maude's teeth, but the rumor keeps drifting in that Abbott and Costello are not the sweet, amiable gents they were before success laid its crown on their comic heads. There are those who find the boys pretty curt of late and those who even go around muttering "High-hat."

Well, maybe A. and C. have been giving some people that impression. We haven't noticed it. And it's plain their critics haven't taken time out to consider what the team has been through lately — the unrelenting stream of pictures, exhausting personal appearance tours, the grueling radio shows. Certainly an occasional spurt of temper is forgivable under such circumstances.

Anyway, Universal isn't angry with them. The studio has just presented each of the boys with a shiny new trailer. Lou calls his the Casa Costello, and Bud's monikered his Abbott Manor.

And speaking of Abbott, he has another manner that interests the studio — a romantic one! To everyone's surprise, Bud is beginning to draw down an astonishing quantity of sentimental fan mail in the best Boyer tradition!

And does that make Costello jealous? He says not. "I guess I'm the intellectual type," sighs he.

### THE OLD SPELL GAME

Marlene Dietrich is making a picture at Columbia called "Miss Madden is Willing." What we'd like to know is how Marlene finds time for movie work. Ever since Jean Gabin swam into her ken, the sultry Miss Dietrich's been almost too busy to eat. At practically any hour she can be seen walking with Jean and talking with Jean. In fact, our agents report she wields such an influence over the fascinating Frenchman, he's even permitted her to redecorate his house to suit her own tastes.

Marlene has quite a knack for brightening the dark corners where bachelors live. You will recall, she also made some rather drastic interior alterations in Erich Maria Remarque's home —

before Greta Garbo came along and changed things back again!

There's one little detail in the Gabin home Marlene is not responsible for. That's the Dietrich photo gallery spread over the place. In two rooms alone, his living room and den, Jean has displayed seven framed portraits of his luscious girl friend. And loose on the piano are duplicates of each one framed. That's what we call friendship!

### MARRIAGE AND MISS DURBIN

Love, as they say, is a wonderful thing. It makes old people young, and young people younger. And so it is in the case of Deanna Durbin.

Now that Deanna is well-advanced in matronhood, friends are becoming aware of a radical change in her demeanor. Gone is the air of maturity and excessive dignity with which Deanna awed the world. The new Mrs. Paul obviously has grown more youthful. She mingles and melts when she's in a crowd, is noticeably buoyant and more friendly. At the rate she's going, joshing intimates declare she'll soon be crawling around in dities!

On the subject of dities and those who wear them, Deanna herself has something to say. "No babies for four or five years. Vaughn and I want to have lots of fun while we're young. But you can put us down for 1946. We do want a family."

### STRICTLY BUSINESS

Remember, not so long ago when an Earl Carroll bartender asked John Barrymore if he knew what a zombie was, and Barrymore replied: "I should—I was married to one!" That same evening, John made a few unfortunate and ungentlemanly remarks to a young lady at a nearby table and, in the ensuing brawl with the young lady's escort, was tossed out of Carroll's on his ear.

John has never gone back to the restaurant. Which is too bad for it was his favorite hangout, and he's been like a lamb without its baa ever since.

But John can take heart again. He may soon find another night spot ready to welcome him with open arms. None other than Elaine Barrie, John's former wife and the lady so ungallantly referred to above, is planning to open a snazzy club in the San Fernando Valley.

Elaine is a smart girl. She knows no club can exist without publicity. And she knows publicity follows Barrymore. It's our guess Elaine will forgive and forget and possibly even stage a

tender reconciliation with her Puckish ex-mate.

We can just see it now. Soft lights. Sweet music. An intimate scene between a man and his woman . . . with all newspaper-men invited!

## A MAN WITH A PAST

It's a tough life studio press agents lead. As though it weren't hard enough making dumb dames appear smart, they now have to make smart kids appear dumb!

Over at M-G-M is an example of what we mean. The studio recently contracted a cute little five-year-old named Richard Hall. But Richard is more than cute. He is also a genius.

And is Metro proud of owning the kind of youngster who would make Einstein hide in his own hair? They are not. Metro believes the public finds child prodigies repulsive! So, instead of blowing their horns about Dicky—who, incidentally, was discovered by Tallulah Bankhead—studio publicity men have been instructed to keep his past hushed up.

However, we are not M-G-M press agents. We are going to risk everything and tell all. Here goes:

Richard Hall learned to read at the age of one. He peruses the newspapers daily, foreign news included. He has played the piano since he was two. He composes original music—and it's good. He is currently engaged in doing a smash job in "Shadow of Thin Man." He is said to be giving Bill Powell an inferiority complex.

Are you repulsed? We hope not. In our opinion, Dicky is kind of nice. He just got off on the wrong foot.

## WE'RE CONVINCED!

As long as Hollywood feels duty bound to produce an annual crop of Cinderellas, we pray they will continue to pick them as sweet and deserving as Joan Leslie. Joan is the original Miracle Kid, but her indifference to the wonders that have befallen her is so complete, it's weird!

We know. We talked to her just before she set off on a recent trip to New York. She was going, she told us, to see the shows and meet the press. She went on to say she would reside at the ultra-deluxe Ritz Towers Hotel, occupy a plushy suite and wear exquisite clothes while being fêted by scores of celebrities. Which is quite something for a young lady who, the last time she visited the Big Town, lived in a tent outside the city limits!

She was thrilled, of course. But in such a wholesome, Christmasy sort of way, our suspicions were soon aroused.

"Joan," we said, watching carefully for any grande dame gesture. "You're going to entertain a great many people. Have you anything in mind by way of preparing for these meetings?"

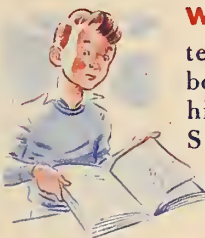
Warners' wonder child gulped. "Gosh, yes," she said. "I must remember to take the bands off my teeth!"

## WASTE MATTER

Bette Davis has an itch. This time it's to co-star with Franchot Tone. She thinks the soulful-eyed, cynical-smiled Tone is the greatest actor ever to hit Hollywood, not excluding Muni and Tracy. She's even threatening to turn the studio upside down in order to get him for a leading man!

Bette's only gripe against Franchot is that up till now he's been wasting himself. That isn't exactly news to Mr. Tone. Lots of women have inferred that. But this is the first time on record that a female has meant as an actor—and not as a potential husband!

# How to keep your Men Happy



### WHEN SONNY

tears his favorite book . . . mend it for him quickly with Scotch Tape. It is transparent as glass—seals without water.



### WHEN JUNIOR'S

snapshots scatter like leaves . . . hold them tightly in his album with Scotch Tape. Just a touch of the finger and it's sealed.



### WHEN DAD'S

golf club windings loosen . . . hand him Scotch Tape. Fastens windings tightly, and protects them, too.



### FOR YOURSELF

Scotch Tape seals packages quickly, holds shelf paper, mends torn window shades, seals labels on jars and speeds dozens of other tasks.

# SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE

SEALS WITHOUT WATER · TRANSPARENT AS GLASS



### FREE BOOKLET

How to save time & trouble. Write: Scotch Tape, Dept. MG-111, 900 Fauquier Ave. Saint Paul, Minn.



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"Look for the name Scotch Tape" **25c** at Drug, Stationery, Department, Hardware, and 5 & 10c Stores.



Mrs. David Daniel Rose's marriage hasn't hurt her popularity a bit. She and Bob Young (who's thrilled over his H. M. Pulham role) were mobbed by autograph hounds.



Those erstwhile romancers, Alice Faye and Cesar Romero, are still good pals. Alice and Phil Harris plan to make the whole thing awfully legal by remarrying in September.

## GOOD NEWS CONTINUED . . .

### MODESTY IN MONKEYDOM

When the Hays office banned the "sweater set," woolen manufacturers jumped to the defense of the victims, beating their breasts and shouting for justice. When heavy drinking and swearing scenes were ordered curbed, beer mug makers and rugged individualists leaped screaming to the fore and wrote their congressmen. In fact, every time the Hays office has issued an edict, someone has risen in anger and denounced it. That is—every time but one.

We learned about the exception to the rule just the other day from a quiet little man named Jake. Jake is the keeper of a chimpanzee called Muk, and we came upon the pair in a Paramount alleyway outside the sound stage where Dorothy Lamour is at present saronging in a picture entitled "Malaya."

Now, there is nothing unusual about a monkey on a studio lot, but what Jake was doing to this one was slightly out of the ordinary. For Muk, an extremely unappetizing-looking dish, was perched atop a beer barrel on all fours—with his rump pointed squarely into Jake's face. And Jake, poor fellow, was slowly and sadly blackening that rump with liquid shoe polish!

When we had recovered from a double take that almost broke our neck, we asked Jake how come.

"It's the Hays office," he told us, gently working his way around a curve.

"The ape family don't have much hair on this part of their anatomy, and the Hays Office says it's indecent for the pink skin to show through on the screen. So we paint 'em," he said, demonstrating with a second coat. "Paint 'em every hour because the chimps jump around so much, it wears off. Silly, ain't it?" We thought we detected a note of embarrassment.

"Uh, huh," we murmured, and we walked away. We felt he'd rather be alone.

### MUSIC NOTES

Judy Garland and hubby Dave Rose have co-composed a ditty titled "One Love" . . . Mary Martin has waxed a record library of lullabies. She'll use them on her new baby, thereby saving wear and tear on her vocal chords . . . Buddy Pepper's latest ballad, "What Good Would It Do," is receiving Duke Ellington platter treatment. (Continued on page 100)



Linda Darnell, who's more gorgeous every time you turn around, played hooky from her cough medicine to ride in the parade. Had bad cold, but refused to stay home.

# IT'S GLAMOUR NEWS!

## —in Hollywood



**JOAN BENNETT**  
 Star of  
 20th Century-Fox's  
 "Confirm or Deny"

I'M A **SCREEN STAR**. I USE **LUX SOAP** EVERY DAY BECAUSE—



I CAN'T FACE A **MOVIE CAMERA** UNLESS MY SKIN IS **SOFT AND SMOOTH**

## —in your own home town!



I'M A **BRIDE**



I USE **LUX SOAP** EVERY DAY BECAUSE—



I WANT TO **KEEP ROMANCE!**

**MILDER!**  
**COSTLY PERFUME!**  
**PURE!**  
**ACTIVE LATHER!**



**CLEVER WOMEN EVERYWHERE** take Hollywood's tip—find **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** with Lux Toilet Soap a wonderful beauty aid! "Here's all you do," says lovely Joan Bennett—"Smooth the lather lightly in. Rinse with warm water, then cool. Pat to dry." Try this gentle care for 30 days!

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**

## Why I switched to Meds

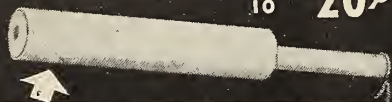


—by a society editor

My job is keeping up-to-date, so I've used *internal* sanitary protection for a long time. But Meds are my latest find! They're the new and improved tampon brought out by Modess—and I do mean *improved*!

Comfort? Why, you hardly know you're wearing Meds! And what grand protection—they're the *only* tampons with the "safety center." And imagine—Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten, an average month's supply—or 98¢ for sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators cost so little.

BOX OF 10 **20¢**



EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

# Meds

THE MODESS TAMPON

Now—Big Bargain Pack, too!

**60 Meds only 98¢**

20 more tampons than in any other 98¢ package!



Don't Let Surface  
**PIMPLES**  
Get You Down!  
**JUST DO THIS...**

Use Poslam, as thousands do, it's a concentrated ointment that starts to work right away, no long waiting for results. Apply Poslam Ointment to-night—wash face with pure Poslam Soap—the price is small—the relief great! All druggists.

**FREE:** Generous ointment sample—write to Poslam, Dept. M-11, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. C.

**POSLAM SOAP & OINTMENT**

## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

to the swamp with some panther traps. Dana promises, sets off for town with "Trouble," who has reappeared.

He moves into a shack near where Anne lives and proceeds to fall in love with her, completely neglecting his former sweetheart, Virginia Gilmore. Dana returns to Brennan with the traps and learns the real story of the murder for which Walter's to hang. The whole thing was framed, and the actual slayer is Guinn Williams.

Back in town again, Dana attends a meeting called by the sheriff, during which Virginia—jilted and bitter—challenges him to tell whom he visits in the swamp and suggests that perhaps it's Brennan.

The last reels of the film show a thrilling fight in the swamp between Andrews and Brennan and Guinn Williams and his brother, Ward Bond. "Trouble" appears at the psychological moment, and all ends well—with wedding bells for Anne and Dana in the offing.—TCF.

### THE SMILING GHOST

Rich and lovely Alexis Smith carries the jinx label "Kiss of Death Girl" because all but one of her suitors have died violently. The sole survivor, David Bruce, is in an iron lung. To lift the hoodoo, Alexis' aunt, Helen Westley, hires Wayne Morris for \$1,000 and expenses, to court her for a month. Through a mess of ghostly adventures, he wins through but ends up, not in Alexis' arms, but in those of Brenda Marshall, a tenacious girl reporter. The villain? See the picture and find out.—W. B.

### NINE LIVES ARE NOT ENOUGH

Ronald Reagan, flip-tongued reporter, muffs a chance to solve the case of Edward Abbott, missing millionaire, when Howard da Silva, his city editor, de-

motes him to a patrol car shift for pulling a half-cocked scoop on a local public enemy. But he stumbles into the case anyway with the help of Police Sergeant Jimmy Gleason, finds Abbott's dead body, and teams up with the latter's daughter, Joan Perry, to prove it was murder, not suicide. He does, of course, but not before there's plenty of shooting, police car chasing, and a couple of juicy plot twists. But Ronald winds up with Joan as wife, and the job of city editor in his own pocket.—W. B.

### TWO LATINS FROM MANHATTAN

Joan Davis, press agent for a night club, had her hands full. Marquita Madero and Carmen Morales, the South American dancing team she had ordered, vanished right after their plane arrival. Afraid to face Don Beddoe, her boss, she coaxes Jinx Falkenburg and Joan Woodbury, two models, to impersonate the dancers. A complication arises when Fortunio Bonanova arrives, announces himself as their brother and accompanist. The girls are a hit, but the two real dancers arrive on the next night, stage a hair-pulling match until immigration authorities show up to arrest them for illegal entry. When Joan Davis confesses all to Don, they discover that Fortunio had plotted to keep the real dancers from keeping their American engagement. Since Joan and Jinx are already a hit, she further admits all to the night club patrons, and all ends happily.—Col.

### THREE GIRLS ABOUT TOWN

Put Joan Blondell and Binnie Barnes as sisters and hostesses in a convention hotel where a magicians' group moves out to make place for a bunch of morticians—add a disappearing corpse, an-



Chronic honeymooners Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman are the town's greatest matchmakers. Have married off practically all their pals but Eddie Albert.

*Protect  
your fingernails*



*Make them more beautiful with* **DURA-GLOSS**

**3 NEW COLORS**

*Spicy DURA-GLOSS Shades  
for Fall and Winter*

**RED PEPPER CINNAMON NUTMEG**

**10¢**

*at beauty counters  
everywhere*

Lorr Laboratories,  
Paterson, New Jersey  
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

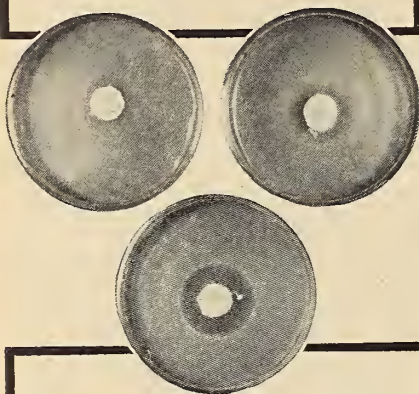
Someday you're going to take the trip of your dreams . . . someday you're going to do something wonderful, spectacular . . . but today, *now*? What are you doing to make yourself the sort of person to whom things just naturally happen?

Your hands, your fingernails, do they invite adventure? Give them a chance—Dura-Gloss will give you the most beautiful fingernails in the world, will lend your nails *personality*, high color, brilliance, shimmering, shining, sparkling, beauty, help you find the excitement, the fun that is rightfully yours. There's a big bottle of Dura-Gloss waiting for you in your favorite shop . . . why don't you go get it *now*?

**DURA-GLOSS**

**FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD**

# What baby powder is *most* antiseptic?



These photos show standard laboratory tests of antiseptic properties of 3 leading baby powders. Width of the dark area around center of plate shows power to prevent growth of germs. Only the bottom plate, holding Mennen powder, shows definite antiseptic value.

Being antiseptic, Mennen helps protect baby's skin against germs. Made by exclusive Mennen process, "hammerizing," it is smoother, more uniform in texture. And you'll like its new, delicate fragrance.

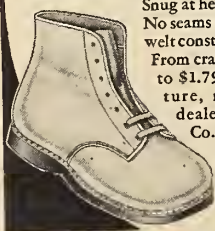
**MENNEN**  
BORATED POWDER  
(Antiseptic)

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How to decorate burnt wood etchings, glorified glass, plaques, mirror pictures, copper and brass craft, etc. Write for catalog B-11  
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On sale at shoe, department and variety stores

other sister, Janet Blair, a cocky, handsome newshawk (John Howard)—and you've got something. The plot's too good to uncover, but we might as well tell you the corpse is a fake, and Joan gets her John, while Janet winds up with her pretty bottom spanked.—Col.

## YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH

Bob Benchley, New York stage producer, incautiously gifts Rita Hayworth, one of his chorines, with a diamond bracelet. To escape the wrath of his wife, Frieda Inescourt, he cooks up a romance between Rita and Fred Astaire, his brilliant dance director. Being announced as engaged in the newspapers is too much for Fred and Rita, however. She leaves the show. He fakes his weight to get into the army, finds that John Hubbard, Rita's childhood sweetheart is his captain. When Rita comes to visit John, Fred begins to fall for her. Swiping a captain's uniform, he goes A.W.O.L., calls on her, finds John and several other real captains there. John, amused, protects him from exposure. Meanwhile Bob Benchley, desperate without Fred, decides to bring his show to camp for Fred to direct. Willy Fred, now madly in love with Sheila, devises a wedding scene for the show, brings in a real justice of the peace. As a climax, they're really married, just before Fred's dragged off to the guardhouse.—Col.

## THE BLONDE FROM SINGAPORE

Leif Erikson's adventures with blonde and beautiful Florence Rice, shady pearl divers, a Sultana and her unpleasant son, begin when he's dismissed from the RAF in Singapore for stunting too often. Leif's difficulties crop up in trying to keep and sell a haul of pearls he's gathered honestly. Chief obstacles are Florence, the Sultana, and the British High Commissioner. Though a kidnapping snarl requires a good deal of exciting footage to straighten out, Leif finally gets his jewels, sells them, and wins back his RAF commission.—Col.

## NEW YORK TOWN

Here's a movie that shows you a cross-section of the Big Town and fleeting glimpses into the lives of about a dozen people. There's an unhappy young married couple, a violinist, a mother and father and their recently-acquired quadruplets. Most important characters are Fred MacMurray—a wise-cracking sidewalk photographer who hails from Indiana—and Mary Martin—a dead-broke heartbreaker from Vermont. They meet when Fred snaps Mary's picture and gets her to fill in her name on one of his cards. He discovers her plight and offers to let her live at the apartment he shares with Akim Tamiroff, impoverished European painter. When she ascertains that the proposition is strictly on the up and up, she accepts, and earns her board by selling portraits that Akim paints from Fred's photos. In this way, Fred tells Mary, she'll meet some rich guy whom she can hook. She does meet the r. g., but meanwhile she falls in love with Fred and vice versa. After innumerable misunderstandings, they finally get together.—Par.

## FATHER TAKES A WIFE

Adolphe Menjou, light-hearted multimillionaire ship magnate, chided by stuffy Son John Howard for neglecting business, kicks over the traces completely and

marries Gloria Swanson, first lady of the theater. John's wife also disapproves, but the honeymooners go off blissfully on one of Adolphe's boats, pick up Desi Arnaz, famous singer, sole survivor of a shipwreck. At home, Gloria irritates Adolphe by boosting the young musician. They quarrel and separate. To patch things up, John carries off Desi to his home, but here the same thing happens. When things look blackest Aunt Julie (Helen Broderick) packs Desi off on a year's tour, with Adolphe and John footing the bill. Their gloom really explodes at the news that they're both expectant fathers.—RKO.

## MOONLIGHT IN HAWAII

A flop on the radio, Johnny Downs and his quartet, the Merry Macs, escort wealthy Marjorie Gateson and her three nieces, Mary Lou Cook, Elaine Morey, and Sunnie O'Dea to Hawaii. At a Honolulu hotel, Johnny tangles with Jane Frazee, a guest, then he and his boys win a chance on the air from the hotel's wacky ork leader, Mischa Auer. Jane and Johnny make up, plot to get Leon Errol, her rich pineapplecanning father as radio sponsor. Latter is feuding with Richard Carle, who grows the pineapples. Both, to raise money, court Marjorie Gateson. Though she finally marries Mischa instead, all three become amicable radio sponsors for Johnny and the boys.—Univ.

## GREAT GUNS

Gardener and butler in the home of rich young Dick Nelson, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy join the army to protect him when he's drafted. Sadly enough, Daniel falls for Sheila Ryan, who runs a Post photo shop and is sweetie of a tough sergeant. Believing Daniel's heart to be weak, his two protectors do everything they can to break up the romance—with the sergeant's cheerful cooperation—but Daniel wins through to a corporal's chevrons and a firm half-nelson on Sheila's heart.—TCF.

## THE FEMININE TOUCH

College professor Don Ameche swears up and down that he's immune to jealousy, proves it by remaining amused when a star tackle falls in love with his wife, Roz Russell. To further his point, he writes a learned treatise, "Jealousy in All Its Aspects and Universal Applications." In marketing the book he becomes on more intimate terms with the green-eyed monster, learns there's much he's left unexplored on the subject, feels actual pangs more than once. Rum-pus-raisers are publisher Van Heffin who falls for Roz, and Kay Francis, who pursues Don. Even though Don's impregnable cocksureness is pierced, everybody's blissful in the end.—M-G-M.

## MARRIED BACHELOR

Robert Young's lack of responsibility almost breaks up his idyllic marriage to Ruth Hussey. After a period of prolonged idleness, he turns bookie, gets into debt and is forced to pose as the bachelor-author of a book he never wrote. The publisher, Lee Bowman, becomes infatuated with Ruth, who's in on Bob's hoax and takes it as a big joke. That is, until he begins to take his fake personality too seriously, when she threatens to leave him. At that point he has to do some pretty fast stepping to win her back via a nation-wide broadcast confession.—M-G-M.

# WHY I SAID YES TO BILL HOLDEN

(Continued from page 41)

The anger went out of her. She saw Bill in that role in real life, white-coated and earnest in a gleaming jar-filled laboratory. She knew then just where Bill had made his final compromise. She looked at him and opened her lips to speak. She found to her surprise words wouldn't come. His face was a blur.

That should have told her, but it didn't. Young stars in Hollywood have so much to think of besides love. The studios would just as soon they wouldn't think too much about it. Besides, there was the divorce decree to be had. That meant for a year she could not marry. But time meant nothing then. She had no thought of marriage. Oh, there were days of course. . . . For instance that day she went with Bill aboard the boat of a friend of his.

The blue Pacific glittered in the bright sun that day. Brenda sat on top of the cabin, Bill on deck, hands clasped behind his head lazily looking up at her. Her hair was very long then, rippling to her waist, and the breeze played through it. As Bill looked at her his eyes narrowed a little against the sun and against something else he must have felt within.

YOU know you have beautiful hair," he said. There was such reverence in his voice, laughter shook her; but it stopped before it reached her lips. Was it the sun, the salt air . . . the wind . . . or what? She felt suddenly very happy.

Bill grinned. "I'm in love with your hair," he said.

She looked down at him. She cocked her head on one side and studied him. The expression on her face suggested she was thinking, *what is this?*

It took near-tragedy to show Bill Holden what he really felt about her.

Bill loved horses. He begged her to ride with him, and she went. At first she was scared to death.

Then, during the month that followed, she and Bill rode every chance they got. They rode out from the stables into the brush-covered hills that separate the Valley from Hollywood proper. They rode Western. No fancy clothes or bridle paths for them.

Bill was enthusiastic about the way the Pony Express riders swung themselves into the saddle while the horse was moving, and he was practising it one day. Brenda, watching him, thought she might try it, too. She put her foot in the stirrup, gripped the reins and saddle horn with her right hand. The horse started. Brenda tried to pull herself up into the saddle with the horse in motion. She felt her body suddenly a tremendous weight. She heard Bill shout to her, but the clatter and thud of hoofs as he galloped up drowned out his words. She tried once more, but couldn't make it. Her hand slipped, she fell on her back and lay still. Her eyes flew wide open and beyond that vague, stunned feeling of going out, she saw Bill approaching.

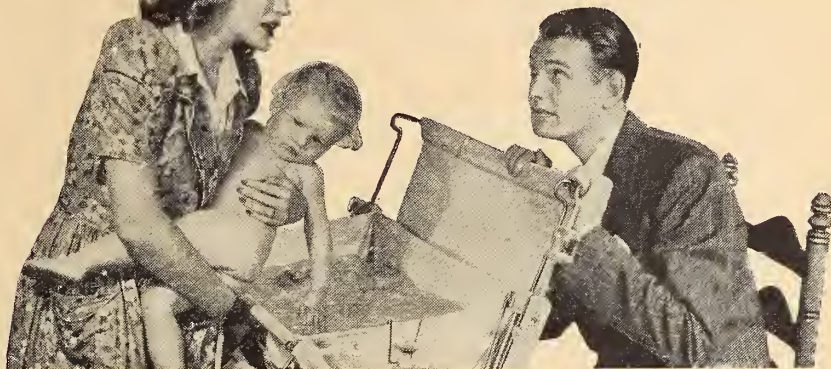
That was the last she knew, except for one brief moment when her eyes fluttered open, and she saw Bill's white face, heard him say huskily, "Don't move, Ardis. For God's sake, don't move."

He didn't have to warn her. She was already slipping back into unconsciousness.

Bill summoned help, and they got her to the hospital.

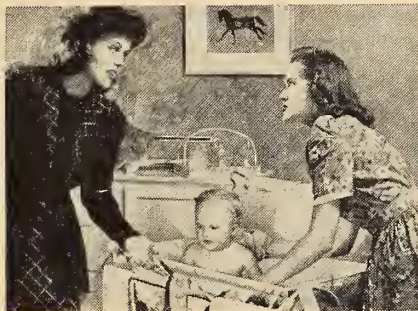
It was no less than a miracle that she

"I won't have your sister interfering with our baby!"

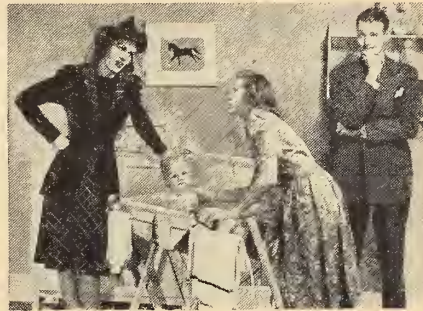


1. My sister-in-law lives near by. And I often wish she didn't. She's really swell and we're proud of her because she's such

a successful career woman. But gosh, why do women who have no children always think they're child authorities?



2. Last week, I'd just told Bill off about her interfering, when in she walked. I was bathing the baby. She looked at the things I keep in the bathinette pockets and said (for about the twentieth time this month!), "Lucy Bender—how you spoil this baby!"



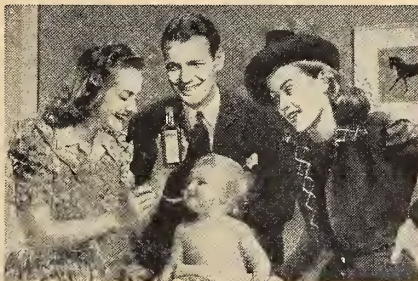
3. "Look at all this stuff!" she went on. "Special diapers, special rubbing oil, special powder, and even—" "Yes," I interrupted, "even a special laxative! Especially a special laxative! You bet my baby gets special care. I do exactly what the doctor tells me to do for her."



4. "The doctor says you can't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. And you've got to be particularly careful of what goes into her little stomach. That's why she gets a laxative made especially for infants and children. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "There isn't a harsh drug in it. Fletcher's Castoria is mild but effective. And safe. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system. Tastes good, too. I wouldn't be without it—and when you have a baby you'll feel the same way!"



6. Well, she watched the baby take a spoonful of Fletcher's Castoria and when she saw the way baby enjoyed it, she said, "You know—maybe you've got something there!" And s'help me, she's asked instead of told me about my baby ever since! I hope it lasts.



Mrs. Bender Learns to Save Money on Fletcher's Castoria  
By buying the large family-size bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, you make a real saving.

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

escaped serious injury, the doctors said.

While she lay in the hospital bed, she watched Bill come and go, listened to his voice over the telephone at her bedside, received flowers and gifts from him. He was a new Bill, wearing his heart in his eyes.

She had to face it then and admit it. Here was Bill, coming to her, waiting on her, doing things for her. He was no different from those who came up the hard way now; his sweetness, his sympathy and understanding. It takes living, not coddling, to make people feel like that. Perhaps she had misjudged him.

I'm afraid I'm falling in love with him, she thought. But there are two careers

to be considered. No, she told herself, it can't be, it mustn't be.

Before she left the hospital Bill was ordered by his studio on location in Arizona.

Then came the test. After Bill had gone, the world to Brenda became a vacuum. It was as if the sun had gone out of it. She left the hospital glad to be free of physical handicap, grateful for her recovery but wondering what she would do about this new problem—this spiritual hazard.

She returned to work and began a series of pictures for her studio. Bill telephoned every night from Arizona bemoaning the fact



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—with Plenty of Swell-Tasting  
**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM**

Men just naturally go for this grand, long-lasting, two-fisted flavor of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Here's real, he-man appeal all right and no fooling. The lively, full-bodied, spearmint flavor takes right hold, freshening up your taste and, just that quick, makes your whole mouth feel cool and comfortable—helps sweeten the breath, too.

And this isn't all—for there's that swell, firm, springy "give and take" to Wrigley's Spearmint Gum which gives a fellow such a lot of extra fun. And the chewing helps keep teeth bright and attractive—also aids digestion.

So be popular with "the boy friends"—keep 'em smiling with plenty of swell-tasting Wrigley's Spearmint Gum.

*The Flavor Lasts*

V-210



that he could not fly back to see her. His voice coming over the wire night after night made her wonder: Was this thing she was beginning to believe in true, or was it only something that healed over quickly and was already gone, like her body recovering from the fall. . . .

There was only one way to find out. If he couldn't come to her, she would go to him. So Brenda flew to Arizona.

But again work, the careers into which both of them put themselves so wholly, made the hours they spent together unfit for complete relaxation, for more complete understanding. Bill was working hard, he was tired. She had boarded the plane when she should have gone home and rested. The trip told her nothing.

**W**HEN Brenda returned to Hollywood, she was desperately tired. Her trip had caused gossip. Both she and Bill were asked on every side if they had set the date. Bill looked uncomfortable when anyone asked him. Brenda wearily denied there was anything to the rumor.

She knew a lot could happen before she was free. She knew nothing could persuade her to go to Mexico to be married to shave the time. She decided maybe it was just as well that they didn't talk about it or think too much about it.

When Bill came back from Arizona, he took her with him every Sunday to the rifle range in the Valley where he loved to shoot. He bought her three guns in rapid succession, a .22 rifle, a .20 gauge shotgun and a .22 pistol which he told her always to keep close by for her own personal protection.

They rode again. They took her daughter Ginger places with them. Bill adores her. Brenda, watching them romp together, saw how alike they are; Ginger's blue eyes, that extra-special appealing cleft in her chin.

Brenda's business agent found a ranch in the Valley which he felt would be a good investment as speculation. She asked Bill to take a look at it, and when Bill saw it, he liked it and said he would like to put some of his own money in it if she were willing. They became enthusiastic about this joint investment. Bill had his own small place in the Valley. Brenda had hers. Each one would have liked to have claimed the larger place as home, but upkeep made it a luxury neither one could afford. They had to be content to stand at a distance and look at it through a business agent's eyes.

Then Bill's studio sent him to Texas to make "I Wanted Wings."

When he came back from Texas, he

called to see her. "Come out to the car," he said. "I've got something for you."

She went out thinking it was flowers, some special gift. On the way he caught up her hand and put something in it, pressing her fingers around it. A very small box containing a diamond ring!

She wore the ring on a ribbon about her neck. They told no one.

On June 17th her divorce was final, and just before midnight on July 12th they boarded a chartered plane for Las Vegas. The Brian Donlevys went with them.

But because it was Brenda's marriage, it still had its element of the unexpected. The pilot made a forced landing in a sand bank three quarters of a mile from the airport which had been torn up for repairs. Through sand knee-deep the wedding party plodded. Some one was trying to balance the box of orchids. Brian kept asking Bill if he was sure he had brought the ring. Brenda was smiling to herself. Bill plodded along at her side, step by step. She looked at him then, and she found her answer. Come easy, come hard, it made no difference to Bill. It was life. He could take it in his stride.

They had made arrangements ahead, and though they were hours late and Brenda's white linen suit was crushed and the orchids a bit the worse for the juggling, they got the license. The preacher had had faith enough in God and man to wait up, and there, he was dressed in black in the bridal suite at the El Rancho Vegas, the only place in town available at that hour.

**A**T THE last minute they asked the pilot of the plane that had brought them to give the bride away.

So they were married. The plodding through the sand, all the steps that had brought them through the months to where they stood then, became suddenly sweet, sacred and meaningful.

Next morning they had a champagne breakfast and flew over Boulder Dam. Now Brenda is in Hollywood making a picture, and Bill has gone on location to Carson City, Nevada. Before Bill left, Brenda had to go to Canada and couldn't see him off. But today, Brenda looks at you, her heart in her eyes, and says, "Our future? Oh, our dreams for the future are terrific! We want life at our own ranch—the one Bill and I invested our money in. We've decided to live there. Bill intends to acquire adjoining land and build stables, and we will have our own horses. Ginger adores it."

What is there to stop love like that? One thing is certain, if it is possible in heaven or on earth, those two kids are the ones who will make it come true.



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NOT a comb. Each SPLIT tooth (like tiny spring) grips gently, holds firmly, keeps hair secure — GRIP-TUTH's patented principle!

ANN MILLER, starred in "Time Out for Rhythm" A Columbia Picture . . .

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to *keep* her coiffure lovely!



Catch a few strands in Grip-Tuth. It won't fall out or work loose.



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At last we have it for you—that up-to-the-second chart of your favorite "westerns" 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 apries"! Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your new revised chart is as good as lassoed!

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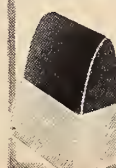
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Go modern with the completely different HAMPDEN'S rouge. This wonderful color cream is so easy to use • blends off to nothing • gives a soft, warm color, even in tone like 'nature's blush.' It's the rouge plus!



**ROUGE-STICK**  
*hampden*

25c also 50c & 10c sizes  
Over 5 million sold

Marjorie Woodworth, lovely Hal Roach star in  
"All-American Co-ed"

# 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 John Doe (Warners).....	4★
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia).....	3★	Melody for Three (RKO).....	2½★
Adventure in Washington (Columbia).....	3★	*Men in Her Life, The (Columbia).....	3★
Affectionately Yours (Warners).....	2½★	Men of Boys Town (M-G-M).....	C
Aloma of the South Seas (Paramount).....	C 2½★	Million Dollar Baby (Warners).....	3½★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO).....	3★
*Appointment For Love (Universal).....	3★	Mr. District Attorney (Republic).....	2★
Back Street (Universal).....	3★	Mr. Dynamite (Universal).....	2★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M).....	C 2½★	Model Wife (Universal).....	3★
Barnacle Bill (M-G-M).....	2½★	Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Big Store, The (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Moan Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Black Cat, The (Universal).....	2½★	Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia).....	C 2½★	*My Life with Caroline (RKO).....	3★
Blondie in Society (Columbia).....	C 2½★	Nice Girl? (Universal).....	3½★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★	Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Blossoms in the Dust (M-G-M).....	4★	*Nothing But the Truth (Paramount).....	3★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners).....	3½★	Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Buck Privates (Universal).....	C 2½★	One Night in Lisbon (Paramount).....	3★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount).....	3★	Out of the Fog (Warners).....	3½★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Parson of Panamint (Paramount).....	3★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists).....	4★	Penalty, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★	Penny Serenade (Columbia).....	3½★
Citizen Kane (RKO).....	4★	People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	2★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M).....	3★	Pot O' Gold (United Artists).....	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★	Power Dive (Paramount).....	2½★
Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Cracked Nuts (Universal).....	2½★	Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Dance Hall (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Rage in Heaven (M-G-M).....	3★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	C 2★
Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO).....	3½★	Reaching for the Sun (Paramount).....	3½★
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (M-G-M).....	3★	Reluctant Dragon (RKO).....	3★
Double Date (Universal).....	2★	*Repent at Leisure (RKO).....	2½★
Dressed to Kill (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal).....	3½★	Ride on Vaquero (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Flight from Destiny (Warners).....	2½★	Ringside Maisie (M-G-M).....	2½★
Footlight Fever (RKO).....	2★	Road to Zanzibar (Paramount).....	C 4★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners).....	3★	Road Show (United Artists).....	2½★
Forced Landing (Paramount).....	2½★	Roadies on Parade (Republic).....	C 2½★
Free and Easy (M-G-M).....	2★	Round-Up, The (Paramount).....	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Getaway, The (M-G-M).....	2½★	Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO).....	2½★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO).....	3★	Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★	Sea Wolf, The (Warners).....	3½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★	Sergeant York (Warners).....	4★
Go West (M-G-M).....	C 2½★	Scattergood Baines (RKO).....	2½★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO).....	2½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★	Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Great Lie, The (Warners).....	3½★	She Knew All the Answers (Columbia).....	3★
Great Mr. Nobody (Warners).....	2½★	Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount).....	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Shining Victory (Warners).....	2½★
Hello Sucker (Universal).....	2½★	Sis Hopkins (Republic).....	3★
Here Comes Happiness (Warners).....	2½★	Six Lessons From Madame La Zanga (Universal).....	2★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia).....	4★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Her First Beau (Columbia).....	C 3★	Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★	Strange Alibi (Warners).....	2½★
Hit the Road (Universal).....	C 2½★	Strawberry Blonde (Warners).....	3½★
Hold That Ghost (Universal).....	3★	Sunny (RKO).....	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★	Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Honeycomb for Three (Warners).....	3★	*Suspicion (RKO).....	3★
Horror Island (Universal).....	2★	Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbia).....	2★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★	That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists).....	3★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO).....	2½★	That Hamilton Woman (United Artists).....	3½★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★	That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
I'll Wait For You (M-G-M).....	2½★	There's Magic in Music (Paramount).....	2½★
In the Navy (Universal).....	3½★	They Dare Not Love (Columbia).....	2★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★	They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★	They Met in Bombay (M-G-M).....	3★
It Happened to One Man (RKO).....	3★	Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
*It Started With Adam (Universal).....	4★	Tight Shoes (Universal).....	3★
I Wanted Wings (Paramount).....	3½★	Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia).....	2½★
Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount).....	3½★	Tabacco Road (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Knockout (Warners).....	2½★	Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners).....	C 3½★	Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO).....	4★
*Lady Be Good (M-G-M).....	4★	Tao Many Blondes (Universal).....	2★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount).....	3½★	Topper Returns (United Artists).....	3★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal).....	3★	Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Lady from Louisiana, The (Republic).....	3★	Two in a Taxi (Columbia).....	2½★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M).....	3★	Underground (Warners).....	3½★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount).....	2★	Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Life Begins for Andy Hardy (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Wagons Roll At Night, The (Warners).....	3★
Life With Henry (Paramount).....	C 2½★	Washington Melodrama (M-G-M).....	C 2½★
Little Fates, The (RKO).....	4★	Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia).....	2★	Western Union (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Love Crazy (M-G-M).....	3½★	Whistling in the Dark (M-G-M).....	3★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M).....	2½★	Woman's Face, A (M-G-M).....	3½★
Major Barbara (United Artists).....	C 3½★	*Yank in R. A. F., The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Yaanga As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Man Made Monster (Universal).....	2★	You're the One (Paramount).....	2½★
Manpower (Warners).....	3★	Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M).....	3½★
Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universal).....	3★		

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Hair!

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NO need to envy the girl with naturally wavy hair—not when you use Nestle Superset. Work—play—dance—your curls and waves will stay soft and lustrous. No straggling ends or limp, dangling curls to spoil your attractive hair-do.

Nestle Superset is fun to use—dries so amazingly fast—and never, never leaves embarrassing white flakes. There are two Nestle Supersets to choose from. The regular (green) and the new Number 2 which is transparent and extra fast drying. You'll find them both at your beauty counter—in addition to Nestle Colorinse—the nation's leading rinse!

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## EYE CUES

(Continued from page 47)

if for only a second or two at a time. Relax them now and then by cupping your hands over each one to shut out all the light. After a hard day's work or before getting dressed for an extra-special date, wring out a square of cotton in ice cold skin freshener or a special eye lotion. Place one over each closed eye and relax for ten or fifteen minutes. Or use some of those handy little specially-prepared eye pads that come in jars ready for use. You'll feel rested and refreshed all over after using them. A rich emollient cream massaged with a rotary motion into all the delicate skin surrounding the eyes is another beauty trick which smoothes out wrinkles and relaxes tired nerves.

Of course, outdoor exercise, especially games which require your eyes to follow some small object like a golf, tennis or ping-pong ball is excellent for eyes.

Don't forget to eat for eye beauty also. Butter, cream, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruits are full of the essential Vitamin A.

Wear good, dark ground-lensed glasses when you must spend much time out in the glare of sun or snow or water. There are such good-looking dark glasses everywhere these days that they are as ornamental as they are beneficial.

**EYES** should be washed out night and morning with salt water, boric acid solution or one of the excellent specially-prepared eye washes. These relax, stimulate and strengthen as well as cleanse out dirt and accumulated secretions.

Remember that the smaller the area on which you fix your gaze, the easier a time your eyes will have. Don't try to see everything at once. Focus your eyes on one object at a time, then move and shift them often. Roll your eyes to right and left, then all around slowly every time you have a few spare moments by yourself. Look up as far as you can, then down. Open your eyes wide, then close them tightly. Alternate these little exercises and repeat them frequently.

And if you ever find yourself with a foreign body—a speck of dirt, cinder, etc.—in one of your eyes, here are a few helpful tips to follow. First, do *not* rub it in. Hold both eyes wide open as far as possible, without blinking, until the tears begin to flow. If this won't work, take the small corner of a *clean, dry* kerchief or tissue and try to dislodge the offending object. Hold the lid away from your eyeball by grasping the lashes gently but firmly. Don't wrap your kerchief around any hard object such as a pencil, match or toothpick. You're likely to damage your eye permanently by just such a trick. If all these resources fail, hie yourself to the nearest drug store or doctor for more expert ministrations.

There—we've outlined the basic care to strengthen and protect those orbs of yours. Now you can safely concentrate on make-up. Follow the tips in "Eyes Right" and in the chart following. You'll go out and slay the stag line.

No eyes are truly lovely unless they are clear, bright and healthy-looking, so whenever yours feel tired and strained or are inflamed, soothe them with Eye-Gene lotion. You need just a drop in each eye and they appear clear and refreshed in seconds. Use it as frequently as you like, although twice a day is the usual routine. Eye-Gene is stainless so you don't need to worry about soiling hankies or clothes.

# What a Baby dreams about..



"Look here—you dream-angel!" Baby said.  
"You know I ought to be home in bed.  
Why, what if my parents could see me now!  
Say—where are you taking me anyhow?"



"Oh dear, what's wrong with him? Can't we help?  
It's awful to see an angel yelp!  
By Jove! I see! It's a clear-cut case  
Of wing-chafe. Look at this tender place!"



"Good thing my Johnson's was here at hand.  
For chafes and prickles that powder's grand!  
It's soft and silky, and what it's got  
Makes angels of babies who are not!"

P.S. If you've got a baby who's prickly or hot,  
Try Johnson's! It doesn't cost a lot!



## Johnson's Baby Powder

"IT'S HEAVENLY SOFT"

# HALLOWE'EN PARTY BY MICKEY ROONEY



Courtesy of Dennison Manufacturing Co.

BY HELEN HOLMES

All Hallow's Eve, that night of strange supernatural happenings when you may catch a glimpse of a witch flitting past the moon on her broomstick or dimly see a ghost lurking in the shadows, is celebrated the world over by traditional rites and festivities. On such a night, with its extraordinary possibilities for games and stunts, you may be sure that Hollywood's most popular young people, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Ann Rutherford, are planning a grand Hallowe'en party.

You can imagine Mickey's exuberance thinking up weird stunts for his guests and arranging the settings for the old time Hallowe'en games. In the rumpus room of his home he's planning to set up tubs of water for apple ducking and to hang apples from the ceiling by strings so that everyone can vie for the biggest bite.

Ann and Judy are helping Mickey's mother with the party. They are planning to set up a large table in the kitchen, cover it with a crêpe paper tablecloth and load it with all kinds of Hallowe'en party foods. Each person is to be provided with a tray and may select what he

or she wishes and take it to small tables set up in the living room and dining room. Ann just adores making party favors herself, so she is decorating these tables with easy-to-make but clever little Hallowe'en figures and fun makers.

If you wish to make Ann's favors, mail the coupon which we are printing at the end of this article. And to help you further, at the top of the page there are little pen and ink drawings to show you just what they will look like.

And now for what still remains the best part of the party, even on Hallowe'en. Mickey wants doughnuts and fresh country cider, his mother thinks that sandwiches and coffee would be nice, and the girls want to try the Hallowe'en cake for which we are giving the recipe.

## HALLOWE'EN CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup cocoa  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups scalded milk

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cup shortening

- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 1/4 teaspoons soda
- 2 cups sifted flour

Mix and sift cocoa with 1/3 cup sugar. Add scalded milk gradually and stir until smooth. Cool. Blend shortening, salt and vanilla. Add 1 cup sugar gradually and cream well. Add eggs, singly, beating well after each addition. Sift soda with flour 3 times. Add flour to creamed mixture, alternately with cocoa mixture, mixing after each addition until smooth. Bake in three 9-inch greased layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes. To substitute chocolate for cocoa, use 4 ounces chocolate. Cream 1 1/3 cups sugar with shortening, salt and vanilla. Beat in eggs, singly; add melted chocolate and blend. Add sifted dry ingredients, alternately with milk.

#### **HALLOWE'EN FROSTING**

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 5 tablespoons orange juice (about)
- 7 chocolate creams

Blend butter, salt and orange rind. Add 1/2 cup sugar gradually, creaming well. Add remaining sugar, alternately with orange juice, beating until smooth. Add just enough orange juice to make a nice spreading consistency. Tint with orange coloring. Spread frosting between layers and on top of cake, reserving a little for making candy faces. Arrange chocolate candies around rim and in center of cake, pressing gently into frosting. On each candy make eyes, nose and mouth, using a toothpick dipped in frosting.

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will use  
**Fels-Naptha Soap!**”

Dirt is a destroyer . . . as this wise, young matron knows. The need to preserve the lovely things that suddenly are hers is as keen as the joy of ownership. As naturally as breathing, she plans to keep this new home *clean* with Fels-Naptha Soap.

No more shabbiness . . . This man of hers shall have the whitest shirts to wear. Her precious linens shall sparkle like new. Paints and porcelains must gleam, endlessly . . .

. . . and so that this bright dream shall reach reality, she has already told her grocer—“Now we *will* use Fels-Naptha Soap!”

Golden bar or Golden chips—  
**Fels-Naptha**  
banishes “Tattle-Tale Gray”



# EX-LAX MOVIES

## COLD LOGIC



JIM: Gosh, this cold's got me down. I'd better have that prescription filled.

MARY: Yes, and remember, the doctor said to take a laxative if you need one.



JIM: A laxative! You know how I hate to take that awful stuff.

MARY: You won't hate *this*, Jim. It's Ex-Lax! It tastes just like chocolate.



LATER

JIM: Boy, that Ex-Lax sure did the trick! It worked like a charm!

MARY: That's the nice thing about Ex-Lax. It gets results — without upsetting you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right*. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for *every* member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

**EX-LAX** The Original Chocolated Laxative

**"GAS"? HEARTBURN?** For fast, longer relief from acid indigestion, heartburn and other discomforts, due to excess stomach acid, try JESTS! Mint-flavored. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.



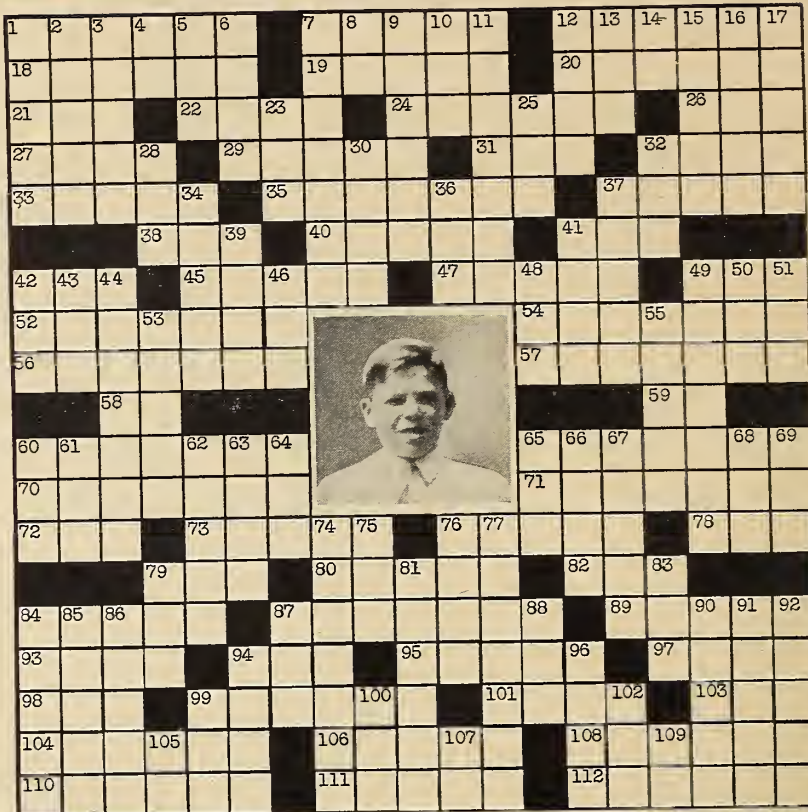
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MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. W-11, KEARNEY, NEBR.

# OUR PUZZLE PAGE



PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 100

## ACROSS

1. Popular Warner Brothers' star, pictured
7. Shirley Temple's hirthmonth
12. Last name of 1-Across
18. Grandmother of "Lydia"
19. Judge in "Life Begins for Andy Hardy"
20. Admission
21. --- i Parrish
22. Designs Deanna's gowns
24. Parted
26. Exist
27. Level
29. Marjorie -----
31. Cushion
32. Glenda Farrell's hirthplace
33. Sacred memento
35. "Belle Starr"
37. Myrna's mother in "Love Crazy"
38. Tough guy in "Badlands of Dakota"
40. Part of a stair
41. Tiny film part
42. Birthplace of 1-Across: T --- ico, Ill.
45. Brod Crawford's mother
47. Songstress Mer-man
49. Femme in "Out of the Fog"
52. "The Great Man's Lady"
54. Romantic lead in "Charley's Aunt"
56. Dancer in "Lady Be Good"
57. With Jeanette in "Smiling Through"
58. French actress: init.
59. "The Pen --- ty"
60. Afternoon film showing
65. Feminine name
70. Love to excess
71. Star of "The Men in Her Life"
72. Actor in "The Getaway"
73. Star of "Dive Bomber"
76. Apart
78. Sigmoid worm
79. Peruvian plant
80. Producer of "Tanks a Million"
82. Vivien Leigh's home-land: ahhr.
84. Lead in "They Met in Bombay"
87. Our star's infant daughter
89. Auriculate
93. Range
94. Project
95. Servers
97. Top Western star
98. F --- da Inescort
99. Edible root
101. Kind of meat
103. Luzon savage
104. Charlie McCarthy's better half
106. Character in music writing
108. Our star's role in "Santa Fe Trail"
110. She's in "Flight Patrol"
111. Vital elements
112. Stains

## DOWN

1. Ann Sothern's husband
2. "Popeye The Sailor's" gal
3. ----- Bruce
4. "SI --- e Ship"
5. Famed as "Dr. Kildare"
6. Bahe in "Our Wife"
7. Dancer in "You'll Never Get Rich"
8. Liquid measure: abhr.
9. Star of "Tom, Dick and Harry"
10. Stage and screen beauty
11. Alice Faye's real name
12. Villain in "Aloma of the South Seas"
13. Conclusion
14. Near
15. Star of "Suspicion"
16. Bird's home
17. Requires
23. A movie stage
25. "Crime Does Not ---"
28. Nothing
30. Fissure
32. Consume
34. George M. -----
36. By birth
37. Outlaw Robert Taylor plays
39. Roman emperor
41. Sinister man in "The Black Cat"
42. Man's nickname
43. Mrs. Ray Milland's nickname
44. Hero in "Night of January 16th"
46. Our star was in "Million Dol --- Bahy"
48. Pronoun
49. Set apart
50. Lead in "Kiss Boys Goodbye"
51. "Blood --- Sand"
53. Screen's "Sherlock Holmes"
55. Idol
60. Among
61. Deanna's mother
62. Feminine relation
63. Radio's "Henry Aldrich"
64. Always: poet.
65. Arabian name
66. Portend
67. Leading femme in "Unfinished Business"
68. " --- A Date"
69. " --- Vegas Nights"
74. Haranguing
75. Comic in "Hold That Ghost"
76. Genus of maple
77. Bundles
79. R --- nd Young
81. Star of "The Devil and Miss Jones"
83. Loke
84. Swedish star
85. What Elaine Barrie was called
86. "The Bad Man"
87. Mire
88. Pheasant's brood
90. Western heroes "line"
91. Penetrate
92. Precious ones
94. Our star's lovely wife
96. Pouches
99. Corded fabric
100. Witness
102. Comedian in "Dreaming Out Loud"
105. Opposite "Ring-side Maisie": init.
107. 2,000: Rom. num.
109. Compass point

Horgan of the Associated Press was especially interested. "You're wasting time, kid. I know Director Ned Griffith. Want me to write him a letter?" It developed into a running gag.

Horgan covered Hayden's first real command. He took a 96-foot brig from Gloucester to Tahiti and had the time of his life. The crew were all amateurs, all friends of his, all working for a dollar a month and the hell of it. The owner gave him a free hand to buy what he needed and put in where he had to. It was more like a cruise than work, and it gave Stirling the idea of running a schooner commercially between Honolulu and Tahiti. After two delectable months on the island, he returned to raise money for his project.

It was rough going, but eventually he found a man with money and a synthetic yen for the sea. They formed a corporation to be known as The Viking Cruisers and made a down payment on the "Aldebaran," a 163-foot beauty built for the Kaiser in 1902—"the third biggest two-master in existence," says Hayden, a nostalgic light in his eye. Picking her up at Panama on December 10, 1939—another milestone—they rode into a real Cape Hatteras buster the day before Christmas, took a stiff shellacking and limped into Charleston with an ex-enthusiast aboard. "He wasn't a real sailor," says Stirling with moderation. "He quit. I borrowed enough to pay off the crew and went to New York to raise more money."

**H**E HAD thirty-five dollars. A sailing friend named O'Toole had thirty. They pooled resources and paid four dollars weekly for a furnished room which was kept habitable by liberal sprinklings of roach powder. Nobody wanted to invest in a commercial schooner. But Tom Horgan still wanted to send Hayden's photograph to Ned Griffith.

Stirling agreed. "Maybe if they took me on for a while, I could get enough out of it to buy the schooner." Their immediate problem was getting enough to put into their stomachs. A windfall helped. Velvet Tobacco paid Hayden, the mariner, a hundred and fifty dollars for a testimonial. They lived on that for a long time. Of course they could always have gone to sea. But Stirling had nailed his heart to the dream of his own ship. Sailing other men's ships would bring it no closer.

Mr. Griffith was New York bound and would see Hayden on arrival. They met one Sunday afternoon. Paramount has Griffith to thank for Hayden. He was sold from the time he laid eyes on him. He talked the studio into making a test, picked the material for it and coached the novice. According to Stirling, he must have talked them into a contract, too. "Because only a blind man would have signed me on the strength of the test. It smelled to high heaven."

He did a love scene from "Café Society" and a fight scene from "Anna Christie." He shook as with ague and had to keep rocking his legs to hold himself upright. The minute he stopped, his knees started beating an obligato to his terror. Worse than any storm he'd ever faced, the ordeal lasted through the day, and not till he'd had a few on the house at nightfall was he able to drag himself home to O'Toole and the roaches.

A few weeks later the contract came

# Lovely Cuticle!

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Lady York is easy to apply—dries very quickly—isn't sticky—positively leaves no white flakes. And the soft, lustrous, longer-lasting wave it produces, with a beautiful, natural-looking sheen, will win you many an admiring glance.

If your 5 & 10¢ store or drugstore does not have Lady York Wave Set, send coupon and dime for full-size bottle, postpaid. Comes in Clear and 6 lovely, harmless tints (see coupon). Money back if not satisfied.

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York Company, St. Louis, Mo.—Enclosed is 10¢ (coin or stamps), for a full-size bottle of Lady York Wave Set, postpaid. Check Kind Wanted: CLEAR, Medium Brown, Med. Auburn, Med. Henna, Med. Black, Golden Blonde, Lt. Blonde.  
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along. Baffled and broke, Hayden borrowed two hundred dollars to get to California, which was three thousand miles closer to Tahiti anyway. He sent for his mother, a superlative housekeeper, and thereafter he ate well.

With Griffith's return, things started humming. He insisted on Hayden as his second male lead in "Virginia." First they told him he was crazy. Then they shrugged. "It's your own neck you're sticking out." So Stirling went with the rest of the cast to Virginia where most of the picture was shot. As luck arranged it, his first scene had him on horseback. Once signed for the part, he'd been treated to an intensive course in riding. But he still had his doubts as to what made a horse stop and go. Sweat poured down his back. "Sweat's not a good word, is it?" he inquired gravely. "But I don't know any other." His shirts flapped like white gulls under huge drying fans, for he had to change between every two takes. That scene marked the climax of his panic. Having mastered four legs before the cameras, he found it comparatively simple to continue on two.

What happened as a result of "Virginia" startled and gratified the studio. It startled Hayden and confounded him. Bound by a seven-year contract, he admits the impracticability of navigating a line to Tahiti on the side. He admits there's nothing he can do at the moment but ride with the current.

"How about a small boat?" somebody asked him.

"That," he replied, "would be like getting a trailer."

He's saving his money so he can buy the schooner if his career should droop—an unlikely contingency. Should it continue to flourish, he'll still buy the schooner and put her in shape for future use. By preference, Hayden shuts his mouth over his plans. You can extort a reluctant word or two, but the pattern is better divined by indirection.

You discover, for instance, that he doesn't ride or golf or play tennis. He's not interested in music. He reads a lot, but only about the water. "The trouble with going to sea," he says, "is that you get pretty much one-track." His use of the word "trouble" is merely a convention.

He's made no close friends among the movie crowd. Their life isn't his. "Back home," he recalls, puzzled, "we'd get a gang together and gab. Here they're always having parties." He used to like

dancing but not to the crazy music they play now. As for liquor, he drinks when there's an occasion but doesn't consider it the indispensable adjunct to a good time. He quit smoking because he couldn't smoke normally. It was either three packs a day or nothing.

HE landed in Hollywood with one suit and has since expanded his wardrobe to include another, for which he paid forty-five dollars, and a thirty-dollar coat. He was wearing a pair of duck pants the day I saw him, an open shirt with sleeves rolled all the way back to the armpits, no socks and a pair of weary tennis shoes. "This isn't costume," he informed me.

He and his mother still live in their first small house. Mrs. Hayden enjoys the climate, the few friends she's made keeping house for her son. Asked how she spent her time, he was for a moment taken aback. "I don't know. How do women spend their time? At the Farmers' Market from all I can gather. She cooks for me," he added, brightening.

When it came to the delicate question of women, Hayden stiffened. "The papers," he said with a certain grimness, "can probably tell you more than I can. They hook you up with anyone who suits their fancy." Then his natural good humor rose to the surface. "I don't mean to be a sorehead. I know girl stuff's important. If I read a story, that's probably what I'd want to read about. Well, there is a girl, but she's not in the business, and the papers don't know anything about her, and they're not going to. I'm sorry. I just can't get myself to talk about it."

Which seemed fair enough, and we settled for that.

In his second picture, "Bahama Passage," he plays opposite Madeleine Carroll again. She's the star. He's featured. Or as he put it, "I take up the slack. What's a star, anyway?" he wanted to know. "What do you get out of being a star that you don't when you're not?"

"More money, for one thing—" "Now you're talking," he chuckled. "More money, more schooner."

EDITOR'S NOTE: As we go to press, Stirling has given Hollywood the go-by. He hated the gay life, the lack of privacy and finally rebelled against the whole set-up. We're going to miss him, but we hope he gets that schooner and has an awful lot of smooth sailing.



Adolphe Menjou sprucing up before joining forces in the Comedions vs. Leading men baseball fray, annual chority event for Mount Sinai hospital fund.

# MY DAUGHTER JUDY

(Continued from page 35)

director on a Metro picture, she sniffed at it. "Why bother?" said Sue. "I'm going to be married soon."

Mrs. Gilmore's theory is that every girl should be trained to earn her own living. "Some day you may have to take care of yourself and a child. Even of your husband, Sue, who knows? These things happen. If you were going to marry a millionaire, I'd still think you had no right to turn down a job." Having said her say, she waited for a day or two. Sue made no move. "Very well," said her mother, "then no allowance, Sue. Obviously, you don't need money very badly, if it's not worth making an effort for."

"Mother, you wouldn't be so mean!"

"From my point of view, it's not meanness, it's common sense."

Sue sighed, took the job, loved it and is now busy trying to find herself another.

Judy was fifteen when she started using lipstick. That was all right with Mrs. Gilmore, who considers make-up a matter of taste and judgment. She thinks that girls of fifteen or sixteen, whose lips are pale, look more attractive with lip rouge—providing they choose the right color and don't smear it on. Judy worried about it more than her mother in those days. At her own plea, she'd been transferred to the school attended by her best friend. The principal was anti-lipstick, so Judy would retire every so often to wipe hers off on her petticoat.

SHE still uses only lipstick—no rouge, no mascara, no eyebrow pencil. Mrs. Gilmore thanks fortune that she likes herself better natural and keeps her hands off. It's Judy who does the interfering. "I don't like the way mother does her mouth," she said to her studio make-up man one day. "Will you fix it for her, Bill?"

"Now wait a minute, Judy. On a person as old as I am—"

This is the point at which Judy always cuts her mother off. "Let Bill do it, mother," she said firmly. Bill did it under Judy's supervision, and Mrs. Gilmore had to hand it to them for a nice job.

"But Bill uses a brush, and I use my finger. I'll never be able to do it this way."

"Bill," said Judy, "is nice. Bill will make you a form. Then all you have to do is go round inside it."

Far from brushing off Judy's advice, Mrs. Gilmore seeks it, especially with regard to clothes. "I'm not terribly clothes-conscious, and I hate shopping. What I wear doesn't make a great deal of difference to me, but I'm Judy's mother, and I know it's important to her that I look nice. Anyway, I think the modern girl has more style sense than her mother. By and large, our tastes coincide, which does simplify things. We both like plain clothes on me—no bows, no ruffles. We agree that my most becoming dress is a certain black crepe with accordion pleated sleeves. Where we chiefly disagree is on color. Judy keeps fussing at me to wear bright colors, which I don't care for because I'm too short. I daren't say too old, or she's on my neck. 'What's the matter with you, mother? You're not an old lady.' Just the same, I avoid the kind of thing that starts people wondering, 'What's she trying to do, look as young as Judy?'"

By the same token, she likes mother-daughter clothes on young mothers only

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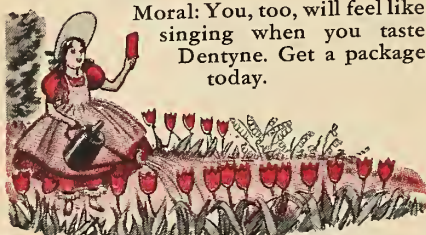
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So Mary got a handy, flat, flavortite package of Dentyne—and promptly tried one of the six individually wrapped sticks. When she tasted that temptingly different, uniquely warm and delicious Dentyne flavor she stopped being contrary in exactly one-tenth of a second. "This is my chewing gum," cried Mary. "I'll never chew anything else."

And now Mary sings as she gardens.

Moral: You, too, will feel like singing when you taste Dentyne. Get a package today.



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"When Jimmy, who's twenty-three, rigs up herself and the baby in twin dresses, they both look adorable. On Judy and me, it would be absurd."

At sixteen, Judy pined to be twenty-five and wear slinky dresses. What she wore was the schoolgirl's uniform—pleated skirts and bright sweaters bought by her mother. Occasionally, to satisfy what she looked on as a normal yearning, Mrs. Gilmore would pick up a slightly more sophisticated number and give Judy the thrill of wearing it where no one would see her. "By no one," she laughed, "I mean close friends. That way, Judy would get it out of her system and no harm done."

"When she was eighteen, I decided she ought to start shopping for herself. She went overboard a little at first, let the salespeople talk her into buying exactly what she wanted—which was generally something about ten years too old for her. Well, we kidded her out of that. I must say she's a reasonable child and never did more than sigh when the stuff went back. As a matter of fact, the loveliest dress she ever owned was one she found herself before she was eighteen."

Judy had been invited to join the Hollywood immortals whose hand-and-foot-prints adorn the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese. Her mother, leaving for a week-end, had told her to look around for a new dress. Up to then her top figure had been thirty-five or forty dollars. On Sunday Judy phoned. "Mother, did I find the most beautiful dress! All white net and silver, and a huge silver bow in the back. Only one thing. It's pretty expensive—"

"Just what do you call pretty expensive?"

"Well, it's over seventy-five—"

"How much over?"

"It's a hundred and twenty-five."

Since this was an occasion, and since Mrs. Gilmore fell equally hard for the dress, she bought it. And thought ruefully a few nights later of the designer's warning. "This is a dress to stand up in, Judy. Don't sit in it."

AND there was my child, not sitting but kneeling on a dusty block of cement in a hundred and twenty-five dollars worth of silver and net."

Their sharpest cleavage came over a dinner frock that Judy ordered for a trip to New York last spring. "It can't be," her mother moaned as Judy held it up—long, black and severe, with long tight sleeves and a slinky bustle.

"Why, mother, it's beautiful—"

"For Theda Bara in the old days, maybe. Not for you. You can't wear it, Judy. And from now on, you take Sue or me shopping with you."

Speechless with woe, Judy packed and left the dress out. Mrs. Gilmore's heart failed her. "Well, you might as well put the thing in. Maybe it'll look different on. The point being," she added, "that it did. She looked stunning in it—a little older than she should, but stunning just the same. After which I decided to mind my own business."

Judy's no longer in a hurry to grow older. Since her marriage, in fact, she's had a complete change of heart. Distressed over the separation of two young friends, she asked her mother why she thought it had happened.

"Partly it may have been having the baby too soon. They weren't ready for it. A baby does separate young people in the superficial sense, Judy. They can't do the same things together, and that's maybe how it started. There's nothing more wonderful than having a child, but I hope you and Dave will wait a few years. By that time you'll be sure you

belong together, and until you're sure, it's not fair to the baby."

Earnestly Judy agreed. "Anyway," she mused, "I want to be the baby myself for a while."

In Hollywood, the term "movie mother" carries certain implications, all disagreeable. Mrs. Gilmore is the mother of a movie star, not a movie mother. She figures that expert directors and wardrobe women know their business better than she does and leaves Judy, the movie star, to them. Her concern is with Judy, her daughter. She brings her lunch to the dressing room so that, instead of waiting in the crowded commissary, Judy can lie down and rest for half an hour. She takes care of her clothes. Judy has no personal maid. The kind of snobbery which puts on a front for the world is absent from the make-up of both mother and daughter. Carrying a dress from the wardrobe department to the set, Mrs. Gilmore bumped into one of the hairdressers. "That's bad," said the girl.

YES, isn't it awful how hard I work?" "I'm not kidding, Mrs. Gilmore. It doesn't look good for you to be doing that. Judy should have her own maid—"

"Now wait a minute—" (Mrs. Gilmore's phrase when she finds herself in opposition) "I've been carrying Judy's dresses since she was a baby, and I hope to do it a great many years more."

By temperament and training, Judy shares her mother's level-headedness. One problem Mrs. Gilmore has not been obliged to face is any tendency on her daughter's part to go Hollywood. Far from being cocky, Judy harbors a healthy inferiority complex. "Not good, but loud" is her commentary on her own singing. As for acting—"If there are two people I wouldn't give two cents to see, they're (a glamour girl whom we'll keep nameless) and Judy Garland. I get so tired," she wails, "of watching myself going bright and sparkly all over the place." This is no act put on to extract praise. So humble is Judy about her talents that, despite her success, she refused until recently to sing for Dave. "He knows so much more about music than I do."

On the all-important subject of dating, Mrs. Gilmore's views are definite without being dogmatic. "I never forced the chaperone business. Either you trust your daughter or you don't. If you do, watching is an insult. If you don't, watching does no good. When Judy was fourteen or fifteen and traveled with her gang, I'd go along on beach picnics as a matter of course, if only to take care of the food. At home I tried not to intrude on them. I'd come in, say hello and make myself scarce unless I was specially invited to join them or they joined me—as they frequently did."

"Judy's always been thoughtful of me. When she began dating, I always knew where she was going and how late she'd be. It wasn't a question of keeping tabs on her but, after all, accidents do happen, and mothers are a notoriously nervous tribe. If she and her friends decided to eat after the theater, she'd phone me. In fact, they sometimes overdid it. I'll never forget one night when she went to a show with Jackie Cooper. As a rule, I go to bed late, but I hadn't been feeling well that day and was sound asleep by eleven. The phone woke me. 'Hello, mom. This is Jack. Judy and I just got out of the show, and we're going to a drive-in. We'll be home very soon.' I drifted back to sleep. The phone woke me again. 'Hello, mom. This is Jack. The drive-in was crowded, and they just took our order, we'll be home in half an hour.' Well, you can guess the rest. When that dratted phone rang for the

third time, I knew what was coming. 'Hello, mom. This is Jack. We met some kids, but don't worry, we're leaving right now.' I wanted to tell him my splitting head was all that worried me at the moment, and maybe he'd better call the whole thing off. Naturally I didn't have the heart to say anything of the kind."

"Judy doesn't drink. Give her enough orange juice and milk, and you can keep the rest. To Mrs. Gilmore, the principle involved in drinking is one of good taste. 'As the girls reached eighteen, I allowed them a glass of sherry or a mild cocktail with guests, if they wanted it. Judy didn't. As for anything more than that, well—we've all seen people who drink too much. We'd talked about it at home, and we're all agreed that, while men are bad enough, there are few more disgusting sights in the world than a woman who's had too much to drink. It's just a bad habit that none of us wants to be associated with—like not cleaning your fingernails.

"I'm inclined to be old-fashioned about certain things. I think this business of being modern can be carried too far. Even after she was engaged to him, Judy wasn't allowed to go to Dave's house alone. One day she asked me to drive her over there to dinner—"

ON THE way over, Mrs. Gilmore said: "I won't make an issue of it this once, Jude. But you've got to explain to Dave that it mustn't happen again—"

Judy was hurt to the point of tears. "It sounds as if you didn't trust me, mother."

"You know I do. But one has to live according to certain conventions. Engaged or not, nice girls don't go to men's houses. It wasn't done when I was your age, and it's still not done as far as I'm concerned."

It was Dave's mother who greeted a red-eyed Judy in the living room. "Why didn't you tell me your mother was going to be here?" she reproached Dave. "Then mom wouldn't have scolded me for nothing."

He proved singularly unsympathetic. "She was perfectly right to scold you, and you should have known there'd be somebody here. Now go and phone her."

From the first Mrs. Gilmore liked Dave. "I'd always hoped Judy would choose an older man. She's more mature than her years, and I had the feeling she might not hit it off with a boy of her own age. As for Dave—from the day he came to me and said: 'You can be sure of one thing. If you ever feel that I'm hurting Judy or her career, I'll go away and get lost'—from that day I hoped he and Judy would marry.

"They'd planned it for September, you know, hoping they'd both have time off for a honeymoon then. When they found they wouldn't, there seemed no reason for waiting. I'd just arrived home from a week-end in Las Vegas when they told me they wanted to be married that night. So Mr. Gilmore and I flew back with them, saw them married and returned as happy as we'd left them.

"You'll understand how I feel about Dave when I tell you that if anything happens to this marriage, I believe it will be Judy's fault. He's so kind and gentle, he worships her so, and what's more, he understands her. She's younger and impulsive—too young to have the same kind of understanding. But I hope—I believe—he has enough for both."

She looked away for a moment. "What it amounts to is this. Her happiness comes first with him as it does with me. And what mother," she smiled, "could ask more of the man her girl marries?"

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## MY ONE-DAY MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 24)

someday. I was told that they had, as a matter-of-fact, given her the lead in a picture they were producing at that time, "Jamaica Inn."

I met Maureen. I talked to her a few minutes, the usual banalities. I wished her luck in her new enterprise, and I said, half joking, "Well, I'll see you in Hollywood some day, I suppose."

**S**HE shook my hand heartily. As though she really meant it. She nodded her head soberly. And she said, "Yes, of course, I'll see you in Hollywood very soon."

And I looked into her eyes. And that was the first time I took her seriously. Because I knew she meant it.

Less than a year later I met her for the second time, and it was indeed in Hollywood. And there was no longer any doubt in anyone's mind about her right to the privilege of playing leading roles. And she was a married woman—although none of us knew about this. It was a secret.

Why had she married? Whom had she married? I think I was the first Hollywood newspaper man to know—but I couldn't talk about it. Maureen has a cute way of handcuffing newspapermen. She simply looks at them quite candidly, quite as though she trusts them all implicitly—and tells them the truth.

"I wouldn't like to see this printed," she says, "but here are the facts."

And, of course, you're licked. You can't break faith with a girl like that.

The way I found out about her romance was rather amusing. It was on the RKO lot in Hollywood. Maureen had made the big jump. Her first movie was already in the theatres around the world, and she had been rushed to Hollywood to make another. Again, a very important assignment—"The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Imagine being handed the leading female role in a big picture like that with only one other film under your belt! Well, she was working away at it, and Director Dieterle called "Cut," and it was lunch time. Maureen and I went to the commissary to chat over lunch.

That's when she told me the story. It began by my teasing her. In the usual Hollywood manner, the publicity boys had gone to work on her. To help build her up, they sent out one item after another. Maureen O'Hara was seen at the Trocadero with Tom. She was seen at the race track with Dick. She was dancing at the Cocomat Grove with Harry. She was tied up (in publicity notices) with practically every eligible young man in town.

And I happened to know that she was a simple little eighteen-year-old who did not smoke, drink or go to night clubs. Those places didn't appeal to her (they still don't, by the way), and she had never learned any of the attributes of sophistication.

So I teased her. I said, "Which of your many suitors are you going to marry?"

And she turned those startled hazel eyes on me and said, quite sincerely, "I can't marry anybody. I'm already married."

She made me promise to keep her secret—I fought against it a little but gave in—and then she told me about George Brown. He was a young man she had met at the studio in London. She could not remember exactly what he did. A technician of some sort, she

thought. He was a nice lad, she said. Sweet. The dearest dark brown hair, and a sort of wistfulness about him. Well, she didn't know very much about him, as a matter of actual fact. She had seen him around the studio. And they had talked a bit. And they had gone to a cinema a few times.

Nothing important. Nothing serious. It was boy and girl stuff. Only she was not quite eighteen. And all sorts of strange and amazing things were happening to her. Barely a couple of years back she had been a little girl in Ireland, playing games, dreaming dreams. And now she was in London reading incredible things about herself, a movie star.

Then came the day when she was told she was going to America. It was the big moment. The big chance. The miracle. But it happened, suddenly, amazingly. The contract came, and the details were arranged, and she was told to pack and catch a boat—all within the space of a very few weeks, a very few days, actually.

And the boy who had never even kissed her asked her to marry him.

And she, because it was romantic and dramatic, said yes. And yielded her lips to him for the first time.

Telling me about it, her eyes welled with tears and she pushed away her fresh salad greens.

"I don't know why I did it," she said. "It just seemed so right, sort of. I mean to say—well, I was going off to America, a new country, a new world, and he would be left behind there in London. If we were married he could grieve for me, and I could grieve for him, and we could write letters to each other, and—well, that's about all there is to tell. We got married."

**T**HEY got married. George Brown, twenty-two, a technical assistant at Gaumont-British, and Maureen O'Hara, seventeen, a star-to-be. They got married, and they kissed (that was the second time she kissed him), and she ran off to pack her trunk while he waited secretly nearby because it was important to them and their romantic dreams to keep this all very secret. And she got into a taxi to the station to board the boat train.

He didn't even go to Southampton with her. But at the station she impetuously pushed her friends and well-wishers aside and rushed over to him and kissed him once more. The third and last time their lips ever met. And her friends and relatives wondered for a moment who the strange young man might be, but didn't get a chance to inquire, because then it was time for Maureen to say good-bye and make a mad dash for the train.

So that's the story. As simple as all that. A little girl trick. An impetuous, crazy gesture. A mad half hour.

I listened to her that day at RKO while she dawdled over her salad, not eating it. ("Why don't you eat your lunch, Maureen?") "Oh, I can't; I hate this stuff." "Well, why don't you get something else?" "I'm not supposed to; I'm on a diet; I've got to watch my weight." And wondered. Could this possibly be true? Could there be anything as simple and direct in this world gone mad? I looked at her eyes, and I knew she was telling the truth. That's all there was to it.

"Why don't you get a divorce—or an annulment?" I asked her. "You never

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lived with this fellow; you were never, in fact, his wife, were you, Maureen?"

"No, I was never his wife, actually," she said with that same disquieting honesty. "But we were married. I should keep my vows, shouldn't I?"

"Would you?" I asked, "if you were in London now—if you were seeing him regularly?"

She thought this over silently for a moment.

"You know," she finally said in a hushed voice, picking the words slowly, as though they were as much a revelation to her as to me, "if I were still in London, I don't think I would ever have married him in the first place."

At about this time a bunch of other people came over to the table, other people from the company. There were introductions—general chatter; the mood was gone—the confidences over. I thought about it a number of times. Once I wanted to write a thesis on the subject of 'Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder,' using her experience as an indication that this is not necessarily true. Once I wanted to write a piece—well, there were any number of times, and it was never possible because of the thought of her looking at me hurt. I couldn't betray her confidence.

There is just one more thing to point out right here. We are not especially close friends, Maureen and I. We barely know each other in the way that Hollywood people do. It was just that I happened to be there when she felt like talking. The point being that she is still, as she was at nineteen, as she was at eighteen, so thoroughly simple and direct that it never occurs to her to wonder about other people. Will they respect her confidences? Can they be trusted to hold her secrets? Of course they can.

She assumes this. And thereby it almost always becomes a fact.

And so that is the background. When I read in the paper the other day that she was in Cal-Neva establishing residence with the idea of getting a divorce, I drove up there immediately to talk it over with her. I wanted to know a lot of things. Why had she finally gotten around to clearing her marital status? What were her plans? What did the future hold? And so forth and so on.

Again I found her thoroughly straightforward, honest. She had decided about a year ago to get her divorce. But it had taken all this time because she had experienced a great deal of difficulty in locating her husband.

"Naturally," she explained. "I had to write him—explain it all to him and get a letter from him saying that he agreed, before I took any action. It wouldn't be fair otherwise."

The reason he was hard to find was that he is a member of the Royal Air Force, "somewhere in Britain." It takes a very long time for letters to go back and forth across the world under those conditions. But finally she reached him, and he agreed, and she went to see her lawyers.

But why, Maureen? Why, now, have you finally decided it is time?

Well, in the first place, she does not think it is fair to him—she says this quite naively.

"After all, he may fall in love with someone else; he may want to marry; why should he be tied down to a wife he never sees?"

"And you, Maureen?" I asked. "Are you, perhaps, in love with someone else?"

She ignored the question.

"Another reason is that I happen to have the time just now. There will be

seven weeks between my last picture and my next, and I may not get that much time again for a year or more."

"I understand you've been seeing a good deal of Will Price recently. Is he the one?"

"This is my first vacation in years." She sighed and stretched elaborately. And there was a bit of the mavourneen in her eyes as she smiled mischievously. "I've answered all the questions you intend to ask me," she said. "Haven't I?"

But later that evening she relented. She told me about Will Price. He is a young assistant director. She thinks he has a very great talent. He directed most of the tests for "Gone With the Wind." He has been a dialog director in a lot of pictures. Maureen met him on her very first picture in America, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." He was dialog director on that.

"What's he like, Maureen?"

"Well, he is about twenty-eight, and he is tall, and he—well, he's nice."

The word "nice" can mean so much!

I tried again to get a direct answer. "Do you intend to marry him, Maureen?" I asked.

She was very careful in her reply.

"I was impetuous, impulsive, once. I shall not repeat. I think that love is a very wonderful thing, and I think marriage is not something to be played with lightly, casually. And besides—" (the impish look in her eyes again) "—a married woman can't talk about future marriage plans, can she?"

She laughed. A full, hearty, cheery laugh. Then she got earnest again, sincere. There was that "you must believe me" look in her eyes again.

"Ask me that question again," she said, "In a few weeks. When I am a respectable divorcée."



Vera Vague, Jerry Colonna and Dorothy Lewis, starring in Republic's "Ice-Capades of 1941".

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☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown

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## YEAH MAN FRIDAY . . .

(Continued from page 39)

overnight through the mediums of Benny's Jell-o program and the movies. Anxious to have a colored comedian play the part of a Pullman porter in one of his Jell-o skits, Benny sent his agents out one day to beat the bushes of Central Avenue, and among the possibilities they rounded up was spindled-legged knock-kneed, garrulous Eddie Anderson. Eddie emerged victorious in the auditions, something he attributes to the fact that he always carries a full supply of goofer dust somewhere on his person; and Benny, because it struck him as being very funny, hung the monicker "Rochester" on him. "Whenever I think of the name Rochester and look at the guy who owns it, I have to laugh," Benny says.

**R**OCHESTER impressed his boss so much in his first appearance on the Jell-o program that he recalled him three or four times, finally taking him on regularly four years ago. A confirmed believer in the mundane and spiritual powers of goofer dust, Rochester, with an occult look in his eyes, said that he used up so much of his dust on Benny before he landed a permanent eating position with him that he had to send all the way down to Louisiana for a fresh supply. "Boy, it almost took all of the dust in Louisiana to convince Mr. Benny that I'm the greatest comedian in the world and that he'll always need me," Rochester says apologetically.

When Rochester was taken by his parents to San Francisco from his native Oakland, California, he was a talkative, carefree, half-fed, half-clothed, smart-alecky 10-year-old kid. Far from being fond of school, he jumped at the chance to quit it in his first year in high school to take a job as an errand boy to help support his family. Because he is a born clown, he was forever in hot water. Stage-struck since he was a shaver, he spent all of his spare time from running errands, hanging around stage doors and on street corners tapping, singing in his peculiar pipsqueaking voice and "cutting the fool" generally. His brother Connie and his pal "Stuff" Crouch, who is now his valet-secretary-receptacle-of-all-of-Rochester's-woes, invariably accompanied him on his clowning expeditions, often to the disgust of the good colored church people of the Golden Gate City, who enthusiastically predicted that all of them would wind up in hell. Folk who knew Rochester in Oakland and San Francisco say that he has always been a clown and that there's no hope for him now.

In 1923 he got his first break on the stage as a chorus boy in a colored vaudeville show in his home town, and he was a total flop. Because nobody paid any attention to him and his tomfoolery, he simply couldn't dance; and even today he becomes terribly depressed if he can't get his friends to listen to his endless flow of comical jive, feeling on such occasions that he hasn't a single pal.

More determined than ever to make good on the stage after his initial flop, Rochester and his brother formed the ambitious, if not too good, dance team of "Connie and Eddie." After many foodless days and other personal privations, performing before 10-cent crowds in whistle stops on the Coast and in the Midwest, the team finally worked its way up to the Pantages and Keith circuits. Their success was short lived, unfortu-

nately, for not long after they had become accustomed to feeling the comfort of a dollar bill in their pockets, the bottom fell out of vaudeville and the seats out of their pants. Except for an occasional bit part in the movies and a week now and then in a greasy spoon cabaret, Rochester was hopelessly caught behind the thespianic eight ball until Benny rescued him and made him his shadow. "During those dark days pork chops were scarcer than hen's teeth and chickens roosted only in Heaven," he often reminisces.

In spite of the gold and glory he has acquired as Benny's man Friday and as a screen comedian, Rochester is the same guy he was when he used to walk down Central Avenue with a mile-wide smile on his map but not a biscuit in his stomach. Because he was born and bred in the North and most of his boyhood chums were white, he is unlike most Negro Dixie-born actors; he had to learn, for example, how to speak Southern Negro dialect which was about as foreign to him as to a white comedian born above the Mason-Dixon line. More adept at reading lines than the average actor, however, Rochester can now speak with as much of a Southern drawl as an inhabitant of any Mississippi town. Benny, who says that Rochester can pick up a cold script and read it as it should be read, contends that he is the best reader of lines he's ever known.

A man who loves to live on a 24-hour-a-day schedule, Rochester thoroughly enjoys the real life role of a successful radio-screen artist with an estimated income of \$75,000 a year. Effecting the purposefully informal but gaudy attire of the traditional Hollywoodian, he owns some 30 pairs of odd pants-coat get-ups, plus a plethora of more conservative suits, which, like his Lincoln Zephyr, he reserves for special occasions. An imaginative as well as an ambitious fellow, his secret ambition is to become a big shot movie director some day; and now he often dresses like one, thinking of himself when so bedecked as an Alfred Hitchcock or a Rouben Mamoulian.

**S**INCE he stands only five feet six and one-half inches in his socks, but weighs a hefty 175 pounds, Rochester's tailor hides many of his anatomical sins by building him up at certain sections and down at others. Although his tailor's sartorial measures are somewhat successful in that they hide some of Rochester's most unseemly points from the human eye, he still reminds some people of something of a cross between an oversize fighting cock and a chocolate-brown teddy bear. His dimpled moonface is fortunately perennially wreathed in smiles, and when he is happy, which is most of the time, he is liable to break into a tap, flash, acrobatic or even a Russian dance out of the sheer joy of living.

Currently going in for aviation in a big way, he can hardly wait until he qualifies for a student's license this fall before he begins his new picture with Benny at the Paramount Studio. "Flying," he says, "is much easier than driving a car. I don't have to look out for the other guy, and I'm much closer to Heaven up there in the sky."

An ardent, but unlucky, race-horse bettor, Rochester still tries to beat the entire card whenever he finds time to go to a

track. By employing his Louisiana dust for all it was worth one day last winter at Santa Anita, he succeeded in beating the first six races, running a two-dollar bill into \$390. Unfortunately, however, his dust failed to function properly in the last race, for when he plunged his roll on a "good thing," it ran out of the money. Whenever one of his potential glue pots runs out of the money, a not unusual occurrence, Rochester shadow boxes at breakneck speed wherever he happens to be—on the set, in the studio, church or home. "I get my revenge for losing by socking the ozones," he says.

A man who will try anything once, Rochester recently bought himself a lightweight pugilist, who travels under the name of Billy Metcalfe, to go along with his 13 platers and other gadgets. Having sparred with his hopeful a few times, he is already boasting that Billy will surpass Henry Armstrong before somebody knocks his block off. Soon after he acquired Billy, he took him to a town not far from Los Angeles for his first fight, and Billy, wading into his opponent for all he was worth, kayoed him in the first round. Now Rochester can't get any more fights for his hopeful and says that he'll have to teach him to be a better actor or they'll both starve.

Listing among his friends the top Negro actors and actresses and some of the whites, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson is loved by thousands of members of both races: he has, Negroes aver, been a credit to his group as well as to his profession. Regardless of the company he is in, however, he is always the same clowning guy with a pipsqueaking voice and an insatiable curiosity. He asked Oscar Levant one day in Hollywood what he had to do to get on "one of those

whiz programs." "You mean 'quiz' programs," Levant replied. "Whiz, quiz, what's the difference?" Rochester asked. "You quiz me the questions and ah whiz you the answers."

During the filming of "Buck Benny Rides Again," the troupe went on location to Arizona. Rochester, who always has ants in his pants, used to disappear for hours at a time, thereby making the director fighting mad. He tailed him one day to a dude ranch for colored people, where Rochester was learning roping and other cowboy stuff. An expert horseman, he refused to ride the broken-down critter provided for him for a parade in Chicago before the premiere of "Buck Benny Rides Again." Mounting the friskiest horse available, he nearly caused the Paramount studio executives to die of apoplexy. "My, my! Ah's been doing little things like that all mah life jes' for the exercise," Rochester boasted as he strutted around in his chaps and sombrero.

IN Mrs. Anderson, however, her clowning husband has his match. Whenever he comes around the house disrupting her domestic tranquillity, she shuts him up immediately; and on such occasions he comes in the front door, rushes out of the back and plunges into his swimming pool to cool off. "Me and the missus get along fine," he says, "but I have to do most of the getting."

Regardless of what Rochester says about his domestic accord, however, he and his wife are crazy about each other. Mrs. Anderson, who was a stenographer in a Los Angeles court before she married her "little oozie-boozie," had known him since both of them were youngsters. A woman who prefers to rear her son, manage her home and to make life as

comfortable as she can for her busy-body husband, Mrs. Anderson is Rochester's number one guide and advisor. Wherever he is he always calls her up at night and tells her what he did that day.

During his pork chopless days, Rochester often dreamed of building a mansion for Mamie; and one of the happiest moments in his life was when he moved her into their new home, a show place of Los Angeles' colored section, last spring. While his home was being built, a Los Angeles columnist printed that it was going to be a replica of Jack Benny's. When he read it, Rochester hit the ceiling, complaining that he didn't want his people to think that he was going high hat. He explained that his house was just a small one, while Benny's was quite large. "Besides," he declared, "mah furniture couldn't possibly be like Jack's since I'm making all of mine."

Now only 35 years old, Rochester is looking forward to at least another decade in radio and screen. In his serious moments he often recalls the past when sledding was pretty tough. He is determined, however, to be prepared for a rainy day, and therefore, he saves some of his munificent earnings every month. He also gives part of his income away each year, from two-bit hand-outs to the down and outers on Central Avenue, to neat little sums to both white and colored charities. A person with a great deal of race pride, Rochester is always willing to do whatever he can for his own people; but whatever he does he makes certain to keep it off the record.

A regular guy, an excellent comedian, Rochester is a good example of what ability, determination and a sunny disposition can do. "And," he says, "won't Benny be burned up when I get my license as a first class aviator!"

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## THEY SNOOP TO CONQUER

(Continued from page 27)

of readers all over the country, too. "My daily column," he said, "unlike any other, is a daily forum. I state the opinions of my readers more often than I do my own. About 50% of my column reflects reader sentiment. Ordinarily I receive 700 letters a week. When I'm on the air, I get from 3,000 to 5,000 letters a week. All voluntary letters. From these I form half my opinions—against double-features, against extravagance on the lots, against propaganda and war movies. Sometimes letters pour in boosting a Veronica Lake or a Lana Turner. Then, merely reflecting my mail, I boost them, too. Sometimes letters say Crosby is getting too fat or so-and-so is too stuck-up. I print this under my name, taking full responsibility myself, with the purpose of helping individuals concerned or the industry and not for the sake of pure sensationalism!

"Of course, in recent years I've softened. When I was younger, I wrote a rougher column. I remember once writing an open letter to Frances Drake, an imported English actress. She was having a dress fitting. An elderly woman fitting her accidentally stuck her with a pin. Miss Drake pushed the old woman over, bruising her, and in a childish rage, ripped two dresses. I bawled Miss Drake out in print. But I've mellowed. Today I don't think I'd even touch the story."

made him famous, and now he must continue giving them their money's worth. Of course Bing got angry. In his place I might have been angry, too. But fortunately, he got angry enough to record the songs over again. In a week I received a new batch of records. They were swell! And the picture, when it came out, was swell! And Bing, realizing I had only tried to do him a good turn, made up with me."

JIMMIE FIDLER also mentioned the case of Tony Martin. Fidler felt Martin was a good singer but that lately his delivery wasn't natural and that he was being too dramatic and overacting with his voice. So, in his daily column Fidler advised Tony Martin to be careful. Tony Martin took heed. It seemed someone had illy advised him to put more sex into his voice, and it had been spoiling his work. Now he listened to himself again and saw Fidler was correct.

"And to top it off," said Fidler, "last night I was in a nightclub, and Tony walked up and extended his hand. He wanted to thank me for bringing him back to his senses. And I knew one thing—that if a young man could take advice like that, he'd go far!"

Aside from his open letters, the Mississippi-bred columnist (who as recently as two years ago was making \$3,500 a week) has acquired his greatest fame through news beats and scoops. His offices, in a private bungalow off Hollywood and Vine, are set up like a newspaper. The girl on the city desk is Ann Pareneau, who used to be with O. O. McIntyre. Also, Fidler hires four crack reporters to help dig gossip and pays nine studio contacts for inside tips. Today he is paying \$890 a week to these human bloodhounds.

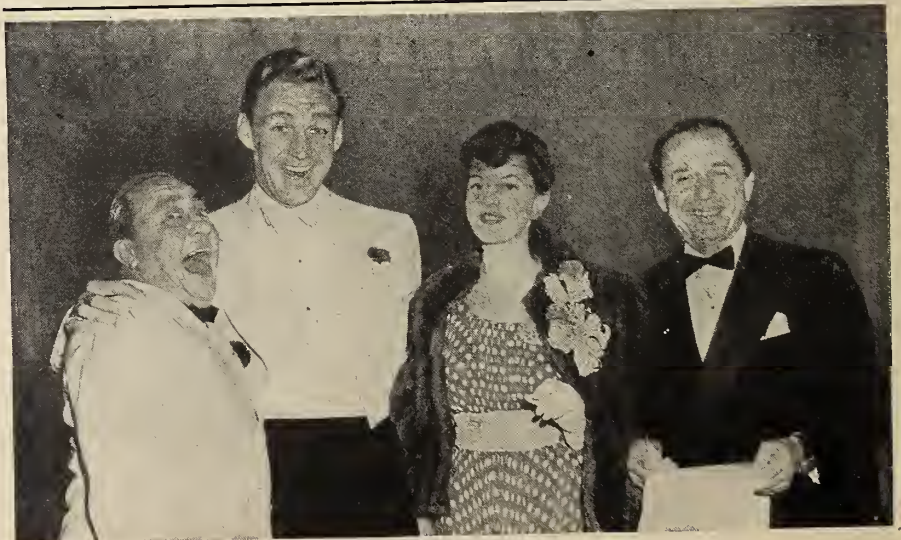
This thorough Fidler coverage has been responsible for scoop after scoop. Fidler was first with the item that Paulette Goddard was Mrs. Chaplin. He was first with the report of Dorothy Lamour's split with Herbie Kay. He beat all newspapers by two full days on Clark Gable's divorce from his second wife. He was ahead of everyone on the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone rift but held it back until all New York papers had gone to press, then long-distanced his own Daily

WE had an itch to ask Mr. Fidler if any of the more solid characters in film-dom had ever punched him in the nose.

"Not exactly," he said, "but almost. Some of the things I say have put me in physical danger. It's the price of truth. But while I've never actually been in a brawl, I've been on the verge."

However, sometimes when he is frank, Fidler pointed out the stars are appreciative. He cited Bing Crosby's case.

"Bing Crosby was making 'Mississippi,'" explained Fidler, "and the studio sent me a preview of his recordings. Crosby was a good friend of mine, and I enjoyed his work so I promptly placed the songs on a victrola. They were terrible. Bing's singing was sloppy. I felt positive if they came out in his picture they'd do him tremendous harm. So I sat down and wrote an open letter to Bing. I told him he was neglecting his fans, that they'd



Forrest Tucker, sandwiched between Olsen (left) and Johnson (right), makes up this quartette of smiles along with—no, not wifey, but Lorna Gray



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Mirror. It immediately became front-page news.

Fidler told us about several of his scoops.

"There was the time Al Jolson came in and informed me Ruby Keeler was leaving him. I locked Jolson in my office for five hours while I phoned all my key newspapers with the scoop. I didn't release him until I was sure my papers had the story first!

"I jumped all my colleagues on the Frances Langford-Jon Hall wedding. I suspected something was in the air, and every day phoned each of them for news. Then, one day I phoned Frances, and was told she was on a trip. I phoned Jon Hall, and was told he was also on a trip. Two and two meant marriage. I called all border police and got information the duo were seen driving through Needles. I finally got hold of them, told them I was printing the story. They denied it. But I knew I was right, and I told Jon, 'I'm announcing it on the air in ten minutes, and I'm giving you a chance to call Louella Parsons and tell her so she won't think you double-crossed her and gave me the story.' You see, Frances Langford worked on the Parsons radio show. Boy, that was some scoop!

"There was the Priscilla Lane affair. I had a hunch she was married, but couldn't prove it. One day, in the mail, I got a note scribbled in pencil. It told me to look at the latest divorce proceedings in San Bernardino. I sent one of my men down. Sure enough—there was the record of Priscilla Mullican—Miss Lane's real name, being divorced after a day or so of marriage. I had a clean scoop on her marriage and divorce!"

We learned a good deal about Jimmie Fidler, just by listening to him. He had been a silent actor in 1919. Later a press agent for Rudolph Valentino and Gloria

Swanson. Today, at 41, he owns a huge home and swimming pool in the Valley, and owns also 11,000 shares of Warners stock and 4,000 shares or \$35,000 worth of Twentieth Century-Fox stock. Today, he never visits studios, sits with his secretary for hours thinking up cute cracks for his column, is happy with a gorgeous wife, the former Bobbie Law.

Before leaving Jimmie Fidler, we listened to one last sincerity he had to offer: "Certain people tried to call me pro-Nazi because I fought against propaganda pictures. A silly thing. I did that for Hollywood's own good, as Hollywood is now learning. I am not pro-Nazi. And I am not pro-British. I am fully, entirely and only pro-American. And on the day I can't be pro-American, on the day I can't speak my mind, can't speak what I consider truth, can't say what I wish to say, I will retire from the press and the radio!"

From fast-moving, sensational Jimmie Fidler, we turned to an entirely different flicker journalist in easy-going Sidney Skolsky, once known as "The Little Black Mouse of Broadway," whose very literate daily stint straddles America from the New York Post to the Hollywood Citizen-News.

Short, dark-haired, bespectacled Sidney Skolsky, addicted to scented handkerchiefs and nightly poker sessions with cameraman Jules Buck and fellow columnist Herb Stein, has devoted so much time to item-grubbing in his eight years in Hollywood that he hasn't had time to learn to drive a car!

Skolsky's chief claim to immortality—aside from the fact that he gives birth to the most readable column born of Hollywood trivia—is his almost psychic ability to create phrases and stunts that catch on. It was Skolsky who first used trade words like "preview" and "take" and injected

them into everyday lingo. It was Skolsky who recently by repetition started the game of gin rummy across the nation and who, after viewing the buxom Miss Lana Turner in "They Won't Forget," decided they wouldn't and coined the label "Sweater Set" for those shapeliess like Lana and Betty Grable who side-stepped sophisticated attire for the preppish almost skin-tight slipover sweaters.

He was also the first to name the annual Motion Picture Academy Award the "Oscar." Time Magazine even credited him with that coinage, which would place the matter beyond dispute.

"It happened the year Katharine Hepburn won the Award for 'Morning Glory' and Laughton won for 'King Henry VIII,'" Skolsky enlightened us. "Everyone kept writing and prattling about the gold statuette and the gleaming statuette and everyone invested the entire Award with too much dignity. . . . So I decided to give the statuette a simpler name, and also one that would kid it good-naturedly. I thought of the most unlikely name, Oscar, and referred to it as such. The name caught on."

Realizing that Skolsky, unlike the run of columnists, rarely boasted about making sensational star discoveries, we were anxious to know his ideas on the ability of a columnist to help others.

"Of course," he admitted, "we can help people by plugging their names. But I try not to over-plug people. It makes your selections lose their value. When I have a good story and a really big opportunity to aid someone who needs it, I pitch. Do you recall the Open Letter I wrote to the Department of Immigration in Washington, D. C.? I asked them not to deport old Albert Basserman, an exile from Hitler. Some society picked my

(Continued on page 88)

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# INFORMATION DESK

**Charting those unsung movie heroes and heroines who'll make tomorrow's headlines!**

NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WT.	COLOR EYES	HAIR	MARRIAGE
BUD ABBOTT	William Abbatt	Coney Island, N. Y.	Oct. 2, 1900	5' 11"	150	blue	brown	married
DANA ANDREWS	Carver Dana Andrews	Collins, Miss.	Jan. 1, 1912	6' 0"	168	brown	brawn	Mary Tadd
DESI ARNAZ	Desidero Arnaz	Santiago, Cuba	Mar. 2, 1917	5' 10½"	160	black	dark brown	Lucille Ball
ALBERT BASSERMAN	Albert Basserman	Mannheim, Germany	*1865	5' 10"	170	blue	white	Elsa Schiff
BRUCE BENNETT	Herman Brix	Tacoma, Wash.	May 9, 1906	6' 2"	192	blue	blonde	Jeanette Cannan
LEE BOWMAN	Lee Bawman	Cincinnati O.	Dec. 28, 1910	6' 1"	160	brown	brown	Helene del Valle
EDDIE BRACKEN	Edward Bracken	Astoria, N. Y.	Feb. 7, 1920	5' 10½"	165	blue	brown	Cannie Nickerson
MARY BRODEL	Mary Brodel	Detroit, Mich.	Sept. 27, 1917	5' 4"	118	hazel	red	unmarried
DAVID BRUCE	Andrew McBroom	Kankakee, Ill.	Jan. 6, 1914	6' 1"	165	blue	dark blande	unmarried
JACK BUETEL	Jack Buetel	Dallas, Tex.	Sept. 5, 1919	6' 0"	160	blue	black	unmarried
JUDY CANOVA	Juliette Canova	Jacksonville, Fla.	Nov. 20, 1916	5' 5½"	128	grey	red brown	div. Carp. James Ripley
JOHN CARROLL	Julian La Faye	Mandeville, La.	July 17, 1913	6' 1"	196	brown	black	div. Steffi Duna
JACK CARSON	Jack Carson	Carmen, Mani.	Oct. 27, 1911	6' 2"	195	blue	brawn	Kay St. Germaine
DON CASTLE	Don Goodman	Beaumont, Tex.	Sept. 29, 1918	6' 1"	171	brown	brawn	unmarried
DOROTHY COMINGORE	Dorathy Comingore	Los Angeles, Cal.	Aug. 24, 1915	5' 4"	115	green	red	Richard Collins
LOU COSTELLO	Louis F. Cristello	Patersan, N. J.	Mar. 6, 1908	5' 4"	190	brown	black	married
JOSEPH COTTEN	Joseph Catten	Petersburg, Va.	May 15, 1910	6' 2"	186	blue	blonde	Lenore Kip
JAMES CRAIG	James H. Meadar	Nashville, Tenn.	Feb. 4, 1912	6' 3"	190	brown	black	married
BOB CROSBY	Geo. Robert Crosby	Spokane, Wash.	Aug. 23, 1913	6' 0"	185	brown	black	June Kuhn
ALAN CURTIS	Harry Ueberrath	Rogers Park, Ill.	July 24, 1911	6' 1"	180	blue	brawn	Ilena Massey
DAN DAILEY, Jr.	Dan Dailey, Jr.	New York, N. Y.	*	6' 1"	165	blue	blonde	Esther Rodier
ALBERT DEKKER	Albert Dekker	New York, N. Y.	*1904	6' 2½"	190	blue	blonde	Esther Guerini
GABRIEL DELL	Gabriel Del Vecchio	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Oct. 4, 1919	5' 10"	150	brown	brawn	married
RICHARD DENNING	Richard Denninger	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Mar. 27, 1916	6' 1"	180	blue	dark brown	unmarried
PHILIP DORN	Frits Van Dongen	Scheveningen, Holland	Sept. 30, 1905	6' 2"	179	blue	brown	Marianna Van Dam
EDITH FELLOWS	Edith Marilyn Fellows	Boston, Mass.	May 20, 1923	4' 10"	80	hazel	dark brown	unmarried
GLENN FORD	Gwyllyn Ford	Quebec, Can.	May 1, 1916	6' 1½"	155	grey	dark brown	unmarried
SUSANNA FOSTER	Susanna De Lee Flanders Larson	Chicago, Ill.	Dec. 6, 1924	5' 3½"	110	blue	blonde	unmarried
JEAN GABIN	Jean Moncorge	Paris, France	May 17, 1904	5' 10"	170	blue	grey	divorced
LEO GORCEY	Leo Gorcey	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 6, 1921	5' 7"	145	hazel	brown	Katherine Marvis

\* Data unavailable

NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WT.	COLOR	EYES	HAIR	MARRIAGE
ANNE GWYNNE	Marguerite Gwynne Trice	Waco, Tex.	Dec. 10, 1918	5' 5"	117	hazel	red		unmarried
BILLY HALOP	William Halop	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Feb. 11, 1920	5' 10"	160	brown	black		unmarried
REX HARRISON	Rex Harrison	Liverpool, Eng.	*1909	6' 0"	170	brown	blue		married
STIRLING HAYDEN	Stirling Hayden	Montclair, N. J.	Mar. 26, 1916	6' 4"	210	blonde	blue		unmarried
MARGARET HAYES	Margaret Ottenheimer	Baltimore, Md.	Dec. 5, 1918	5' 4"	111	amber	titian		unmarried
JOHN HUBBARD	John Hubbard	E. Chicago, Ind.	*1914	6' 0"	165	blue	brown		Lois Golder
MARY BETH HUGHES	Mary Beth Hughes	Alton, Ill.	Nov. 13, 1919	5' 4"	120	blue	blonde		unmarried
RUTH HUSSEY	Ruth Hussey	Providence, R. I.	Oct. 30, 1915	5' 5½"	125	grey	black		unmarried
DEAN JAGGER	Dean Jagger	Columbus Grove, O.	Nov. 7, 1903	6' 2"	198	brown	brown		Antoinette Lowrance
BOBBY JORDAN	Robert Jordan	New York, N. Y.	*1923	5' 9"	150	blue	blonde		unmarried
JOHN JUSTIN	John Justinian Ledesma	Norfolk, Eng.	*1916	6' 1½"	180	grey-brown	blonde		unmarried
ARTHUR KENNEDY	John Arthur Kennedy	Worcester, Mass.	Feb. 17, 1914	5' 11"	162	blue	blonde		Mary Chaffey
VERONICA LAKE	Constance Keane	Lake Placid, N. Y.	Nov. 14, 1919	5' 3"	98	blue	blonde		John Detlie
CAROLE LANDIS	Frances Ridste	Fairchild, Wis.	Jan. 1, 1919	5' 5"	117	blue	blonde		divorced
CHARLES LANG	Charles Lang	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 15, 1915	6' 2"	190	brown	brown		unmarried
FRANCES LANGFORD	Frances Langford	Lakeland, Fla.	Apr. 4, 1910	5' 3½"	100	brown	brown		Jon Hall

\* Data unavailable

(Continued on page 102)



**YOU CAN'T HELP  
INHALING—BUT  
YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!**

**T**HAT'S right... *all* smokers sometimes inhale... knowingly or unknowingly. And inhaling *increases* the *chance of irritation* to sensitive nose and throat passages. But—see what eminent doctors found... on comparing the leading cigarettes! They report that:

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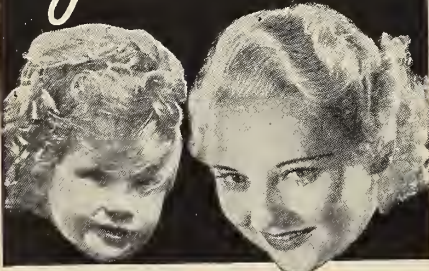
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(Continued from page 85)

column up, reprinted it in pamphlet form and eventually it got to Washington, D. C. My column, among other things, contributed to keeping Basserman and his great talents among us. And, you know, I'd never met the fellow—but after that column, I received a wire and a letter from him.

"Another case would be that of Gloria Swanson. A year or two ago I was plugging hard for her to return to the screen and for producers to give her a big break. Even my favorite astrologer, Blanca Holmes, thought she should and would return. And when Gloria did, I said she finally had to return and play herself because there was just no one to take her place!"

**W**E wondered if Skolsky had many friends among the movie colony. He said yes, some, but he didn't want to have too many.

"I try not to associate with movie stars too much socially," stated Skolsky. "It's bad for a columnist to know the subjects he writes about too well. In the end, it plays havoc with the column itself for two reasons—you can't be truthful in writing about your best friends; and also, you get to know them so well that you finally lose perspective.

"Sure, I have good friends among the girls like Alice Faye and Betty Grable. Take Betty. Not too long ago when she was utterly busted, when she was broke and discouraged, I, among others, took her aside and talked to her, and I spoke to big people like Buddy De Sylva about her. We've been real friends.

"My very best pal is Jim Cagney. One regular man. In the old days on Broadway when I was a press agent, before I got jobs handling the late Sam Harris and Earl Carroll, and Jim Cagney was an actor with an empty stomach, we used to trudge the streets together looking for work. We have years and hell in common."

The story of Sidney Skolsky's rise from a Park Avenue realty agent and Broadway press agent to one of the most popular columnists in the trade is really a saga that plays tag with fiction.

Before 1933 he was doing a snappy Broadway column for the New York Daily News. His co-workers were Ed Sullivan and John Chapman. At the time, Skolsky learned people were interested in Hollywood gossip, so he used to pick up reams of it second-hand at Lindy's over a cheese blintze and print it. At last, in 1933 when his annual vacation came up, he decided to visit that place he was always writing about but had never seen—Hollywood. He went for three weeks. But the day before Labor Day, Jean Harlow's husband, Paul Berne, killed himself. Skolsky was on the spot and on the story. The stories kept coming up and so did Skolsky. The three weeks stretched into one year. Then he returned to New York.

One afternoon J. M. Patterson, publisher of the Daily News, tapped Skolsky on the shoulder and said, "Get ready. You're going back to Hollywood for another year."

This time Skolsky stayed four years. Eventually a wire reached him. It seemed Ed Sullivan wanted a crack at Hollywood, and would Skolsky please return to his old Broadway stint.

Skolsky answered with this historic line:

"Sirs, Broadway columns are as passé as Broadway!"

He quit. Went over to Hearst. Lasted a very short time. One morning Louella Parsons, boss of the Hearst movie pages, came out with a front page scoop that

Greta Garbo and Leopold Stokowski were getting married. And, a few pages back, Skolsky led off his column saying Garbo and Stokowski were not getting married.

"My Garbo contacts were infallible," Skolsky told us, "and I knew Louella was wrong. But she got very angry at me for my item contradicting her, and we didn't speak for a long time. Then one evening at Ciro's after a preview of 'Irene,' Louella Parsons asked me to dance with her. Now I couldn't dance a step, but it was a chance to bury the hatchet, so I grabbed Louella and we waltzed or did some version of the same. Everyone stopped dancing to watch us. It must have been a sight. I'm small. Louella towers over me. The next day the papers said, 'At Ciro's last night Parsons and Skolsky were the floor show!' But we've been pals ever since."

Meantime, Skolsky left Hearst for the New York Post, to which he has been hitched ever since.

Today Skolsky has his job down to a routine. He visits two studios a day, has dozens of friends among directors and writers and stars to collect hot tips and items for him. He writes his column at two in the morning when it is dark and quiet and he can't go anywhere. Sometimes he writes it in the emptied office of a major studio. He rarely gets kickbacks or time bombs from his column. Only one irate phone call in the last three months. He insists he is not interested in scoops but rather in presenting an accurate picture of pictures. He never gets excited about marriage stories, explaining, "What the devil, so if I miss a marriage, I'll wait with my column for the divorce!" He conducts his column like a vaudeville show, every day attempting to present a different and colorful act ranging from his "Gossip Truth" on Mondays to his "Review of the Week" on Saturdays. His pet aversions are those visitors who come to Hollywood for a short time and then run home and yell that the town is as wild as it was in 1928.

**T**ODAY, Skolsky has become a sort of animated Delphic Oracle of Hollywood. All visiting firemen like Kyle Crichton, Dick Watts, Alva Johnston, make a beeline for Skolsky before cornering customers for copy.

Before leaving him, we begged Skolsky to give us an oral lesson on "How To Conduct A Column." He obliged, to wit:

"I can only tell you how I run my column. I don't want to be a guide, a phony prophet or a Beatrice Fairfax. I just want to wander about Hollywood and put on paper what interests me with the hope that it will interest others. Then, too, I feel there should be more in a movie column than who's going with who. Movies are a fine and big thing, and the public should know more about them!

"In my column, too, I try to show the trend of the times. And when I find something definitely harming the movies, I take time off to don my verbal armor and crusade. You see, underneath it all, I have no gripes about Hollywood. I may sometimes pick on it, but please don't get me wrong—I love Hollywood.

"Yes, I love the movies, the people, the industry, and I love being a part of so giant and influential a parade. And so it hurts me, almost physically, to go into a movie house and see two clashing films on the same bill or hear stars' names maliciously gossiped about. Hollywood should and must mean more than that!"

After we left Sidney Skolsky, we mentioned that we had seen him to an

M-G-M gagman, Willkie Mahoney. And Mahoney said, "Listen, I'll tell you how to end your stint on Skolsky. You know, every so often he does a biography of a famous film star and calls it a Tintype. His last line always tells how the film star sleeps. He tells that Ginger Rogers sleeps in cotton nightgowns or Errol Flynn without drawers. I think you should end your Tintype of Sidney Skolsky by telling how he sleeps. Make it a gag. Just write—'Sidney Skolsky sleeps in the pocket of his pajamas!'"

And so, that is where we leave Skolsky and set out in search of Hedda Hopper!

If brown-haired, handsome, 124-pound Hedda Hopper were a man, we might call her the Joe Louis of the columnists. She hits that hard!

The fifth wife of DeWolfe Hopper, who got the name Hedda from a numerologist, who acted in two pictures with Greta Garbo in the early days, is a human perpetual motion machine. Besides three radio programs a week, about eight pictures a year (currently Paramount's "Reap The Wild Wind")—Hedda Hopper also gets out a daily newspaper column that reads as if written by her fists.

Slangy, breezy, full of healthy prejudices and few inhibitions, Hedda Hopper has found time, also, to raise a six-foot-three actor son named Bill and scoop all Hollywood on James Roosevelt's divorce, getting Roosevelt out of bed to verify it!

Hedda Hopper revealed to us her outstanding trait. "I am very definite about the people I meet. And I don't make bones about those I don't like!"

The charming lady digressed:

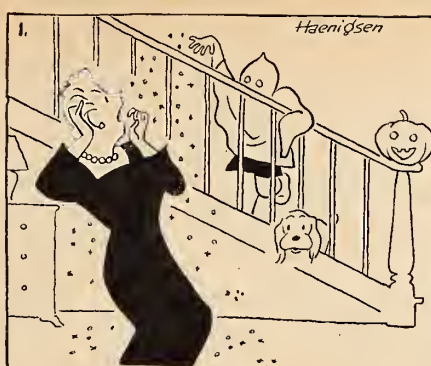
IT'S a tough life. Day after day sizzling stories come in, stories I know I can't publish now. I know they're true, because I know the people involved. So what I do is write these stories down in a diary which I keep under lock and key. That diary is worth a fortune. And some day when it is opened—wow!

"I told you I was definite about people, and the ones I am most definite about are the English in Hollywood. They are constantly griping about the United States, and yet all they do for their embattled mother country is make long-distance patriotic speeches and salt all their big money away in homes, furniture and safe investments! Believe me, I give credit to Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, to Dick Greene, David Niven, Leslie Howard and even old George Arliss for being where they should be—in England!


"And some of the English here, so damn tight! A man came to me directly from London. He needed \$1,000 to build a small clubhouse for poor shopgirls who'd been bombed and blasted from their boarding houses. I took him to a rich American who said, 'Go to your English in Hollywood and get contributions. I'll make up whatever is left.' The London visitor went to three prominent English stars. They each contributed—one dollar! I was raging. I took him back to the American who promptly handed him a check for \$1,000 cash!"

Hedda Hopper admitted, though that there was a good share of sweetness and light in movieland. And that when she could, she liked to help the stars.


"Sometimes," she said, "I am able to do much for the stars. You see, some nasty columnist with indigestion will slam a star with an untrue item. The star has no comeback, no way to answer. So the star phones me and I, knowing the personality involved and the truth, will the following morning deny the rumor and combat the dirty crack in my column. Remember, I like to keep my column open to members of my first profession.




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"Actually, I'm sure I don't write a daily column for money. I feel I write it to help others, and that's so soap. It's the only way one can keep square with one's conscience. I'll give you an idea. Nils Asther returned to town. A good actor and handsome as ever. No one would touch him. I saw him at a preview, mobbed by fans. I talked to him. He confessed sadly that he couldn't get a job. I wrote about it. Somebody saw it and gave him a tumble. He's been working regularly ever since!

"Another case in point. Benny Rubin. A great Jewish comedian. Really great. But his ex-friends won't give him a break. He told me that in one week he had two movie offers and one stage offer. In an hour they all fell through! I'm going to plug him in my column with the prayer it'll get him a break one day soon. Which reminds me of Orson Welles. The dopes around town, pigmy minds, called Orson a lot of names. Yet Orson, just a youngster from New York, had sense enough to hire Benny Rubin

for his radio shows whenever there was a spot!"

We wondered about Hedda Hopper's attitude toward the stars she worked with. She grinned cheerfully and tore in.

"The most cooperative star? Give me Clark Gable. He's so damn real. Listen, my step-son, Jack Hopper, a short, rolly fellow, a New York banker who knew nothing about movies, came to town. I took him on the rounds with me. We went to M-G-M. I introduced son Jack to Clark Gable. I had to leave for a short time. So Gable sat Jack down and man to man chatted with him for twenty minutes. When it was time to leave, Gable said goodbye to Jack as one says goodbye to a friend, and he meant it. Yet later in the day, I introduced Jack to other famous stars—they were polite, and whenever we left, they said goodbye to me, Hedda Hopper, but not to Jack, because all they were interested in was a plug or two in my column. But Gable didn't give a damn what I said about him. He's a man. You can have the

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others. But give me Gable anytime!" Hedda Hopper also remarked that she liked Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck. Both genuine and also cooperative. She mentioned Margaret Sullavan as being friendly. We protested. We mentioned once trying to get an interview for MODERN SCREEN, but la Sullavan was refusing to grant interviews. Hedda Hopper explained:

"You've got to understand Maggie Sullavan as I do. She's afraid to be interviewed. She's shy and only interested in her career, her husband, her kids, and she's afraid she'd be dull and make a bad impression during an interview. Maggie is swell. You should see her and her youngsters in their backyard, running around under the sun in G-strings, having the time of their lives! You only have to know her to appreciate the woman!"

We asked Hedda about the mechanics of her own work. She rattled off her schedule. At the office nine every morning. There she goes on the phone for last minute material. Then she dictates her column. Has never touched a typewriter in her life. Then a visit to a studio or two. "But," she said, "the real gossip doesn't come from studios but from cocktail parties, when the girls get tight and tell on each other in the powder room, then phone frantically the next morning to find out what they said and if they talked out of school!"

**HEDDA HOPPER** wanted to get one big item off her bosom.

"It's this," she said. "They speak about the caste system in India. What a laugh! It's much worse and more cruel in Hollywood, which is for some reason referred to as a democracy. Imagine a \$5,000 a week actress even saying hello to a five dollar a day extra—even though the actress may have been an extra the year before. And the highest rung of the caste system is to marry a producer!"

One last thing from Hedda. Her infamous feud with Queen Louella Parsons. Was it fact or phony?

"I'm not feuding with Louella," insisted Hedda Hopper. "We get along fine. It was only natural the talkers would build up a feud. In fact, once before a big affair at the Coconut Grove, I took Louella aside and suggested we end the feud before it began. I suggested we get a writer to write a little play in which, at the Grove, we would call each other names from our tables and then rush onto the floor, about to tear hair, and suddenly kiss and make up, and that would end all the talk forever. Louella liked the idea. She suggested Edgar Allen Woolf write our little skit. I called him and he liked it, too. Well, two weeks before the Grove affair, Louella phoned me. 'Hedda,' she said, 'the doctor, my husband, says I don't feel well enough to go through with it.' That got me sore. I said, 'But how does he know how you'll feel in two weeks, Louella?' Anyway, we dropped the stunt and our chance to kill the feud talk. So it goes on. But I swear, we're the best of friends, Louella and I!"

And so, with that, we leave Hedda Hopper and her two fellow custodians of the keyholes, Jimmie Fidler and Sidney Skolsky. We have made history. And we may be famous. Because—we did it!—we actually gossiped about the gossips, we really told on the tattle-tales!

In the December issue:  
Intimate glimpse into Deanna Durbin's marriage diary!



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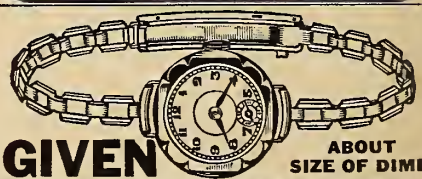
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is, it almost didn't happen. He kicked around Hollywood for years before anyone said, "Here's a find." And it's highly likely that no one would ever have said it if Roy hadn't stuck his foot in a studio door that was closing against him.

But maybe we had better begin at the beginning.

Roy started life with the name of Leonard Slye. He was born November 5, 1912, in Cody, Wyoming—far enough West to make him an authentic Westerner, even if he didn't grow up on a ranch.

His father was, and is, a bootmaker. When Roy was 7, his dad decided that maybe he could do better by his growing family—there were three girls (Mary, Kathleen and Clela) besides the boy—if they moved East. So East they went and lighted in a little hollow called Duck Run in the hills in the southern part of Ohio, 13 miles out of Portsmouth, where his dad worked in a big shoe factory.

"That's real hillbilly country, so I guess that makes me a real hillbilly," drawls Roy with a grin. "I didn't wear shoes till I was about grown. Nobody around there wore 'em—especially kids. The bottoms of my feet used to be like elephant hide. I'd run over stubble and not feel it.

**WE** LIVED on a little old run-down farm up at t'other end of the 'holler' where there was a house only about every mile or two. And right from the start I got my share of the chores. Dad would come home from Portsmouth every two weeks and see how we were makin' out. But most of the time I was the man of the house.

"I milked the cows and took care of the pigs and chickens, and when I got big enough to handle 'em, I hitched up the team of mules every spring and did the plowin'. I've planted plenty of corn in my time, and I've hoed plenty, too. In the wintertime I'd go up on the ridge and cut down trees and drag 'em out, and me and my sisters would saw 'em up for firewood. I used to ride a horse bareback down to the little red schoolhouse so that I could get home sooner. A little black mare—the fastest thing in that country; she'd been a sulky racer before we got her. I'd sure like to know if she's still alive and get her if she is and pension her off in some nice green pasture, because what I learned about ridin' horses I learned ridin' that mare."

Roy's boyhood heroes, so he claims, were Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Ken Maynard. "I didn't get much chance to go to shows," he says, "but I used to play like I did."

When he went into Portsmouth to go to high school, he developed his first real ambition. "It sounds funny maybe, but I wanted to be a dentist. I thought dentists made a lot of money. Why, they got a dollar or two dollars just for pullin' a tooth. But I gave up that idea the same time I gave up high school, which was right after the second year. And the reason I gave up school was that the quarter dad was givin' me every week just wouldn't stretch. I got a job in the shoe factory along with him.

"I kept at that about a year and saved about \$90. Dad saved up some money, too. One day he said, 'Let's you and me drive out to California and see Mary.' That's my oldest sister. She had married and come out here to live. So dad and I set out in this old 1923 Dodge. Six miles

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



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(from a letter by  
G. A. T., Clifton, N. J.)



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the other side of Magdalena, N. M., we burned the bearings out, and we walked into town to a junk yard and got some more bearings, and they didn't fit, and we had to file 'em and cut 'em till they did. But we finally got to California and stayed about four months before we drove home again.

"We hadn't much more than got back when my brother-in-law's father decided to drive out, and I talked him into lettin' me ride out with him. And that time I stayed.

"My first summer in California, I went north to Kingsburg and picked peaches and met a lot of people that everybody else met a while later in 'The Grapes of Wrath.' When I came back down this way, I got a job drivin' a dump truck. I helped put in a long stretch of state highway up beyond Castaic. That was in 1930 or 1931."

And he still might be putting in state highways if, back in Duck Run, he hadn't taken part in the local outbursts of music.

"Mom used to play the mandolin, and dad had a guitar, and we all went in for a little hillbilly harmonizin'. Mom

and dad played at all the square dances 'round about, and I'd go and watch, and when I was about twelve, I started callin' the dances. I called 'em before I ever danced 'em.

"On this road job I got mighty lonesome, so I saved up and got me a guitar. I picked out two or three chords on it, and when I went down to visit my sister, I'd sing and play at beach parties. There was a little radio station in Inglewood that had a midnight frolic every Saturday night. Anybody could get on it, so just for the heck of it, I got on it. They took my name and address, and a fellow came to see me and asked me how I'd like to be on the radio. There wasn't any pay attached to the offer, but he thought I ought to be able to have some fun. So I talked it over with four other fellows, and we organized into a harmonizin' outfit."

They called themselves "The International Cowboys"—just why, Roy can't remember. Not one of them was a cowboy. One of them was married and had a steady job, and the other four bunked at his house paying for room and board

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when able, which wasn't often. Jobs—even odd ones—were beginning to be scarce.

"We got starved out and busted up," Roy recounts. "But three of us started another gang, 'The Rocky Mountaineers.' We got on the air, but we still didn't get any pay. Along came an agent and said, 'Boys, I can make you some money.' He said he'd go out and arrange some bookings for us through Arizona and New Mexico. He got us bookings, all right, but most of the deals he made with theater managers were for us to get fifty per cent of anything over the average 'take.' Our first stop was Miami, Arizona, which turned out to be a ghost town; the copper mines were shut down. We had to hock a watch to get out of the auto court there."

(Incidentally, it was out of Miami that he was pursued by that girl in the "borrowed" car.)

"The next stop was Stafford, Arizona, where we made four dollars apiece. From there we went to Wilcox, Arizona, which was the home-town of one of the boys. It had a stovepipe theater with foldin' chairs. We decided we'd get rich sooner if we put on a dance, so we took out all the chairs and waxed the floor and advertised an old-fashioned square dance. We got a big turnout, too—but 'expenses' ate up most of the profits. The fellow who owned the car wanted to head for California while we still had enough money for gas, but I talked him into going on to Roswell, N. M., 200 or 300 miles away. We landed in Roswell with just fifty cents apiece and learned we had a week's layover to play another fifty-per-cent deal. We talked the local radio station into lettin' us go on the air every day to advertise our show, and we borrowed a rifle and went and shot cottontails for something to eat. That was another time when I lived like in 'The Grapes of Wrath.' When we did put on our show, we didn't make any money, but we hung around another week and put on a dance. We got a nice crowd and made \$90. We had visions of becomin' millionaires. We went on to Lubbock, Texas, where we called ourselves 'The Texas Outlaws.' We sure were awful

because we went flat-broke in a big hurry.

"When I got me and my one pair of pants back to California that time, I bumped into two fellows named Bob Nolan and Tim Spencer, and we formed a trio and called ourselves 'Sons of the Pioneers.' That was just when 'The Last Round-Up' came out. We made a nice arrangement of that, and we started gettin' plugs. That was the turnin' point."

They started out harmonizing, gratis, on Radio Station KFWB. But when the radio editor of the Los Angeles Examiner started listing them among his daily "best bets on your dial," KFWB decided they were worth hiring—and started paying them salaries. They added a fiddle player, Hugh Farr, and became the most popular cowboy outfit on the California air for more than two years. The movies became conscious of them, and they got quite a bit of picture work as a unit. They were the singing cowhands around the campfire in a long string of pictures, beginning with "The Old Homestead." They worked in Westerns starring Gene Autry, Dick Foran, Phil Regan, Charles Starrett and others. They worked at a variety of studios, all of which, except Republic, are now in a fine position to kick themselves for never sensing the movie possibilities of one Leonard Slye. Republic discovered him as follows:

"It's sure funny how the break happened," says Roy ruminatively. "I was in a little hat store over on Western Avenue one night when a fellow rushed in and said he wanted a cowboy hat for a screen test in the morning. He and I got to talkin', and I asked him where the test was goin' to be. 'Republic,' he said. So early the next morning I rode out there. At that time, the pedestrian entrance to the studio wasn't through the main gate; it was through the administration building. And the guy at the door wouldn't let me in. I made the mistake of admittin' I didn't have any appointment. I kept hangin' around the door hopin' I'd see somebody I knew from workin' in pictures there. Finally a party of four people went through the door. I was gettin' desperate by then.

## QUESTIONNAIRE

We are giving away 500 autographed portraits of motion picture stars. You can receive one if you send in the questionnaire below properly filled out. Act, now, while the supply lasts!

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our November issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choice.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| My One Day Marriage (O'Hara) <input type="checkbox"/>              | Yeah Man Friday (Rochester) <input type="checkbox"/>                     |
| They Snoop to Conquer (Gossip Columnists) <input type="checkbox"/> | Why I Said Yes to Bill Holden (Marshall-Holden) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Log of a Sailor (Hayden) <input type="checkbox"/>                  | Oh Susanna! (Foster) <input type="checkbox"/>                            |
| Crazy, But We Love 'Em <input type="checkbox"/>                    | "Honky Tonk" <input type="checkbox"/>                                    |
| My Daughter Judy (Garland) <input type="checkbox"/>                | Screen Specialists <input type="checkbox"/>                              |
| "Hellzapoppin'" (On the Set) <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 \_\_\_\_\_

What do you think of Modern Screen's movie reviews? Too funny? Yes ☐  
No ☐ Hard to follow? Yes ☐ No ☐ Helpful? Yes ☐ No ☐ Your Rating? Excellent ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐



Name the star whose autographed portrait you want \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN  
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Before the door could close after 'em, I stuck my foot in it and stepped through. Right inside I bumped into Sol Siegel, who was a Republic producer. He asked me if I wanted to see him. I said 'Yes,' and he led me to his office, and I asked him if he thought I could get a test.

"He leaned back in his chair and said, 'I've tested eighteen singin' cowboys, and somehow I never thought of you. Have you got your guitar with you?' I told him I could sure get it in a hurry and rushed out to the car and rushed back all out of breath. I couldn't sing for ten minutes. But when I found my voice again, I sat on his desk and sang him three numbers, and right then and there, without any test, he handed me a contract!"

THE reason why Republic at that particular moment was interested in finding another singing cowboy, despite the fact that they already had one in Gene Autry, was that Gene was threatening to go on strike for more salary. And if he carried out his threat, they wanted a substitute handy. For four months the new find sat around the studio doing nothing except one solo song number in a "Three Mesquiteers" picture and wondering if he liked the name Dick Weston which the studio had handed him. The studio decided the name could be improved and rechristened him Roy Rogers—just before Gene took his famous walk. The studio's immediate answer to Autry's stroll was to put "a great new find, named Roy Rogers" into the role intended for Autry in "Under Western Stars." The picture was voted the best Western of the year. The public—especially the female portion of it—immediately accepted Roy as a star. Now, as aforementioned, he's No. 3 among all Western stars with a long-term contract to do eight pictures a year.

The fact that Roy is frankly married and frankly the proud papa of a 14-months-old adopted daughter named Cheryl Darlene doesn't seem to dismay his feminine fans. They write asking for photos of him with the baby. Maybe he's their idea of what a husband and father ought to be like.

He met his wife "when I was practically starvin' to death"—in Roswell, N. M. "That week we were on the radio there; a woman called up and said if Len Slye would sing a Swiss yodel song, she'd bake him a couple of lemon pies. Boy, did I yodel my lungs out! And sure enough a car came around to our motor court, and this woman piled out with two lemon pies. I guess she didn't have to look twice to detect the signs of hunger. She invited all three of us to a chicken dinner. In the back of the car there was a pretty girl—the woman's daughter—named Arlene Wilkins. And

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STORES

when we went over for that chicken dinner, Cupid took aim. Arlene and I corresponded steady after that, and we got to know each other better when she came to Los Angeles to business college the next year, and I went back to Roswell to visit the summer after that. We were married the next fall."

THEY live on an acre in the San Fernando Valley in a cozy six-room house that has all kinds of Western atmosphere.

Roy wears his trousers inside his boots to be different from Autry, who wears his outside. Again to be different from Gene (who, incidentally, is a good friend of his), he never wears jackets; only fancy shirts. His boots are made by his father, who still keeps his hand in at his old trade at a bench reserved for him in the back room of "Roy Rogers' Ranger Post," the complete Western outfitting shop that Roy opened a few months ago in Studio City.

Roy keeps fit by staying away from night clubs, going 'coon-hunting up around Calabasas, working out with his horses, swimming, improving his archery (he has been known to hunt with a bow-and-arrow—it's the Indian in him) and deep-sea fishing. He won the Southern California salt water fishing tournament last year with a catch of a 245-pound hammerhead shark. Another hobby of his is training homing pigeons. But his biggest achievement in the training line is his training of Trigger.

Trigger, raised by Roy from a colt, is a golden Palomino with white legs up to his knees, a blaze face and a white mane and tail. According to Roy: "You can trust him around children, he's that gentle. And he's mighty smart. I taught

him a new routine for the Philadelphia Rodeo. The announcer builds up a word picture of a cowboy ridin' across the badlands on his horse—suddenly a shot rings out—I fall out of my saddle, wounded—Trigger stops, comes back, lies down beside me so that I can struggle onto his back—then he stands up and carries me off toward home. It brought down the house, showin' the love of a horse for his master. Now I'm workin' up a new finale. As I start to ride away, another shot rings out, and Trigger carries one leg up in the air as we go out of sight."

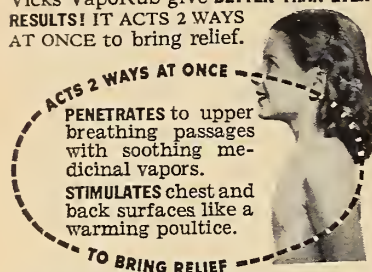
Up to now, most of Roy's pictures, including his newest, "Bad Man of Deadwood," have been laid in the Old West with Roy a two-gun cowboy. But from now on they're going to be more modern with more music and comedy. Roy will sing more, and his movie sidekick, Gabby Hayes, will clown more.

We watched Roy work the other afternoon on the Republic back lot. The script called for him to run up to the door of a farmhouse, look back over his shoulder to see if he was being followed, then stealthily enter the house. The director wasn't satisfied with the first take; there wasn't enough "business" in it. He recommended some dramatic touches for Roy to add. The director said: "I certainly have a time keeping you on the screen. Give some of these old-time leading men a scene like this, and they'd make it stretch for five hundred feet of film." Roy said, quick as a flash: "I tried that once, but it landed on the cuttin'-room floor, so I figured I was wastin' my time." In other words, he'll just be himself.

Well, that seems to be paying big dividends. Especially with the women.

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## OH SUSANNA!

(Continued from page 43)

For instance, when I went into "Glamour Boy," right away I didn't like Jackie Cooper—thought he was fresh—typical callow boy, coming in with his pipe and his car and all these sharp-cracks. 'Hello, Frizzy,' says he. 'Oh, a comedian!' says I. 'A boy who talks like a man—'

"Well, I was wrong. Jack and Bonita were the first kids I ever met who brought me in with the crowd, just ignored my prickles, invited me down to the beachhouse with the rest of the gang. Of course, one of my troubles is I don't like parties. I like about six kids toasting marshmallows, but crowds scare me, and I hate to dance. I never go any place where I'd have to dance, makes me feel self-conscious.

**T**HAT was another thing about Jack. I had to dance with him in "Glamour Boy." He took me off the set and showed me how not to stumble, how not to look stiff. Then—he's a good actor, and I'm not. He'd say: 'Foster, you smell in that scene,' and tell me why and how to improve it. Which I appreciated a darn sight more than if he'd said: 'Foster, you're swell,' and gone about his business, which doesn't include helping me."

"Foster, you're swell," doesn't go down easily with Susanna at any time. Praise to her face makes her squirm, and she brushes off compliments hastily with a wisecrack. "You wouldn't know how to get swellhead," an admirer told her.

"No," she cut in drily. "I'm only a female with a female's heart, and females never get swellhead, but my feet are killing me—"

"Suzy, you grow better-looking," said a friend who hadn't seen her for a while. "Yeah," quoth Suzy. "Lamarr should start worrying right now."

Two years ago, after struggling through a long siege of incompatibility, her parents separated. Old enough to make her own choice, Suzy went to live with her father. Her mother has custody of the two younger girls. Her early maladjustment must have been due, at least in part, to the cleavage at home. But her father, a wise man, has helped her to keep her perspective clear. She realizes now that one swallow doesn't make a summer nor one mismatched pair give the institution of marriage a black eye.

She and her father go to movies and the opera together, discuss everything under the sun from politics to boys. "There's just one thing about him that gets me so mad sometimes," says his daughter. "He's too easy-going, he lets people step on him. I'm easy-going, too, up to a point. But let that point be passed, and I scare myself. I don't see red, I go cold—absolutely icy." There's nothing about Suzy that gets her father mad. Though he does write her doggerel, peppered with careful insults. Like the following:

"Why don't you have more dignity? Don't be a social dud.  
 And please, oh, please, say, 'Father dear' instead of 'Hi there, Bud.'  
 Won't you quit buying shoes and shoes before they drive me woozy?  
 Instead of Suzy for a name we should have dubbed you Shoozy.  
 These are all minor matters, true—they wouldn't mean a thing—  
 Oh Suzy, I'd forgive them all—if you could only sing!"

She adores her sisters and talks about

them like a grandmother. Kathleen's fifteen, Adelaide thirteen. "Only she's just at that age where she'd rather be called Vicki and runs around telling everyone she's fifteen, so they think I'm lying, and I have to pull out my birth certificate every ten minutes. She has a dozen boy friends and snubs them all, fixes her hair every two seconds, paints her toenails, has the prettiest legs I've ever seen on any human being, and knows it. Oh, a sub deb but definitely, right out of Cosmopolitan! Kathleen's quieter with a wonderful sense of humor and a grin that would slay you and the loveliest hair between gold and red. She's quite domestic, she'll probably marry some nice young struggling doctor at eighteen—anyway, I hope so. They're both more dependent than I am, though at that I'm sort of a cross between the two—in some ways idealistic like Kathleen, but like Vicki, I also realize the frailties of human nature."

This young psychologist was born in Chicago, spent her childhood in Minneapolis and sang practically from the cradle. At five she fell desperately in love with Jeanette MacDonald after seeing "The Love Parade" and drove the neighbors to thoughts of mayhem by caroling "Dream Lover" like a phonograph record that refused to run down. Still an ardent MacDonald fan, she saw "Naughty Marietta" forty-one times and is waiting for its seventh-run release.

**M**ARY McCORMIC came to town when Susanna was ten. Suzy's account of what happened is elliptical. "Mother always had a lot of courage, and Miss McCormic's a darling, so she listened to me sing three songs written by me—I'll never live it down."

"Have her take piano and violin lessons," she advised Suzy's mother. "But no voice for a while yet, and I'd like to hear her a year from now." She took neither voice, piano nor violin lessons. Black '29 had come and gone, taking most of her father's bond business with it. But Carl Johnson, orchestra leader at the Palace, heard her sing, coached her for a couple of weeks and put her on the bill. Out she came on pipestem legs under blue taffeta and rendered—that's the word—the waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet," with two tangible results—ten dollars and the admiration of Merle Potter, drama critic, who had Suzy make a record which he shipped to Metro.

It took the Metro talent scout a year to float it, and he timed his arrival to coincide with a phone call from Mary McCormic in Chicago, who offered to pay Suzy's way to that town so she could sing for the vice-president of Warner's. Torn between gratitude to Mary and excitement over the contract stuck under their noses by M-G-M, they finally plumped for the bird in the hand. Suzy and her mother set sail for Hollywood. Six months later her father and the younger girls joined them.

Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's right hand, met the new songbird at the train. She'd been told to expect a child of twelve and had to look twice at the vision that minced down the platform, high-toned as anything in stilt heels and a black fox wreathed round her gray tailored suit. Next day Suzy was led downtown by the ear and toggled out in sports clothes, flat heels and a hat with streamers.

"I was ornery, green as anything,"

didn't know anything about being diplomatic. I'm not making alibis for myself. They called me to the office one horrible day months later, and said, 'Suzy, you have a bad singing voice, your high notes are thin. You're a good little actress, but we have enough actresses, we can't use you.' It was almost funny, though it took me a while to laugh. I was a *punk* actress. But I felt I could be a good singer if I got the chance. I'd begged them to let me take lessons. My voice was what I *lived* for.

**W**ELL—I can generally talk back pretty well. But I knew if I opened my mouth, I'd bawl. Twice in my life I've felt like crying, and that was one of them. So by a pretty heroic effort I kept all the snappy comebacks in my throat till he got through talking, then I walked out. When I got home, I was over the sob-stuff—reached the 'heck-I'll-show-'em' stage.

"The next move was mother's. Energetic as she is, she steered me to Milo Marchetti's agency, and he signed me. I wanted to hug him when he said: 'What you need is voice lessons.' And I'll never be thankful enough that he took me to Gilda Marchetti, his sister. She's the only teacher I ever had or hope to have. She knows her job, that's all—instead of saying: 'I've taught so-and-so and so-and-so, so please pay me ten dollars a minute.'"

Time passed, and she auditioned for "The Starmaker." Linda Ware got the job, but Leroy Prinz, the dance director, followed Suzy out. "I'm going to call you," he promised. "Thanks," she said sweetly and laughed up her sleeve. She'd heard that one before. Three months later Marchetti told her that Prinz had called, and that she was to try out for Andrew Stone's "Victor Herbert."

Mr. Stone differed with Metro. He thought she was a fine singer and a lousy actress, but he took a two-week option on her, pending William LeBaron's return from the east. Mr. LeBaron raised Cain. "What the hell goes on here, signing fourteen-year-old singers? Why not do a Durbin with Lamour and really panic 'em?" He backtracked, though, after hearing Suzy sing. Or as she puts it, "Mr. Stone was left holding the bag. My heart went out to him. This gawk with hair like a Shetland pony's, screeching 'Muh-thuh!' at Mary Martin all over the place."

The general verdict approved the gawk and her singing. Paramount handed her a long-term contract, handsomely substituting yearly for six-month options. Then came "Magic in Music" now "Glamour Boy." "And please, no predictions," begs Suzy. "Let come what comes."

Music is the god of her idolatry. She'd rather sing than eat and thinks she performs better in the bathtub than on parade. She's getting her piano lessons at last, practices two hours daily, takes five voice lessons a week and caterwauls—don't look at me, she said it—round the house for the pleasure it gives her. She used to sing to herself on the lot, but some kind friend told her she sounded like a conceited little jerk, so she quit.

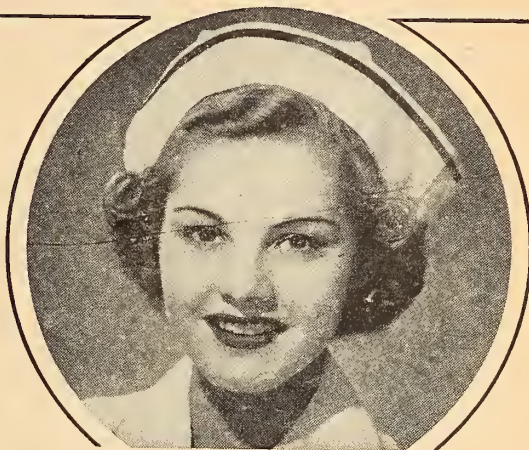
Her ideas about make-up and clothes have changed since her "youth." "At thirteen, I'd smear it on, mascara my lashes, wear gobs of rouge. You know, I don't think mothers should worry about things like that. Every girl goes through it when she first gets her hands on the stuff. It doesn't mean a thing. Myself, I just suddenly realized what a fool I was and cut it out. Only lipstick now. Which reminds me, I've got to get a new one. My dad doesn't like this color.

"It's the same way with clothes, too. First, I couldn't get 'em fancy enough. Now I like 'em plain. Too plain, my dad

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thinks. Blue jeans and white sweat-shirts, for choice. I bought a red formal to wear to the opera, but it sits in the closet. One thing I'm fussy about is hair. I don't care what you've got on, your hair ought to be combed and brushed and fixed right. Just because a girl wants to look casual, her hair doesn't have to hang over her eyes like a gorm's. And, oh yes—I despise sweaters with no bras."

Boys don't mean much to Susanna at the moment. She prefers to swim and play tennis with her girl friends—Dolly Loehr, the little pianist of "Magic in Music," Barbara and Julie George, who aren't professionals, and Betty Brewer, who's only fourteen but has sense. She and Betty love to motor along the ocean-front and eat at a drive-in. Suzy's so crazy about driving that she often goes alone. It's her cure for the blues. "Once when I did a rotten broadcast, messed up 'Traviata' as it's never been messed up before, I got dramatic and thought of jumping into the ocean. But my dog got into a fight, which drove suicide straight out of my head."

In her feeling about boys, Susanna reveals herself as more emotionally mature than the average sixteen-year-old. She's passed through the early phases. She's been kissed, didn't like it and sees no point in doing what she fails to enjoy. She's had a wild crush on an older man. It lasted for months without his suspecting. They never said more than hello to each other, but she trembled at sight of him, wove her dreams round him and cried herself to sleep the night he married. Then she lectured herself out of it. "Now listen here, goon, where's the percentage—?"

Being human, she says, she's interested in the opposite sex. "But when I kiss, I want it to be for keeps. Besides, there's so much else I'm interested in. Once I sat down with myself and said: 'Look, you've got just a few years on this earth. What do you want to do with them?' Well, I want to travel, I want to really see the world—Tahiti and the source of the Amazon and Italy and Siam. It makes me shiver with excitement just to say the names—"

"On the other hand, I'd like to marry young. My dad's for me in that. I want about a dozen kids, and we both feel people should have their children early, not wait till they're a hundred and two and then have one. I wouldn't care what the man did as long as he wasn't conceited and wasn't dumb. I've always said I wouldn't marry an actor, so I probably will. What I mean is an actor at heart. There's a difference between a man who acts for a living, and one who can't live without acting. I don't think I could go for a jazzhound, either. He wouldn't have to love music as much as I do, but I'd like him to be able to sit and talk to me about it without getting bored—"

She chuckled. "Of course the ideal thing would be to fall in love with a fiddler who owns a tramp steamer. Then we could have music and see the world. The kids would be all right, too. They'd have to be American citizens, that's all I care about. Otherwise, I'd just as lief bring 'em up on the high seas." Her chuckle faded into earnestness. "Home," said Susanna, as one who knows, "isn't a house, but where the people live who love you."

## EYES RIGHT

(Continued from page 49)

exotic blues and greens. The latter two are most suitable for evening make-up, but if applied with skill and if you are going to a festive function, you can get away with them at high noon. We wouldn't advise your wearing blue or green mascara with business or sport costumes, but they do look charming when a hat, veil, flowers and dressy clothes are worn. For formal occasions, some girls use two shades of mascara—tinting the lashes one color and the tips another. This takes a bit of extra skill but is strikingly effective.

Whatever shade of mascara you choose, be sure to keep your lashes looking always silken and natural. Brush them after applying mascara so that each is separate from the other, and brush them free of powder after every make-up job, too. Touching them with a little lash cream will not only keep them soft and healthy but will add a nice sparkle to your eyes.

If your lashes aren't the kind that curl of their own accord, use a curler to give them a flattering upturn that makes them look longer and your eyes bigger. The curl will stay in longer if you touch them with lash cream or apply mascara before using your curlers.

Make-up will make your eyes more beautiful, but if you want to keep them healthy, bright and youthful, be sure to follow common sense rules for care of your eyes. Crow's-feet and dry, shrivelled lids will detract from their beauty, so keep your eyes young and lineless by lubricating and massaging them regularly with a special cream. Every night before you retire, tap the cream gently around

your eyes, using the pads of your fingers, working from the inner corners outward, above and below the eyes. Be careful never to pull or stretch the delicate tissue around the eyes in your massage routine.

Remember there are no eyes so lovely that they can't be enhanced by the subtle use of make-up, whether it's just a touch of mascara or an accent of shadow. Experiment with all the shades and kinds recommended for your type until you find the ones that suit you best. Then take plenty of time to apply them so as to look both natural and flattering. Your reward will be well worth the effort.

If you've always longed for lovely fringes of lashes, why not let Maybelline Cream Mascara make yours look longer, darker and more luxuriant. You'll find it the ideal consistency for easy application—neither too runny nor too thick—and it comes in three lovely shades—brown, black or blue—to accent your eyes and harmonize with your coloring. Maybelline Cream Mascara doesn't require water for application and comes in a handy purse-size tube, so it's easy to carry about for emergency make-up jobs.

You fastidious girls will be delighted with Djer-Kiss Lipstick. It comes in a new-type case which has a patent lock to keep the inner cylinder spic-and-span clean. Your fingers won't get smudged when you use it, and your purse will stay neat as you like. Djer-Kiss Lipstick is available in five radiant shades, from a warm natural to a daring brilliant red. It goes on smoothly and evenly, making your lips brighter and lovelier, and it lasts for hours.

## CRAZY, BUT WE LOVE 'EM

(Continued from page 33)

perfected, will change the color of your eyes and hair, the tone of your skin, even the shape and size of your features. So that if you get tired of your same old last year's face, all you have to do is press a button and, lo, some mystic properties will transform you!

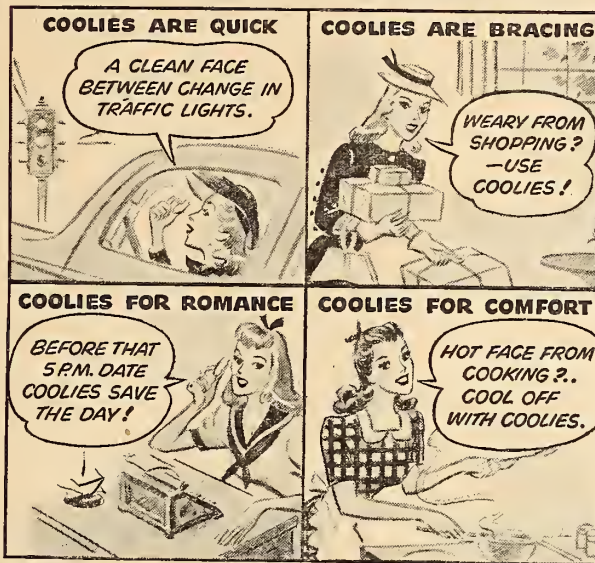
JOHN CARROLL'S house is literally an arsenal. Guns are stacked in his kitchen, bedroom and bath. Under his two grand pianos stand two machine guns. Moreover, John, as even his best friends will tell you, is Hollywood's biggest liar. They are not talking behind his back. He knows it. He will entertain rooms full of people with the most fantastic adventures. When, breathless, they ask him, "Is that really true?" his answer is: "Well, hell, no, but it's amusing, isn't it?" Some would call this a border-line case.

Of course, there are some among us here in Happy Hollywood who recover from their phobias, paranoias and the like and are as good as new. Joan Crawford is a notable instance:

Joan, until quite recently, suffered, really suffered from *alter-phobia*. Which means, the fear of height. Her earliest memory is of being hustled into a cyclone cellar in Oklahoma when she was a mere moppet. The fear of being whirled upward accounts for the neurosis. She was never really happy unless in a cellar or on a firmly laid first floor. When she stayed in New York, she was in a quandary because the places she liked to stop, the Ritz Towers, etc., have their best suites up near the angels. And poor Miss C. could not rest easy above the fourth floor. So when, two years ago, she was invited to the Critics Award Party to be given at the Rainbow Room in Radio City, that meant the 69th floor, if you know your Rainbow Room. It was so important for Miss C. to attend this function that the publicity woman in charge of the Crawford activities omitted to tell her where the party was to be held until she stepped into the elevator. Then, fearing collapse, she was told "69th Floor." "I can't possibly do it," said shaken Miss C. "You've got to," said the P.A. "Maybe, if the elevator would stop every tenth floor so I could get out and feel the floor under my feet, I might make it," quavered Joan. The entire system of an express elevator was disrupted. It stopped at the 10th floor. Miss C. got out, walked up and down the corridor, felt better, got back into the lift. At the 20th floor, the same shenanigans. At the 30th—then said Miss C., convalescence already apparent, "Tell him to make the whole slug to the 69th!" The payoff is that the next time Joan visited New York, she camped out in the 34th floor at the Ritz Towers!

Joan has been, from time to time, various bundles of fears, neuroses and complexes. Some while ago she had a hand-washing mania. She washed her hands fifty times a day. She took four to six showers a day. She wore gloves whenever she handled anything. She sent her clothes to the cleaners if she had only worn them for half an hour. She always opened a fresh package of cigarettes for herself and if, during the evening, a guest inadvertently took one from her package, she threw it away. When it was pointed out to her that she was behaving in what psychiatrists term an "excessive fashion," she got very mad. Like all victims of a true phobia, she denied it. "I'm just clean," she main-

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tained. She has since recovered, and no one would ever know she had been so afflicted. There was also the time when she took an organ on the train with her when she went to New York. She wanted to practice. Joan, no doubt about it, has had much to overcome. And has.

BARBARA JO ALLEN, better known to us all as Vera Vague, suffers from a very curious complex. She lives in continual fear of a match famine. If she drops a match anywhere, used or unused, she will search for it until she finds it. No matter where she is or with whom. A lovely lady of the most sterling integrity of character, she is a kleptomaniac when it comes to matches. She can clean out a friend's house, a hotel lobby, leaving it matchless in a minute . . . Joan Bennett collects scrap iron in the streets. If she is motoring and hears the clang of metal, the chauffeur must get out and pick up the scrap hit by the tire. Joan once lugged home fifty pounds of scrap and found she had collected the sundry parts of an old washing machine. She explains her compulsion neurosis by saying that she thinks the hunks of metal fall out of her car. That's what she says.

Nat Pendleton may not look right bright on the screen. But he is known among his intimates as a fellow of scientific turn of mind, a great reader and a rival of Raymond Gram Swing when it comes to sound commentaries on world events. Nevertheless—between scenes on the sets, Nat conjures up screwy millinery, if you please, using any object or objects handy. For instance, he'll take a funnel-shaped spotlight shade, tie a huge dresser scarf around it, drop a prop flower in the open end. Or for a floppy brim effect, he'll arrange a

script on his head, the book held intact by a hairnet borrowed from one of the feminine players on the set. Nat's latest creation, dreamed up on the set of "Terror Of The Islands" over at Universal, is a cluster of bananas whipped into the semblance of an aboriginal chief's go-to-battle headdress. He wears the bonnets he designs. It is for you to decide whether there are bees in them or not.

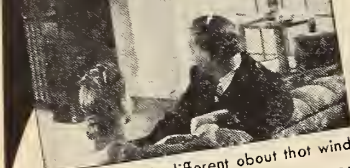
Irene Dunne has a compulsion neurosis about busses. The form it takes: She must ride a bus in any city she is visiting. And she must ride—alone. She says she simply makes it a point to see places from bus tops and what's crazy about that? Well, nothing. That is, unless you have a limousine from the privy precincts of which the same end can be achieved. Besides, there are penalties. She has to give fellow bus boys and girls autographs, of course. She can't very well keep her eye on Chambers of Commerce and Village Greens while signing, "Sincerely, Irene Dunne," now can she? Or maybe I'm wrong . . . and there is Myrna Loy who HAS to ride in the left side of the back seat of a car. She doesn't know why.

Dottie Lamour can't let men's neckties alone. Her escorts get a hunted look in their eyes, clutch their throat decorations when Dottie advances upon them. If she likes a man's tie, she'll ask him where he got it. Then she'll go to the shop named and buy ties to send to men whose ties she doesn't like, if you follow me—or her. The ties she doesn't like are, meanwhile, stowed away in Dottie's Old Tie files.

There are the Hollywood beds. . . . Zorina sleeps in a boat-shaped bed. Mounted on rollers, it sways gently during the nights. Zorina likes to go down to the sea in ships. Get it? . . . Geraldine

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Fitzgerald sleeps in an adjustable hospital bed . . . Humphrey Bogart gets his shut-eye in an ordinary garden hammock—says it is a throw-back to his Navy training . . . Dick Powell, Cary Grant and Warren William had beds made to their own design. They are of gargantuan dimensions. The headboard of each contains book cases, radio, telephone, medicine cabinet, magazine rack and a place for a midnight snack.

AND speaking of beds, when Hedy Lamarr moved out of her Benedict Canyon house after her divorce from Gene Markey, she auctioned off her furniture, was left in the house for the better part of a week with nothing but a mattress and a make-up box. One of the things we still can't believe we ever saw was Hedy squatted, tailor-fashion, on her floored mattress, her make-up box serving as her dressing-table, breakfast tray and tea table. But we did.

One Saturday night at Ciro's, Lupe Velez appeared, gowned gorgeously. Periodically she disappeared into the Powder Room and each time came forth with a new hair-do. One time the hair was pompadour, the next time in a Grecian knot, again a long bob and so on. It was Mrs. Ray Milland who, justifiably curious, investigated, found that Lupe had brought her coiffeur along with her, installed her in the Powder Room. Between numbers, they created new hair styles for the Velez.

Some stars suffer from Animal Complexes. Or enjoy them, depending on the point of view. Among these, Jean Arthur is one for the books. When she was making "Arizona" and was on location in Arizona, she worried herself sick about the poor little animals used in the picture. After each scene was shot, she would untie the dumb creatures, whereupon they would scatter over the mesa. Production was held up, and a Bring 'Em Back Alive committee had to be organized to perform a round-up. Nor was that all: Between scenes and of an evening, Jean would take the poor little dogs, cats and other quadrupeds out for a ride in her car. She also took them up to her hotel room and there attended to the creatures' creature comforts.

The following anecdote, Jean might claim, merely testifies to her thorough-going craftsmanship: She had a scene in "The Devil and Miss Jones" where she had to talk back to a policeman. Jean decided to make a practical experiment so as to give the scene the proper authenticity. She drove up and down Hollywood Boulevard, barging through signals, overdoing the speed limit, etc. Eventually, John Law pulled her into a curb. She sassed him good and plenty. He escorted her to the Police Station. Her husband was sent for, and Miss A.'s antic was explained as best it could be to a baffled officer. "It's an occupational neurosis," explained husband Frank Ross. Miss A. was subsequently released upon payment of a fine and with a reprimand which made frequent reference to the "psychopathic ward."

Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward's Sunday Nights At Home are Hollywood-famous. On one Sunday night we have in

mind, Ida was ill in bed. At 9:30 the doctor arrived, and Ida insisted that everybody (Frances Robinson, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Olivia de Havilland, etc.) have their blood pressures taken. "Just a courtesy of the house," said the prone Ida, wanly but warmly. Indeed, students of abnormal psychology might do worse than spend a few social evenings at the Lupino-Hayward ménage. They present a fantastic study of the combustion of the social atom. There is a recording machine in one corner of the playroom where Ida will, likely as not, be making a record of "Marie Rose." Louis may be behind the bar, learning his lines for the next day. A guest or two will be on Ida's bed. On one occasion, Louis whipped out his .22 because he spied a prowler going through his clothes-press. The prowler turned out to be John Garfield, one of the guests. John explained that he owns only four suits and was so fascinated by Louis' collection of sixty that he was "just sort of fingering them." And speaking of Louis reminds us of animalophiles again. Louis picked up a stray kitten on Hollywood Boulevard recently, stopped traffic in doing so, found kitty ailing, took it to a Cat Hospital and had a special crib made for it. For three weeks, he stopped in twice a day, before and after work, to "set a spell" with it. Ida insists that he also sent flowers.

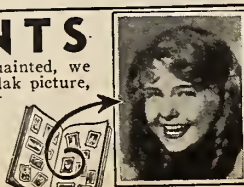
Then there is the Christmas worship of Marie Wilson. She worships the Christmas festival to such an extent that she can't bear to take down her Christmas tree, leaves it up practically the year 'round. It stands on a revolving musical stand which plays "Silent Night" as it spins. During the earthquake last July, the blankety-blank thing began to revolve, and "Silent Night" rang out incongruously in the midst of chaos. (There are eye and ear witnesses to this phenomenon.)

ORSON WELLES works all night when producing a picture because he doesn't like the way people look in the daytime here in Hollywood! . . . Paul Muni feels so akin to The People, so compassionate of them that when, for the first time in their married lives, Mrs. Muni decided to go a little elegant and hire a butler to serve dinner, Muni, in old sweat shirt and overalls, jumped up and said, "Maybe he'd better sit down while I wait on table!" And did. And when Mrs. Muni blew herself to a chauffeur-driven limousine, Muni would have none of it, tailed her around in his old roadster, making of a Muni excursion, a cavalcade. . . . And there is Laird Cregar who, when chatting with friends, apparently intent on what they are saying, suddenly gives out with some devastatingly witty and quite unprintable couplets about them, which he has been making up while seemingly with them in spirit as well as in (300 pounds of) flesh! . . . Cesar Romero, who has a charming house replete with Early Americana, fine silver and linens, persists in using a ghastly set of dishes because his Filipino house boy won them at an Ocean Park shooting gallery and proudly presented them to Cesar as a housewarming gift. In silent protest, whether he likes it or not, Cesar's friends, the George Murphys, Ray Millands, Roger Pryors and others, carefully and "accidentally" crack or chip a dish each time they dine at Romero's. But some phobias drive deep roots. Next time, dinner is served on the same dishes plus cracks and chips!

Not long ago, to strike a lighter vein, Ann Southern sat at home one evening, playing bridge with Cesar Romero, Bob Sterling and Frank Milan, who were keeping her company while husband

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Roger Pryor looked at the preview of "Ringside Maisie." Suddenly Ann remarked that she could hear "the patter of little feet" on her bedroom floor directly above where they were sitting. Cesar, with a sympathetic pat on her hand, offered to go up and investigate. Ann's bedroom door was locked, as it has been kept ever since she was robbed by a jewel thief. Cesar tried the key, and—it was red hot! He managed to open the door, and sheets of flame burst out at him! The flames crisping the rugs were "the patter of little feet" Ann had heard. Now, at times like these, Ann is wont to be as cool as an April morning. She was then. She went composedly to the telephone, dialed the fire department, said graciously, "This is Miss Ann Sothorn at Number 703 — Street. My house is on fire. Could you come over?" While waiting for the engines to arrive, Ann spent the time worrying about where she would hang the stuffed head of the 265-pound marlin she had recently caught, which arrived during that incendiary interval. A respect for fact compels us to add that, when the fire was quenched, Ann promptly and completely fainted. Indicating that all her reflexes are really perfectly normal.

## "HONKY TONK"

STORY

(Continued from page 44)

PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 45)

from hiding Lana Turner's streamlined curves. For rowdy dancer Claire Trevor he sketched out a dilly of an ensemble almost entirely made up of vari-colored ostrich feathers . . . Lana watched Gable closely during entire shooting to get acting pointers. A Rummy fiend, she played endless games between scenes with her hairdresser for lunches, lost consistently. After one week the latter had gained six pounds, so they switched to mythical money stakes. At picture's end, Lana owed the girl \$8,000,000. . . Frank Morgan, who had promised himself a post-shooting fishing trip on his elegant "Corsair," inspected wares of sporting goods salesmen between scenes, incurred Director John Conway's ire by trying out swordfish tackle.

Though Sweater Girl Lana Turner plays a prim Boston schoolmarm who tricks Gambler Gable into marriage after succumbing to his muscular charms, Marjorie Main is more appropriately cast as a lady who conducts a mission. In private, tall, gaunt Marjorie neither smokes, drinks nor swears, says, "I come from the Middle West where people don't like women who do those things." For the first time in her life, she broke down and bought a car at beginning of this picture. She drove it twice, sold it, explained she preferred buses.

One hirsute extra did a slow burn after Dead Shot Gable had "killed" him. The camera moved off on a truck shot, and the extra lay "dead" two hours thinking it would come back. It didn't.

Tensest moment in the whole pic is a scene in which Gable and his favorite screen enemy, Albert Dekker, indulge in a "last bullet" duel. Emptying a gun of all but one shell, Gable twirls the cylinder, and they take turns snapping the trigger at their temples. When only two cylinders are left, Dekker weakens, exposes his basic cowardice. Climax of the scene is Gable's revelation that there had never been a bullet in the gun. Sleight-of-hand expert that he is, he had "palmed" the bullet before they started.

If Lou Costello ever clamps down on his screen partner, Bud Abbott, for a settlement of Bud's card debt to him, the dour-faced member of the riotous team will not only be homeless but shirtless as well. Abbott owes the roly-poly Costello a cool \$356,942.58 as of noon yesterday. The rummy game, which had its inception the day Lou and Bud first met backstage in a Brooklyn burlesque theatre, has been in almost continuous operation for eleven and a half years and is responsible for the sensational debt. Lou has kept a record of his daily winnings—and very occasional losses—throughout the entire period. But maybe that's just being practical. Maybe, but we have our doubts!

But then there is the true story of the Lana Turner fan who wrote and asked Lana to meet him at a certain restaurant on a certain day and hour. Lana kept the requested appointment. The fan did not. Lana learned later that he didn't get his release. The State Asylum wrote her about it. So as I say, there are two sides to every fence. And mind you, again, these are merely a few notes jotted down about case histories with which we are familiar but about which no clinical deductions are made in print.

up a monster tent to house an honest saloon and dance hall, with Gold Dust Nelson, an old flame, as hostess.

The cards were with him—all the way down the line. As his power grew, Brazos' declined. And Elizabeth loved him. Knowing nothing of his past, she expected a proposal of marriage. But Gold Dust disillusioned her on that score. And the old Judge tried to warn her.

That didn't stop Elizabeth. She got Candy drunk, tricked him into marriage. And after his first anger, he began to like it. Judge Cotton's final, futile attempt to save his daughter was to make a clean breast of his own and Candy's past. But words couldn't hope to alter Elizabeth's love. She believed in Candy—even when he had Yellow Creek in the palm of his carefully manicured hand, and money poured into his pocket from gambling, vice and tax graft set-ups.

The lid was bound to blow off some day. And it did. Judge Cotton, learning that Elizabeth was going to have a baby, swore that the child should not grow up in such a corrupt environment. He exposed Candy's graft ring to indignant citizens. Brazos, now a Candy henchman, furious over the tip-off, killed the Judge. Elizabeth, shocked by her father's death, lost her baby, and Candy woke to a belated realization of what he had done to his lovely young wife. Before leaving with Sniper for new fields, he killed Brazos, broke up the gang that had formed to battle the townspeople.

Candy didn't get very far, however, before Elizabeth caught up with him. She had learned what Candy had done, why he was leaving, and to her it was a final proof that he had changed permanently for the better. Her father and her baby were dead, victims of the lawless reign that had existed for so long in Yellow Creek. Candy might protest that he had done nothing noble and that he was no sucker. But Elizabeth knew that he would never go back to his old ways. She loved him and believed they would forever after go along together.

# How modern are you when it's— "that time of month?"



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## GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 62)

### THE BEST POLICY

If Rosalind Russell states she is not going to marry Freddie Brisson, this scribe is willing to believe her. For if there is one thing that can be said of Roz, it is that she is the absolute soul of honesty.

After all, who but a complete worshipper of the Shining Truth could confound an interviewer by remarking sweetly: "We are all overpaid in Hollywood!" Yep, that is exactly what Roz did!

And if you think that was just a slip of the tongue, swallow this one! In a recent statement to a member of the national press, Miss Russell had the following to say about herself and her Art:

"Why shouldn't I like to be an actress? Forty seconds or so in front of the old movie camera, and I'm ahead another swimming pool!"

As far as we are concerned, that is proof enough. No wedding, says Roz. No wedding, say we.

### ROCKY ROAD TO GLORY

Paulette Goddard is riding for a breakdown. In the past year a burning desire to push her career has made her insist on doing a half-dozen pictures without so much as a day-long pause between them. If the taut nerves and weariness she's exhibiting on the "Reap the Wild Wind" set are any indication, she's in for a crack-up before many weeks.

At present her only relaxation is walking with Anatole Litvak (yes, that's still on) in the vicinity of the beautiful Beverly Hills home she owns and occupies—without Charlie Chaplin. Her next residence, however, will be a local hospital. She checks in for a rest cure as soon as "Wild Wind" is finished.

### DISA AND DATA

Errol Flynn personal-appeared when a new five-and-dime opened in the South Pasadena building he owns . . . Brawny Stirling Hayden is literally a "white-haired boy." The Bermuda sun, under which he made "Bahama Passage," did the bleaching . . . Victor McLaglen, the old toughy, has turned to poetry! His first composition is an epic poem about his own life . . .

Note to Mary Beth Hughes: Lupe Velez' new bedroom is done in black velvet and white satin. And she's also installed black and white twin beds for her pair of Chihuahuas! (Tiny Mexican canines to you). . . .

Veronica Lake's baby is cradled in an old-fashioned clothes basket, padded and covered by Veronica herself . . . Keye Luke is painting the Chinese murals to be seen in "Shanghai Gesture" . . . On the heels of the announced silk shortage, Marlene Dietrich plunked down her dollars for sixty dozen pairs of hose . . . Charles Laughton receives less fan mail than anyone in Hollywood. He regards the slight as a tribute to his talent, claiming no right-minded fan would write to the kind of characters he so realistically portrays . . . Ilona Massey wound up "International Lady" by gifting fellow set workers with \$300 worth of clothes . . . Picture business can wait for Bing Crosby when the ponies are running. Bing's annual movie schedule is always figured out so it won't interfere with the racing season at his Del Mar track.

Prediction of the Month: Texas A. and M.'s

Johnny Kimbrough will be the town's next escort sensation. In the few weeks he's been here, he's set all the sweet young things a-twittering. But, ladies beware! He's got a girl back in Houston . . . Mickey Rooney's admiring glances are falling on Harold Lloyd's daughter, Gloria . . . Edgar Bergen owns a ceramics factory in Pasadena . . . Because she's a word-scrambler, Martha Scott's husband, Carlton Alsop, has pet-named her "Mrs. Malaprop—1941" . . . Milton Berle owns a slice of the Hollywood Coast League Club . . . Maureen O'Hara has received over 100 proposals of marriage since her divorce proceedings were front-paged . . . After viewing the first Quiz Kid short, youngest Kid, Gerard Darrow, turned to a reporter and whispered: "If actors are hams, we ought to be kept in the smoke house!"

### HOME OF THE BRAVES

The word has gone out. Any studio desiring an A Number One Indian story should contact Warner Bros. They'll shoot one over by bow and arrow and will even throw in a complete set of unused wigwams for good measure!

And all because the studio biggies forgot that G-string-and-feather-headress redskins went out with the bustle and the shaving mug!

Here's what happened: 16 of America's choicest aborigines were hired from a nearby reservation to work in "They Died With Their Boots On." To make sure they'd be happy, the studio back lot was transformed into a regular forest preserve, with individual teepees, wild deer loping about and everything else in true James Fenimore Cooper style. When the Ugh-and-How boys were escorted to their temporary Hollywood home, they got one look at the drafty diggings with the droopy door flaps and rebelled. Ring-leaders Raymond Hairy Chin, Robert Elk Voice and Frank Shooter sat right down and held a pow-wow with heap big studio chiefs. They had to have comfortable hotel rooms with modern plumbing and valet service—or else! They got 'em, all right, but the pay-off is that after two weeks, the pace of studio work and night life proved to be too much for the blood brothers of Sitting Bull. Sadly they packed their peace pipes and autograph albums, hopped a fast train East and gave the town back to the Hollywood Indians!

### Solution to the Crossword Puzzle on page 74

R	O	N	A	L	D	A	P	R	I	L	R	E	A	G	A	N
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O	L	Y	M	P	E		G	E	R	M	S		S	M	E	A

## GOOD NEWS (Continued)

### NAVY BLUES

Claudette Colbert has Navy Blues. Ever since Husband Dr. Joel Pressman was tapped for duty at San Pedro Naval Base, he and Claudette have been unable to see each other more than two or three evenings a week.

Being a defense widow holds little charm for Claudette. Her affection for her husband is famous, and when she can't see him, she misses him. Just like that.

The other evening Claudette was particularly lonesome so she dialed the Naval Base and asked for Dr. Pressman.

"Hello, darling," she said excitedly when he came to the phone. "How are you feeling? Are you thinking of me? When will you be home again?"

Through the wires, Claudette heard her husband freeze. His answers came, curt and sharp. Finally, he interrupted her mid-sentence.

"I'm sorry, madame," he snapped. "I am unable to help you at the moment. I shall be happy to return your call when I have the information you require." And he slammed the receiver in her ear!

Claudette was stunned. Fifteen minutes later she was still wondering what had happened to change the man she married when her phone rang. It was Dr. Pressman.

"Honey," he gasped. "Why did you do it? Do you want to get me in Dutch? My superior officer was in the room! If he knew I was receiving personal calls, he'd cancel my leave!"

Claudette still doesn't like the way the Navy operates. But she's a good wife. Now when her fingers yearn to call Dr. Joel, she raises the receiver—and dials Information!

### HELP THY NEIGHBOR

Movie kings and queens, who would blithely slit the throat of anyone threatening to rob them of a snitch of publicity, might do well to take a lesson from Olsen and Johnson, two of the zaniest—and swellest—guys this town has ever lamped. Olsen and Johnson like publicity themselves, but they don't write in torture when the other fellow gets some. On the contrary, they'll go out of their way to help a brother actor grab a few columns in a newspaper.

Like the time, not too long ago, when Jack

Benny premièred Paramount's "Charley's Aunt." Olsen and Johnson went out and bought a block of tickets for themselves, their kids and their uncles and their cousins and their aunts—and then marched the whole gang over to a tailor where they ordered each and every one of them fitted out as little Charley's Aunts! It was their plan to roll up to the première in a bus and pour into the theatre, two by two, togged out in duplicate Benny costumes, complete with corkscrew curls and seven underskirts! It would be a great gag, they figured, and a swell send-off for Jack's new effort.

And it could have been, too, if Universal hadn't gotten wind of it first.

"Universal publicizing Paramount!" they screamed. "M'Gawd!" And nixing the stunt quicker'n a wink, they sent the boys home to dope out a way they could come as little "Hellzapoppin's"!

### SHORT SHOTS

Echoes from the East have Norma Shearer and Ronald Balcom looking dreamy-eyed as they dance at the Sky Gardens of the Hotel St. Moritz . . . Lupe Velez is taking stretching exercises guaranteed to make her grow . . . It takes two dozen pairs of hose a month to keep Alice Faye's legs trimly sheathed . . . If you own a ten-year-old photo of Clark Gable, note the resemblance to Vaughn Paul. It's amazing . . . House-hunters Judy Garland and Dave Rose may settle on the late Jean Harlow's home . . . Bad break for Olivia de Havilland and Carole Landis. Their mutual escort, Gene Markey, reports soon for naval duty in the Canal Zone . . . Ginny Simms is quitting Kay Kyser's band to concentrate 100% on films . . . Cole Bros., the circus maestros, are attempting to lure Mae West into their fold. They're offering healthy compensation, but Mae hasn't yet said "aye" or "nay."

Sylvia Sidney's sister-in-law, Stella Adler, will probably be Hollywood's next feminine director . . . An enterprising citizen has whitewashed a huge "V" on a Hollywood hillside. It's visible for miles around . . . By the time you read this, Ralph Bellamy and Frank Morgan will be headed for the South Seas on Frank's boat . . . John Justin, handsome Prince of "The Thief Of Bagdad," is bedded in a London hospital. His plane was shot out of the skies by a Nazi raider . . .



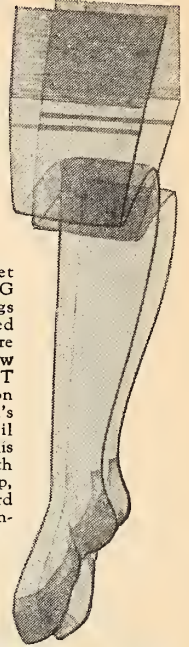
Favorite New York haunt of magazine-cover gal Honeychile Wilder's the Sidewalk Cafe of Hotel St. Moritz. Says it beats anything in Hollywood!

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(Continued from page 87)

NAME	REAL NAME	BIRTHPLACE	BIRTHDATE	HEIGHT	WT.	COLOR EYES	HAIR	MARRIAGE
CAROLYN LEE	Carolyn Copp	Columbus, O.	June 5, 1936	40"	42	hazel-brown	brown	unmarried
MARY LEE	Mary Lee Wooters	Centralia, Ill.	Oct. 24, 1924	4' 11½"	100	brown	brown	unmarried
JOAN LESLIE	Joan Brodell	Detroit, Mich.	Jan. 26, 1925	5' 4"	118	hazel	auburn	unmarried
OSCAR LEVANT	Oscar Levant	Pittsburgh, Pa.	*1905	5' 10"	170	brown	brown	June Gale
JIMMY LYDON	James Lydon	Harrington Pk., Pa.	May 30, 1923	5' 3"	115	blue	red	unmarried
VIC MATURE	Victor John Mature	Louisville, Ky.	Jan. 29, 1916	6' 2"	198	blue	dark brown	Martha Kemp
PATTI McCARTY	Lois Patricia McCarty	Bakersfield, Cal.	Feb. 11, 1921	5' 2½"	110	brown	brown	unmarried
ANN MILLER	Ann Miller	Chireno, Tex.	Apr. 12, 1919	5' 5"	114	hazel	dk. brown	unmarried
CARMEN MIRANDA	Maria de Varma da Cunha	Portugal	*	5' 0"	107	brown	brown	unmarried
MARIA MONTEZ	Maria Mac-Feeters	Dominican Rep.	June 6, *	5' 7"	122	brown	red-brown	unmarried
GEORGE MONTGOMERY	George Montgomery	Brady, Mont.	Aug. 29, 1916	6' 3"	190	blue	blonde	unmarried
TED NORTH	Ted North	Topeka, Kan.	Oct. 3, 1916	6' 1"	170	blue	blonde	unmarried
LARRY NUNN	Larry Nunn	Marshfield, Ore.	Aug. 23, *	5' 6"	130	blue-green	light brown	unmarried
MARTHA O'DRISCOLL	Martha O'Driscoll	Tulsa, Okla.	Mar. 4, 1922	5' 4"	115	hazel	blonde	unmarried
WILLIAM ORR	William Orr	New York, N. Y.	Sept. 27, 1917	5' 10½"	155	green	blonde	unmarried
JUNE PREISSER	June Edward	New Orleans, La.	June 27, 1917	5' 0"	100	hazel	blonde	engaged to Gar Wood, Jr.
GEORGE REEVES	George Bessolo	Ashland, Ky.	*1916	6' 0"	175	hazel	black	Eleanor Needles
PHIL REGAN	Philip Regan	Brooklyn, N. Y.	May 28, 1908	5' 10"	165	hazel	black	married
GENE REYNOLDS	Gene Blumenthal	Cleveland, O.	Apr. 4, 1925	5' 8"	145	hazel	brown	unmarried
JANE RUSSELL	Jane Russell	Bemidji, Minn.	June 21, 1921	5' 7"	122	brown	brown	unmarried
SABU	Sabu	Karapur Jungle, India	*1923	5' 8"	152	brown	black	unmarried
GEORGE SANDERS	George Sanders	St. Petersburg, Russia	Feb. 3, 1906	6' 3"	215	grey-green	light brown	unmarried
MARTHA SCOTT	Martha Scott	Jamesport, Mo.	Sept. 22, 1916	5' 4"	105	hazel	light brown	Carleton Alsop
JOHN SHELTON	John Price	Los Angeles, Cal.	May 18, 1914	6' 1"	170	brown	brown	Kathryn Grayson
RED SKELTON	Richard Skelton	Vincennes, Ind.	July 18, 1914	6' 2½"	190	brown	red	Edna Stillwell
GENE TIERNEY	Gene Tierney	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Nov. 20, 1920	5' 5½"	115	green	reddish-brown	Count Cassini
REGIS TOOMEY	Regis Toomey	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Aug. 13, 1902	5' 11"	158	grey-green	light brown	Kathryn Scott
BILL TRACY	William Tracy	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Dec. 1, 1917	5' 8½"	130	blue	dark brown	unmarried
CONRAD VEIDT	Conrad Veidt	Berlin, Germany	Jan. 22, 1893	6' 2"	182	blue	black	married
MARJORIE WOODWORTH	Marjorie Woodworth	Inglewood, Cal.	June 5, 1921	5' 5"	118	blue	blonde	unmarried
COBINA WRIGHT, JR.	Cobina Wright, Jr.	New York, N. Y.	Aug. 14, 1922	5' 8"	120	blue	blonde	unmarried
JANE WYATT	Jane Wyatt	New York, N. Y.	Aug. 10, 1913	5' 2"	109	brown	brown	Edgar B. Ward

\* Data unavailable

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