

MODERN SCREEN

FEBRUARY
10
CENTS



LANA TURNER

WHY ARTIE SHAW'S STILL MAD ABOUT LANA

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Size ☐ Sterling Silver ☐ Yellow Gold Plate

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Send a Letter or Order from Convenient Coupon →



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

Eyes Applaud, Hearts follow a Sparkling Smile!

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

HAVEN'T YOU noticed that it isn't always the prettiest girl who is the best-liked, the most popular?

Heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl who *smiles*! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a real smile—generous and gay. A smile that says, "Look, I'm in love with life!"

So wake up, plain girl—wake up and *smile*! You can steal the show if your smile is right. You can be a star in your

own small world—you can win compliments—you can win love and romance.

But your smile must be *right*. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. And remember, for a smile to keep its sparkle, *gums must retain their healthy firmness*.

So if you ever notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth

Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

**For a Lovelier Smile—
Ipana and Massage**

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

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



A Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Begins the nineteen hundred and forty-second Annum Domini and the third year of this column.

May our foes wither like the chilled leaves. May Decency find, with renewed vigor, the mislaid path plotted in the year one.

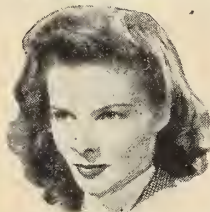
So wisheth the philosopher Leo, Coeur de Lion.



Each of us, in his own way, has his job to do. And ours is to entertain, to divert, to interest, to serve.

We offer the best that the screen can provide. With each year the movies come to fuller flower. In addition to technique they have mastered pace and the tempo of the times.

When you see—and you will see—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year", note this blending of action, merriment and modernity.



It's the snappiest yarn that has come to the studio editor in many moons.

Spence plays a hail-fellow sports writer named Sam. Kate plays a high-brow political columnist named Tess.

Tess gets pretty stuffy about sports and one day Sam takes her to the ball game where she asks some pretty cute questions, to the disgust of the press box.



It's either war or love twixt Sam and Tess. All's fair in both.

But, baby, what comedy comes out of the mixing of the two worlds—the people and the tall brows. That party where those who came over in the Mayflower rub elbows with the boys who are more on the cauliflower side.

"Woman of the Year" is the Picture of the Year.

—Leo



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

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Cover: Lana Turner,
appearing in M-G-M's
"Johnny Eager"

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TAYLOR

N

TURNER

They're dynamite in

JOHNNY EAGER

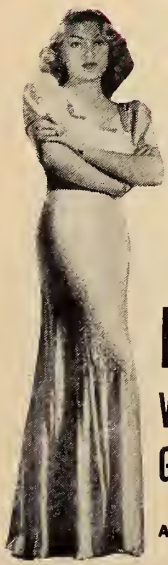
"You're cruel, Johnnie. You're almost 100% bad. But whatever you are, darling, you're my man!"

The flaming drama of a high-born beauty who blindly loved the most icy-hearted Big Shot gangland ever knew.

A MERVYN LeROY Production with
EDWARD ARNOLD

VAN HEFLIN · ROBERT STERLING · PATRICIA DANE
GLENDA FARRELL · HENRY O'NEILL · DIANA LEWIS

Screen Play by John Lee Mahlin and James Edward Grant
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by MERVYN LeROY
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.



MOVIE REVIEWS



Stirling Hayden and Madeleine Carroll.

BAHAMA PASSAGE—AB-2*

Legions of lovely girls all over America, it is said, have been panting for this moment: the debut of Stirling Hayden as a leading man—that big, brawny gorgeous, sun-bronzed sea god who has done even more to advertise the Nordic race lately than handsome Adolph. Well, here it is. The big moment has arrived, a tropical disturbance blown up from the Bahamas via Paramount (why can't Barney Balaban find something to film up here in the Temperate Zone?), and all the feminine barometers are down and all the movie-meters presumably are up. But are they? Well, dissenting males may solace themselves by looking at Madeleine Carroll, or possibly by reflecting that it's a pretty dry story for a tall, handsome sea god, and that the sea god himself as an actor is still a bit damp behind the ears.

The incidents with which Paramount has elected to bring drama to Bahama may place a slight strain on your gullibility if you care about such technicalities as proper motivation, consistency of character, reasonable probability or even just plain common sense, but there's an awful lot of them and they keep happening one after another. Seems that Stirling, who is a sort of amphibian Tarzan, is the heir-apparent to a lonely salt cay: population, 250 blacks, including faithful old Morales, and three whites; Stirling himself; Mama (Flora Robson) who hates the place like poison, and Papa, whom we don't get to know as he falls face down in a salt pool and dies at the beginning of the picture.

Mama thinks Papa was murdered by the colored population, has a recurrence of her phony heart trouble and swears she can't live on the island without another white man to protect her. This gives Stirling a (*Continued on page 8*)

P.S.

Stirling Hayden placed thumb to nose, waggled four fingers violently and bowed out of Hollywood after this one . . . Cast and crew spent seven and one-half weeks on desolate islands, trying to keep cool in the 90 plus degree heat that made the motors of the camera race, and emulsion on the film melt . . . Film was packed in air-cooled dark rooms and whisked to Hollywood laboratories by plane . . . 13 tents housed the troupe, one tent for the commissary and one for the company physician, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, who found the natives needed more attention than the Paramount men and women . . . Bathing had to be done in the sea, because the only fresh water is that drained from the roofs during storms . . . only means of communication with the outside world was through a "cable station" that boasted a ship-to-shore two-way radio communication set . . . Madeleine Carroll surprised everyone by bearing up beautifully under the primitive conditions. Wore no make-up for the film. Secured and kept an even tan that was just right for the Technicolor cameras . . . She and Stirling Hayden were guests at a party given in Nassau for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor . . . Sound track for the native chant made by a group of 50 native singers was recorded in the still of the night on the huge public grounds south of Government House on Nassau Island. The singers are members of the famed Ebony Choir . . . The entire company had to stop work from 11 A.M. until 2 P.M. because of the direct overhead rays of the sun . . . Biggest hardship of all was the terrific invasions of out-size mosquitoes and sand flies.

*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.



Hayden and Madeleine try to keep peace between villainous Leo G. Corroll and trusted servant Leigh Whipper!

Watch These Three Danger Zones of Your Skin!



① **EYE CRINKLES**—Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you guard against signs of age—at this Danger Zone!



② **NOSE PORES**—Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you guard against big pores—at this Danger Zone!



③ **BLACKHEADS**—Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you guard against blackheads—at this Danger Zone!

By *Lady Esther*

There are three little areas of skin that you must watch with special care. For they are "danger zones" where blackheads may appear suddenly—where pores tend to become coarse—where little lines etch themselves into the skin.

What are these "danger zones"? Well, there is zone No. 1: the corners of your eyes, where tired lines and laugh crinkles form so easily. There is zone No. 2: the curve next to your nose, where pores get coarse-looking. And there is zone No. 3: the tiny valleys of your chin where dust and grease accumulate and sometimes harden into blackheads.

You don't need a lot of different creams and lotions to guard these "danger zones." For now there's one cream that takes care of four important needs of your skin! Yes, just one cream! My 4-Purpose Face Cream is *complete* in itself—asks no help

of other creams or lotions. Not only does it guard the 3 "danger zones"—but it keeps your skin looking its cleanest, freshest and loveliest at all times.

Here's what it does: (1) It thoroughly but gently *cleanses* the skin. (2) It *softens* the skin and relieves dryness, flaking. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores, helps beautify the skin. (4) It *smooths* the skin, prepares it for powder and make-up. You

can expect a softer, smoother skin almost from the very first application!

Send for Generous Tube

Mail coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! Try it as a powder foundation in the morning—as a cleansing and softening cream at night. See why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther Face Cream!

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER,
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (75)

Send me a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 9 shades of face powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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

(Continued from page 6)

pain, but to pacify Mama he imports a general overseer who is a bum and a cowardly tyrant (he insists on absolute authority even over Stirling) but who has a daughter. Boy! The new overseer, apparently fresh from the Dale Carnegie Institute, gets off to a fine start socially by slugging honest old Morales, and it takes the combined efforts of Stirling and the forgiving Morales to keep down an indigo uprising.

Meanwhile, Madeleine, who has been around, is piqued by Stirling's aloofness; she wonders what more even a sea god could want than what the whole student body of Columbia University wanted in 1939, viz., Madeleine Carroll on a desert island. But Stirling holds out longer than DiMaggio in the Spring, before he gives in, the galleries in a lot of neighborhood houses will probably be yoo-hooing him. (We forgot to say that Stirling has a wife on the mainland, and that's why he's so moral, though she isn't worth it as it turns out. Sick of sea gods, apparently, she runs away with a sailor from Kansas City.)

Well, there's the set-up and if, after all this, you still don't know how it works out, you'd better go look for yourself. The story, as you may have surmised, is a phony, but the backgrounds aren't; they're the real thing. •And Stirling is a natural blond.—*Para.*

H. M. PULHAM, Esq. **AA-2**

A delicately satirical job of directing by King Vidor, a brilliant performance by Robert Young in the title role, a deglamourized, surprisingly human Hedy Lamarr as Marvin Myles, the career-girl menace, and a story which, up to a point, is full of both dramatic interest and authentic Bostonian regional flavor (no mean achievement, however qualified) are the high spots of Metro's version of John P. Marquand's novel. The film is too long, or seems too long, and ends disconcertingly in a sort of temperate, out-of-this-world praise of matrimony, respectability and the sacred necessity for dullness (varied with an occasional aimless motoring excursion into the country). But perhaps that is neither the picture's fault nor Mr. Marquand's. Perhaps that's just Boston.

At any rate, for the major portion of its generous length, this film succeeds in conveying the effect of an adequate transcription from life—or what passes for life on Beacon Hill—and also in stating the essentially unhealable cleavage between the old aristocratic tradition in American and the new pushing dollar-worship. It demonstrates that many of the old ways are superior and worth preserving, though for the most part they were narrow and out-worn. These are fine achievements for a motion picture supposed to be aimed at a theoretical box-office potential of eighty million largely indiscriminating souls.

Robert Young's performance as the dignified, gentlemanly, habit-bound, rather squeamish Pulham is admirably right except in certain dishonestly written scenes—notably the queer reunion in middle age with the businesslike Hedy, during which the dialogue not unnaturally appears to stick in his throat. It is a pleasure to get a look at Miss Lamarr so far removed from her make-up man and to note that she is still attractive in a basic way, though certain

of her camera angles are by no means flawless. Ruth Hussey as the wife, Charles Coburn as the father, Van Heflin as a drunken liaison officer between the two worlds and Fay Holden as a mild Boston matriarch are all excellent in supporting roles.—*M-G-M.*

BABES ON BROADWAY **AB-1***

It was probably inevitable that sooner or later there would be a sentimental get-together between Alexander Woollcott and Mickey Rooney, and this is the film at which we bow to the inevitable. The story (between vaudeville turns) is all about the desperate struggles of young ambitious theatrical folk in New York (seems they hang out at a joint called the Pitt-Astor Drug Store instead of the Stork Club). It begins with Woollcott sentimentalizing in front of an obviously dead microphone and ends with Mickey and Judy Garland taking bows at the conclusion of a smash musical originally designed by Mickey to raise money for slum kids' vacations. In the picture, Mickey's musical is such a success that it's a wonder Cole Porter and Rodgers and Hart don't go to the Pitt-Astor themselves and take a slug of strychnine.



Normally we shouldn't be bothered repeating the plot of a musical film, but in this case (don't stop us) it has a certain symbolical value: it shows just how much the public will put up with for the sake of a great actor like the Rooney. Seems there's these three kids, fugitives from Class 1-A in the draft, hoofing it for spaghetti money in a Greenwich Village basement. Fay Bainter, a talent scout who is probably morbidly fond of spaghetti, catches the act and makes an appointment for the boys to audition for a big Broadway producer.

The blabber-mouths tell about it at the old Pitt-Astor, and so many alumni

show up, it queers the audition. Then Mickey gets the idea for this slum benefit from Virginia Weidler, who takes music from the papa of Judy Garland, whom Mickey meets when she is in a telephone booth crying—where were we?

All sorts of difficulties, both romantic and fiscal, crop up to keep Mickey and Judy unhappy and to keep the show from going on; but we've already told you it would be produced, so stop shoving. So all right, it gets produced. Also Mickey has a dream that's full of amusing Rooney-Garland impersonations. A regular circus; you'll probably love it all.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Carmen Miranda showed up on the set to coach Mickey Rooney for his impersonation of her . . . Took one look at him and screamed: "You are too cover up" and jounced his bodice down on his chest another inch . . . Rooney does a black-face number with Judy Garland. Both kids left their make-up on when they left the set. Judy caused a riot in a local market; Mickey dashed out to the golf course for a quick game and made the best score of his life—79 . . . Finale of the picture is an old-fashioned minstrel show. Director Busby Berkeley figures he climbed 3420 feet on the special rising camera photographing the 12-minute scene. Music for the number is supplied by a 100-piece orchestra augmented by a 24-piece banjo band . . . Mickey actually plays the banjo; pal Eddie Peabody, on leave from Great Lakes Naval Training Station, visited him at the studio and gave him a couple of pointers . . . In one scene, the pictures on the wall had to be actual Broadway players. Metro's legal department says all pictures used in their films must be M-G-M players. Studio discovered 14 people now under contract used to be on the stage. Tacked up were photos of Lionel Barrymore, Edward Ashley, William Powell, Van Heflin, Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas, Red Skelton, Lee Bowman, Sara Haden, Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter and Lewis Stone. Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy were left out because the studio didn't think audiences would remember their stage flings . . . Mickey turned 21 during production, got his biggest thrill out of his mother's birthday present to him—an electric malted milk shaker, plus ten pounds of malt . . . Ray MacDonald does one of the smoothest numbers in the show, an impersonation of George Primrose doing a soft shoe routine. Ray broke his ankle two years ago, and doctors told him he'd never walk again . . . Besides La Miranda, Mickey impersonates Sir Harry Lauder and Richard Mansfield. Judy has a little tougher assignment—does Sarah Bernhardt, Fay Templeton and Blanche Ring.

THE JUNGLE BOOK-AB-1*

We sometimes wonder how Kipling managed to get along all those years without Alexander Korda or how Korda could get along now without Kipling. This time Mr. Korda has reopened one of Rudyard's tallest tales and released all of its quaint creatures and even quainter companionships upon a startled adult world. Thriftily, he allows Brother Zoltan to do the directing and Sabu, under personal contract, to be the star.

(Continued on page 10)

*** 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 eight films have been reviewed and rated.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER!



MADELEINE CARROLL · STIRLING HAYDEN
TOSSED BY THE TIDES OF LOVE...

IN **"BAHAMA PASSAGE"**
IN TECHNICOLOR!

with **FLORA ROBSON · LEO G. CARROLL**
MARY ANDERSON · CECIL KELLAWAY

Produced and Directed by **EDWARD H. GRIFFITH**

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp Based on a story by Nelson Hayes A Paramount Picture



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Your Hands ARE ALWAYS OUT IN FRONT!

It's great fun to be out of doors, skating, skiing, tobogganing. But it's hard on delicate skin.

Your hands, arms, legs get pretty rough treatment. But Chamberlain's—the clear, golden lotion that dries so quickly—will assist you in keeping your skin soft, smooth and lovely. Use Chamberlain's Lotion regularly.

Buy it at all Toilet
Goods Counters



Chamberlain's

LOTION

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

The rest is largely a matter of whimsical zoology, with a cast made up of such well-known screen names as Shere Khan, the tiger, Rashka, the mother wolf, and so on. This is not to imply that Mr. Korda has skimmed on his production; he has probably spent a good many shekels on atmosphere, animal sequences, native undress extras and other less tangible desiderata.

The story's rank improbabilities show up even more humorously on the screen than they do in print, but after all it's only a tale told by Joseph Calleia, impersonating a professional storyteller in the streets of old Khaniwari. What do you expect for a few pieces of silver—affidavits? On this tongue-in-the-cheek note the story opens, and of course, you remember the rest: how Messua's two-year-old son wanders off into the jungle, is adopted and reared by a mother wolf and becomes a friend of all the jungle animals.

There are narrow escapes and hidden treasure, and a pretty heroine (Patricia O'Rourke) and a friendly black panther who leaps at the villain's throat and a Keystone-Disney finish in which all the wild beasts in India surround the wicked village where Messua is imprisoned, ready to pounce on it at Mowgli's order if they don't release her. In short, it becomes constantly more apparent that this guy Kipling would have made a swell soap opera librettist.—U. A.

P. S.

"Sweetheart," the mechanical crocodile, is the only phony among \$50,000 worth of wild animals brought from all over the world especially for the picture. She's an exact replica of a "croc" John Barrymore shot in Mexico a couple of years ago. . . . Every sequence of the story was sketched beforehand by Art Director Vincent Korda and his staff. Vincent is the brother of Producer Alexander Korda and Director Zoltan Korda. . . . The location spot, Sherwood Forest, rents for around \$2,000 a month. Had to be leased three months before production so the "jungle" could be built. Part of the vegetation was brought directly from India; the rest is made up of brake ferns from Oregon, vines from Louisiana, bamboo from a Mexican border town. . . . Props for the \$1,500,000 Technicolor production were valued at \$60,000. The greens alone cost \$50,000. . . . Love birds were hired for \$5 a day, had to be trained to eat from the lips of Rosemary De Camp. . . . Rosemary recently finished a picture in which she played a foreigner with a heavy accent. The producer of that pic nearly nixed her chances for another good part because he'd never heard her speak English, thought the accent was natural. . . . 70,000 coins used in the Lost City sequence were purchased from the late San Francisco Exposition. . . . Korda also had 100,000 poker chips and felt pads sprayed with gold paint, so they'd look like gold pieces. . . . 500 workmen worked day and night in three eight-hour shifts to construct the huge set. . . . They built an artificial river, gauged its current so it would trickle through the lush vegetation at just the right speed to keep the plants from washing away or growing too rapidly. . . . The liana vines had to be watched very carefully. They grow over night, covering whole streets and buildings. . . . Grace Wiley's two hooded cobras kept

the cast in jitters—their poison fangs have never been removed. Miss Wiley says serpents are pals and love affection.

JOHNNY EAGER—AB-2*

There may be a number of high hurdles between you and complete enjoyment of this film. First, you have to visualize Robert Taylor as a cold-blooded killer and big-shot racketeer, which may take a lot out of you. Next, you may find it difficult to put any stock in the story; let's just see. It appears that Lana Turner, the district attorney's step-



daughter and a student of sociology (with that pout yet!) contacts handsome, paroled Johnny Eager (that's Bob) in her field studies and is fascinated at first sight. Johnny, though, isn't so eager, —and fellows, you'll know what we mean when we say that this is high hurdle number two. Johnny is just fascinated by the idea of putting the fix on stepfather (Edward Arnold) so he can open up the dog-racing track he is operating under cover, without interference from the law. In his maneuverings he frames Lana on a fake murder rap and then blackmails the d. a. The track opens on schedule, but what a heel!

People love him, though, possibly because when he socks his closest friends in the jaw he sometimes does it with tears in his eyes, strictly from affection. Van Heflin, for instance, an aristocrat who uses big words and drinks too much, can't live without Johnny, though he is sometimes troubled by the old chap's casually homicidal ways. And of course Lana, the little moll, goes on loving him through thick and thin, and when we say thick we're thinking of the situations and characters, and when we say thin we're thinking of the story.

Everything goes from bad to worse, including Johnny. Van and Lana keep forgiving him, knowing it's just old Bob Taylor underneath, sweetest guy in the world, but some of his estranged colleagues obviously hate his entrails. It's pretty clear that our Johnny is being groomed for a first-class Mervyn LeRoy rub-out, but it's no cheap mobster that gets him in the end; it's destiny, in the shape of an honest cop who doesn't know what it's all about, and by that time nine out of ten people in the audience may be in the same fix.—M-G-M.

P. S.

The swanky bed Bob Taylor uses in the picture does everything but bake waffles and 'perc' coffee—has built-in radio, refreshment cabinet, clock, running water, servants' buttons, light switches, two telephones and a bookcase. . . .

(Continued on page 13)



Bette Davis!

Ann Sheridan!

Monty Woolley!
(He's 'the man')

Jimmy Durante

There never was a better reason for "going to the movies" ... 'cause there never was a better movie to go to!

The most laughed-at play of our day—with this wonderful Warner Bros. cast (including the play's celebrated star) to make it even greater as a picture!

THE MAN
WHO CAME TO
DINNER

A WARNER BROS. PICTURE from the play by famous GEO. S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART • Produced by Sam H. Harris
with RICHARD TRAVIS • BILLIE BURKE • REGINALD GARDINER • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY • Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein

"I love him because he don't know how to kiss —
The jerk!"

Samuel Goldwyn, master producer, scores again with a picture both heart-warming and uproariously funny—the story of a sedate professor who knew all about dead languages and nothing about live ladies until a night club gal crashed his bachelor quarters and rhumbaed right into his heart.



Samuel Goldwyn presents

GARY COOPER • BARBARA STANWYCK

in *Ball of Fire*

Directed by **HOWARD HAWKS**

Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

Screen Play by **CHARLES BRACKETT** and **BILLY WILDER**

Hear Gene Krupa with his drums and his famous orchestra

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

Other furniture features are a huge backless couch and a hidden bar . . . Lana and Bob decided to take up archery during their spare time. Both are novices at the sport and will hold a shooting match any time now . . . Pat Dane has just received her 700th letter insisting she keep her hair long. The studio had announced that she would cut it for the picture . . . Lana moved into her new home during production. Nothing was ready yet, so she borrowed a bed from Judy Garland, two tables and a lamp from Ann Rutherford, a rug from Bob Taylor and a couple of chairs from Ann Sothorn . . . Bob's new little boxer dog celebrated his first night in the Taylor menage by chewing up the only available script of "Johnny Eager." . . . Bob uses the swimming pool at his home to practise trout casting . . . Dan Dailey, Jr. trains horses in his spare time . . . Lana smuggled food onto the set for the sleek greyhound working in the picture "because he looked so hungry," then discovered the animal won't work after it's just been fed . . . Robin Raymond used to write publicity for fighters King Levinsky and Barney Ross . . . Barry Nelson says the best dramatic training he's ever had was the 15-minute radio show he worked on while in college. Said learning to express emotion by the voice alone was worth thousands of dollars . . . Jack Benny, pal of Taylor and Mervyn LeRoy, hung around the set a lot, earned the title of Unofficial Production Manager during rehearsals of the cockroach race scenes. The insects were temperamental and wouldn't race in the right direction. Finally Benny suggested, sensibly he thought, "Why don't you speak to the cockroaches, Mervyn?"

REMEMBER THE DAY AB-2*

At the beginning of this picture you may be startled to see Claudette Colbert walking into a Washington, D. C. hotel in the midst of a political rally disguised as an old-maid school teacher of approximately fifty-five summers. But don't let that discourage you, for as soon as Claudette sits down in a lobby chair and throws her head back reminiscently, the years drop away and here we are back in Auburn School before the World War. Claudette is young, and the man who is going to be President of the United States (his name, Dewey Roberts,



is smeared all over the campaign banners in the lobby) was an upstanding, mildly obstreperous student, at such an early age showing signs of the being a potential leader of men. As she gets into her retrospective stride, Claudette
(Continued on page 15)

Even at winter parties— it's August under your arms!



Guard popularity, prevent underarm odor with Mum!

WINTER is a season of wonderful parties and wonderful times, if a girl is *popular*! So don't let underarm odor come between you and social success. In winter, as in summer, guard daintiness with sure, dependable Mum!

Even though you see no warning trace of moisture, underarms always perspire. Heavier clothing and heated rooms encourage danger for the girl who foolishly thinks that, in winter, she doesn't perspire!

Everyone does! That's why it's so foolish to trust just a bath to *keep* you sweet. A bath only removes past perspiration,

but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Use Mum for:

SPEED! 30 seconds to use . . . protects for a whole day or a whole evening.

SAFETY! Mum has won the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. And Mum won't irritate skin, even after shaving.

DEPENDABLE! Mum guards charm, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor all day or all evening. Mum is pleasant, creamy, fragrant—you'll like it! Get Mum from your druggist today!

WINTER WARNING: DAINTINESS IS NOW IN DANGER!



For Sanitary Napkins
More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

1942's BIG NEWS about a BIG PICTURE

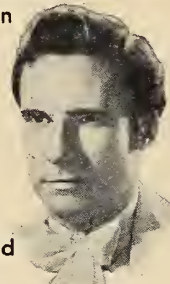
HERE'S news about 1942's great NEW hit with the biggest cast OF stars Republic has ever ASSEMBLED. There's glamorous JOAN BLONDELL

AS a Belle of THE old MISSISSIPPI IN the title ROLE of "LADY FOR A NIGHT." JOAN has NOT one— BUT two LEADING MEN!— HANDSOME JOHN WAYNE is ONE of her HEROES

AND suave RAY MIDDLETON is THE other. The story is as big and EXCITING as its stars. And REPUBLIC has spared no expense IN making "LADY FOR A NIGHT" a vivid epic of life AMONG the fascinating people OF the old Southern

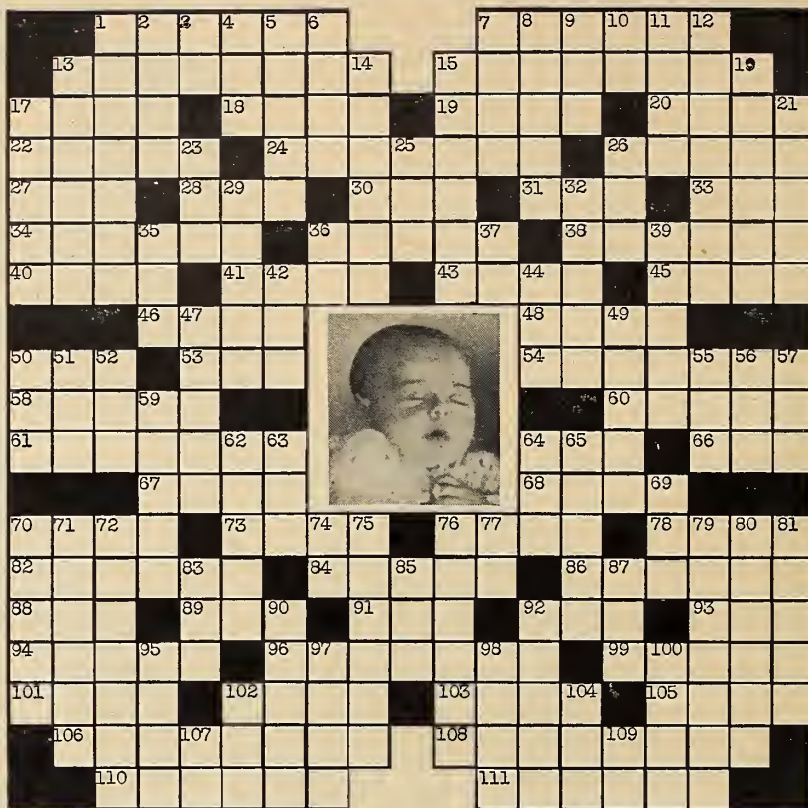
ARISTOCRACY AND the colorful CROWD of DRAMATIC ROGUES who ply THE river for ROMANCE and ADVENTURE—and WHO don't mind BREAKING hearts as they go. IN addition to its three big stars, YOU'LL see such

FAMED BROADWAY PLAYERS as PHILIP MERIVALE, BLANCHE YURKA, EDITH BARRETT, LEONID KINSKY, and MANY others. "LADY FOR A NIGHT" IS a picture for the years. It's



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 102

ACROSS

1. Movie-maker
7. Star of "It Started With Eve"
13. Entertainment centers
15. Star of 104-Down
17. Fruit
18. ".... Had Four Sons"
19. Fem in "You'll Never Get Rich"
20. List of players
22. Hero of "They Died With Their Boots On"
24. To Disneyize Cartoons
26. Star of "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
27. Slippery fish
28. Fem in "Juke Girl"
30. Comic in "Keep 'Em Flying"
31. Royal Field Artillery: abbr.
33. Ahs!
34. Pretended
36. Movie principals
38. Egg dish
40. Remarks
41. Goddard's real name
43. Hardy's pal
45. Weights of India
46. Ilona Massey's hubby
48. Roman date
50. "Dumbo's" prominent feature
53. Vivien Leigh's birthplace: abbr. across
58. Husband of 15-
60. Star of "Dr. Kil dare's Wedding Day"
61. Penny Singleton's famous role
64. Previews of coming attractions
66. "Summer" to Boyer
67. "Sergeant York"
68. Eddy-Stevens treat in "Chocolate Soldier"
70. River in Belgium
73. Weird
76. First name of 15-across
78. Verbal
82. Russian dictator
84. Wading bird
86. To wit
88. Film container
89. Forever: poet.
91. Roman bronze
92. Film locale
93. Fasten
94. Tree
96. "Woo Woo" comedian
99. Housekeeper of 11-down
101. F.... a Ines-court
102. Musical instrument
103. Edible seeds
105. Sheet of glass
106. Desires
108. Long spears
110. Strikes
111. Most arid

DOWN

1. Inspector in "El-lery Queen" series
2. Aircraft
3. Parent
4. Gr... Garbo
5. Fortification
6. "Man Of...."
7. A trifle
8. Penetrate
9. Luzon savage
10. Symbol for sodium
11. ".... Girl?"
12. Director Litvak
13. Find in "The Little Foxes"
14. Autry's side-kick
15. Deceits
16. Miss Ralston
17. Chirps
21. Film player's "exams"
23. Roddy McDowall is this
25. Extinct bird
26. Disney will produce ".... bi"
29. Lead in "Buy Me That Town"
32. Star of "Wild Geese Calling"
35. Land of Liberty
36. 55
37. "Kathleen": init.
39. Theme
42. Conclude
44. G... Patrick
47. Coed in "Rise and Shine"
49. Rub out
50. Recede
51.een Whelan
52. Soanish river
55. Wrath
56. Trap
57. Compass point
59. Heather
62. French star in "Louisiana Purchase"
63. Organ of sight
64. Deanna's mother
65. Wife in "Unfinished Business"
69. Juvenile in "Niagara Falls"
70. Academy Award statue
71. Kind of type
72. He's in "Sundown"
74. Mary Martin's spouse: init.
75. Craves
76. Villain Calleia
77. "Accent - - Love"
79. Transplant
80. Foreigners
81. Mr. Overman
83. Suffix denoting profession
85. Our Star's greatest: ".... ecca"
87. K...arine Hepburn
90. River in Europe
92. Character Gene Tierney played
95. Kind of cheese
97. Work units
98. In-venue, Barbara
100. Epic poetry
102. Box office success
104. "Su...cion," a Hitchcock hit
107. Six
109. J...l McCrea

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

even begins recalling long, complicated sequences and detailed stretches of dialogue from the past in which she herself took no part, and that's darn good recalling.

As these miraculous, second sight memories unfold we learn all about how Dewey (John Shepperd) fell in love with teacher, and how teacher, with that ravishing Claudettish smile, influenced him at crucial moments to keep on the right track in life: to follow his true bent and build boats, to go to Johnstown Prep instead of dropping out—things like that. Dewey was jealous of John Payne, the only man Claudette ever loved, but John went away to war and got killed. Dewey, it seems, married his persistent childhood sweetheart (Ann Todd) and now here he is making good down in Washington in a way that suggests his first name is really Wendell. And here they all are: Dewey and Mrs. Dewey up in their campaign headquarters, on the threshold of the White House, and Claudette down in the lobby lost in her tender recollections.

Convoyed by a flotilla of bodyguards and ward heelers through the lobby, dashing Dewey fails to recognize Claudette in her make-up. But later he makes amends for this unintentional snub by scrapping his prepared speech, dictated by the bosses, and coming out honestly in support of the incumbent President's foreign policy. Claudette, installed in the best gallery seats, beams approval. The heelers said it would mean throwing the election, and we have a feeling they were right. Something tells us Dewey Roberts was defeated in that campaign and is now stumping the country with swinging coat tails, wherever there is a crowd to listen, loyally backing the administration and looking forward with quiet confidence and perhaps just a touch of boyish wistfulness to 1944.—TCF.

P. S.

Claudette Colbert got around the "No Dogs Allowed on the Set" edict by taking out an actor's card for "Lulu Belle," her beloved French poodle puppy . . . Toughest problem of the prop department was getting furniture of the "Middle Gruesome" period, 1914-1916. Most of the stuff has been traded in so many times, it's fit only for the junk heap . . . Other studios had to rearrange their shooting schedule for two days. 20th Century-Fox was using every available "dignified type" player for the pre-presidential election rally scenes . . . Colbert's own handwriting looked pretty tired on the classroom blackboards, so for her role as a school teacher, she had to learn the orthodox Spencerian script . . . Chick Chandler has played so many newspapermen, he's decided to own a couple of papers himself. Is negotiating to buy a number of small-town dailies . . . Casting searched high and low for an expert on croquet, didn't know Director Henry King knows all the finer points of the game until they'd given up the search . . . Frieda Inescort and Claudette Colbert tried to keep it hushed up, but it finally got out that their first meeting was in a play called "Pearl of Great Price," one of the worst flops either one had ever been associated with . . . Make-up man Walter Pearce used color to age Claudette 25 years, stressing the progressive pallor that comes with age . . .

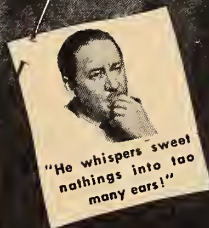
(Continued on page 83)

HIS *BEDTIME* STORIES
WERE ABOUT OTHER WOMEN!



...It's a gay and giddy tale of love
whispered at twilight...to put a
smile on her lips...a gleam in her
eye...and a laugh in your heart!

Fredric MARCH TELLS Loretta YOUNG



A
Bedtime Story

with ROBERT BENCHLEY · ALLYN JOSLYN · EVE ARDEN · HELEN WESTLEY

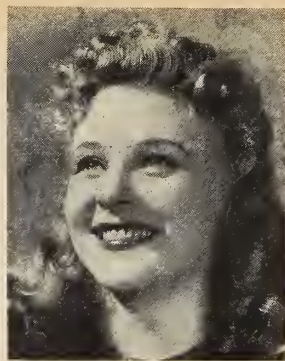
Screen play by Richard Flournoy · Story by Horace Jackson and Grant Garrett · Produced by B. P. SCHULBERG

Directed by ALEXANDER HALL · A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Cobina Wright, Jr.

It's hard to say whether Cobina out-glamours the men in her life or vice versa! There's been Prince Philip of Greece and gobs of others—but none so non-tarnishable as newly-acquired hubby, Corp. Palmer Beaudette! Cobina herself is a shimmering gold-plated thing with universal appeal. She was born into the social register . . . but good, until '29 . . . then made the Models' Directory and 25 U. S. dollars a day. She was voted "America's Most Beautiful Girl," "The Best-Dressed," "The Most Talented" . . . the most de luxe society songstress ever to invade the rank and file. Coolly, Cobina says she's interested in art for art's sake, but, as a meal ticket, it's simply fascinating!



Evelyn Ankers

What's Evelyn got that Frank Buck hasn't? Camellia skin, for one thing. And a stem-like torso, for another. But in their love of jungle fauna, they're surprisingly similar. Born in Valparaiso, Chile, she talks nostalgically of treks into the jungle with arrow-shooting natives in the underbrush. Evelyn debuted in Columbia; continued in London, where Alexander Korda found her. Shunting between England and South America like a goodwill ambassador, she was eventually waylaid in New York, or, more specifically, Broadway. From there, of course, it was but a quick leap to Hollywood where she's wowing 'em by her agility in all things from acting to athletics!



Maria Montez

They tell how McClelland Barclay started a search for a truly cosmopolitan woman to put on canvas . . . and how he stopped dead before this flame-haired beauty. But you hear less about how she ran away from the convent school on the Canary Islands . . . and how, eventually, the parental reins were slackened, and she was allowed to trip blithely over Europe. With her compelling beauty, it was logical that she should have wound up with a film contract. Valued among her heirlooms are crown jewels from the 15th century. Valued more is her Spanish love for all things beautiful . . . from opera to swing, from Rembrandt to Disney, from Dickens to you-name-it.



Evelyn Keyes

If you like placing personalities neatly in pigeon holes, put her along side Gloria Swanson and Leatrice Joy, because she's of their ilk. Evelyn danced her way across the South only to flunk the screen test she'd been sweating for. But chapter 2 finds Evelyn under the wing of a DeMille staff writer who saw gigantic possibilities in her petal-skinned, sloe-eyed oval face. Add to that a softness of speech, a thoroughbred air, and you'll understand why DeMille put her under contract. First presented over the air, the studio audience broke out into such hearty huzzahs, the echo was heard through Filmdom. From then on it was easy . . . and according to Ev wonderful fun!

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
Accent on Love (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Adventure in Washington (Columbia).....	3★
Affectionately Yours (Warners).....	2½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO).....	3½★
Apache Kid (Republic).....	3★
Arizona Bound (Monogram).....	C 2½★
*Babes on Broadway (M-G-M).....	4★
Bad Man of Deadwood (Republic).....	2½★
*Bahama Passage (Paramount).....	3½★
*Ball of Fire (RKO).....	3½★
Barnacle Bill (M-G-M).....	2½★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Big Store, The (M-G-M).....	C 3½★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount).....	3★
Black Cat, The (Universal).....	2½★
Blaude from Singapore, The (Columbia).....	2★
Blandie in Society (Columbia).....	C 2½★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★
Blossoms in the Dust (M-G-M).....	4★
Bawery Blitzkrieg (Monogram).....	2★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners).....	3½★
Burma Convay (Universal).....	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount).....	3★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount).....	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Charlie Chan in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Chacalote Saldier (M-G-M).....	3½★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★
City Limits (Monogram).....	C 2★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M).....	3★

Picture	General Rating
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★
County Fair (Republic).....	2★
Cracked Nuts (Universal).....	2½★
Date With Murder, A (RKO).....	2½★
Dance Hall (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Doctors Don't Tell (Republic).....	2★
Dumbo (RKO).....	C 3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia).....	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO).....	2½★
Flying Cadets (Universal).....	2★
Farced Landing (Paramount).....	2½★
Forgotten Village, The.....	3½★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Gangs of Sanora (Republic).....	2½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO).....	2½★
Getaway, The (M-G-M).....	2½★
Go West, Young Lady (Columbia).....	2★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Gunman from Bodie, The (Monogram).....	2★
Harman of Michigan (Columbia).....	2★
Hello Sucker (Universal).....	2½★
*Hellzapoppin' (Universal).....	3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount).....	C 3★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia).....	4★
Her First Beau (Columbia).....	C 3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★
Hit the Road (Universal).....	C 2½★
*H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M).....	3½★
Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount).....	3½★

Picture	General Rating
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M).....	3★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO).....	2½★
Ice-Capades (Republic).....	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★
I'll Wait For You (M-G-M).....	2½★
In The Navy (Universal).....	3½★
International Lady (United Artists).....	3★
International Squadron (Warners).....	3½★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★
It Started With Eve (Universal).....	4★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic).....	2½★
*Johnny Eager (M-G-M).....	3½★
*Jungle Book, The (United Artists).....	4★
*Kathleen (M-G-M).....	3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal).....	3★
Knackaut (Warners).....	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners).....	C 3½★
Ladies in Retirement (Columbia).....	3½★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M).....	3★
Lady Is Willing, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M).....	3★
Last of the Duques (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Law of the Tropics (Warners).....	2½★
Life With Henry (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Little Foxes, The (RKO).....	4★
*Louisiana Purchase (Paramount).....	3½★
Lave Crazy (M-G-M).....	3½★
Lydia (United Artists).....	3½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Maltese Falcon (Warners).....	3½★
Man at Large (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Manpower (Warners).....	3★
Married Bachelor (M-G-M).....	3★
Millian Dallar Baby (Warners).....	3½★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO).....	3★
Mab Town (Universal).....	2★
Maan Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Maan Over Miami (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Maanlight in Hawaii (Universal).....	2½★
My Life with Caroline (RKO).....	3★
Navy Blues (Warners).....	C 3★
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal).....	3★
New York Town (Paramount).....	2★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Nine Lives Are Nat Enough (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia).....	2½★

(Continued on page 106)

MODERN SCREEN

Silkier, Smoother Hair...Easier to Manage Lovelier Beyond Belief!



New hair-do with soft, natural-looking wave and curls ... by Thomas Frank, famous Chicago hairstylist.

Amazing improvement in Special Drene Shampoo! Now contains wonderful hair conditioner to give new beauty thrills!

● If you haven't tried Special Drene lately—since it has that thrilling hair conditioner in it—you simply can't realize just how much lovelier your hair *can* look! Because it now makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair so much silkier, smoother ... makes it behave better, fall into place more beautifully, right after shampooing!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color. Do you wonder that girls everywhere are so delighted with

this new improved Special Drene Shampoo?

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

And when it comes to removing dandruff, no special "dandruff remover" shampoo known today can beat Drene! You know how important *cleansing* is in removing dandruff—so just remember that for cleansing Drene is supreme! Try improved Special Drene right away—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for every type of hair ... dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene—in the blue and yellow package!

**Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!**



"Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!"



*To make 1942
your greatest entertainment year!*

20th Century-Fox is now producing
these grand, new pictures you'll soon
be seeing in your favorite theatre!

ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER
WHEN HE'LL SHOW THEM!



TYRONE POWER
in

SON of FURY

The Story of Benjamin Blake
with

GENE TIERNEY

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK



**BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE**

in
**SONG OF
THE ISLANDS**

in **TECHNICOLOR**



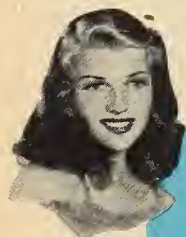
GINGER ROGERS
in
ROXIE HART

with
**ADOLPHE MENJOU
GEORGE MONTGOMERY**



**JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO**

in
Moontide
with
CLAUDE RAINS



**Rita
HAYWORTH**

in
MY GAL SAL

in **TECHNICOLOR**



in **TECHNICOLOR**



JOHN PAYNE · MAUREEN O'HARA · RANDOLPH SCOTT

in
**TO THE SHORES
OF TRIPOLI**

NOW! STIRRING THE HEART OF THE NATION!

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK · Directed by JOHN FORD



EUGENE RICHEL

MARTHA O'DRISCOLL . . . There's a lilt to her laugh and a tilt to her nose that's Irish as shamrock. And then, of course, there's that name to prove her lineage. But for sheer directness of purpose, she's American to the marrow. Been doing odd jobs around the kleig lights since she was 13 . . . wowed them back in Phoenix, Arizona, when she was still reading her lines with a lisp of baby-talk. Modeled when she was 4. Whizzed out to Hollywood with Mom before her 14th birthday and danced herself into a Paramount chorus, glibly passing herself off as 18; and

Hollywood, the super-sceptical, was taken in! Has finally worked herself up to a luscious, picture-book farmhouse of her own on Toluca Lake, which she shares with her mom and a kid brother. Came by success haunting studios, watching the stars twinkle and the directors hypnotize. Now *she's* something to watch in Paramount's "Reap the Wild Wind." Not just the luster of her acting, but that 118-lb. figger of hers and those surprising hazel eyes and that shining ash-blond head. If you like 'em dainty, Martha's your gal . . . or would be, if Richard Denning hadn't got there first.

RODDY McDOWALL . . . What a tause-headed kid can da, single-handed, ta the great American public is really somepin' ta see! Sweeping the cauntry like a rumar, Raddy captivated all and sundry as Huw in "Haw Green Was My Valley." Gat the role partly because of the little Welsh maid the McDawalls used ta have in Landan. Rad had her accent down ta the last ralled syllable. And 20th Century-Fox now has Rad down an a contract that will take him well into maturity. He'll be mesmerizing movie-gaers next in 20th's "San af Fury." Raddy laves architecture

like some guys love faatball . . . laves movies even mare. Was fed Shakespeare right along with his mashed bananas . . . has 16 British films ta his credit . . . used ta sleep an the set between raids. Seeing na value in a check, he demands payment in cash; the studio pacifies him with a ten spot after each picture. Hated ta leave the electric excitement af British air raids but thinks Hallywaad man-ages ta be electric just naturally without help af jerries! Only plaint is it leaves him na time far architecture and these frighteningly intricate maps and blueprints af his!

FRANK POWOLNY





VIRGINIA GREY . . . If he's tall, dark and intelligent with an on-tune warble and a divine sense of the ridiculous, he's Ginny Grey's! She doesn't go for hand-kissing and heel-clicking! One look at her serene, shapely (5' 5", 117 lb.) beauty, and he'll fall at her feet along with half the cinema lads and joe jerks in the country. She won't drag him to night clubs, 'cause she had her fill of honky tonk during chorine days. Says her dream man must be fundamentally athletic to fill the bill. She'll give him plenty of competition swimming and shooting but won't budge on a golf course or

tennis court. When he comes a-courtin', she and her sister Lorraine (her stand-in) will feed him one of the most gorgeous chicken and strawberry shortcake dinners he ever tasted. Her dad, one of the early film bigwigs, hoped and prayed none of his kids would enter the risky business. But his early death necessitated Ginny's working, and the first job she could get her hands on was the role of Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At 14, she retired to teach contemporary social buds dancing. Back in films again, she's won fame and fortune and a coveted role in M-G-M's "Mr. and Mrs. North."

VIC MATURE . . . When the beautiful man was married, there wasn't a dry-eyed gal from here to Honolulu! Or anyhow, that's how the publicity department tells it. 'Cause Vic is the test tube baby of Hollywood publicists. Blames them for the 60,000 fan letters that deluged him after a five-minute bit in his first picture. True, he's a gorgeous hunk of stuff, but he'll probably sock the guy who says so. True, he's run the gamut of glamour from Betty Grable to Liz Whitney . . . but half the gals they had him sending orchids to, he never even knew. Doesn't dance a violent

rumba; in fact, would rather sit it out. Doesn't sleep in green satin pajamas and never had a manicure in his life. Isn't sartorially splendid, either. Lives in floppy tweeds, goes hatless, is mildly claustrophobic, likes horse and buggy-ing. Avoided proposals of marriage with practiced skill until menaced by Martha Kemp. Could quit the flickers and retire for a while on the chunky fortune he just inherited . . . but why should he when there are roles like 20th Century-Fox's "Song of the Islands" just waiting to be snagged by guys with blue eyes, black hair and 198 lbs. of unpadded muscle?

FRANK POWOLNY



MAUREEN O'HARA . . . Everybody's coming away from "How Green Was My Valley" utterly ga-ga over gorgeous Maureen O'Hara! Twentieth Century-Fox is taking advantage of its 5' 7", 124-lb. opportunity and again starring her in "To The Shores of Tripoli." Her mom and pop believed in starting their kids in young, put Maureen and the rest in the role of Jack the Giant Killer as soon as they could toddle across the stage of their back-yard playhouse. At 12, she was dubbed the "pocket size Bernhardt" by hometown Dubliners, and at 14, crashed the sacred precincts of

the Abbey Players. Chas. Laughton thought she was wonderful, gave her a 7-year contract, sold her to the public in "Jamaica Inn." Maureen blithely leased a London mansion for 7 years, only to leave a week later for Hollywood. A few minutes before setting sail, she climaxed a whirlwind romance by wedding ass't. director Geo. Brown. Realizing that distance was lending no enchantment, she recently divorced him. Lives with her mom in a bungalow, is too scared of traffic to drive. Rummages around bookshops after Gaelic tomes on her days off!



FRANK POWOLNY



M. B. PAUL

BRUCE BENNETT . . . Old-timers will remember him as Herman Brix, sensational U. of Washington athlete and Olympic Game champ! More recent arrivals know him as that super-duper actor in Columbia's "Honolulu Lu." Born in Tacoma, Wash., he's all of 6' 2" tall, weighs an even 192 lbs., got that way logging in his pop's lumber camp summers during high school. At college it was so much duck soup for him to out-row, out-tackle, out-run and -jump every senior star on campus. They put him in the Olympic Games in '28, sat back and crowed as he wielded a javelin that broke

world records, shotput competing champs to shame. Requests galore besieged him to teach and coach. But he'd always nursed a yen to act, decided to take a lick at it in '32. His first film, "Touchdown," should have been easy as pie what with his football technique. But not so . . . ironically broke a shoulder in the first flicker game and was laid up a year. Only after his next pic, which left him stranded in Guatemala when the producer went broke, did the jinx break. Once back on shore, life's been a bowl of cherries to Bruce and his cute spouse Jeanette Cannon!

GRETA GARBO . . . Shy and gangling in tired tweeds and a slouch hat, yet as gosh-awful glamorous as anything Hollywood ever pulled out of its sleeve. When Garbo cried, you had "Camille" . . . when she laughed, you had "Ninotchka." (So welcome was that husky ripple of hers, she's doing a repeat in M-G-M's "Two-Faced Woman.") But whatever she does, you have a cameo of a woman as lustrous as mother-of-pearl. Many remember when she had John Gilbert hypnotized . . . and Mamoulian . . . and Stokowski. Right now they're taking a Boy Scout oath that

she's married to Gaylord Hauser, but still, who knows? The studio crew likes to tell how Garbo's first English words were "apple sauce," she had heard it around the set so often. But uttered in that deep, sad voice, it took on new meaning. Other G. G. legends . . . that she spurns cosmetics . . . that she lopes along the countryside for miles each day . . . that she's a push-over for health diets . . . that the studio paid \$400 a lesson to teach the long-stemmed beauty to rumba. Flagrant extravagance, what with all the guys that'd teach her for a smile!

CLARENCE BULL





Lana Turner

Caprice-ridden, whim-tossed Lana can reverse her field like an all-American back!

That's part of what makes her so wonderful!

• Like a lovely, honey-haired star shell, Lana Turner exploded over New York and vicinity on her recent trip East. Like trailing sparks, rumors buzzed around her head. One that glowed brightest, kept gossip columnists at nail-gnawing fever heat, shouted that she and Artie Shaw would remarry.

They had lunched together, dined together, beamed cheerfully for photohawks. Lana was, if anything, more radiant than usual. Moody Artie seemed enveloped in a glow.

Another try at marriage? Another attempt to fuse two spectacular lives, two pyrotechnical personalities?

We don't know. We won't even guess. By the time you read this, Lana might be a dewy-eyed bride. She might be nursing the aftermath of a bitter quarrel with Artie, vowed to life-long spinsterhood. She might be anything.

We asked Judy Garland, Lana's closest friend. Judy grinned and threw up her hands. "She told *me* on the phone there wouldn't be a reconciliation. But I wouldn't put any-



She still loves dolls, has dozens. Keeps that little-girl complexion with cold cream and olive oil.



"When I was 10, I socked the boy next door in the nose. It was a very lovely sock, too," says Lana.



Lana, Judy Garland and Mickey used to do their high school cramming together outdoors on the set of "Love Finds Andy Hardy."

Lana Turner

CONTINUED

thing past Lana, to tell you the absolute truth!"

Judy and the rest of Lana's small circle remember only too well how insistently she denied any matrimonial intent before running off with Artie the first time. She meant it sincerely then, of course—and probably means it now.

Right now she's the hottest young thing on high heels in Hollywood. She's Miss America in the movie theaters of the land. There's no point in bringing up the polls, the box-office tolls, the honors, accolades or those 800 fan letters swamping M-G-M's mail room every day.

When a twenty-year-old lady successfully dishes off three pictures in a row with Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, she has arrived. When her studio writes a new contract with a fat-figured new salary, she is in. When she checks a wedding ring for a professional future, she's pretty safe.

All this has given current rise to the Hollywood legend that Miss Lana Turner is suddenly something different from Miss Lana Turner. That's not necessarily so. She may work harder and play less but Lana is still Lana. And, like Popeye, she is what she is.

If anything, Lana Turner is typically young and thoroughly female. She is a show-off and she is shy. She is a dynamo when she likes, and dog-lazy when she doesn't. She is flashy; she has surprisingly good

taste; she is shrewd. She is sentimental and she's also cold. She's independent but she's helpless, too. She's extravagant in some things and miserly in others. She's hardboiled and soft-hearted. She's cocky and inferiority complexed.

Most of all, Lana Turner is spectacular.

One close friend of Lana's says, "Lana can be not dressed up and still be dressed up more than anyone I know." By that she means there is something in the Turner personality which simply must bid for attention, relaxed or on the *qui vive*.

When Lana slips into slacks, the slacks are carefully tailored (and usually white). And there's an angora jacket, slippers, bag, blouse and the works, all carefully calculated in the color scheme. If her hair-do is careless, it is artfully careless. She's carefully groomed, her make-up in place.

When Lana returned from Honolulu, the first big trip of her life, she sported a marvelous Hawaiian chocolate-bar tan. She'd spent long days baking it in, carefully counting on the "Ohs" and "Ahs" it would win her back in Hollywood. The day she sailed home, an Island girl she'd met told her, "Don't count on keeping that color until you get home, my little malahini. Nothing fades faster than an Island tan. You'll lose it in the week on the boat."

Lana was horrified. The tan and its expected effect was a major trophy of the trip. The first day at sea she spent on deck but, to her eyes at least, the mahogany coat started to bleach. Every day thereafter she camped under a sun lamp!

When her boat docked, Lana tripped down the gang-plank in a holy-white dress, setting off her preserved tan like a vacation poster. (Continued on page 70)



Tony Martin, now in the navy, squired Lana patiently for months, but it was no soap!



Lana's been night-clubbing with Bobby Stack (above at the Copa Cobana), flying with Roger Pryor.



Jimmy Hyde, Lana's agent, chins with her about "Johnny Eager," her latest plum. Her box-office appeal slumped somewhat after her marriage.



After dining with Artie Shaw in Chicago at 3 one morning, there were rumors of a second Shaw-Turner marriage attempt!



Mrs. Turner runs her daughter a surprisingly close second in glamour! For her last birthday, Lana's mom gave her a piano. The RAF deluged her with gifts of shell fragments and war souvenirs.



Washington fans who tore Lana's fox coat to shreds for souvenirs will be happy she's finally teamed opposite Taylor in "Johnny Eager."

My Son, Mick

BY CYNTHIA MILLER



Mam had 75 buddies at Mick's 21st birthday party.



Mickey has a new haircamb that stretches him 2'.



Ginny Hill, Mick and Sid Miller breakfasted at 4.



Mick stole first scene at 15 mos. from his dad.



Raaney pulls his Barrymore stuff.

● This is Mick as seen by his mother.

Mrs. Pankey is small. Blue eyes twinkle behind her glasses, and humor keeps her from being sappy about her ewe lamb. She wears her hair piled on top of her head with nine hundred curls. Allow eight hundred and fifty for poetic exaggeration—hers.

"My son gets to be twenty-one, and I can't have my hair cut. I like it short. It's a nuisance this way. But no, all of a sudden it has to be long and look like Spring Byington's. Every night he comes home, he says: 'Gee, Mom, your hair looks swell.' Buttering me up. Afraid I'll go out some day when he isn't looking and have it cut."

Mick knows she'd tie her hair into bowknots if that was what he wanted. The relationship between them is a nice thing to see. That she worships him goes without saying. Mickey gives as good as he gets. I saw him a few years ago when they lived at an apartment hotel. He was itching to buy her a house. "Sure, I'll live there, too, but first it's for her. She used to manage a bungalow court to keep us goin'. The day she gets a nice place of her own to manage, that'll be the prettiest day of my life."

He's forever bringing her things. (Continued on page 80)



Ava Gardiner, North Carolina cutie (at left), flaunts an oversized topaz friendship ring, courtesy of Mickey. At right, "old-timer" Ann Rutherford.



Rooney and Garland in "Babes on Broadway."



Mick loves his dog first, his chicken farm second.

When life slipped Mrs. Rooney a Mickey, it

wasn't fooling! She's still got a hang-over . . . and loves it!

FIRST LOVE

Other loves may grow deeper, but none is so tender
and cruel as that first poignant romance! Here
are the puppy loves that Hollywood didn't forget!

BY JEANNE KARR



● Ray Milland was making his first Hollywood picture, playing his first love scene. Visitors stood around gaping. In those days studios weren't as fussy about visitors on the set. Besides, this was only a B. Besides, who was Ray Milland, anyway—?

The director said, "Roll 'em." Awkward with nervousness, Ray put his arms round the girl and bent to kiss her. Instead of meeting his lips, she burst out laughing. For a moment he stood there, white-faced, then wheeled and strode off. Returning a few moments later, he muttered something about a dizzy spell. Actually, an old wound had been opened—

Ray had been fourteen when Kathleen came to live in Neith. She was so beautiful, she dazzled him. He hardly dared raise his eyes to look at her. Yet he couldn't keep away from her, either. When she walked down one side of the street, he'd walk down the other, pretending he wasn't there. It was she who sent his heart skyward by speaking first. He'd borrow coppers from his sisters to buy candy for her. He dreamed of

being her faithful knight, of gallantly saving her life.

Since nothing turned up to save her life from, Ray cooked up a plan. There was to be a Sunday school picnic by the river bank. In front of them all, he'd ride his bicycle up and down the bank as no bicycle had ever been ridden before. He'd be her knight on wheels instead of a horse. There'd be cheers and applause from the crowd, but she'd know he'd really done it just for her.

It went beautifully at first. The kids were enchanted.

"Faster!" they yelled. He pedalled furiously, took his hands from the bars. The bike struck a stone, wavered and tumbled him into the stream.

Wrapped ignominiously in blankets while a boy scooted home for dry clothes, he brooded. Kathleen hadn't come near him. When they started back after sundown, he lagged along by himself. At a turn in the road, Kathleen stood waiting.

"I'm sorry you got wet, Ray—"

His heart soared. "I only did it for you—" She looked so sweet, so angelically sympathetic that he lost his head. An arm stole round her shoulder, he bent to kiss her. And she laughed in his face.

He refused to leave the house for a week. But ten years had passed, and until the girl in the picture laughed, he'd have scoffed at the notion that the memory still hurt. It doesn't any more. He saw Kathleen on a visit to England three years ago. She's not a fairy-tale princess any longer, just the very nice wife of a London business man and the mother of three children!

ANN SHERIDAN

"Stinny called!" cried Ann. "He's coming over tonight."

"That's nice," said her mother placidly.

Mothers didn't understand, Ann decided, alone in her bedroom with her bliss. Stinny was coming over! Stinny, the dream prince of the high school, the young god every girl in the place would give her eyeteeth for. But they hadn't a chance. For the past year he'd been signed, sealed and delivered up to Helen—Helen whom Ann called her worst enemy and, when you

asked her why,—"because she's a snob." As for herself, Stinny'd never given her a tumble. "Ludy's a nice kid—" (She was Ludy in those days, short for Clara Lou.) "Ludy's a *very* nice kid," he'd grin, and she'd burn.

Now he'd phoned and was coming over. Why? What about Helen? Well, she'd soon find out. Humming she bathed and got into her prettiest dress.

"Lo, Ludy."

"Hello." He was in a mood. Okay, she wouldn't pester him. If he wanted to talk, he could. If not, he could sit on the porch and be peaceful. After a while, he started talking—about school, about football, about the gang. Then he said, "I suppose you're wondering why I came over tonight."

"No. Just glad to have you."

He looked up at her from the lower step. "You're a nice kid, Lu—"

"So you've said before."

He laughed. "But this time I mean something different. Will you go to the dance with me next week?"

It slipped out before she could stop it. "What about Helen?"

"Nothing about Helen. We're through. Some girls," he added darkly after a pause, "are always wanting to get married."

So that was it. Well, that was fine. *She* didn't want to get married. How silly of Helen. Now she'd lost him. But how nice for Ann—

Till about three months later Stinny said, "Will you marry me, Ludy?" She thought he was kidding, and the discovery that he wasn't scared the daylights out of her. "I'm never going to marry," she told him. "I'm always going to live with my father and mother."

He gave her no peace. One night four of them went to a dance at Fort Worth. Stinny struck his favorite theme once too often. "You've got to quit," Ann flared, "or we're through."

"I'll never quit, Ludy."

Ann went home with the other boy. She wouldn't take Stinny's calls. At last he stopped calling. But before she left for Hollywood, he sent her a note. "I guess you've changed your mind about always living with your father and mother. But not about me. Good luck, Ludy."

JEAN GABIN

"Good night," said Jean.

"Good night," said Josette.

"Till tomorrow—?"

"Till tomorrow."

Gabin walked home, head in the clouds. They'd met that evening at a bal musette—the informal dance of the French working classes. (Continued on page 90)



Gene's been wooing his ex-schoolmarm wife, Ina Mae Spivey, ever since he first set eyes on her back in '32!



A goodly share of his fabulous \$75,000 wardrobe is tied up in red and blue tooled leather boots at \$40 a throw. Pays \$50 for his ten-gallon lids!



Champ's gone Hollywood in a big way! Plays to the gallery and demands applause. Lives in deodorized stable and indulges in hoof manicures!

MILLION DOLLAR COWBOY

More exciting than his screen thriller-dillers—
the story of Gene Autry and the woman
he loves! Scooped by Modern Screen!

BY JEAN FRANCIS WEBB



Gene's fan mail tops any other star's. Has had several proposals and once got a request to sign a \$1,000 check.



Autry gives Champ the best. Air-conditioned van has hot and cold water and a groom!



Currently filming "Sierra Sue," he gets away from it all week-ends at his small, servantless Melody Ranch.

● Midwinter wind cut mighty cold across the open country in Oklahoma. It rattled around the eaves of the postage-stamp St. Louis & Frisco station at Chelsea like ghosts at a barn dance.

Gene Autry, the railroad telegrapher, glanced up from his guitar as the door slammed open. Cold air whirled inside with the rangy stranger, and the kerosene lamp flickered. Blinking cold from his eyes, the newcomer grinned slowly.

"Was it you playin' that music, young feller?"

"Reckon it was," he answered the stranger modestly.

The man came closer, blowing on his hands. Friendly wrinkles fanned around his eyes. "How about knockin' off a little ditty now?"

The man listened. He even took over the guitar for a couple of numbers of his own, before he handed young Gene the telegram he had originally come to send. And as he did so, he grinned again.

"Young feller," he drawled, "you're wastin' your time on this railroad. You ought to be on the radio. Some day you'll make a heap of money with that voice of yours."

Will Rogers was the signature scrawled on the telegram. Holy cow! Will Rogers—the Will Rogers—had liked his singing!

Although Gene didn't know it, that same chill wind was blowing another fragment of fate closer across the prairie. The Big Depression was finally hitting Oklahoma. Even railroads had to cut down, somewhere.

It was a tough New York he hit, not long after the night he finally made his decision to follow Will Rogers' advice. Yet week after week, the dogged young man with the guitar kept at it.

Fate decided to drop in on him again one morning, like a hundred other mornings of waiting, in the anteroom of the RCA Victor Company. She was disguised, this time, as a pretty young switch-board operator. And all she said was, "You've been hanging around here with that guitar since I cut my first tooth. Someday I'd like to hear you use it." Gene tilted his head and began to give. It seemed to bring his beloved West closer. Big, cold-shouldering New York began to fade, and—"Where you from, son?"

He gulped as he answered, "Oklahoma, Mister."

"Like to hack out a couple of numbers, (Continued on page 68)



After dinner the Vaughn Pauls (Deonna Durbin) and Johnny Paynes (Anne Shirley) danced to a 6-piece ork (with Rooney at the drums), had their fortunes told and marveled at a magician's show. Before leaving at 2:30, they ate a buffet supper, were gifted with miniature favors.



Bob Stack brought chum Bill Orr's best gal, Virginia O'Brien, dead-pan singer. Both entered bubble-blowing contest but won no prizes!



Garland and Kooney came late in street togs after previewing "Babes on Broadway." Ann designed her own gown with skirt slit to knee



Guests arrived at 8:30, immediately sat down to a fried chicken dinner served by 20 negro waiters and waitresses. Rand Brooks and Gloria de Haven were among 52 celebrities invited!



Mick was only guest to remember Ann's birthday and bring a gift—a make-up traveling case. Left with Ava Gardiner.

Party of the Month...



Ann Rutherford's 22nd birthday party was as big as a deMille production! Tossed by suitor Dave May's parents (dep't. store scions) in their 25-room mansion, it cost \$2,000. Cake with frosting-inscribed "Happy birthday, Ann, stay as sweet as you are" contained music box peeling greetings!

Days I remember in 1941

More poignant than a love story, more intimate than a diary—here's a warm living picture of the real Ty Power!

Mexico City, January 8th.

• Saw my first bullfight. I didn't particularly want to. Rather see a good football game any day. Knew I wouldn't understand the fine points. You can't unless you're born to it or make a thoroughgoing study of it like Hemingway. "If I don't like it," I told Annabella, "I'll get up after the first bull and go out." She smiled. The smile that means she's not saying all she thinks. She was keener about going than I was. She's seen bullfights abroad.

Well, it's true I didn't get the fine points. All the time the crowds were yelling olé, olé, I wondered what the devil they were yelling about. I did enjoy the color and pageantry, though, and felt no impulse to leave. But even if I had, I'd have stuck.

We'd been seated where the crowds couldn't miss us, and apparently all twenty-five thousand knew we'd come to Mexico to shoot scenes for "Blood and Sand" with me as the matador. Which made me their personal concern. They smiled, waved, shouted advice, information, encouragement, and when something es-

pecially exciting happened in the ring, they'd rise as one man—or so it seemed to my self-consciousness—pointing from the ring to me and yelling their heads off. After one such mark of attention, my wife leaned over. "What would they think if you left?"

I grinned. "You tell me."

"Sissy! He can't even sit and look at a bullfight. How can he look a bull in the face when he plays?"

Off Mazatlan, January 31st.

We've had three perfect days on the island. Annabella kept recognizing spots from the endless diagrams I've drawn. "This is the cove—", "Here is the clump of palms—"

"You have been here before?" asked the boatman we hired to run us over.

"No, but my husband has talked and talked—"

After hearing so much about it, I was afraid she might be disappointed. But she fell as hard as I did that day I first clapped eyes on it and leased it from the Mexican government. (Continued on page 86)



Frances Farmer shares a sultry scene with Ty in "Son of Fury." Frau Annabella just refused 3 stage offers in N. Y.



Tyrone's just adopted his 7th dog from the city pound. Can't resist them, especially when they're homeless!



Annabella says, "We are never apart. I so completely fill my husband's life, there is no room for another woman."

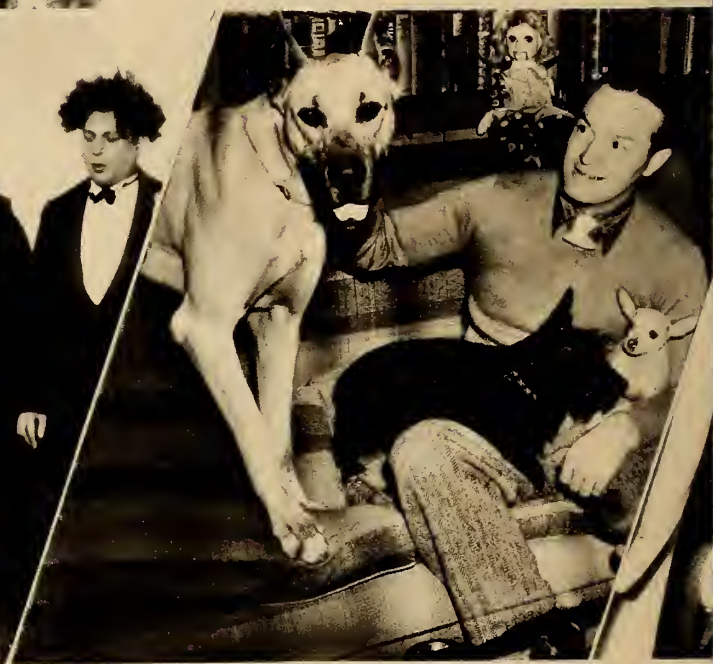
Bob (rt. front) earned his first dime at 10, warbling on street corners! His mom, an English concert singer, coached his squeaky soprano.



"What a square meal would have done for this combination," says Hope of his early Ohio vaudeville team, discovered by Fatty Arbuckle.



The Chandler Motor Co. Quartet got their walking papers when the boss found them using his dictaphone for song recordings!



During production of "La. Purchase," Bob had to bleach his ruddy tan with lemon juice so he wouldn't Technicolor like an Indian!

THEY GOT ME COVERED

BY BOB HOPE

THE RIB-TICKLING MEMOIRS OF BOB HOPE. THE GUY WHO'S DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO GAGS!

There was a great deal of excitement at the little house next door to the Barretts of Wimpole Street. My best friend was having a baby. Me. I was born in the year (see your local draft board), London, England. London and my father were very foggy that night. It was so foggy. I could hardly see the doctor before my face.

They decided to name me Lester Townes Hope, and at the time I didn't care much one way or the other. But when I grew up I began to care, and it wasn't one way—it was the other. So I changed it.

Our family left England shortly after I was born and sailed to America to forget. The next part of my childhood was spent in Cleveland, Ohio—a great city in spite of that. Becoming a child was a big step for me, and very often on my face.

I was such a beautiful baby.. I had long golden curls

down to my hips. Mother was proud of my mop of golden curls. Besides, they came in handy to polish the car with. It wasn't until I got my first haircut that I had to wear a shirt.

We had a pretty big family as families go, and ours just seemed to keep going. My father was the proud father of seven boys. In fact, he was the Bing Crosby of his day. He ruled the household with an iron hand. At least that was what it felt like. He spanked me so hard once I went to the fortuneteller and got his palm read. I always seemed to be in trouble with him. I used to spend so much time in the woodshed, once a year a man had to come over and treat me for termites.

One day my father laid down the law to me. Grabbing me by the nose he said: "Lester, run down to the barber shop and get a shave. You're going to start kindergarten today." That (Continued on page 88)



The Hopes live on a N. Hollywood estate, have 2 adopted kids, 2 Cadillacs and a station wagon!



Bob's face got that-a-way when a tree fell on it. He and Colonna miss Brenda and Cobina on the program this year

NON-STOP HONEYMOON



Ronnie's brother is in radio. His dad owned a shoe store.



Reagan (at right) starred in Eureka College football.



It was a short hop from sports writing to sports announcing!

By Kaaren Pieck



Shooting a scene with Edw. Robinson recently, Jane over-zealously kissed out his front tooth! That's "Nutsy" she's holding.



Ronnie leaves his usual billet-doux for Jane before starting for W. B. where he's making "King's Row."

● When Jane first met Reagan, she didn't believe he was true. By her own rating, Jane's a cynical wench. ("It's an act," says her husband. "I know.") Battling her own way from an early age, she came up against all kinds and ended by taking very few on trust.

Then along came Reagan, loving his fellow men. Jane would eye him in wonder and exasperation. "I'd like to hear you knock someone, just for a change—"

"Name him," said Ronnie, always obliging. Jane did. "Oh, he's okay. Always been swell to me. Don't believe everything you hear."

"But I didn't hear it, I know it."

"Well, maybe somebody conked him as a babe, and he never got over it. Anyway, what's it to us? Play golf."

"Ronnie, you really believe all that stuff, don't you? About people being decent, and they'd rather boost you than knife you?"

"Hell, yes. How could you go on living if you didn't?"

They live on love and like it—those blissful hom

Stop talking such nonsense and go on with your golf."

Jane swung her club and fell in love at the same moment. After two years of marriage she's more in love than when they started. She knows now by experience, not just intuition, that Ronnie's viewpoint stems from strength, not naiveté; from a steady faith and kindness which draws a response in the same coin. People's eyes warm when his name comes up.

He measures values by the long view, not by the moment. "Look at the stars and remember that we all die." She's never seen him lose his temper. He gets mad, but controls it. And he won't waste anger on trifles. To his sense of proportion, anything's a trifle that involves no lasting harm.

Like the time Jane was driving him to the airport to see him off on a personal appearance tour. This was before they were married.

"I'll drive," said Ronnie.

"No, me. It's my car, and I know it better than you do."

She's a good driver. But she was wearing her first pair of wedgies, her foot slipped on the brake and she crashed into the curb. Sitting small and woebegone and somewhat shaken, she waited for the male to detonate. He pulled her against a comforting shoulder.

"Janey, please," he said mildly, "next time I drive."

Jane's own temper is quick. That's why when she gets mad, she prefers not to have him around. "He makes me ashamed." She's tried to subdue it and thinks she's succeeded to some degree, but remarks dryly that her greatest success would still leave room for improvement.

However, Ronnie's softening effect on Jane is noticeable. One of those days at the studio when everything went wrong... her wardrobe, her make-up, her hair-do... Ronnie chose a bad moment to pop into the dressing room. His wife was laying down the law.

"Now, Janey," he said.

She turned. "Look, Reagan, (Continued on page 67)

and-firesiders, Ronny Reagan and Janie Wyman!



Maureen's daddy Ronald worked his way through college as a life-guard... once let a cow loose in girls' dorm!



and Georgie Raft aren't seeing eye to eye rehearsing a Norma Shearer parlor in his room that he dated her behind Grable's back



CANDIDLY YOURS

CONTINUED



Since splitting with Brent, Ann Sheridan's been forgetting it all with Cesar Romero (Ann Sothorn's chum). Sheridan's tickled over rumors of that N. Y. doctor who sells oomph pills!



Fay Bainter, Greg Bautzer and Dottie Lamour at the Brown Derby. Those two diamond rings on Dottie's third finger, left hand, are definitely not engagement or wedding bands!



That old ex-Montana cowboy Georgie Montgomery's doing a turnabout into a Vic Maturish man-about-town! Christmased at Ginger Rogers' ranch, night-clubs with Elyse Knox.



Jon Hall and the missus Frances Langford at the annual Helpers' Banquet in Hollywood. Frances is thrilled to death with her invitation to solo it on Bob Hope's nationwide show.



Ex-light-heavyweight champ "Slapsie Maxie" Rosenbloom threw a huge shebang for filmdom's who's who. Comedian Billy Gilbert and his better half had the party in stitches!



Marlene Dietrich's first date after her trip East was with Jean Gabin at Ciro's. While in New York she visited hubby Rudolf Sieber and took her game leg to an M. D.



The Brian Aherne's romance bloomed when Brian can a-courtin' Joan's sister Olivia de Havilland. Joan snagged and wed him one month after she first laid eyes on him.



Although Veronica Lake's the tiniest gal in town (5' 2", 98 lbs.) and a super-duper cook, she's just plain "Mousie" to spouse John Detlie. She reciprocates by dubbing him "Mutt."



The fur flew when "Reap the Wild Wind" director unwittingly put Ray Milland in a sham boxing match. Seems Ray was a crackerjack boxer in World War I! Above, with Mrs. Milland.



36-year-old Bruce Cabot and 17-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt are still blissful. Arrived in New York on the same train from Hollywood, toured the bistros together during their visit!



One puppy love that's still going strong—Buddy Pepper and Jane Withers, steaking it at the Brown Derby. Buddy's proud as Punch of his new ditty which Gene Krupa's going to air.

"Location" Blues



Brenda Marshall's perpetual sunburn is a hang-over from her childhood on a sugar plantation, a problem for the Technicolor make-up man.



Alan Hale and co-stars of "Captains of the Clouds" gave nightly shows for the RCAF, flaunt certificates of appreciation from the airmen.



Brenda drove from "Captains'" Ottawa location to see the quints and Dafoe.

THAT DEVILISH OLD LOCATION JINX HAS TAKEN THE TWINKLE OUT OF MORE THAN ONE BRIGHT STAR!

● Somewhere on the gray Atlantic, Stirling Hayden is said to be steering Canadian freighters bound for Britain and loaded to the gunwales with dynamite, gunpowder and TNT.

If that touchy cargo, over which Stirling's taffy locks so gallantly wave at this point, ever goes off with a loud "BaLOOM!" it might possibly match explosions around Paramount studios, which still reverberate today. Paramount is the place where Mr. Hayden—just the greatest Hollywood hero bet since Clark Gable—recently told his thunderstruck bosses what they could do with their fame and fortune and strode away broke but happy—a sailor for to be.

That was a goodly spell ago, but today at Paramount those jilted big shots still bat their heads bitterly against the panelled wailing walls of their private offices. What they cry out, in sharp anguish, as they recall that big, beautiful box-office fish who got away, is just this:

"Why, oh why did we ever send that guy off on location?"

It may be strictly a coincidence that Heavenly Hayden thumbed his nose at Hollywood right after his hectic "Bahama Passage" excursion to the Spanish Main.

But anything can happen on a Hollywood location—and it usually does.

Since the first camera company packed a stack of box-lunches and a month's supply of berets and ventured into the Great Outside World, Hollywood picture picnics have brewed all sorts of odd and interesting things—for both stars and studios.

From the time Lee Tracy almost started a war between Mexico and Hollywood by acting up down Mexico way on "Viva Villa," to the other day when Bette Davis got yanked off her honeymoon for "The Bride Comes C.O.D." and landed in Death Valley with cactus spines pincushioning her pants, cosmic events seem to bounce off the beam on Hollywood locations. Just note these nostalgic bulletins:

George Brent flies to Pensa- (Continued on page 94)



When "Valley of the Sun" called for an early Western town, RKO invaded Taos, N. Mex. James Craig and Lucille Ball ride its ancient carousel.



During filming of saga starring James Craig, Eagles Nest Indians never knew they were being used as extras.



While making "Wyoming," a blizzard snowed in Wallace Beery and cast at Jackson Hole, Wyo. Supplies were toted by snowshoe parties.



Madeleine didn't mind Salt Kay's lack of electricity or running water nearly so much as getting back to civilization after "Bahama Passage."

The filming of "Bahama Passage" took Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden to a desolate island of 4 white people and 400 natives, 636 miles from Miami.

young man with a HORN



BY JEAN KINKEAD



There's nothing icky about Modernaires Bill Conway, Hal Dickinson, Ralph Brewster or Chuck Goldstein—Sax-playing Vocalist Tex Beneke or Maestro Miller.

A few notes, not strictly musical, about Glenn Miller

... that \$1,000,000 Pied Piper who pinches him-

self to see if it's really true, then starts jivin' for joy!

● It's eight o'clock in New York. Mobs of kids stand in line in the rain outside the CBS Playhouse waiting for the doors to open. Two half-pints slug it out for first place in line. . . . A drenched and harassed mama from Staten Island tells her daughter this better be good. "Good! He's just the best musician in the world, that's all. Number one band-leader for the third year in a row. A solid peacheroo. *Good*, she says!" . . . A couple of prosperous looking chaps want to buy the free admission tickets from two kids who look as if they could use the money. "Give you four bits apiece for 'em." "Y'crazy, mister. These is to hear Glenn Miller—in poisin!"

And there you have it. Glenn Miller on the air is superb, in the movies he's divine—but "in poisin," he's terrific. They tell you he looks like a business man, but don't believe it. He's big and sunburned and lives in sports clothes. He'd be all wrong in an office with those tap-happy feet of his and those devilish eyebrows that keep going off at tangents when the rest of his face is dead serious. He's a jitter-gent. But good. Ask the Ink Spots or Lily Pons or Deems Taylor about him. He's "hep," "beautiful to hear" and "brilliant," respectively. Ask the manager of the Glen Island Casino or the Meadowbrook or the Pennsylvania what bandleader is synonymous with Santa Claus. Why, at that famous dance held in Hershey, Pa., he demolished Artie Shaw's all-time house record of 4600. Glenn had 4900 of them sardined into the place with hundreds more eaves-dropping outside. All of which adds up to much dough for the "jump joint" owners—and a fair piece of change for Mr. M. Last year the band grossed just under \$1,000,000!

"I keep pinching myself," *(Continued on page 92)*



Chummy McGregor's mess of piano helps make Glenn's rhythm section a "one-and-only." On the side he arranges.



Glenn was a top arranger before whipping together his own band; still heads his own staff of arrangers. Bass player Doc Goldberg succeeded Trigger Albert.



On hearing Bob Eberle, Glenn joshed, "You got a brother?" He did. A kid brother named Ray . . . and Glenn grabbed him. The latest Miller film is T.C.F.'s "Sun Valley Serenade."



At Tex Beneke's side is Marion Hutton, sister of "Panama Hattie's" jitterbugging Betty Hutton.

"H. M. Pulham, Esq."

By Jean Francis Webb and Kay Hardy



HARRY: "Where can you get me a job?"

BILL: "Where I'm working. The advertising business. J. T. Bullard, Inc. I'm in strong with Bullard."



MR. PULHAM: "Too many women—don't let them run you, son."

HARRY: "No, I won't, sir."



HARRY: "Yes . . . we've losted."

MARVIN: "Over time and space."

STORY . . .

He hadn't heard from Marvin Myles in years. Twenty, at least.

One couldn't have found a more substantial, respected, middle-aged Harvard man in Boston than Harry Pulham. He had a wife and two children and a business which had been his father's before him. In his sensible routine there was no place for memories.

Strange how two bombshells could be tossed into that comfortable existence the same afternoon! A luncheon with Bo-Jo Brown, at which Harry let himself be talked into writing the class biographies for that approaching Twenty-fifth Reunion. And then the call from Marvin.

With a blank form in front of him, on which he was supposed to list age, birthplace, schooling, life after college—with the ghost of a light, eager voice still echoing in his ears—what chance had (Continued on page 74)

PRODUCTION . . .

The great secret Metro's been trying to keep from the world has finally popped out. Hedy Lamarr is *not* the languid lady they'd have you believe she is. The gal's a jitterbug! On the set of "Pulham" she didn't relax once. Puttered around sorting magazines, moving furniture, cleaning her dressing-room mirror. Took time off from her lunch hour to collaborate with song-writer Red Ruth-



MARVIN: "Don't worry, Mrs. Frenkel. We're not trying to sell you anything."



MARVIN: "I've always sat up on sleds."
HARRY: "You can't. You'd fall off on the curve. Just lie down behind me and hold on tight."



HARRY: "I brought some champagne. Of course lunch time's a little early, but I've never liked it without you."

ven on a torchy ballad titled, "Do You Believe It?" Director King Vidor let her be herself in the picture, had her deliver all her lines in fast tempo.

After emerging from story conferences with Author J. P. Marquand, Vidor went to work on a plan to have the script follow the book as closely as possible. He and his secretary acted out and recorded every single sequence. The original dialogue was retained and revised only if it didn't fit the timing of the character's actions. In one scene, pointing up the undeviating routine of Bob Young's business day, Vidor used a metronome to set the pace. Bob had to walk into the office, hang up his hat, unbutton his overcoat, hang it up, take off his gloves, walk to the desk, sit down, pick (Continued on page 76)



KAY: "He fell in the brook with his wrist watch on."
HARRY: "If that boy doesn't think enough of his wrist watch—Give me the letter—I'll write him."



Parade drew biggest mob (800,000) in its history. Rochester and Carmichael barely navigated Benny's ancient Maxwell. Jack and crew were heartbroken when they arrived too late to enter!

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN



Hollywood Blvd. was transformed into Santa Claus Lane. Burns and Allen rode with their kids, Sandra and Ronnie, in a swan-drawn sea shell.

HIGH SPOT OF HOLIDAYS IS INAUGURATION OF SANTA—WITH ERSATZ SNOW!

"Dear Diary:"

Thurs., Dec. 4th: Diary, you'll split your sides at this one! Lunched at Fox with Vic Mature, and Vic told me the Encyclopaedia Britannica had chosen him Hollywood's "typical family man!" For posing with their books, they handed him a free set of Britannica and the Books of Knowledge for Martha's little girl. Betty Grable stopped by our table and dined if she wasn't crying! Betty's none too happy these days. She takes everything connected with her career very seriously, and all that talk about her snubbing and feuding with Carole Landis has her tear-drenching her pillow each night! She says not a snitch of it's true, and I believe her. When Betty left, Vic pointed out Maureen O'Hara. He thinks she's the cutest dish on the Fox lot. Imagine that! After spending the morning making love to Betty Grable! In "Song of the Islands", of course.

Sun., Dec. 7th: House-hunting down the street where Amelia Earhart's former home stands vacant. Miss Earhart built it just before she disappeared, and Eddie Albert rented it a while for \$325 a month. I loved the house—but \$30,000! Ouch! Said hello to John Carroll and his mother who were there when we came in. Later the agent told me John had *almost* made up his mind to buy the place. He seemed pretty happy about it—the agent I mean—so I didn't tell him that when I talked to John a year ago, he was *almost* buying another home, and he's *almost* bought a half-dozen since. John's a pretty unstable boy. He's actually purchased seven cars this year and traded them in one by one because he tired of their colors! And that beautiful trailer he owns—he's only taken it on one trip, and now it's parked on the M-G-M lot where Red Skelton and Rags Ragland use it for their gin rummy games!

Thurs., Dec. 11th: Over to RKO where June Havoc, sister of Stripteaser Gypsy Rose Lee, was doing a scene in "Powdertown." June had less protection on her *derriere* than Gypsy Rose ever had on a Minsky stage. Her dog, Napoleon, had chewed away the seat of her gown while it hung in her dressing room, and there'd been no time to repair it! June told me the Hays Office will not allow Gypsy Rose to appear in the filmization of her best-selling book, "The G-String Murders." Not that Gypsy Rose cares. She's satisfied with the \$25,000 she received for the movie rights to "G-String."

Dropped in on the "Syncopation" set to say hello to Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper. Bonita's sound-

proofing the playroom in her North Hollywood home so that when Jackie and the kids come over for jam sessions, the noise won't disturb the neighbors. I know that'll be good news to Ann Sheridan. Annie's house backs on Bonita's, and the little Granville's "informals" have done her out of lots of sleep.

Thurs., Dec. 18th: To Warners to watch them make "Arsenic and Old Lace" which the studio says will be even better than the stage production. I saw Boris Karloff do the play in New York—and, Studio, you gotta go some to top that show! Just missed Barbara Hutton who was on the set all morning visiting with Cary Grant. Cary wouldn't let any of the camera boys take her picture.

Fire broke out before I left, but it was nothing serious. Everyone scrambled out of the stage except Priscilla Lane. Priscilla is assistant to her newspaperman husband, John Barry, on his Victorville Press, and the reporter in her wouldn't let her run out on what might have been a good story.

Went from "Arsenic and Old Lace" to "In This Our Life." Just in time to see Olivia de Havilland proudly exhibiting a sweater a *soldier* had knitted for *her*. Olivia shimmied out of the sweater and the conversation turned to food. Olivia is dieting and the cast, especially Bette Davis, rib her mercilessly by keeping up a running line of patter about food. While Bette goes on about juicy steaks and gooey pastries, Olivia's eyes register torture, but she takes it like a sport. I asked Bette about that hot chicken broth she drinks all day. She says it gives her pep.

Sat., Dec. 20th: Finally yielded to temptation and stopped in at the Finnish Bath Salon on the Sunset Strip. For ages I've wondered what goes on in that place. Now I know. The baths are supposed to be great health-givers. You steam yourself in a large stone grotto, and at the same time, beat yourself clean with fir boughs! There are five steps in the grotto, and the higher you go, the hotter it gets! Learned from the proprietress that Errol Flynn is the Miracle Man of the Finnish Bath world. His constitution is so amazing he can climb to the top and stay there a half hour without getting exhausted! Don't think I'd like to try it.

Tues., Dec. 23rd: For cocktails with Dorothy Lamour at the Bamboo Room of the Derby, where Dotty told me a Yuletide story. Many many Christmases ago when Dotty was a kid in New Orleans, she wanted a doll and baby



Big as life in the Los Angeles County sheriff's squad car were Dr. Watson (Nigel Bruce) and Sherlock Holmes (Basil Rathbone), escorted by sheriff's mounted posse!



Capt. Flagg and Sergeant Quirt of the U. S. Marines were represented by Edmund Lowe and Vic McLaglen. Swanked it in a rickshaw pulled by Chinese coolies!

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED

buggy very badly. But her family was going through a tough period, and the most expensive gift her mother could get her was a baseball. Dotty took her baseball and never mentioned the doll and buggy again. Neither did her mother. Until last year when D. Lamour, Movie Star, came down to breakfast on Christmas morning and found, under her tree, the very toys she'd longed for back in New Orleans. She picked the gift card off the buggy handle, and read: "For my darling, I'm sorry this had to come twenty years too late. Love, Moms." And then Dotty bawled.

Autry-Suggestion

Why Gene Autry receives gobs of fan mail from expectant mothers we will never understand. But receive it he does. From every corner of the country, and all seeking pre-natal advice! Gene doesn't worry about answering those letters. His wife always comes to his rescue before he expires in a sea of blushes.

However, any letter requiring less specialized knowledge always enjoys his personal attention. Like the one that came from a worried mother in Kansas City.

"My little boy won't get into bed for his afternoon nap," it read. "Please, Mr. Autry, will you write and tell him he must? He'll do anything you say."

"I jumped on that one immediately," Gene told us. "I wrote back and assured that child that no matter where I was or what I was doing, I never let anything interfere with my afternoon nap. I said sleep made me big and strong!

"When I mailed the letter, I was well pleased with myself. I had helped a mother out and put a youngster on the right track.

"But do you know what happened?" Gene continued. "One week later I heard from the woman again. A frantic letter. She wanted me to send another note to her little boy. Seems ever

since he got my first message, the child won't get out of his bed!"

Photo Phobias

To countless stars there is nothing so deadly as the candid camera—that little black box which mercilessly snatches their images in off-guard moments. But though the camera is quick, most stars are quicker still. In the slither of a second between the approach of the "birdie" and the flutter of the shutter, they manage to reach for their pet photo phobia—the expression or gesture that will make them prettier children in the final print.

For example: Veronica Lake plunges for her fur coat, slips it around her shoulders where it makes a flattering frame for her face . . . Jinx Falkenburg exclaims: "Isn't it too wonderful, darling!" "It's an animating expression," Jinx explains. "Makes me look wide awake!" . . . Marlene Dietrich, on the other hand, cuts her conversation dead. Claims a moving mouth contorts her face, making an ugly picture.

On the masculine side, there's George Raft who nervously goes deadpan . . . And Fred Astaire who wants the camera boys to shoot from their knees because the angle makes his hair look thicker . . . And Kay Kyser who ducks his cigars because he works for a cigarette company . . . And Mickey Rooney who asks the photogs to hold off till his horn-rimmed specs are hidden . . . And Charlie Chaplin, also vain about goggles, who smuggles his out of view faster than a flash bulb can pop.

Rita Hayworth and Dorothy Lamour, addicted to sexy, low-cut formals, skillfully shift an arm over their breasts when a cameraman focuses on a décolleté neckline . . . But Maria Montez wiggles into a more revealing position . . . Jeanette MacDonald nonchalantly raises a program or menu to her face. She's unnecessarily self-conscious about a double chin . . . If they're dancing, George Murphy hugs his wife closer . . . Ann Rutherford ruffles up her hair.

And last but not least, we have Lana and Tony who, in their scrappy days, would urge cameramen to "hurry it up, please," so they could drop their forced smiles and return to their unceasing bickering.

So you see, dear reader, those widely acclaimed "candid" pictures aren't so very candid after all! (Continued on page 100)



The Rudy Vallee Toyland float was complete with castle, guardhouse, John Barrymore, human Walt Disney characters, Rudy (as a toy soldier) and comic Joan Davis!



Mr. and Mrs. Red Skelton rode atop a bale of corn cobs. Red claimed it symbolizes his comedy, attached a placard reading, "Corn, we shuck it, we air it."



Billing themselves as Santa Claus McCarthy and Scrooge Bergen, Charlie and Edgar brought along a public address system to entertain the crowds. Besides them, there were over fifty celebrities in the parade!

SKATE *or* SWIM



● Going skating? Be sure to look spectacular whether you skate that way or not. Wear a princess skating dress in startling white corduroy—or a black velveteen skirt and vest with a bright red shirt. Snitch your ski sweater for skating, too.

● Going where it's warm, lucky you? Have at least two form-fitting swim suits for active swims and one of the new rubber sarong suits, also. Get a beach bag as big as all get-out and don't forget your sandals.



Photographed at Westwood Tropical Ice Gardens

Louise La Planche, now appearing in Paramount's "Louisiana Purchase."



Photographed by Bob Beerman



Beverly Wilshire Hotel



MORN *till* NIGHT

With these special three in
your clothes closet, you'll
winter-into-spring in the
very newest 1942 fashion!



Eva Gabor, petite Paramount starlet
now appearing in "Midnight Angel."

● It's January and high time for a print we say! Get yourself a black and yellow one with solid black bodice, and don't overlook the bow.

For tailored moments, take twill, the current favorite, in a blue two-piece frock that can easily add a crisp white collar.

If you like winter white, the shirtwaist classic and contrast, then end your search, for here you are—the perfect black and white jacket dress that you'll wear and wear.

By Elizabeth Willguss

MODERN SCREEN'S *Hand*

FOR	USE THESE ITEMS	HOW AND WHEN TO USE THEM
A PERFECT MANICURE	Polish remover, cleansing tissue, cotton, nail brush, cuticle softener, orange stick, emery board, file, nail white, buffer, polish base, polish, polish protector and hand lotion or cream.	Remove old polish with special remover and cleansing tissue or cotton. Shape nails with emery board or file, then scrub in sudsy water with firm-bristled brush. After drying hands, ease back nail cuticle with orange stick dipped in softener. Apply nail white and rinse fingertips. Stimulate nails with buffer, then apply foundation and polish and polish protector. Massage hands with softening cream or lotion.
BRITTLE NAILS	Cuticle oil, nail conditioner, buffer, oily manicure preparations, rich hand cream or lotion, soft cotton gloves.	Use only oily manicure preparations. Buff nails nightly before retiring, then lubricate cuticles and tips with nail cream or special conditioner. Whenever possible, soak nails in warm oil five or ten minutes. Always leave excess lubricants on overnight. Soft cotton gloves, worn while sleeping, will help the penetration of oils.
OVER-OILY OR PERSPIRING HANDS	Mild soap, firm-bristled brush, astringent lotion, talcum.	Frequently wash hands with mild soap and firm-bristled hand brush. Rinse and dry thoroughly. Then use astringent lotion and talcum on palms.
CHAPPED HANDS	Mild soap, cleansing cream, tissues, rich hand cream or lotion, soft cotton gloves.	Wash hands with mild soap and soft hand brush, rinse and dry thoroughly. Or, cleanse hands with soothing cold cream, using soft tissues to remove excess. Massage hands with rich hand cream or lotion. Apply protective lotion or cream before going outdoors and always wear gloves. At night massage hands with rich lubricants and leave on overnight. Wear soft, porous cotton gloves to protect bedcovers.
DRY OR WRINKLED HANDS	Mild soap, hand cream and lotion, soft cotton gloves, rich lubricating cream.	Wash hands with mild soap. Rinse well and apply softening lotion or cream immediately and always before going outdoors. Massage lubricating cream or special hand lubricants into hands before retiring and wear porous cotton gloves to help the penetration of oils.
ROUGH ELBOWS	Mild soap, hand brush, cleansing cream, lubricating cream, protective lotions.	If elbows are sore, loosen stubborn grime with cleansing cream. Remove with tissue. Scrub elbows with mild soap and lukewarm water, using a firm-bristled brush. Apply protective creams and lotions. Soften skin by massaging rich lubricating cream into elbows every night.

BEAUTY CHART

BY CAROL CARTER



**WITH THESE
FASHION
COLORS**

WEAR THESE SHADES OF NAIL POLISH, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

GREENS	With bright green, wear orange-red, blue-red or red-red polish and matching rouge and lipstick.	With dark green, wear red-red or blue-red polish and matching rouge and lipstick.	With olive green, wear burnished-red or orange-red polish and orange-red rouge and lipstick.	With blue green, wear blue-red or orange-red polish and matching rouge and lipstick.	With char- treuse green, wear red-or- ange or burn- ished red polish and red-or-ange rouge and lip- stick.	With pale green, wear pink, rose, blue- red or orange- red polish and harmonizing rouge and lip- stick.
BLUES	With bright blue, wear blue-red, red-red or bright pink polish and blue-red or clear red rouge and lipstick.	With French blue, wear rose or blue-red polish and clear red or blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With medium blue, wear rose, blue-red or red-red polish and clear red or blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With navy blue, wear blue-red, red-red or bright pink polish and blue-red or match- ing red rouge and lipstick.	With green blue, wear orange-red or blue-red polish and matching rouge and lipstick.	With pastel blue, wear pink or rose polish and clear or soft red rouge and lipstick.
REDS	With vermilion red, wear red polish in match- ing intensity and clear red rouge and lip- stick.	With orange red, wear red-or- ange or brown-red pol- ish and red-or-ange rouge and lipstick.	With wine, wear deep, dark red or blue-red pol- ish and match- ing rouge and lipstick.	With fuchsia, wear soft blue-red polish and matching rouge and lipstick.	With bright pink, wear matching pink polish and soft red rouge and lipstick.	With pastel pink, wear pink or blue-red pol- ish and match- ing blue-red or soft red rouge and lipstick.
PURPLES	With bright purple, wear blue-red polish and matching blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With subdued purple, wear blue-red polish in subdued shades and matching blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With red violet, wear bright blue-red polish and matching blue-red rouge and lipstick.	With blue vio- let, wear blue- red polish and matching blue- red rouge and lipstick.	With deep or- chid, wear blue- red or shell pink polish and blue-red or soft red rouge and lipstick.	With pastel orchid, wear blue-red or shell pink polish and blue-red or soft red rouge and lipstick.
YELLOW AND BROWNS	With bright or pastel yellow, wear orange-red or brown-red polish and orange-red rouge and lipstick.	With tan, brown or mustard, wear orange-red, red-red or brown-red pol- ish and orange- red or red-red rouge and lip- stick.	With clear orange, wear orange-red or brown-red pol- ish and orange- red rouge and lipstick.	With subdued orange, wear bronze-red or orange-red pol- ish and orange- red rouge and lipstick.	With amber, wear burnished rose, red or copper-red pol- ish and har- monizing red or orange-red rouge and lip- stick.	With bronze, wear matching bronze or red- red polish and orange-red or red-red rouge and lip- stick.
SPECIAL COLORS	With black, wear bright pink, red-red or blue-red polish and blue-red or clear-red rouge and lipstick.	With white or ivory, wear red-red, blue-red, soft pink or rose polish and red or blue-red rouge and lip- stick.	With gray, wear pink, rose, red- red or blue-red polish and clear red or blue-red rouge and lip- stick.	With beige, wear pink, rose, blue-red or red- red polish and blue-red or clear red rouge and lipstick.	With silver, wear blue-red, red-red or rose polish and blue- red or clear red rouge and lip- stick.	With gold, wear burnished red or brown- red polish and harmonizing or- ange-red or red rouge and lip- stick.

CHARM IS HAND-MADE



Jane Wyman holds beauty in her hands. She currently appears in "You're in the Army Now."

Nature didn't give us little girls one great big hand, but she did give us two potentially beautiful ones. And probably they are as tired of being our twin slave girls at the expense of their own beauty as Cinderella was of beautifying her sisters. It's time we let our hands do themselves a favor and start taking care of each other.

Anatomically hands are mostly bones, fibrous bands and ligaments, and besides getting harder usage than other parts of the skin, they have fewer oil glands, the palms none at all. So in addition to using protective creams and lotions every day, treat your favorite hands to heavy lubricants nightly. Massage each finger separately as if you were fitting a kid glove to your hand for the first time. Then, be as patient with the backs of your hands, working the cream in carefully to prevent their taking on that sandpaper tinge the next time you leave them gloveless in the wind. If your hands are very dry, give them an extra heavy dose and leave it on

overnight, wearing soft cotton gloves to protect the blankets.

Rumor has it that Saturday is manicure day. If rumor is wrong, some other day surely ought to be. But for soft, alluring hands and smooth, healthy nails, regular daily care is imperative, too. It won't demand much time. Just make the most of the attention you do give your hands. Wash them with warm, not hot, water and bland, sudsy soap using a brush on grimy nails and knuckles. As you dry your hands thoroughly, get the jump on that Saturday manicure by pushing back the cuticle on each finger with your towel. Then follow up with a protective lotion.

To echo a national defense cry in the interest of charm. . . . To arms, girls! By that we mean be hand-conscious right up past the elbows. And you still won't be as elbow-conscious as the very men you strive to please. To avoid criticism from this honored gallery, here is what to do. Scrub the (Continued on page 98)

CAN YOUR HANDS PASS THE *KISS TEST*?



MAKE THIS TEST—Brush your lips across the back of your hand. Does skin feel rough, and uninviting? Now use extra quick-drying Cashmere Bouquet Lotion. Notice how smooth hands become.

HERE'S WHY—Because Cashmere Bouquet Lotion removes dead skin and surface scales instantly, it leaves your hands soft and alluring.

P“LUSH luxury!” you think, when you hear of a society beauty paying dollars for salon hand-treatments. But, with Cashmere Bouquet Lotion you can do it for yourself, many times a day, at about a penny a time. It's speedy, too, this Cashmere Bouquet Lotion treatment, for it works “quick as a kiss.”

So after every dishwashing you can

give your hands that kiss appeal. Because Cashmere Bouquet Lotion dries in ten seconds. No smeary, gooey stickiness. But blessed smoothness. And of course this lovely lotion imparts to your hands the perfume of Cashmere Bouquet—the alluring “fragrance men love”.

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Lotion

FOR HANDS THAT MEN LOVE TO KISS

Another member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of beauty preparations.



Beauty at your fingertips



Graceful to her fingertips is Eleanor Powell, lovely M-G-M star and dancer. You'll see her next in "I'll Take Monilo."

Shapely, well-groomed nails are a "must" for every winning hand. Here are quick tricks for making yours lovelier!

BY CAROL CARTER

FINGERTIPS are such little things, it's amazing how important they are to beauty. But these days with busy fingers so much in fashion, they are constantly calling attention to themselves and how loudly they shout our virtues and failings. If they are graceful and well-groomed, they reflect fastidiousness and discrimination—characteristics we're proud to advertise. But if they are rough, chipped or indifferently manicured, they tell a decidedly unflattering story.

Long, slim patrician hands—possessed by all heroines in Victorian novels—are no longer our only standard for beauty. Those that are strong and capable, no matter what their size or shape, can look just as glamorous if they are smooth and soft with graceful tips. And no matter how lovely they naturally are, they'll be even more alluring if they receive an extra share of coddling. So treat your nails to a thorough manicure—weekly or oftener. It's a grand beautifier of healthy nails and a sure cure for almost all fingertip ailments—major and minor. Assemble all the soothing preparations and specially designed tools that make the job

easy and pleasant in one place before you begin. Then you can work without interruption. Here's what you need: a bowl of sudsy water, polish remover, emery board, orange stick, cuticle softener, nail white, buffer, polish base, polish and polish protector, hand cream or lotion—and of course, those old stand-bys—cleansing tissue and cotton.

Begin by taking off all old polish with remover and cleansing tissue. Then, with your emery board shape your nails to becoming ovals, filing them from the sides toward the center. Dip your fingers into sudsy water and scrub them briskly with a good firm-bristled nail brush. Then, after drying, go around the cuticles and under the tips with a cotton-wound orange stick saturated with cuticle lotion. This will soften and remove dead tissue painlessly and easily. Apply nail white under each tip, then rinse your fingers again. When drying them, press back the cuticle with your towel. Then buff each nail eight to ten times in the same direction. It's grand for stimulating growth. Apply your polish base and allow it to harden before putting



Take off old polish with a special remover and cleansing tissue.



Cuticle softeners and oils keep nails healthy and easy to manicure.



Apply your polish evenly in a few bold strokes. Let it dry slowly.



Use cream or lotion frequently to protect hands from roughness.

on colored lacquer. Some girls prefer to use their favorite polish as a base, but that is only a matter of preference. The point is to use two coats at least—the first to fill in minor depressions in the nails so that the second will adhere evenly. As a finishing touch, apply a film of colorless polish protector. It not only keeps lacquer from chipping easily but adds luster to your nails.

The right technique is important in applying polish if you want a smooth, long-lasting job. First, outline the moon in one continuous stroke, then cover the rest of the nail in about three parallel movements from moon to tip. If your nails are natural, becoming ovals, play up their beauty by leaving a small moon and narrow tip free of polish. But if you want to make round nails and short fingers appear longer, bring the polish out to the nail's edge, removing only a fine hairline for daily filing. If nails are square, you can make them more shapely by filing them to deep ovals at the sides.

Then, apply the polish to leave curved moons and tips.

Busy or not, keep those hands of yours perfectly still for at least five minutes while the polish is drying. Waving them about or blowing on them may cut the time a little but is likely to result in ridges or bubbles or may cause the polish to run into the cuticle.

Dry, brittle nails that seem to shred or break at the slightest provocation cause more grief and bad temper among hand-conscious girls than anything else we know. But it's a condition that can be overcome if you know the cause and are willing to spend a little extra time pampering your hands.

Fingernails, you know, are made of the same substance as your hair and are formed below the visible part of your nail. They are nourished by the bloodstream, so any upset in your health—nervousness, systemic dryness, faulty diet or a serious ailment—may react on their activity. Those ugly horizontal ridges that you occasionally see on (Continued on page 99)



NEW! Pond's Dreamflower Powder

New Dreamflower Shades—
cunningly blended not to stodgily
match your skin—but to give
your face a look of starry-eyed,
colorful freshness!

New Dreamflower Smoothness—
clinging as a cloud. To veil your face
with a "soft-focus" finish—tender
... young ... infinitely caressable.

New Dreamflower Box—adorably gar-
landed with tiny blossoms too precious
for this earth! Lovely big box—only 49¢!
2 smaller sizes, too.

"Pond's new Dreamflower shades are new and
completely delectable ... and the box is the
daintiest, most feminine thing I've ever seen!"
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.

Romantic "Find"!



NEW Pond's "LIPS"

—stays on longer

5 "Stagline" shades!
(Be sure to try exciting
magenta-toned Heart Throb
—it's the season's hit color!)

2
BIG sizes
Unusual
values!



Free—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PB, Clinton, Conn.
I want to see how the new Dreamflower
shades and smoothness make my skin look
lovelier. Will you please send me FREE
samples of all 6 Dreamflower shades?

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

(This offer good in U. S. only)

Co-ed

When to flirt and when to
chum it? Here's how to
suit the action to the guy!



● Last time I was telling you that Judy was after me to do a "Get Your Man" article. She put on the pressure, but good, this month, so here 'tis. . . . What do you *really* want for Christmas? The tall, pallid chap who says intense, brilliant things in English class? The husky one that's captain of the hockey team and thinks women are poison? Or the smoothie senior who practically has one foot in Princeton and who couldn't dance more like Fred Astaire? One of them is strictly for you, but how to get him? Here goes, if your prayer is "Santa, make mine a smoothie!"

He's usually handsome, lives in tweed jackets and bow ties, isn't particularly athletic and is invariably chairman of the Junior Prom Committee.

You'd better look to your nails and hair—he notices details. Skip the pigtail hair-do and unusual color combinations—he's a conservative at heart. Wants a girl he can show off but loathes being stared at. Try inviting him to your next party. Enchant him by looking cute and having dozens of swell records; cut him off a yard or two of your gosh-it's-fun-to-dance-with-you line and more in the same vein; then shut up and let him talk.

Don't pursue him, but smile at him from across the room occasionally. Don't get too smitten with this guy as he loves a harem and rarely can be monopolized by one gal, no matter how alluring. Never try to show him a new dance step; nothing annoys him more than learning

things from women. By the same token, if you're kind of a brightie, don't divulge. He usually isn't.

Now, supposing your plea is "Make mine an athlete!"

He's generally no Adonis—probably has a broken nose or a bull neck, slouches around in sweaters turned inside out so it doesn't look as if he's flaunting his letter, is crazy to go to college—but strictly for sports, not higher education—blushes every time he has to make a speech in Assembly.

You'd better look scrubbed and pretty and unsophisticated for him. He can't cope with artificiality. Wear sweaters and skirts and tweedy things to make him comfortable. Read the sports pages religiously, and keep posted on how many goals he made or blocked or assisted in every game, so you can compliment him. Very quietly, of course. He dreads being the center of attraction. He's the type you can invite over of an afternoon to fix your bike or diagnose your dog's illness—real or fictitious! Whereupon you ply him with elegant hot chocolate and cake, not to mention intelligent sport chatter. Or if you've fallen heir to two tickets to a hockey match or basketball game, he's your man. Confine your conversation to masculine things, but give it the feminine touch. Don't be too smart about the game; a well-placed query is often balm to his ego.

Don't be wise-cracky. This lad likes the old-fashioned girl who's sweet, innocent and (Continued on page 97)

NON-STOP HONEYMOON

(Continued from page 43)

I love you very dearly and there's hardly a moment of the day when I wouldn't rather be looking at your mug than my own. But this is the exception. Now will you please get out before I say something I might regret?"

He kissed the top of her head and left. But in doing it he had flipped the imaginary chip from his true love's shoulder.

"Listen, you," said the hairdresser, taking her cue from Ronnie's departing wink, "I'm going to fix your hair the way I think it ought to be fixed. Then if you don't like it, you can kick me out, too. But you're going to sit still and be quiet till I get it done."

"Okay," she said meekly.

Reagan took his shameless ear from the door and left, whistling.

HE'S like a kid about presents—hers. During their courting days, having discovered her mania for Teddy Bears, he dragged her off the lot one morning and out to his car. In the corner sat a very large, very pink, very charming bear.

"Where did you get it?"

"Seattle!"

He had, too, this particular variety being unobtainable in the local shops. The bear's name is Boppo, and he now goes to bed with Maureen.

Ronnie's favorite trick is to buy Jane something and hide it, so she'll come on it unexpectedly and squeal. Anyway, that's the theory. In practice it doesn't work because that's the evening Jane's sure to feel lazy. She refuses to prow. Drawers and closets hold no interest for her. She gets into a chair and stays there, impervious to suggestion. Feeling that another minute of this will throw him on all fours howling, Ronnie gets up, pulls her out of the chair, leads her to the bedroom and says firmly: "I have a present for you. Can you find it? No, you're too dumb. Here it is."

"Like to go antique-hunting?" he asked one day. Jane never says no to that. They're buying stuff for the new house.

He left her at the shop. "You go on in. I want to stop across the street for a minute." Presently he was back. "Hey, I found something. Come on over and see."

Something was a car, brand-new and beautiful, in the shop across the street. Jane's china-blue eyes rounded. "We're not getting a new one, are we?"

"No, but the guy wants us to try her. What can we lose?"

They took her for a spin which spun out till Jane grew uneasy. "Hey, don't you think we'd better get this car back?"

"Why? You own it."

She whirled on him. "I thought you said we're not getting a new car."

"We're not. You are."

On the other hand, he's opposed to surprises for himself. Jane felt guilty. Ronnie's LaSalle was four years old. He should have had the new car. She'd buy him one!

"Pop, if you bought a new car, would you get another green one?"

"I'm not buying a new car."

"No, but if you did—"

He put his book down. "Look, hon, I'm on to you. You leave that green LaSalle of mine alone. I know every hum in the motor and I love 'em all. We'll take this up again—say in five years—"

That was an eye-opener for Jane. She'd known how he felt about his LaSalle, but not how strongly. He'd craved

one for years, bought it as soon as he could afford to. It was a kind of symbol to him of dreams come true. But she hadn't realized that it partook of the nature of a blood brother, that no other LaSalle could ever mean the same, that he'd part from it only over its dead body.

Jane could sympathize with that feeling. She thought it was sweet. When he develops a similar clinging attachment to his old clothes, she thinks he's overdoing it. The battle of the suede jacket ended in a draw. He refused to have it cleaned. He refused to hang it on a hanger. One day Jane picked it gingerly off its hook. "This time you're not going to talk me out of it. The darn thing's so stiff it could stand alone. And look at that hump in the collar."

He snatched it to safety. "A guy doesn't even get into a suede jacket till it's hung long enough on a hook to fit the hook and collect some dirt. This one's just about ripe."

It's still dirty, and it still hangs on a hook. But out at the Golf Club where Jane takes it less personally.

By the same token, he likes her in casual clothes. With her hair down. Not long ago they gave a party at Ciro's. All gussied up, as he calls it, Jane presented herself for inspection—hair on top of her head, pink and black party dress, straight out of Vogue or Harper's Bazaar. He couldn't say she didn't look nice, for she did. But the spark was missing and its absence made her a little self-conscious all evening.

TELL me honestly, Ronnie, don't you like this hair-do?" she asked on the way home.

"It's very smart, honey, and very beautiful. But—" she could see him picking his way among words— "Well—photogenically, I don't think it would be so hot for you."

But when in short skirt and sweater she stands teeing off, face flushed, hair loose, he's sometimes moved to his prettiest compliment. Shielding his eyes, he pretends to be dazzled. "I can't stand it. Punk'nhead." (Punk'nhead's because of her round noggin). "You should have taken two ugly-pills this morning."

She thinks, when more understanding men are made, they'll be named Ronnie Reagan. Before marriage she was used to handling her own problems. "Snarling plenty of them up," she adds. Now she lays them like a trusting infant in Ronnie's lap.

He can tell by her face when a storm's brewing. Even before she explodes: "Listen to this—" As she talks, he'll steer her to the nursery, where he knows she'll let her troubles go hang for the moment. Then it's dinner time. Then when they're settled for the evening, he'll say, "Now let's iron this thing out."

"In five minutes," says Jane, "it's under control. Sometimes he'll laugh it off. Sometimes he'll take care of it himself. Or if he thinks it's up to me, he'll show me how to do it without getting my gall bladder upset. I don't want to make him sound like *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. He's got his seamy side. We'll go into that later. But I've never known his values to be anything but right. He sees and thinks straight."

For instance, the day Jane had a date to lunch with Joy Hodges. Joy phoned to the restaurant that she couldn't make

it. A director who wanted Jane for a part she was eager to play sat down at her table. They discussed pros and cons through most of the afternoon.

Next day the papers had it. "Jane Wyman was seen lunching with so-and-so. Wonder if the Reagans are breaking up?"

She showed it to Ronnie. "What do you think of that?"

"I think it's funny." She kissed him.

"What's that for?"

"I think you're lovely."

It was Ronnie who solved his mother's design for living after his father died. Ronnie remembered a boy in whom she'd been especially interested—a boy with infantile paralysis who needed special care and whose people had no money. The doctors couldn't promise that he'd ever walk again. Ronnie suggested that she might like to have the boy share her home. She leaped at the idea which proved a happy one all round. Within a few months the boy will be up and walking.

Ronnie's own design for living includes eight hours of sleep . . . for himself and others.

He's perfected the technique of a second-story man to avoid disturbing Jane when he's got to be up first. Hours later she'll wake to find a note on her table. "Light of my life, where did you hide my suspenders?" This doesn't mean that she hid his suspenders. But he leaves her a note every morning and he has to write something.

I reminded Jane that we had his seamy side to go into.

"He has few domestic quirks but he does ask that I refrain from cleaning his desk, which is also mine. 'Look, Janey, I've got a terrific sense of possession,' he says. 'This half is mine . . . here where the dust begins. You clean up your half.'"

"And another thing. He calls the baby Nutsie. It drives me wild; some day I'm going to brain him."

RONNIE contends that Maureen is for formal affairs, Nutsie's more sociable. Still, he endeavors to please and says, "Hello, Nu—Maureen." The baby doesn't seem to mind what he calls her. Let her hear his loud cluck at the door, and she turns herself inside out to get at him. "She likes me," he observes smugly. He's developed a repertoire of noises, each more idiotic than the other, because the sillier they sound, the more rapturously does his daughter gurgle. What she likes best is to jounce on his knee while he sings, "This is the way the ladies ride, trim, trim, trim." From the way she ogles him, you'd think he was her favorite movie star. What he likes best is to stick bows on her hair. Technically speaking, she has no hair—just a strand of blonde fluff. The bow rides like a butterfly on a bobbypin, and Ronnie's job is to slip the fluff through the pin.

One balmy evening they took the baby with them to the hill on which their house will be built. The lot had been theirs for some time and they'd visited it often. But this was an occasion. The foundation had just been laid. They stepped inside the square, pretending they were stepping into the house. A breeze stirred, a cricket chirped, a star came out. Jane felt that nothing could spoil the perfection of the moment.

Ronnie grinned and pointed to space, "Look, Nutsie, that's your room up there."

MILLION DOLLAR COWBOY

(Continued from page 35)

out back?" the man eagerly questioned.

It didn't flop—exactly. The official verdict was that he had a good quality for recording but needed experience badly.

Back to Oklahoma he trekked, and for nine months he sang into the microphones of Tulsa's Station KVOO free of charge. And it was more than experience. Because Art Satherly, on a scouting trip for the present-day Columbia Records, heard him.

New York again. But this time New York with a difference. The records he made for his new bosses included "That Silver-Haired Daddy Of Mine," a song he'd written with his pal Jimmy Long. Its sales zoomed. Sears Roebuck saw the figures and sent for him. His cowboy laments became the hit of the National Barn Dance program.

It was like trying to live in the middle of a Texas twister. That was why he decided on a quick hop down Oklahoma way, with a stop-over in Springfield to visit pal Jimmy. But when he figured that Jimmy Long's house would be a spot for breath-catching, Gene made one of the few miscalculations of his career. There was a girl at Jimmy's.

A GIRL with dark hair, softly curling around a provocative face. A girl with a smile bright as range-land sunshine. Her name was Ina Mae Spivey. Gene learned during that first enchanted afternoon while he had to fight to keep from staring at her.

She was Jimmy Long's niece. But he and Jimmy never had written a song that could describe her. No, sir! There was something about the way Ina talked—light and quick and gay—that made his heart race, even while he was too dazed to know quite what she was saying.

That evening in his old friend's front parlor was a crazy combination, like fever and chills. Shy with women always, used to lonely trails and open cattle range and long night vigils over a telegrapher's keyboard, Gene watched the dark head bent above the piano every time he felt sure she was busy with the music she was playing.

But when she looked up suddenly and caught him at it, he felt like crawling inside his guitar to hide. She was so pretty, so dainty and sort of flowerlike, that—hey! Was she laughing at him, back of those demurely dancing eyes? Did he look as gawky as he felt?

They talked some. Ina told him about her coming from Oklahoma, too, and staying at Uncle Jimmy's while she studied at the teachers' college in Springfield. Gene listened. But it was just words. He'd seen a dream walking, and he was in love with her! His first love. And, even that soon, he knew he wanted it to be his last.

He stayed in Springfield longer than he'd expected. The jaunt to Oklahoma turned out to be a mere flying visit. He returned as fast as his work in Chicago would let him. And this time Ina met him at the train instead of Jimmy. When he loped down the steps and saw her there on the platform, sunshine lighting her lifted face, everything stopped inside him.

"Hello!" she called. Just one simple word. But it opened a door for Gene. He could glimpse Heaven through it. For one wild instant he thought he was going to fling his arms around her, right

then and there in front of the crowd!

He didn't. She was so light and frail a hug might have broken her. Anyhow, what reason was there to believe she wanted him to? Maybe she was just being nice to Uncle's partner. Maybe—a thousand maybes.

They went to a student dance at her college. If he could have spun her around until she was dizzy while they were dancing, maybe he'd have found courage to start talking. But he wasn't very good on a dance floor. He was all feet, and the feet wouldn't do what he wanted. Gosh, she'd hate him after this!

Yet she didn't. Her smile was just as kindly on the walk home, through Springfield's dark, quiet streets. Once he almost reached out to find her small hand. But maybe she wouldn't like that!

It took a lot of visits to Springfield before he could work up his courage. But when it happened, it happened fast as throwing a steer for branding. The familiar parlor. The lamplight soft and warm. And, suddenly, his arms around her. . . .

Gene didn't stop to think. He didn't dare to think, and he didn't have to. All the words had been there inside him, dammed up for a long time. It had taken only one little gesture, one unexpected turn of her head, to start them rushing onward in a torrent.

"Ina—gosh—I mean, if you aren't figurin' on marryin' somebody else—I reckon I'm no special shakes, b-but you're so sweet—"

THEY were married in St. Louis, some nine months after they met. Not a fancy wedding. It didn't have to be, because neither of them was the fancy kind.

It was while Ina still was getting used to that new ring on her finger that Hollywood found Gene. The Legion of Decency had started its famous raid on sex productions. Producers scrambling around for clean material, remembered Westerns, long in eclipse because of their lack of novelty. The rage for Autry recordings of range-land ballads looked like one answer.

That Texas twister had become a full-grown cyclone, by now.

Gene (with Ina always there beside him, to help him keep steady in the big wind) was getting himself on a solid footing, however. With top honors flashing past him like telegraph poles past a train window, he clung fast to the simple, wholesome, American things he and the dark-eyed girl from Oklahoma had believed in when they first found each other.

Came five successive years when picture exhibitors hailed him the greatest money-maker among Western stars; 12,000 fan letters a week; the 1940 poll, which ranked him fourth in popularity among all picture players (topped only by Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable). Came a triumphant tour of England, Scotland, Ireland; an invitation to guest-star the World's Championship Rodeo at New York's mammoth Madison Square Garden; news he had doubled the business even of that colossal show; and a bid to return as its star for a second year.

It's the biggest event in a cowboy's year, that Roundup in the Big Town. Better than two hundred of the West's ace range hands—yes, and plenty of its

prettiest cowgirls, too—converge on the main stem in high-heeled boots and fancy show shirts and Sunday-go-to-meetin' Stetsons.

The tanbark is trampled by bucking broncs. Wild steers chase many a thrown rider in nip-and-tuck sprints for life. Lights blaze. Flags wave. Lovely girls ride on the Rodeo's longhorns.

Lariats loop, ponies wheel and gallop, music pounds the rafters. The crisp accent of an official event-announcer crackles constantly from overhead. A champion from Cheyenne bucks out of his corral on saddled lightning. A Calgary buckaroo ropes his calf and throws it, while breathless watchers tick off seconds on a big clock above the bright arena. Thousands of dollars prize money mean the boys ride with their necks for sale.

And then—in a new, cathedral hush—appears Gene Autry!

Into the blinding light of the arena, one typical night last October, he danced his famous picture horse Champion. At the end of his number, Champion bowed low before the star's own box. Gene lifted in his saddle, arm lofted in salute—a smiling salute to the motherly, pleasant-faced lady who was his guest for the evening. And Mrs. Will Rogers smiled back.

Beside her, in that darkness which always seems thickest just beyond a spotlight's circle, maybe a ghost smiled, too. And maybe a chuckle, more real than applause, reached Gene Autry's ear:

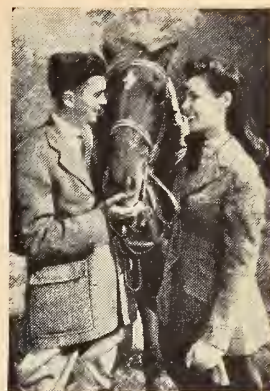
"Young feller, looks mighty like you did it! You did what I said you could!"

* * *

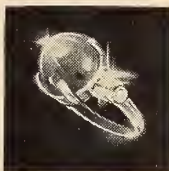
Time was when Gene Autry wrote "Gene Autry, America's biggest flop" on his dressing room door and decided to turn baseball pro. (The door, incidentally, is now enshrined under a glass case in the theater lobby!) Not only is he the absolute antithesis of "flop" in America but a favorite the world round! The British Isles go mad about him from Princesses Margaret Rose and Elizabeth down to the masses who plucked more hairs from Champ's tail than any two-footed glamour boy can total in buttons and pocket hankies! Only 34 years old, he keeps Ina Mae and himself in comparative ease on \$15,000 per picture, and \$15,000 yearly from records; \$1,000 a week from radio; \$25,000 for his magic signature on shirts, balloons, dolls; \$30,000 from the N. Y. Rodeo. Last fall their gorgeous 3-year-old house burned to the ground destroying all the cherished mementos of their climb to the top together. Heartbroken, they've retired to their week-end cottage, "Melody Ranch," until a new home can be substituted. So desirable is his patronage he has to watch his every step for fear of offending someone. Didn't dare attend the World Series because he couldn't sit in one team's bleachers to the exclusion of the other! Always colorful, he flew to the Rodeo, accommodated Champ in the same plane by taking out the seats and making a temporary airlines stable! Modestly justifies his existence, thus: "Maybe it isn't great art. But I've always remembered something Buffalo Bill once wrote. It's just this—that he who has brought the romance of America to Young America has not lived in vain." This, Gene Autry has indisputedly done!

NEW YORK-TEXAS ROMANCE

Eugenia Loughlin's engagement to S. Gail Borden Tennant of Houston (pictured together at right) has stirred far-reaching interest. This beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be will be married this winter, after her fiancé completes his officer's training at Fort Riley.



HER STAR-SAPPHIRE



Engagement Ring. The platinum and baguette diamond setting was designed by her fiancé. "I guess Borden and I made over a hundred sketches for it," she says.

Exquisite EUGENIA J. LOUGHLIN

She's ENGAGED!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

See how her **SOFT-SMOOTH**
Glamour Care will help your skin

1. Eugenia **SLATHERS** Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over her lovely face and throat. Pats it on briskly with quick little upward pats. This softens dirt and old make-up. Then she tissues off the cream. "I adore the cool, clean feel Pond's gives my face," she says.

2. Eugenia **RINSES** with *lots more* Pond's. Tissues off the cream again. This *second time* helps clean off every little smitch of soil, leave her fine-textured skin flower-soft.

You'll love Eugenia's **SOFT-SMOOTH** Glamour Care with Pond's Cold Cream.

Use it *every night*—and for daytime clean-ups. See your skin look softer, smoother, prettier.

You'll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Buy a jar today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big jars*.

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Lovely-to-look-at Eugenia Loughlin met her fiancé at a party in Houston when she was visiting there. Four days later they considered themselves engaged! Eugenia has a true **SOFT-SMOOTH** Pond's complexion—fresh, sweet, pink and white as apple blossoms! "I'm *absolutely devoted to Pond's Cold Cream*," she says. "It keeps my skin feeling so soft and clean."

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• Whether the music is sweet or swing, Arthur Murray's sophisticated dancers must always be "sweet" in a close-up! So it's real news for you that these charming girls who dance *miles* a day choose Odorono Cream to guard against "fatal" underarm odor and dampness.

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ANNOYANCE FOR 1 TO 3 DAYS**



**GIVES YOU MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY**

ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—
REGULAR AND INSTANT

LANA TURNER

(Continued from page 28)

There is a sort of lady Jekyll-Hyde side to this Turner flair for spotlighting, however. One side of Lana demands that she capture all eyes wherever she is; another comes along in a few minutes saying, "Cover up!"

When the "sweater girl" publicity first swamped her, Lana posed willingly in woolen draped attitudes. But she quickly rebelled. Now any sexy appellation makes her see red—and, for that matter, so does red itself.

No one but Lana Turner was responsible for the scarlet session she indulged in—flaming coats, hats, slippers, stationery, roadsters and on *ad nauseam*. But when the color tag started to stick, Lana dropped it in panic. Red is one tint that's out like a pop fly now. Lana has one major extravagance next to clothes. She loves jewelry—costume stuff and the real McCoy. She wears a beautifully jeweled diamond ball ring, exquisite clips and gemmed doodads. She never fails to have one in just the right place when she appears in public. But in a few minutes she gets uneasy and slips it inside her purse.

THE same paradoxical battle between show-off and shyness follows through almost every phase of her life. "I don't know what I expect, going around the way I do," she told me. "But I'm terrified when people stare at me."

At Hollywood's plush picture show-cases, Ciro's, Mocambo and such, Lana is known as Little Miss Sparkling Personality—for a while. She loves to dance, weaves a sinuous rumba and of course decorates any night-blooming garden like a flaming hibiscus—for a while. People table-hop to her spot, with gay quips and chatter; she loves that—for a few minutes. Then suddenly it's discovered that Lana and boy friend are gone. She's started feeling the candle power of all eyes and has ducked out in inward terror.

One place Lana can indulge her natural decorative inclinations without a relapse is at home. She thinks she dolls up primarily to please herself anyway. Around the house she goes in for flounciness, luxurious negligees. She sleeps in satin nightgowns, keeps a chest full of exotic perfumes. A favorite indoor sport is to come home after a new coiffure and "louse it up" herself for hours before a mirror or change this and that about her make-up. The results are sometimes good, sometimes horrible. But being twenty and a natural beauty, Lana can get by with practically anything and still be stunning. Currently she is bobbing around with a high pompadour of her own conniving, at least two inches loftier than any other in town. Oddly enough, she looks swell. Lana keeps her locks touched up to a corn-silk blonde; she's a dark redhead minus the bottle.

Much has been made of Lana's high-style clothes. Actually, she has exceptional taste for a girl of her years and background. In public there is generally something to catch the eye—

a bizarre pin, a spot of extravagant color, flashing shoes or a tricky hat to rival Roz Russell's. But the clothes Lana herself gloats over and hoards to multiple absurdity, oddly enough, are on the conservative side. They're tailored suits and expensive shoes. She has a lot of suits and shoes.

Lana's judgment about her wardrobe doesn't always match her taste, however. On her first trip to New York, she failed to take an evening gown. On her trip to Hawaii she lugged along a fur coat!

Lana's new house, on Saltair Avenue in Brentwood (which makes her a neighbor to Gary Cooper, Fred MacMurray, Tyrone Power and Cesar Romero), is her major interest right now. It's her first and only. It's an English-style place with an acre and a half of ground, fruit trees, flowers, garden patch and everything. That part leaves Lana comparatively cold. She's not cut out for gardening, or for that matter, much of any physical exercise. The inside is what intrigues her. She's busy at the moment fixing up the living room in what she calls "low, squashy furniture"—blond, fruitwood pieces, and ankle-tickling carpets with a lime-green motif and coral drapes. She's doing it herself with some help from a decorator.

This is no indication that Lana is in the least domestic, although she says she now likes to lie around the house more than to go out. Her major hobby at the moment is collecting records, concentrating on Tchaikovsky and Debussy. And she has practically given up detective magazines for popular fiction and biographies. She belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club. She has also taken up painting in a big way, as big a way as Lana can take up anything. And she has one oil effort, a landscape which she swears is "darned good."

THIS came about in typical Turner fashion. She was hiking on vacation in Estes Park, Colorado, recently when she came upon an artist busy daubing canvas. Lana kibitzed for a while and then said, "Let me try that."

"Fine," said the painter.

"But," said Lana, "I don't know how."

The artist said he'd show her. Together they worked out the masterpiece, a mountain view. Says Lana frankly "I'll probably forget about it soon. I'm just a dilettante at heart."

Lana isn't even a dilettante, however, at the more mundane aspects of house-running. She has trouble frying an egg, and as for pottering around the kitchen, she'd as soon be in jail. She can't stand dish-washing, although anything to do with clothes, her clothes, like pressing or taking a tuck here and there, is perfectly okay.

Only one major hate besides telephones, which she despises, approaches Lana's disdain for household drudgery. That's education, formal education. If she likes anything, she'll indulge it for fun. But lessons—!

Lana was a mere high school sopho-

You don't have to be a Sadie Hawkins to get your man these days—what with our super-duper Co-Ed fashion chart on the market! Clip the coupon on page 97!

more when Fame yanked her away from a strawberry malt at the Top Hat Malt Shop across from Hollywood High. She was playing hookey at the time. She was also flunking mathematics and a couple of other subjects no normal girl ever likes anyway. Languages were a breeze for her, and history was fun because it was romantic. She was a swell speller and could dash off a composition with the greatest ease. But she confesses, "Two and two still make three to me."

Probably the greatest cross she has had to bear since becoming a celluloid darling were the hours of torture put in at the studio high school at M-G-M. When most of the rest of M-G-M's happy family

of stars were strolling, strutting or tossing gossip around the lot, Lana had to dig into such revolting topics as chemistry and civics. She doesn't know yet how she ever made it through. Maybe it was because of the taunts of one Mickey Rooney, who had squeezed out six months ahead of her and condescendingly called her "Baby Glamour" right to her flaming face. Mickey mixed this up with "What's two and two, Tootsie?" when older stars were around. Lana was mortified, especially since Hollywood's sophisticated beaus, movie and local society, were whirling her around



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W-62



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of nights while Mickey was strictly in the wet-eared younger set socially.

Lana is boosted as a Hollywood High School product, but actually she was exposed to that flaming youth factory less than three months, and she played truant a lot of that time. San Francisco Junior High is her major academic alma mater and the only scholastic place where she distinguished herself. She was a rah-rah-leader two times there and wore a gorgeous pep-'em-up costume.

The funny part of this sad school report card is that Lana Turner is one of the best "studies" at M-G-M. "I had no memory at all in school," she muses, "but, boy, can I learn lines now." What she does is take the script home, curl up in some "squashy" seat or on her luxurious bed. Any one of her six dogs, ranging in size from Pekes to Danes, can wander in, her love birds can coo and chatter or the house can sway in an earthquake. Lana is set to cram. When she starts to read the same lines twice, she quits, hops into bed and drifts off. When she wakes up, it's all there in order, clear as a bell. "My subconscious," Lana explains. "I simply sleep on it."

SHE hasn't any trouble that way—in insomnia—in fact, you can rub her hands (if you get the chance), and she'll start dozing away right on the set. She does have nerves, though, not the turn-and-toss or the butterfly-stomach type, but the pain-in-the-neck, tight-shoulder variety. A massage usually snaps her out of it. Otherwise she's as healthy as a mongrel pup. The only scar on her shapely body is a neat appendectomy incision, and dentists get only tooth polishing fees from the Turner check book.

Lana's cast-iron constitution is no tribute to scientific diet. Health menus leave her cold as a stuffed cucumber. "Vegetables—ugh!" she shudders. Lana still nurses a school-girl hang-over craving for jumbo malts and soda fountain fare, hamburgers, shoestring potatoes and chile, when she's out and around. At home she's a sucker for fried chicken, candied sweet potatoes and solid fare like that. She's a great meat eater; Ciro's always puts a steak on the grill when she enters the door.

In spite of the rich, heavy fodder, Lana has no troubles with poundage, sticking comfortably close to 112. She loses weight when she works—she dropped eight pounds during "Honky Tonk"—also, she has developed the bad habit of going from breakfast to breakfast without food. Due to some constitutional quirk, she can work all day and go out at night without any dinner and still keep her good humor. She thinks maybe Tony Martin has taught her that, as it's also a habit of his.

Tony also tried to teach her golf, but that was a mistake. Lana sees no crying need for useless physical activity. She'll go through the motions of tennis or swimming, but she can take them or leave them. People are always talking her into some sort of outdoor sport, but it generally comes to grief, after a brief enthusiasm. The golf lessons only ruined her usually good temper and made her legs ache. And when she got talked into a deep-sea fishing trip recently by her hairdresser, Lana hauled in a barracuda, which promptly bit her. She was disgusted. "What's the fun fishing," she complained with logic, "if the darned things bite you?"

In Hawaii she loved surf riding. All she had to do was lie down on the board and let the Kanaka boy steer in.

Probably no star in Hollywood has

fewer friends than Lana Turner. She has no real close ones in town. "I have a hundred acquaintances but few friends," Lana states simply, forgetting Judy Garland, her best girl friend. For one thing, she is neither social nor sociable. She is uncomfortable in crowds because she thinks she's being appraised. She's scared to death of small rooms and babbling people. She never entertains. "I'd be an awful hostess," she told me. "I wouldn't know what to do next with a lot of people."

On top of this, like all really beautiful and through-and-through feminine women, she doesn't care too much for other women. She likes men, but she's one of those one-man-at-a-time girls. Her long romances don't necessarily mean anything serious, though, as Lana proved when she jilted her first fiancé, Greg Bautzer, Los Angeles lawyer, for Artie Shaw. She had gone with no one else but glamour-boy Bautzer for months.

She hardly knew Artie, even though they made "Dancing Co-ed" together. A date, a ride in the moonlight—and a plane to Las Vegas came next. Lana was hardly a week over eighteen. The marriage lasted officially four months, actually less.

Few people assayed the Tony Martin romance for just what it was. They forget that Lana's romance with the curly-haired crooner was almost coincident with her burning interest in her career and her batting down of natural instincts for fancy frolics and good times. Lana met Tony first in San Francisco. He was there for the ASCAP Convention; she was there for the wedding of an old friend, Hazel Meadows, whose mother used to employ Lana's mother in her beauty shop. Both Tony and Lana stayed at the St. Francis Hotel. They knew about each other, and it wasn't long before they met to talk Hollywood.

TONY MARTIN is a serious young man wrapped up in his career. It took him away from Alice Faye, and it comes first in his life. Theirs was a playtime romance, only. Tony infected Lana with the first real zeal she'd ever known about getting somewhere and really being somebody on the screen. Before that Lana could take the work part of Hollywood or leave it. She had no more real ambition about becoming an actress than a catfish. What she liked about it were the good times and the glamour.

The fact that she was exclusively Tony's girl at one point doesn't prove anything, nor would it prove much if she had married him. A shrewd observer who knows Lana better than Lana suspects, told me this: "Wait and see. Lana will have many marriages in her life. But I doubt if any of them will change her one whit."

This ties in pretty well with what Mistress Turner told me one day recently when I saw her. It was the day she'd won her final freedom from Artie Shaw. "Well," I said, "today's the day. Are you going to get married now?"

"NO!" replied Lana, "Definitely NO!" "You wouldn't cross me up," I said, cautiously.

"I might cross you up," was her frank reply. "But not myself. I might break plenty of promises to somebody else. But this time I've promised myself. And that's different!"

There is probably only one person in the world who counts in big figures to Lana Turner—her mother, Mildred. She is young and still pretty. She's no hovering movie mother, but she has a lot in common with Lana and is still her best friend. Lana's father, Virgil Turner, was

(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 72)

killed in San Francisco when she was a carrot-topped moppet of ten. From then on it was her mother and Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner (just call her Lana) versus the World—and it was quite a scrap the whole route. Mildred battled frail health and a frayed purse at the same time. Lana collected her education on the installment plan, in Catholic convents and shifting spells in public schools. She thinks the repeated terror of facing hostile new schoolrooms has something to do with her lone-wolf-ness and allergy to academic atmosphere.

Mrs. Turner handles Lana's money affairs (Lana would spend every cent on something), runs the two-servant house, which has always been set up as separate living quarters (Lana has her own entrance) and does her best to keep Lana prompt, efficient and responsible in her career affairs. She usually accompanies Lana on her trips and vacations and sees to it that Hollywood business isn't forgotten. Mrs. Turner slipped up on Lana's recent vacation. With Lana she drove away after "Honky Tonk" was finished. They went on a California tour, Del Monte, San Francisco, the Sierras, willy-nilly.

Lana left with strict instructions to call Hollywood every day and report. But she—ch—forgot. Mrs. Turner didn't know. After eight days Lana got around to telephoning her agents. She knew things would be in a stew about preparations for "Johnny Eager," and they were, all right. Lana was crazy to do the part, too, because it's super-dramatic, about a girl who's almost pathologically in love.

But Lana has a one-track personality that way and a psychology of superlatives. A vacation meant a vacation and it was unavoidable if the studio got upset. She's that way all through. She's up or she's down. Busy or absolutely idle. She

rains tears easily and laughs just as quick. Violins always make her drippy-eyed. Slapstick wows her. She loves to kibitz lousy movies, and yet the other night at the opening of John Murray Anderson's Silver Screen and the spectacle of all Hollywood's broken down old-timers straining to make their age-tattered acts click, she felt so depressed that she had to leave the place, sniffing.

Right now Lana is sure there will never, never be another part like Sheila Regan in "Ziegfeld Girl." Returns haven't come in from "Honky Tonk" yet, and "Johnny Eager" is ready for release. Still, she's sure she'll never be that good again, quite sure. That's Lana, also. "I'll never have a chance like 'Ziegfeld' again," she told me. "They come once in a lifetime. Why, it had everything, glamour, drama, *everything!*"

So has Lana Turner. She may not know it, but there'll be lots more parts like that for her. At twenty she is what she is and she is safe. It is not so much a tribute to Lana Turner as to the times.

A man at her studio, who has had much to do with guiding her career, put it like this:

"In the old hey-hey Hollywood days, Lana Turner might well have been another Clara Bow. Like Clara did, she typifies the youth of her age. Any girl that young, in any time who has nothing and suddenly gets everything she's dreamed about, has to have a period of adjustment. But nowadays it has to be quick. In modern Hollywood you either snap out of it fast and get down to work or you're out of the picture. Lana had enough sense to realize this—that's all."

Lana Turner is still very much Lana Turner, human, normal, acting her age. Like I said, she is typically young and thoroughly female. Youth always has a right to grow up, and, besides a lady can always change her mind, can't she?

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.

STORY

(Continued from page 52)

he not to remember? In his safe, sane, slightly stuffy study, long after Kay and their small daughter had gone to bed, Harry pondered.

* * *

He'd been born—correctly. He'd prepared at St. Swithin's—correctly. He had met Kay (pug-nosed, forthright Cornelia Motford, she was then) at a holiday dancing school party—most correctly.

He had gone to Harvard, in the natural course of events. And after Harvard, one long-ago Spring, he had joined up for that other war. To Plattsburg, first. Then overseas, with the A.E.F.

Was that what Bo-Jo meant by the story of a man's life?

Maybe. It was the kind of thing with which one could fill up dotted lines after a list of questions, at least. Yet somehow the story, as he looked back on it, seemed to have started much later than that. (The sound of Marvin's voice, this afternoon, asking him to come to her hotel for cocktails! The one brief glimpse he'd had of her, waiting, before he turned and fled unseen! Marvin Myles, here in Boston!)

She belonged so definitely, so completely, in New York. It was in New York he had met her. He was home from the war, and his old classmate, Bill King had gotten him a job with Ballard's Advertising Agency.

"The old order's doomed, Harry." So certain of himself, Bill King! "This is the new band wagon, Harry. Hop

aboard it, brother, hop aboard it now!"

Marvin was there, sharing an office with them. A girl such as young Harry Pulham never had seen before. Lipstick and silk stockings and a manner frank as a man's. Career girls were news in those days.

It hadn't been like the romance from any well-bred novel he had read in Boston. She hadn't even liked him at first. But for him, from the moment Bill first spoke her name, she had been fascinating.

She was gorgeous to look at. And she was a symbol of all the post-war world he was panting to keep step with. 1920 seemed like some breath-snatching, noisy, glittery gown specially designed to fit her.

The first time he got past that smart, hard shell was one morning in—of all places—the Bronx. Their boss had sent them out on a quick demonstration tour to check reactions on Coza Soap Flakes. Over the suds to his elbows, Harry looked up at Marvin suddenly. And something in her eyes was changed.

"If I'm a dub at advertising," he grinned to cover his sudden confusion, "I always can hire out as a laundress."

That wonderful Spring after they had discovered they were in love! Speak-easies and rides through the Park in an old Victoria and intimate evenings in her tiny flat—all crammed between long, tense, vibrating hours while their high-pressure office spun around their heads!

His trips back to Boston seemed all the more stiff and wooden by contrast. He knew his parents were waiting for him to come home, settle down in his father's business and marry Kay Motford or someone equally suitable. His whole education had pointed toward exactly that. But the war had broken in. The war—and Marvin.

"We'll have a penthouse!" she dreamed excitedly, in his arms. "A French maid! Clothes from Paris! Someday, Harry . . . someday soon . . ."

Why hadn't they gotten married right then? Both of them had meant to, certainly—so dizzily in love that every hour apart was wasted.

But somehow, Marvin seemed afraid. Afraid of his Boston tradition, of his life spent in a house where there were butlers, of—exactly what was it she had been afraid of? Harry never had comprehended.

So fall had stolen in to find them still making plans; still living in a future which should have been the present. First snow fell. And one day there had come that long-distance call from his sister Mary. Their father was dying. Harry was needed, at once.

"A man in the house . . ." That thankful sigh was practically the elder Pulham's last breath. "A man to carry on . . ." It was expected. And a gentleman never failed those who needed him in what was expected.

THE gloomy Boston house, too quiet now its master had left it. His mother and Mary, leaning on him for everything. The business to be settled. The country place at Westwood to be appraised. Every day duties clutched at his sleeve to keep him from New York.

In the end, he compromised. He invited Bill and Marvin up for a weekend. A week-end of biting cold; of glittering, icy whiteness.

Almost from the moment Marvin stepped across his family's threshold, he could sense a restlessness in her. That bright, warm mouth seemed too red in the stately drawing room. That quick, light walk was alien to a house where thick carpets muffled the tap of heels.

Harry had arranged a picnic at Westwood for Sunday. Kay Motford came along with Joe Bingham. She was engaged to Joe that winter.

Everyone in the crowd sledding on the hill back of the old-fashioned mansion loved it. Everyone but Marvin. She didn't belong in an old St. Swithin's sweater. She belonged in New York, in smart black and fine-spun silk. Brushing her off in the big, bare front hall, Harry understood that vaguely. (But he loved her so much! She would change!)

She didn't change. When he followed her back to the city a week later, it was to ask her to marry him immediately and end the saw-toothed pangs of their long separation. She was in his arms, then, close to him. She was eager to surrender, her eyes shining, her lips waiting. Until he mentioned his plan for finding their own house in Boston.

He scarcely knew the girl who jerked away from him.

"You've given up your job here? You're crawling back to that family shell? You're—oh, Harry! No, Harry!"

Marvin stood staring up into his ardent face. Boston? That stiff, cold world which had closed in on her like a coffin? And give up her new job as Bullard's head of women's copy to become a club woman and housewife? Her protests poured over him, hurt and then angry.

"I have a life of my own, Harry! I can't give it up—won't give it up! You have no right to ask it. If you don't

See Marjorie Woodworth in "Dudes Are Pretty People"

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*"My number one taste-test
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NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT
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want me right here in New York—"

Harry had a life of his own, too. A life long ago set in its pattern of obligations. If she called after him as he plunged dazedly down the stairs from her flat, he never heard her. He boarded the first train back to New England. Within a year, he married Kay.

Why not? They were fond of each other, they thought the same way about things, Joe Bingham was out of the picture. And anything was better than remembering. Harry wasn't going to remember, any more.

So here he sat, remembering! But this wasn't what Bo-Jo wanted for that class biography. This was the life Harry Pulham *hadn't* lived.

The facts (and facts were supposed to matter) were very different. Two children. Son, George, now attending St. Swithin's. Daughter, Gladys, born 1929. Present employment, Pres. of Pulham, Inc. Clubs are . . .

For the first time in years, Harry was late for breakfast next morning. He wanted to tell Kay why, but the words stuck in his throat. When he tried to make her see how things came to pieces in one's hands, how one grew frightened looking back if years didn't add up, and one's life was already half over, she barely listened. She laughed at him tolerantly, when he begged her to pack a bag and climb into their car and go away with him alone somewhere for a little while.

"Harry, you shouldn't take highballs after dinner. You tossed and turned all night, dear." That was how well his wife had understood.

All morning Harry sat at his desk and studied investment reports which made no sense. It was near noon that he had his secretary call the Hotel Hadley. Marvin was stopping there. If he could see her!

"Of course." The magic voice again! "Come any time."

She was waiting when, just at lunch time, he rang her bell. A Marvin lovely as a Summer noon, poised and pure and chic. A Marvin like everything that ambitious girl in New York had dreamed of becoming. Yet there were tears in her

eyes as she drew him inside her room.

"Hello, Marvin." He said it awkwardly.

"Hello, Harry." Simple words. But somewhere behind them—

Yes, it had lasted; whatever they had shared once and had thrown away. The little things came rushing back. The way she smiled. The way his hair had never quite lain smooth. The Bronx kitchen and the Park by moonlight and the poems she'd read him and old songs.

But it was like looking back across an unbridged chasm. Even champagne couldn't recapture the feel of it, although the memory was something precious and real deep in their hearts.

She showed him a picture of the man she had married (because he reminded her of Harry). Harry showed her snapshots of George and Gladys. Those bits of paper, changing hands, were stone walls between them.

Harry left soon after lunch; lunch eaten down in the hotel dining room, where music filled the silences. He walked into a mid-afternoon world so strange it wasn't Boston at all. What streets he followed blindly, he couldn't have told. Then Kay's voice was in his ears.

"Harry! Harry, wait for me!"

He turned at her summons. Their car was drawn up to the curb, a packed bag on its rear seat. She was clinging to his arm and smiling up at him unsteadily. She'd been trying to find him. His office hadn't known where to suggest. He hadn't been at his clubs.

So Kay had driven aimlessly, searching the crowd. It was as important as that to find him; to tell him she'd understood what he was talking about at breakfast and wanted to go away with him.

Harry looked at her again as he climbed behind the driver's wheel. For twenty years she had taken him for granted. Now, something in his restlessness had warned her. She was looking up at him in a new way, wide-eyed. He was important to her, and they both knew it.

"Is—is everything all right, Harry?" she whispered.

The picture had changed. Everything was fine, suddenly! Fine from here on!

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 53)

up a cigar and light it—all in 720 beats (six minutes). Bob missed on the first try—was two beats out of time unfasting the third button of his overcoat! The two casting problems to be solved were (1) finding 300 young men of military age to be German and American soldiers for the battle scenes, and (2) picking an actor according to the maneuverability of his Adam's apple. Youngsters of high school age were hired to tote the movie guns, and make-up men plastered mud on the kids' faces to hide their youth. Veteran actor Syd Saylor won the part of the preacher whose throat wiggling distracts Bob Young in the wedding scene.

Ruth Hussey got time off from the picture to reign as Queen of the Royal American Horse Show in Kansas City. Autographed a street cleaner's broom while she was there and received word later that the inscribed straw sweeper-upper has been given a place of honor in the city hall.

Ruth is one of Hollywood's foremost beauty-plus-brains stars. She's set a goal for her budget and is living in a tiny house on a modest scale until she

gets her quota of cash socked away. Knows income tax frontwards and backwards and saved Hedy a nice chunk of currency by reminding her that gowns worn in publicity stills could be listed under necessary business.

On the first day of production, Hedy kept disappearing from the set every fifteen minutes, worry stamped all over her pretty phizz. One bold soul followed her, discovered her phoning home to check on the disappearance of her pet kitten, Spunky. The little animal was discovered two days later, snuggled happily on his furry, full tummy at the bottom of the household garbage pail.

Between scenes, Fay Holden designed an easy-to-make nightie to send to the kiddies in England. She sews two straight pieces of flannel together, attaches long sleeves and cuts a hole large enough to allow the gown to slip quickly over a child's head. A single button is sewed at the neck, and the whole garment is finished in one hour. All the women in the picture worked on 'em, and Fay bought extra material for Bob Young and Edward Arnold to take home to their wives.

Fay's husband, David Clive, plays

the part of her butler in the picture, so to make up for it, she insists on serving his dinner herself every night after work.

Charles Coburn appeared on the golf course set, strolled around a while, waggled a golf club awkwardly over a couple of balls. Protestingly he let himself be lured into a game with a couple of his fellow Thespians, then proceeded to show them some championship form. Opponents paid off their bets in green cash and red faces.

Mutiny in the make-up department: One of the scenes requires Leif Erickson to bare one arm and show Bob Young a couple of teeth marks. The make-up man said he didn't mind doing his regular job, but he'd be darned if he was going to take a bite out of anyone, even for art's sake. Leif had to do it himself.

Bob Young's stand-in, Bert Davis, finally got a chance to play in the same scene with his boss. Plays the part of an elevator operator and stands right next to Bob in his one scene. Davis has been working on a book during his spare time. It'll be about the inner workings of a big studio.

For the snow scenes, the prop department ground out a snow hill over 35 feet high, with 60 tons of shaved ice. Snow-starved cast and crew practiced belly flops between takes.

Sara Haden is the envy of all the young children of her acquaintance. Sara's most loyal fan is head of a local ice cream factory, and he's promised to supply her with the frozen stuff for the rest of her life.

Director Vidor wallowed in mud and memories the day he shot the battle scenes. It was the same location spot he'd used during filming of "The Big Parade" with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree.

Vidor had every part of Boston photographed and spent weeks there himself talking to typical Boston characters. The only prop that stumped them was finding white eggs large enough to fit snugly into the old-fashioned oversized egg cups. Finally had to use brown ones dipped in white paint.

Sound men had to stop recording in the middle of a tense scene to hunt for a friction noise. They found Mademoiselle Lamarr in a ski suit topped by a thick white sweater, rubbing her gorgeous back this way and that across the corner of a tall Grandfather clock. "It itched until I could hardly stand it," she apologized.

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

An example of what takes place in the Hollywood schoolrooms can be gained from this brief composition by Peter Swerling, son of Jo Swerling the writer. He was told to write a story about a poor boy, and Peter wrote: "There was a poor boy. His father was poor. His mother was poor. They had a poor nurse and a very poor butler." This Peter is quite a character. One night before dinner Frank Capra, Robert Riskin, Jean Arthur, Frank Ross and Norman Krasna were gathered in the Swerling living room. Somehow the talk centered on what books one would take with him if he were stranded on a desert island. The best answer was supplied by Peter, who had been asked the question only as a matter of courtesy. Peter said, "I'd only want one: a book telling me how I could get off the island."

Sidney Skolsky



Gown by courtesy of Milgrim, New York

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PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading

vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Make your own test at our expense. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration check. Just print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. MS-2, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.



Morio Montez, lovely Dutch-Spanish newcomer to the films entertains in the living room of her suite at one of New York's luxurious hotels.



BY HELEN HOLMES

It's a South American Custom!

Serve coffee with delicious snacks in the late

afternoon for gracious informal entertaining.

• New York has had many South American visitors of late but none more gay and sparkling than Maria Montez, Universal Studio's new discovery. She was here for just a few days before starting on a personal appearance tour that was to take her through our Southern cities and, of course, was immediately caught up in a whirl of radio appearances, interviews and fittings with noted coutouriers. But she managed to take the time to invite a few of the New York columnists and friends of former visits to drop over to her suite at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel for, of all things, afternoon coffee!

It was late on a rather gloomy winter afternoon, and candles were lit on the beautifully arranged table standing near the fireplace in the living room of the suite. Graceful Louis XV furniture, upholstered in soft shades of rose and ivory damask, long drapes in the same colors at the enormous windows and great bowls of roses formed a lovely background for the party. The interesting writers and celebrities who attended laughed and talked

together while they enjoyed Maria's delicious food.

Maria speaks with a fascinating accent, and that afternoon she carried on an animated conversation partly in Spanish and partly in her own version of English, while gracefully pouring coffee for everyone. Unobtrusive waiters passed serving plates of piping hot, savory canapes and, afterwards, thin slices of a delicious coffee cake, rich with spice and nuts.

This coffee party was such a novelty, at least for the real New Yorkers who attended, and so much enjoyed by everyone, that those of you who need new ideas for entertaining may like to copy. Simplified recipes for the canapes and coffee cakes are printed here. Perhaps Maria will be credited with starting a vogue, if you all serve these delicious foods with steaming hot cups of coffee at your parties during these winter months.

SAVORY SHRIMP CANAPES

Cut canned or fresh shrimp in small pieces. Mix with a small quantity of medium thick white sauce made from

any standard recipe. Season with salt, pepper, onion, a dash of tabasco sauce and a few drops of lemon juice. Spread on strips of toast or crackers and sprinkle with grated cheese. Just before serving, place under a low broiler flame until brown.

SPICED BRAZIL NUT COFFEE RING

(This is a simplified version of the coffee ring served at Maria's party.)

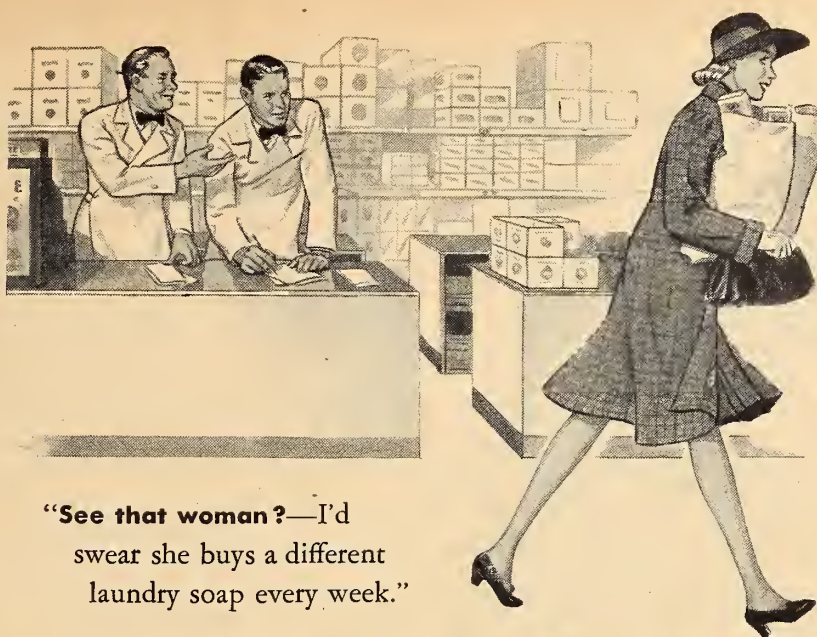
1½ cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
⅔ cup milk
5 tablespoons shortening
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup chopped Brazil nuts

Sift first 4 dry ingredients into a bowl. Cut in the shortening with a pastry blender or two knives. Add the beaten egg mixed with the milk to make a soft, loose dough. Turn into a greased layer cake pan. Mix the ¼ cup of sugar, the cinnamon and the Brazil nuts together. Sprinkle over the top of the dough. Sprinkle with about 1 tablespoon of additional butter, melted if desired. Bake in a hot oven (400° F) for about 25 minutes. Cut in wedges and serve warm.

BRAZIL NUT SPICE CAKE

½ cup shortening
1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
⅔ cup milk
½ cup ground Brazil nuts

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices together and add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add Brazil nuts. Pour into greased cake pan 9" x 9" x 2". Bake 40 to 45 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.) Generously frost with brown sugar 7-minute icing.



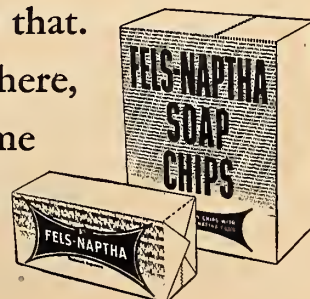
"See that woman?—I'd swear she buys a different laundry soap every week."



"Know how she buys?—She comes in and asks me, 'Which one's having a sale today?' So I tell her and out she goes, pleased as Punch, with a bagful of bargains. . . . And next week she's back again—buying somebody else's soap."

What's a bargain...in soap?

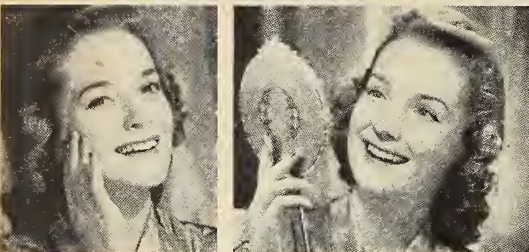
"Some day she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap and she'll be done with all that. Instead of saving pennies here, she'll save dollars at home—you wait and see."



GIRLS!

DON'T GIVE UP

IF YOU'VE GOT A POOR COMPLEXION



Here's grand way that has helped improve complexions of thousands of women



- If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin—this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

Why it does so much

One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, medicated cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help *your* complexion. Get a jar today and use it as a night cream and protective powder base. See what it does for your skin!



MY SON MICK

(Continued from page 30)

White satin wedgies, for instance. "What on earth for?"

"Oh, I thought I'd take you to Earl Carroll's in your white satin wedgies. If you haven't got 'em, how can I take you in 'em?"

His taste is good. "Except," says Mom, "he sometimes forgets I'm not as young as I was." One day he arrived toting a large box. (He always takes her presents along, can't wait to have them sent). Proudly he unpacked it and brought to light a snappy reefer, yellow, high-pocketed.

"You'll look slick in this, Mom. Got it in the college department. It'll fit you okay. Had a girl just your size try it on."

Her heart sank. It was meant for a kid. It made her look bilious. "It's grand, Mick," she said. But Mickey's no dope. "You don't like that garment. What would you rather have?"

"A purse," she said gratefully.

SHE wears a topaz ring which he won on a two-buck chance. The papers had him giving it to a girl. The girl's his mother. He really staggered her on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday with a silver fox cape, picked by himself, saved up for out of his allowance. She'd insisted she was too small for furs.

"That's why I got baby foxes," he beamed.

The place they finally bought is in the valley. Mick was torn between it and one in Bel-Air. Mom liked them both. What clinched it for him was the matter of livestock. "They wouldn't let you keep chickens and ducks in Bel-Air. And only a couple of house-dogs maybe. I want 'em runnin' all over the place." They have ten dogs, countless fowl and groves of walnut trees. The 1941 census-taker, looking the place over, wrote down: "Mickey Rooney, farmer." The farmer got a kick out of that. But Cato, the houseman—called Skates by Mick—discourages intimacy between the stock and their owner. Mick, all business, went out to watch him slay a turkey one day. The turkey pecked fondly at his hand and got a reprieve for life.

He likes nine hours of sleep, ten when he can get them, and sleeps like a cherub under seven down comforters. Mom, allergic to the weight of quilts, buys them for herself but they wind up on top of Mick. When Mom goes in to wake him, one pillow may be on the floor and the other snuggled between mattress and footboard. He's never slept on a pillow in his life, but he likes to go to bed with two and push them around.

On a normal working day he gets up at eight. She has to call him at ten of, so he can flop over and sleep for ten minutes. Her son has given her much to marvel at, not the least of these wonders being how he can sleep for ten minutes and what good it does him. He hops out at eight, whistling, and he whistles straight through his shower, except when he's drinking the orange juice left on a bench outside the stall by Lena, the cook. When he's through bathing, there's no water left in the tank.

In bathrobe and slippers, he runs out to feed the rabbits before sitting down to his own unbelievable breakfast. Mom, who breakfasts with him, tries to make her coffee and toast reach while he sails through eggs and nine strips of bacon, hot biscuits and gravy, fried potatoes

and a quart of milk. He's got to have fried potatoes with every meal. She keeps them on hand in the icebox, cooked in their jackets. He's fussy about his eggs, too. The whites have to be basted till they're firm, and the yolks must be runny. If they're not, he says: "Mom, will you cook me up an egg?"

"You spoil him," her friends protest. "I don't either," she replies placidly. "He's got a right to an egg the way he wants it."

"My mom," grins Mickey.

Sometimes he'll pour vinegar sauce over the eggs. Mom makes it with garlic, which he's crazy about. "Careful, Mick," she warns. "Whom are you working with today?"

"Not Garbo," says Mick.

His regulation clothes are slacks, sweater, sports coat or lumber jacket. Brown's his favorite color except for ties and socks, in both of which he craves plenty of bounce. He doesn't go in for fancy duds and pays for his clothes what the average college boy pays, because those are the kind of clothes he enjoys wearing. He will, however, go as high as two bucks for a tie snazzy enough to tempt him. He owns one topcoat, two and a half years old, and bought his second Tux for his last birthday party.

Mom sees him off in the dark blue Lincoln Zephyr, presented to him by Henry Ford. She doesn't say, "Be careful," since he always is, having no patience with crazy coots who take chances in cars. His pride lies not in speed but in extra gadgets. The minute the Pep Boys show something new in their window, it's on Mick's car.

From an upper balcony Mom watches him till he's out of sight over the hills to M-G-M. He gets there at nine, and phones at nine-fifteen. "Hello, Mom. Watcha doin'? How're the dogs?" Four calls a day is average. Incidentally, the country's No. 1 box office star has no star dressing room. Its plush swank oppresses him. "Give it to a dame," he said when they offered him one, and stayed in featured players' row. You may have noticed, too, that on Andy Hardy pictures, his name follows Lewis Stone's. Individual theatre managers may feature Rooney, but the billing puts him second, by request of Mick. He'd feel like a fool, with his name topping Stone's.

AT HALF past five he's phoning again. "Only one more shot. Be home by six-fifteen. What's for dinner?"

No one can cook like Mom. It's a gag among his friends. Replete with food at some place whose food is famous, Mick pushes the plate back. "Can't compare with Mom's chili con carne." Now his friends say it for him.

If it's steak for dinner, Mom takes over from Lena, broiling it rare with chopped rosemary, parsley and garlic sprinkled on top. He squirts lemon over that, bathes it in butter and himself in bliss. Anything highly spiced is his dish. At the studio he collects strange recipes for spaghetti and enchiladas and bestows them on Mom. In mute appeal he'll bring her a mess of peppers, tomatoes and green beans from the vegetable garden. That means he wants chowchow. "I'll chop," he offers magnanimously.

After dinner he heads for the piano. Home from golf, he heads for the piano. Back from a trip, he heads for the piano—the new baby grand that was Mom's

birthday gift. There's a couch along the wall beside it, where she has to sit. She's spent hours sitting obediently while Mick pecks out tunes. "How's that sound, Mom?"

"Swell, honey."

Or he'll phone Sid Miller. "Come on over, I got an idea." He's been known to get an idea at two in the morning and stay with it, strumming the same ten notes with maddening persistence, till it comes out right. Mom shuts her bedroom door, stuffs cotton in her ears and goes to sleep.

Sometimes the gang gathers—Sid Miller, the Jewish boy of Boys Town (Abie's Irish Rose, Mrs. Pankey calls them) whom Mick grew up with and who writes lyrics to his tunes—Dick Paxton, his stand-in for four years, who lives with them—Dick Quine, another school-friend (you'll know him better after "Babes on Broadway")—Georgie Stoll, music arranger at M-G-M. They make recordings on the new machine, another birthday gift, bang the xylophones, talk bands, golf, politics, anything but movies. When Mickey's through at the studio, he's through. He doesn't bring it home with him. A mystery Mom will never fathom is when he learns his lines. In his sleep, she guesses, for he's always letter-perfect, yet she's never seen him with a script in his hand.

WHEN they're hungry, they go to the kitchen and cook up something. Mick's at home on the range. He can turn out as tasty a mixture of spaghetti and meat balls as the next one—slightly over-seasoned, maybe, but who's fussy. Like all good cooks, he's got to have the kitchen to himself, and when he's elected, the gang stays out till he yells, "Come and get it." Mom never knows how many beds will be full of assorted boys in the morning. Sid's the chief stayer-over, and Mick sometimes spends the night with him when they get going good and can't stop. "I don't know," he muses. "I sleep good when I'm over at Sid's, and he sleeps good here."

He thinks he's tidy about his belongings. By male standards, he is. On a trip he takes one suitcase. "Keep yourself portable," is his slogan. "If you need a shirt, buy it."

"Who packed your grip, honey?" asked Mom on his recent return from one of the good-will appearances he's in constant demand for.

"I did." His chest swelled. "I knew you'd be proud of me."

Her eyes went from the welter in the suitcase to his face. "I certainly am," she said.

Most Sunday mornings finds five 'round the late breakfast table—Mom and Fred Pankey, her husband, Mick, Joe Yule and his wife. Much nonsense has been rumored about Mick's father. For their own good reasons, his parents separated fifteen years ago. They both remarried, happily. There was never any bitterness between them. Mick didn't see as much of his father as he might have, since the latter's vaudeville activities kept him moving. Since he's been under contract to M-G-M and living in Hollywood, the families have established a normal, pleasant relationship. They visit back and forth. Mick and his dad, both football fans, outyell each other at games. All five sat at the same table at Mick's birthday party.

Much nonsense has also been written about Mickey and girls. Sure he likes them. What normal twenty-one-year-old doesn't? But nothing sickens him more than stories dreamed up by purple-minded newshawks about how he flopped off the train into some girl's arms, and

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MOTHERS LISTEN...

FEWER COLDS!

SHORTER COLDS!

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When to Use These 2 Clinic-Tested Medications

AT FIRST SNIFFLE, SNEEZE



—or sign of nasal irritation—put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril and feel this special medication go to work. It is designed to aid your natural defenses against colds and help prevent many colds from developing... IF YOU SHOULD HAVE A HEAD COLD, Va-tro-nol does three important things to relieve distress. (1) Shrinks swollen membranes. (2) Soothes irritation. (3) Helps clear out nasal passages. Makes breathing easier! Follow directions in folder.

Clinic-Tested
**VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL**

IF A COLD SHOULD STRIKE



—slip by precautions—relieve misery the IMPROVED Vicks way. This 3 minute treatment makes reliable Vicks VapoRub give EVEN BETTER RESULTS THAN EVER BEFORE! ... PENETRATES to upper bronchial tubes with soothing medicinal vapors ... STIMULATES chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice ... WORKS FOR HOURS to ease coughing and congestion in upper breathing passages, relieve muscular soreness or tightness. Rub VapoRub for 3 minutes on BACK, throat

and chest—spread a thick layer on chest and cover up. Try it!

Clinic-Tested
**VICKS
VAPORUB**



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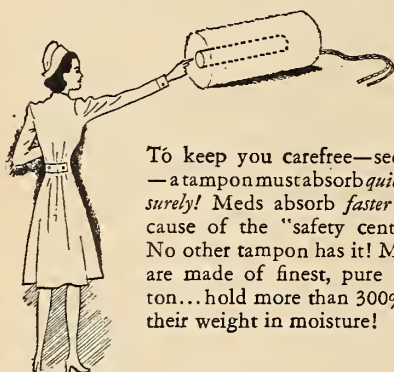
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nothing is further than marriage from his mind. "I've got plenty of time. I'm just twenty-one. Life begins for Mickey Rooney."

Mom vows that if she were a girl, she wouldn't go out with him. "I wouldn't, and be left while he's up with some orchestra or talking to nine other fellows who know more about golf than I do." Mick says he doesn't. "Anyway, not till I see she's got some other guy to dance with while I might be busy for a minute."

There's no complaint from the girls. He dates several—Ava Gardiner, Mildred and Gloria Lloyd, Sheila Ryan, Linda Darnell, the Beaumont twins—Jerry and Ann. Like any kid, he enjoys going out with a girl who'll do him proud, who knows how to dress, who'll grace a dance floor. He doesn't drink, nor do the girls he squires. He doesn't smoke cigarettes, and that pipe you sometimes see between his teeth is stuffed with a special blend of molasses and licorice.

Above all, he hates daubs of make-up. "She doesn't have to use much powder, because her skin's nice." That's one of the highest compliments he can pay a girl. When he takes his best girl out—yes, that's his Mom—he supervises her make-up. No rouge, no mascara, no powder base. Just lipstick and the powder puff once over lightly. He wields the puff himself.

Once in a while he'll have a girl at the house for dinner and fusses like a biddy, driving Mom, Skates and Lena crazy over the table appointments, the flowers, the service. As host, he sits at the head of the table. Wherever Mom sits, she's got to be served first. She doesn't like it. She thinks it's ungracious. (Where she came from, she tells him, the guest was always served first.) Mick remains adamant. His Mom is served first—

An evening out, formal, means busy-work for Mom. She phones the girl or her mother to find out the color of her dress. She orders the flowers. She used to rack her head for something novel, but no more. Mick would study the suggestion and come up with, "She'd better have orchids. Something for her hair, too. An orchid maybe, huh, Mom?"

She lays out his underwear and socks, sees that his shoes are burnished, puts

studs in his shirt and suspenders on his pants, sticks a handkerchief in his pocket and, through the buttonhole of his jacket, a maroon boutonniere to match the maroon tie. He has a weakness for hair oil and toilet water. Regiments of toilet water march over his own dresser, but he goes to Mom's bedroom and takes hers. A final hair-smooth. Then he slips on the sapphire she gave him for his nineteenth birthday. That always comes last. It's a kind of period to his dressing.

"How do I look, Mom?"

"Handsome." He sticks his neck out. The tie may be perfect, but she has to twitch it. Then he's off. But not quite.

"Mom, can I borrow a neckerchief?" He's always afraid the girl won't have one to tie round her hair. Generally they don't come back.

If he finds he'll be out after twelve, he phones her. No matter what time he gets in, he'll head for the kitchen. If he's not hungry, he stirs himself up a small malted—two glasses of milk and a couple of raw eggs. Otherwise, the refrigerator's the limit. And mothers, he leaves the kitchen clean—even by Mom's standards.

If she's awake, he goes in to say good-night. If not, he says it anyway, against the door. Then he crawls under his seven comforters, pushes the pillows around and snoozes off.

Asked how success has affected him, Mom tells this story. He was cast once in a picture called "Rendezvous" with Bill Powell and Roz Russell. Those were the days when he worked in twenty pictures a year. "Good part?" asked Mom.

"Nope."

"Any lines?"

"Nope."

"What do you do?"

"I just row a boat, but I'm tryin' to row it good."

The years passed, and he went to the head of the class. "You've reached the top, Mick," they told him that day. "You're No. 1, you're the cake."

It was a big moment, naturally. He thought it over, then looked up. "There's lots of tops I haven't reached," he said soberly, "and never will. I figure if you give it all you've got, that's the most a guy can do."

In other words, he'll go on rowing it good. Consequently he'll come out on top!

YIPPEE, FANS!

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!

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN

149 Madison Ave., New York City

I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

Name.....

Street.....

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

Please print name and address plainly

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

total costume cost for Claudette's wardrobe was \$305, as compared with the usual cost of \$13,000 . . . One wily prop man, faced with the job of writing "I Beg Your Pardon" 200 times on the school-room blackboard, persuaded newcomer Douglas Croft to do it by explaining that it'd look more authentic if written by someone with a youthful handwriting.

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE AB-2*

If you're old enough to remember the original stage play on which this film was based, we don't have to remind you how wicked and how delightfully sophisticated and exotic it seemed, with Florence Reed spouting un-Confucian cynicisms like nobody's business in that infernal rasping voice of hers. Miss Reed was known in the play by the humorously distinguished name of Mother Goddam; in the picture this fabulous character (played by Ona Munson) after extensive conversational and professional alterations, rejoices in the sissy appellation of Mother Gin Sling. Artistically speaking, of course, these changes hardly matter, but they naturally have the effect of somewhat reducing the qualities of spiciness and dramatic punch.



On the other hand, the film appreciably gains over the play by the addition of such personalities as Walter Huston in the role of Sir Guy Charteris, the big shot from the Bund, Gene Tierney as Victoria, his trampish daughter, and Victor Mature as a chiseling no-good Levantine known as Dr. Omar. You know, of course, that this high-minded Sir Guy, who is so anxious to chase the Gin Sling influence out of Shanghai, is really a reformed rakehell who was married to little Ginny years ago, when she was young and impressionable. It makes a fine climax when Mother Gin Sling exposes the old boy's past at a state dinner, but her triumph backfires when she considers poor Victoria, whom she and the mischievous Mature have turned into a moral wreck. For Victoria, as she discovers too late, is her own daughter. —UA.

P. S.

26 different racial types were needed for the gambling scenes, but Central Casting was stymied on some of them. Finally let Producer Arnold Pressburger advertise in local newspapers for the rarer types . . . This is Gene Tierney's first picture in modern dress . . . Hubby Oleg Cassini designed every one of her outfits . . . Mother Goddam's name and profession went through the Hays office

SAYS LANA TURNER

(HONEY SKIN TYPE)



LANA TURNER NOW STARRING IN "JOHNNY EAGER," ALL M-G-M PICTURE

"I found a Glamour Secret"

AS TOLD TO LOUELLA PARSONS,
famous Movieland Commentator

"To get anywhere in Hollywood, you must dramatize your type. Well, not until I tried Woodbury Color Controlled Powder did I find my 'Skin Twin'. The new Rachel shade works miracles for me!"

It's true, Lana! Hollywood directors have classified all beauty into 5 skin types. Now Woodbury's Color

Control process makes the dream of an ideal powder shade for each type come true!

You've never seen such exactness, such evenness of color!

Get your shade of new, finer, longer-clinging Woodbury Color Controlled Powder today. Only 50¢, \$1.00. (Introductory sizes 25¢, 10¢.)

In every fragrant box a chart shows you your type, your shade.

Find new glamour, new romance!



New Beauty Bonus! Now in the \$1.00 box, you get Woodbury Powder, Rouge and Lipstick, a complete Matched Make-up all for \$1.00!

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FREE . . . 6 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES & CHART

Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, fast, all 6 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. And a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8123 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

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EXPERTS AGREE "SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Now Rid Your Hair of Dull Soap-Film with Modern Halo Shampoo!

Ask beauty experts! They'll tell you that old-fashioned soapy shampoos leave a dull soap-film on your hair, rob it of beauty.

That's why women by the thousand are switching to ultra-modern Halo Shampoo!

You see, Halo contains no soap... therefore can leave no soap-film!

Halo shampoos your hair with a new-type ingredient, leaves it aglow with all its natural color and luster.

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And Halo makes a billowy lather in hardest water... washes hair so clean there's no need for any lemon or vinegar after-rinse!

Today—switch to modern Halo Shampoo, in generous 10¢ or larger sizes!

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FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10¢ for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

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YOUR CHOICE OF Jeweled Elgin, Waltham or Illinois wrist watch. New styled size O case. Reconstructed movement. Accuracy guaranteed. Given with every Simulated Diamond ring when ordered and paid for on our purchase privilege plan. Payments: \$3.50 down, within 20 days after arrival, at your post office. Balance of \$3.89 anytime within a year (total only \$7.39). Remember, the cost of watch is included in price of the ring. Extra surprise free gift enclosed for promptness. Send NO money with order. Just rush name, address, ring size. It comes by return mail in special gift box, postpaid.

H. KENDALL JEWELERS
Topeka, Kansas Dept. MM-242

wringer, came out Mother Gin Sling, owner of an ultra gambling den in Shanghai... Ona always wears a wig on the screen. Says she's like an ostrich, gains self-confidence when her own head is hidden... Director Joseph Von Sternberg called all his feminine players "Baby" with the exception of Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya, whom he called "Mme. Baby"... Von Sternberg had a huge blackboard erected on the set. Anyone wishing to speak to him wrote his name on the board and waited respectfully to one side 'til his turn came... Von knows every angle of set lighting, is famous for the portrait-like effect of his close-ups... One shot of a dinner table is a perfect example of off-set lighting. It took Von Sternberg hours to set it up just so, won't be on the screen for more than two seconds... Two pivotal characters were written into the script: Dr. Omar, a Levantine mystic, replaces Prince Oshima, the Japanese diplomat. Dixie Pomeroy, a chorus girl from Brooklyn stranded in Shanghai, offers contrast to Poppy... Interior Decorator Howard Bristol contends that the furnishings of Mother Gin Sling's dining room show a sensible use of the Chinese influence now coming into modern furnishings... Keye Luke, who used to be Warner Oland's Number One son in the original Charlie Chan series, painted every one of the 750 life-sized Chinese characters on the 3,000 square feet of mirrored walls... Ona Munson's five elaborate hairdos were created by Hazel Rogers, noted Hollywood hairdresser, who once worked in a Chinese hairdressing salon... Between scenes, Phyllis Brooks in a nude beige negligee, played gin rummy with Victor Mature and wrote answers to telegrams sent her by heart-interest William Saroyan.

BALL OF FIRE—AB-2*

Barbara Stanwyck apparently is the fireball referred to in the title. Miss Stanwyck plays a kind of strip-tease entertainer (we see her remove her wrist watch as the big feature of a nightclub floor show, while the crowd leers) who is billed under the interesting name of Sugarpuss, and incidentally is mixed up in a perfectly innocent way, more or less, with a gang of killers who operate under the firm name of "Murder, Inc." Gary Cooper, it seems, is this absent-



minded, woman-shy professor who is out on the town gathering modern slang terms (or what the authors were able to pass off on Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, as modern slang terms) for an encyclopaedia. He's making this collection in collaboration with seven other equally absent-minded but not so woman-shy professors.

Gary is fascinated by Sugarpuss' slang, as he never heard anything like it before, so he invites her to join his discussion

group in the East Eighties, and when Sugarpuss has to lam out "on account of and because," as she smartly puts it, the cops want her as a material witness, she calmly moves into the old house with the whole faculty. Well, it's a scream the way all those old goats try to sneak into her room the first night, all except Gary, who apparently never took physiology in school. Smitten by a holier urge, he proposes, buys her a \$40 diamond ring, while Sugarpuss contemptuously humors him in this fatuous fancy.

Sugarpuss and her boy friend, who is known as Joe Lilac, plan to get married in order to disqualify her as a witness, and finally Joe hits on the scheme of bringing her over on an alleged wedding party composed of the innocuous-looking professors. Gary thinks it's to be his wedding, of course, and as a matter of fact, somewhere along the route, Sugarpuss decides that Lilas has bloomed for the last time around her dooryard. The action from then on goes almost as haywire as the dialogue has been from the beginning. We can't give you a sample of the action, but here's one of Cooper's speeches after he has just been kissed or "yummed" by Sugarpuss: "Miss Sugarpuss, before you go—would you—would you—yum me just once more?" We're glad to say the picture redeems itself after that by ending in a broken-up wedding and a fist fight.—RKO.

P. S.

Rustling their bustles through the kicks of La Conga, the seven elderly actors portraying professors danced for three days... Physical culture expert Terry Hunt was on hand to give them special muscle exercises... Only casualty was suffered by Richard Haydn, 35. He limped out of formation with a sprained ankle... The seventy-year-olds bounced through the routines like veteran jitterbugs... Director Hawks parked near Gary Cooper during one of Gary's naps and recorded the Cooper snores for use in the film... Gary's pal and stand-in for the past 16 years, Slim Talbot, left his job to take advantage of an offer to boss a ranch in Oregon... Only seven scripts were available to studio personnel. Sam Goldwyn wanted to guard the comedy lines from professional gag writers... Cooper sings two songs, "Guadalupe Igitur" and "Genevieve"... Slang experts Lester V. Verrey and "Mugsy" Meyers were called in to hype the script with terms from their "American Thesaurus of Slang"... Howard Hawks was given the complete set of a "motel" used in the picture, when Sam Goldwyn heard him admiring it... He'll use it for a tack room and guest houses at his Bel Air ranch... Gene Krupa does a miniature drum number with a match box and a couple of matches. Calls it the "Match Boogie"... Goldwyn purchased "Hi-ho, Hi-ho, It's Off To Work We Go" to serve as background music for scenes featuring the "professors" who resemble Disney's Seven Dwarfs... Kathleen Howard came away from Barbara Stanwyck's accidental punch with a fractured jaw... Only other accident was Gary Cooper's ill-timed step into a hornet's nest during a week-end hunting trip... Acting as technical expert, Gary substituted for a hired, crack rifle shot by shooting all the bulbs out of a chandelier himself... Prop man Irving Sindler, who has had his name displayed prominently in every Goldwyn picture for the past fifteen years, makes no exception and plants his monicker on a book in this one.

FASHION

(Continued from page 58)

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 58

Skate or Swim

New Jantzen ski sweater, warm, dazzling and popular with skiers, skaters and gals who sit by the fire.

Wonderful wintry white in a corduroy skating dress. Under \$10. Black velveteen skating skirt. Under \$7. Black vest edged with red felt. Under \$4. Red shirt, as good with suits as skating skirts. Under \$4. Red wool gloves with white palms and fingers. \$1.25. Gaily figured suspenders, \$1.00. James McCreery, New York.

Two sleek and slim swim suits by Jantzen—a satiny coin dot design and striking floral pattern. Just the answer for all you perfect-figure winter-vacationers.

Sarong glamour in aqua blue and white. New crochet-effect bathing cap that insures dry locks, \$1.25. Red, white and blue rope figured beach bag—it's big enough to hold everything! \$1. Red and white striped beach shoes, \$2.95. All from U. S. Rubber Co.

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 59

Printed rayon crepe with long bodice and full skirt, \$8.95. J. Taylor, Kansas City; C. A. Stevens, Chicago.

Two-piece twill dress (it comes in luscious colors), \$8.95. J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh.

Black rayon crepe shirtwaist dress with white jacket, gold buttons, \$8.95. Jordan Marsh, Boston; J. L. Hudson, Detroit.

For store nearest you, write Elizabeth Willguss, Fashion Editor.

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

The children of Hollywood live in an atmosphere of motion pictures, and to them that is the real world. They judge everything by what they see in the movies and hear about the movies and the studios. Jo Swerling, one of the better scenario writers, took his wife and son, Peter, age nine, to the football game between USC and Stanford. Swerling said to his wife, "I think Stanford's going to win. I'd like to get a little bet down." Mrs. Swerling said, "I'm telling you the Trojans can't be beaten. Don't be foolish." Jo Swerling answered, "I'm going to bet. I know Stanford will win." It was then that Peter turned to his father and asked innocently, "Daddy, did you write this game?"

Sidney Skolsky



Joan Blondell, starring in Republic's "Lady for a Night," with Ray Middleton. It's easy to have lovable soft hands, with Jergens Lotion.



"Men *ARE* that way—
they love Soft HANDS"

says

Joan Blondell

(Lovely Hollywood Star)



Thrilling Hands for You—easy with this almost-professional Hand Care

Why ever have unromantic, rough, chapped hands? Regular care with Jergens Lotion helps *prevent* them. Many doctors help harsh, coarse skin to heavenly smoothness with a certain 2 ingredients—both in this famous Jergens Lotion. No sticky feeling! Jergens is by far the favorite Lotion!



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The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3734, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)
I want to have those soft hands Joan Blondell advises. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—free.

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City _____ State _____

DAYS I REMEMBER IN 1941

(Continued from page 39)

Ever since we were married, I've been crazy to show it to her, but we couldn't get away. Even this time we weren't sure till the last minute that we'd be able to make it. But they finished the Mexican scenes a day early and gave me a few days leeway at the other end. So we dashed out for some camping equipment and hopped a plane from Mexico City to Mazatlan. They drove us out to the water front where we found this old fellow who owned a fishing smack with a broken-down gas engine. "Sure she can make it?" I asked him. "Senor," he said, "she cough and she choke and she maybe lay down to sleep for little while, but she make."

She made. Next day the builder came over from Mazatlan, and we picked a spot for the shack—couple of rooms against rain, a porch toward the sunset and a little storehouse for fishing tackle. "This will be your fishing island?" the builder asked, very serious and polite. Fishing, loafing and inviting-the-soul island. Shangri-la, for short.

So long, island. We'll be back. What's a thousand miles between you and Hollywood? Just five flying hours.

Brentwood, February 17th.

Sometimes I've wondered why I bother trying to learn French. Now I know.

Meeting Annabella got me started. Seemed silly to be in love with a girl and not know her language. I reached the point where I could use words of one syllable and even get the tense right if you didn't mind hanging around till I doped it out. This led to occasional awkwardness. The general idea seems to be that if you're married to a Frenchwoman, you ought to be able to rattle it off. Words would be poured at me, and I'd come up with a feeble *oui, oui*.

I don't encourage Annabella to talk French to me. It's more important for her to perfect her English. But every once in a while I'd spout my piece. She used to look puzzled. "Ty, your teacher is French?—You have no grand-grand-grandmother from Spain? Then I will never understand how it comes you speak French with a Spanish accent."

That went on for a while, then one day she started to giggle.

"Now what's the matter? Still my Spanish accent?"

"Much worse. You talk now like a little boy of the streets. It's as if I should talk English with the accent of those Dead End Kids."

But I stuck it out, being careful not to air my Dead End accent in public. One day there were people in the room, and I wanted to tell her something private. So I said it in French. Comes in handy that way. "Darling," she said, "I don't know where you get your accents or where you leave them. But hold this one tight. It's pure Parisian."

Haven't been so puffed up since the gold star I got from my kindergarten teacher.

Hollywood, March 8th.

Had a painless interview with a fan mag writer.

Brentwood, April 5th.

Been thinking it was time little Anni owned her own horse. No human being has ever been crazier about anything than that child about horses. I realize that takes in a lot of ground, but let it stand. She owns every book about a horse that was ever written. She

carves saddles and shoes out of cardboard for her toy horses and spends hours in her room turning old boxes into stables. She rides bareback, Western and probably upside down. I have no doubt she could take a horse apart and put it together again. Where she gets it nobody knows. Annabella thinks a horse is something you've got to be polite to so it won't bite you.

Anni's birthday was coming, so I asked Jimmy if he had something in his stables for her. We agreed on a white mare, really a beauty. I told Annabella, but not the youngster. We thought it would be fun to surprise her.

Today was the day. The René Clairs came to lunch, and Anni opened her presents at the table. I'd arranged with Jimmy to get the horse over at two and cooked up a signal with the maid to announce their arrival. The Clairs were in on it. I'd catch René squinting at his watch, I kept eyeing the door, Annabella eyed me, Bronya tapped her foot. A fine foursome of adults!

We were just about through eating when the signal came. I told Anni there was another present out front and we all trooped out. There sat Jimmy on the mare, and the mare prancing. Anni looked delighted and puzzled—delighted that the premises should be blessed with a visit from a horse, puzzled as to the whereabouts of the present. She must have thought Jimmy had it concealed on his person. Never seemed to enter her head it could be the horse. When I told her, she went white. I've never seen such a look as came over her face—like light breaking and flooding the place. Didn't say a word, just went over and touched the horse. By that time Jimmy was off and wanted her to get on. After hugging the breath out of me, she ran back, climbed up and sat there whispering to it. "My horse," she kept saying over and over again, "my dear little horse." Which made us laugh, considering their relative sizes, and broke a certain emotional strain. The kid's reaction must have affected us. She's such a quiet little kid, so controlled about her feelings as a rule—

She dubbed the mare Moonlight, washed her, curried her, spoon-fed her and put her to bed. When Annabella went up to tuck her in, she said: "Now I know how you feel about me. As I feel about Moonlight—"

Brentwood, April 8th.

One of those things happened today that, even after it's happened, you don't believe.

I'd gone down to that secondhand bookshop on Main Street where I've already dug up a couple of finds and was rummaging around in the theatre section. An old binding caught my eye—it was so obviously the original binding—and I pulled the book out, a little brown volume whose backbone read "Impressions of America," Vol. I. I asked the bookseller about the other half of the pair and while he was hunting it up, opened Vol. I to find the publication date. 1836 it said at the bottom of the title page, under the publisher's name. My eye traveled upward and stopped and popped. There was my own name staring up at me from the middle of the title page. "By Tyrone Power." From the whoop I let out

the dealer must have thought I'd gone nuts. I suddenly realized it was the book my father had told me about—the one his grandfather wrote when he got back to England after his tour of the States in the early 1830's. The dealer's a sympathetic soul. He turned the place upside down till he found Volume II.

I've been spending the evening with great-grandfather Power. Queer, to read his impressions of Philadelphia, for instance, and compare them with my own. So many landmarks are still unchanged. He seems to have been a nice old guy. Old guy! He may have been younger than I am now when he wrote this. I'll have to find out. Wish I'd known him. Almost feel that I do. He liked this country. I think he'd be pleased to know that an offshoot of his was a citizen. Good night, sir. Glad to have you with us. Hope to keep you a long time.

New York, July 28th.

Went backstage to see the Lunts after the show. Asked Jack Wilson to come along with us to 21. Never thought of asking Lynn and Alfred, knowing them well enough to know they don't go out. Jack said, "Ask them anyway, all they can say is no." To our surprise and pleasure, they said yes.

We went on ahead to get a table. Clare Boothe and Noel Coward were at the next table, deep in war talk. Her "Europe in Spring" had just come out. Bob Sherwood, in from Washington, appeared after the Lunts got there, so we pushed our tables together and sat till dawn. I could have sat forever. I've never experienced such intense and varying emotions in a single evening—pity, horror, pride, humility, rage. I left drained but uplifted by their quiet conviction—a conviction never stressed, hardly expressed, yet implicit in all they said—that the human spirit would fight through this darkness and come out on top.

Long Shore Country Club, Westport, Conn., August 11th

Up early this morning for a final run-through of the play. Then Annabella went downtown to have her hair done, and I came back here to the bungalow. Wish there were some masculine equivalent for having one's hair done. Wish it were eight tonight. Wish it were twelve.

Funny. For five years I've dreamed of doing "Liliom" and for two years of doing it with Annabella. Tonight the dream's coming true, and here I sit in a lather, wondering what the devil I'm doing here. Nobody asked me to come. I could be home in the garden, nice and peaceful, laying bricks for the path. But no, I had to do "Liliom." It's six years since I played for an audience. Wonder if I'll remember my lines. Wonder if my legs'll hold up. Wonder how Annabella's feeling now. I know. Jittery. I won't see her again till we get to the theater. We both wanted to be alone, don't ask me why. Nothing to do when you're alone but listen to your pulse thump. Look, Power, at worst they won't stand you against a wall. They'll just say you stink.

Later

Went out to eat at six-thirty. Met some of the others and sat with them. Ordered chicken broth, sliced chicken and salad, which sounded light enough

to slip down a constricted gullet. It wasn't. Reached the theater at seven-thirty. Annabella had been there for hours. She hadn't eaten, so I sent out for a sandwich. Found it behind her make-up box after the show. Wires and flowers started coming. Made you realize people you hadn't thought were thinking about you were thinking about you. (Untangle that one). Gave you a nice warm feeling but keyed you up higher.

Our dressing rooms adjoined, so we talked back and forth between the wall and even went over a couple of short scenes. Don't know what good we thought that would do us. Out in the wings we held hands, must have looked like a couple of contenders in a shaking contest. Curtain cue. I kissed her and walked on. I was dying. They applauded the entrance which took me aback some more. My voice sounded the way jelly looks, but after a while I got it to go my way. The rest was a dream. I didn't wake up till after the final curtain, then we fell on each other's necks. The crowd was swell. Our friends were swell. The prettiest sight of all was Elsa Maxwell when she came back with Clifton Webb, her eyes red from crying. What more could a couple of actors ask?

Brentwood, September 9th.

Took Princess to the mutt show this morning. Figured she ought to rate somewhere in the half-cocker, half-Labrador retriever class. Anyway, a dog who goes round eating salad and oranges and picking persimmons off trees is entitled to her day. Anni spent hours dolling her up, a little impeded by the fact that no sooner was the dog's coat brushed than she'd roll over, stick

up her paws and ogle. Invitation to a belly-scratch. She took the blue ribbon for best clown in the show, and loped back looking smug. "She thinks she got it for being beautiful," Anni whispered. "Don't tell her she got it for just being crazy."

Brentwood, September 24th.

Too stimulated to sleep. Read the script of "This Above All." The most adult script that's ever come my way. Thought I wanted to go to New York after "Son of Fury." Now I wish we could start this tomorrow.

Hollywood, October 3rd.

Beat the pants off Johnny Carradine at gin rummy.

Brentwood, December 4th.

I like the institution of maid's day out. I like my wife with a dab of flour on her nose. I like the way she cooks.

Tonight we had soup, roast, fresh green peas, browned potatoes, salad and a pastry. Anni shelled the peas and whipped the eggs for the pastry. They say the French can't brew good coffee. Exception. Annabella brews nectar. We ate in the patio. Anni carried the dishes back, Annabella washed, I dried. The lady looked charming in flowered apron and rubber gloves, the gentleman looked foolish in gingham tied under the armpits.

We'd planned to cut "Johnny Apollo" after dinner. I'm having all my films reduced to fit the sixteen millimeter projector Annabella gave me last Christmas. But just before we sat down, the bookshop sent "Blithe Spirit" over. So Johnny had to wait on Noel Coward. I read aloud, Annabella knitted, with

time out for hysterics. Reading the play was like drinking champagne, so we took a sedative in the form of a couple of games of gin rummy. I won nine cents. A thoroughly satisfying evening.

December 31st.

The end of a year. May tomorrow start a better one for Annabella's France and the world and everybody in it.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

The first moving picture was invented by William Friese-Green of Bath at the cost of 150 pounds. The audience, suspecting a trick of some sort, poked their fingers through the movie screen to see who, or what, was behind it. When the inventor exhibited his moving picture to the Photographic Society, it was received coolly.

Hollywood has produced a deluge of Mr. and Mrs. comedies as a means of getting around the Hays office. Intimacies that spice the film would immediately be red-penciled by censors if hero and heroine were not properly married.

The old-fashioned peep shows (forerunners of the moving picture) tantalized the public with such spicy titles as "The Pretty Stenographer or Caught in the Act" and "How Bridget Served the Salad Undressed."

"The Great Train Robbery" cost 100 pounds . . . brought producers 20,000 pounds?



THEIR GOOD TASTE IS HOLLYWOOD'S GOOD LUCK

Academy Award winner Hal Mohr, cameraman, and Ace Director Tim Whelan, of "Twin Beds," an Edward Small Production, are tops in Hollywood because of the good taste and quality of their work.

Good taste and quality—that's Pepsi-Cola every time! That's why all Hollywood, from stars to extras, prefers Pepsi-Cola. They like, too, its grand flavor and big generous size. Enjoy 12 full ounces today . . . for a nickel.

BETTER TASTE... PEPSI-COLA ...BIGGER DRINK

Purity... in the big, big bottle —that's Pepsi-Cola!

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In Laxatives, too, there's a
HAPPY MEDIUM!

EX-LAX is
—not too strong!
—not too mild!
—it's just right!

WHAT kind of laxative do you take? One that's so strong it weakens and upsets you? Or one that's so mild it fails to give you real relief?

Then, switch to Ex-Lax—the *Happy Medium* laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you'd want to take. But it's *gentle*, too! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief.

Like all effective medicines, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label. It tastes like fine chocolate—and it's good for every member of the family... Only 10c or 25c at any drug store.

When you have a Cold—

If the doctor prescribes a laxative when you have a cold—take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet so gentle it won't weaken or upset you.

EX-LAX
The Chocolate Laxative

ACID INDIGESTION The makers of Ex-Lax invite you to try JESTS—the wonderful new antacid tablets that taste like mints! Give fast, longer relief from distress due to excess stomach acid. Contain no bicarbonate of soda.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c



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Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library, Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 2318-L Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

THEY GOT ME COVERED

(Continued from page 41)

started a long discussion. My mother wanted me to go to Yale; my father wanted me to go to grammar school. All the schools in Cleveland drew straws for me and Fairmont lost and there I went. I was a brilliant student. After four years there, my forehead was voted the most likely to recede.

Butcher Boy to Boxer

After graduating from high school most kids go out and make a living—my father told me as he pointed to a door. But young Lester had an answer for that. I cried out in my youthful lisp, "Papa, I don't want to work and become famous. I don't want my life dramatized by Don Ameche."

The next day I went to work for my brother Fred in his butcher shop. I just had one bad habit while I was working. I liked to put my fingers in the cash register and feel dollar bills. One day my brother caught me carrying the feeling too far. Not that he suspected that I was slipping coins in my pocket from the cash register, but when we closed up that night he made me walk home from the store on my hands.

My dancing success with the local amateur theatricals and minstrel shows went to my head. No more would I be a lowly laborer in a butcher shop. I took my press notices in my hand and showed them and my act to the local booker for the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit. He immediately got me a job in the Chandler automobile factory.

It was shortly after I started work at the Chandler plant that I found out my foreman was a tenor singer, and with two other workers we formed the Chandler Motor Co. Quartet, familiarly known as the "Crank Case Carusos." We were different. We were the only quartet in the country that leaned to the left in "Apple Blossom Time." One of us carried the melody while the rest of us tried to destroy it. I don't know how good we were, but General Motors offered us five thousand a week to go on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour.

By this time I was getting stronger and huskier and someone said to me, "Why don't you take up boxing and become a fighter?" It sounded like a very sensible suggestion, so I said to myself, "Why doesn't he shut up?" The Cleveland Plain Dealer was holding its annual Golden Gloves Tournament around this time and in one of my sillier moments I entered under the Nom de Ring of "Packey East." I didn't exactly have the build for a fighter. My shoulders sloped so much I had to glue my coats on. I would have made a pretty good fighter and might have gone on to become champion except for one thing. I had to fight men. I was very popular because I had a peculiar weaving, bobbing style the crowd loved to watch. I used to weave and bob around the ring for ten minutes after the other guy had won and gone home.

25c a Corn

When my prize fighting career folded up I was left with twenty-five cents and a knowledge of how to do the waltz. So I got a job as dancing instructor. Most of the people who came in for lessons had rumba ambitions and minuet bodies. But I had to live, so I taught them how

to dance for a dollar-and-a-half an hour. That amounted to about twenty-five cents per corn.

My vaudeville career started when I entered an amateur night. I stood in the wing shaking all over. The manager said: "Okay, Hope—you are on." I walked out and faced the audience and opened my mouth wide. That was a mistake. It was the first time I ever swallowed a tomato without chewing it.

I gave up dancing and became a comedian. I really didn't intend to become a comedian, but that's the way it was after the seat of my pants wore through. I remember my first appearance as a comedian. I had them rolling in the aisles. Then the usher came and took away the dice.

From vaudeville it was only a short step to musical comedies, but I tripped anyway and fell right into a show called "Ballyhoo of 1932." I was shaking so hard they had to get an electrician with palsy to keep the spotlight on me.

Then Max Gordon and Jerome Kern looked my way and smiled. There was a little musical gathering called "Roberta." It was in this show that I met Fred MacMurray and George Murphy.

After "Roberta" closed I got the urge to travel out West—out West where men are men and women wear slacks, too. It was just a coincidence that Hollywood and the picture business were in that direction.

I thought there would be a job waiting for me out in California, but I was wrong. The first place I applied for work they told me the grapes weren't ready for picking yet.

One movie company heard that I didn't have to shave more than twice a week so they wanted me to replace their child star. They had to get rid of the kid because in his last picture the audience could hear his arteries hardening.

Then I heard that a certain studio wanted a cowboy star. I applied for the job, but Gene Autry was already there and I couldn't compete with him. He was three guitar lessons ahead of me.

But I kept on my toes. Nights I slept in a refrigerator in case I got a part in a Sonja Henie picture.

"Thanks For the Memory"

Back in New York I couldn't get over my lack of success in Hollywood. I said to myself: "Haven't I got looks?—Haven't I got brains?—Haven't I got talent?" The answer was so obvious I was glad to get back to Broadway.

I went into a few more musical comedies, namely: "Say When," with Harry Richman, the "Ziegfeld Follies," with Fanny Brice and "Red Hot and Blue," with Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante. While I was playing in "Red Hot and Blue," a new phase of show business entered my life. I was asked to go on the radio.

Several chances followed such as the Bromo-Seltzer Hour, Atlantic Oil Program, The Woodbury Soap Hour. It was while I was on the Woodbury Soap with Shep Fields and Frank Parker that Paramount realized I was very stubborn and that I was going to stay in show business, regardless of my talents. So they decided to give me a chance in a picture called "The Big Broadcast of 1938." I was to play opposite Shirley Ross . . . and she requested that I play as far opposite

her as I possibly could manage it. "Thanks for the Memory" really started me off, and at last I was climbing the ladder of success. I had stood in front of that ladder so long I was beginning to feel like a paper hanger's assistant. My roles grew bigger and bigger . . . and then finally in one picture you could see me.

I still remember the first dressing room Paramount assigned to me. It was so small the mice had to commute from Glendale. It was easy for me to remember that first dressing room . . . I'm still in it. It's the ambition of every actor to get a star on his dressing room door. I'm still trying to get the door.

The Pepsodent Company made me a proposition, but I decided to play hard to get. While they talked it over, they asked me to leave the room. An hour went by and then they came out and asked me to leave the building.

The Pepsodent Show, or How It Started

So for seven years I was unemployed listening to Amos and Andy. Then I heard that Amos and Andy were leaving, so one day just by chance I strolled into the Pepsodent office on my knees. Then we started to talk business.

I began looking for a cast for my radio program before the ink was hardly dry on my contract. How did I meet Skinnay Ennis? Well, he was a neighbor of mine, and every few days he came over to borrow a cup of blood. He's a nice guy, and besides he makes the rest of the cast look healthy.

One day when I was walking down the street, the ground gave way under me and I fell into a pit. When I opened my

eyes two vultures were seated on my chest. One of them said, "Gee Brenda, if we'd had better bait we might have caught a man." That's how I met Brenda and Cobina. They were really debutantes. They had come out the year before, but public opinion forced them back in.

The search went on for more talent. In New York I was in the Rainbow Room one night when I saw a big, black mustache sitting in the orchestra tooting a trombone. Behind this beautiful foliage I discovered Professor Colonna.

Tuesday night! This is the evening of the Pepsodent program and everyone who is anyone in Hollywood is getting dressed—preparing to go to a movie. I start the program by telling a few jokes. Then Skinnay Ennis sings, and while he's singing the undertakers send in bids. Then Brenda and Cobina and Jerry Colonna do their spots. The producer stands in a little glass control room. When he moves his hand in a circle that means we are going too slow. When he puts his hand to his throat that means we haven't much time left. When he puts his hand to his nose—that means just what you think.

Up the Ladder, or What Happened to the Third Rung

After looking over my past performances very carefully, they decided to cast me in a mystery picture. After all, the purpose of a mystery picture is to confuse the people . . . and if my acting couldn't do that, nothing could. We scared the public pretty successfully in the "Cat and Canary," so Paramount cast me in another mystery picture called "The Ghost Breakers." I guess I'm good at mystery pictures. Over at Paramount

they still look at me and shudder.

The first of The Road Series was "Road To Singapore," then "Road to Zanzibar." If I make one more road the Government will hang a red lantern on my nose.

In the picture "Nothing But the Truth" I'm a partner in a very up-to-date investment firm. The firm is really ahead of the times. It has a stock market ticker that prints its reports on thin aspirins.

In "Louisiana Purchase" I appeared in Technicolor. When I saw the tests I was shocked. I thought I had a peaches and cream complexion. Instead it looked like avocados and iodine. Zorina, the beautiful dancer, is in the picture and we had a lot of fun working together.

From Soup to Aw—Nuts

The high light of the movie industry every year is the Academy Award Dinner, at which time a committee, composed of none of my relatives, presents various acting awards.

The awards—called "Oscars" because the guy who first thought of them was named Sam—are little golden statuettes. They look like frozen Quiz Kids.

For the past three years they have appointed me to be master of ceremonies and tell my jokes at the dinner. While other actors are getting awards, I stand there like Pagliacci with a laugh on my face and a burning sensation in my heart. . . . I guess I shouldn't eat so fast.

Well, my friends—and anyone who has read this far must be my friend—I hope you have enjoyed this scant resume of my life and career.

I'll never consider anything I do in show business as work, as long as you laugh. But, boy! . . . when you stop laughing—then it will be work!



2. I'd have popped the question to Joan weeks ago if I'd been sure she wasn't that mischievous twin of hers who never let me be quite sure. Then, one night...



5. It worked like a charm! One quick glance told me Joan's teeth were far brighter! They both use Pepsodent now, but...I can tell Joan every time... she's the one with my solitaire on her finger!

HOW TO TELL TWINS APART or Pepsodent to the Rescue

1. Twins are confusing enough. But when one of them deliberately tries to fool a fellow... well... I was all at sea...



3...I was listening to Bob Hope on the radio...

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TEETH TWICE
AS BRIGHT!



4. So Joan and I decided to turn the tables on her twin sister. Joan switched to Pepsodent Powder. Her twin kept right on using her old brand.



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FIRST LOVE

(Continued from page 33)

Jean was nineteen, son of an actor, himself a foundry worker who thought his father's profession sissy. Josette was twenty-two, a midinette, doubling at night as a café singer. He thought she was the loveliest thing he'd ever looked at—a brown-eyed madonna-face framed in pale gold hair. He'd known plenty of pretty girls, kissed them and left them. Surely as he stood there, he knew this was a girl he'd never want to leave. Her voice, like her face, had a haunting quality—with overtones that promised the answer to a man's dreams. Josette, he decided, before the evening ended, was his heart's desire, his hope of happiness, the woman he wanted to make his wife.

She'd let him take her home. They'd kissed on the doorstep. His ecstasy was shot through by a pang of foreboding. In two weeks he'd have to leave for three years of military service. Up to then he hadn't minded. How the three years loomed like a prison wall, parting him from his love.

She promised to wait. They spent every evening of his last two weeks together. The night before he left, he slipped a little ring on her finger.

"For always," he said.

"For always," she repeated after him.

At first her letters came regularly, then they didn't. He'd write three to her one, begging to know what was wrong. Nothing, she'd say in the answer that finally arrived. She wrote with difficulty, she loved him still. The tone of her letters was always tender. He couldn't be sure whether, lover-like, he was torturing himself by imagining a reserve that didn't exist.

Returning to Paris on his first furlough, he found her gone from the place where she'd lived. At the café they gave him an envelope, which held a little ring and a slip of paper. "I have married, Jean. In three years I would have been twenty-five, and you in love with another girl, perhaps. Forgive me."

He got over it, but his old haunts lost their attraction. Military service ended, he heeded his father's pleas and turned to the stage.

ANN SOTHERN

Ann was in seventh heaven. She had a part in a show—a real honest-to-goodness show, headed for Broadway.

It had all started in her home town, Minneapolis. She'd won two scholarships at the Conservatory. So when this company was organized, they'd asked her to play the ingenue. Of course it would have to be tried out on the road, but, of course, it would be a hit on the road—and then, Broadway! Of course they wouldn't be paid till they hit New York, but they were all pulling together for a great big beautiful ideal, and later there'd be lots of beautiful cash. Best of all, they had a Broadway star for the lead and Ann, at seventeen, would play opposite him.

The lead, once a minor luminary, was pretty well tarnished. But his hair was still curly, his eyes still liquid, his manner world-weary, and Ann was enchanted with him. The night he called her dear, she lay hugging her pillow for hours. The night he asked her to dinner, she thought she'd swoon.

"You have talent, child." Her hand trembled under his on the tablecloth. "Some day—who knows?—we may be

doing big things together—you and I—"

She knew now what people meant when they talked about walking on air. How she got back to her room she doesn't know. She just found herself there, sort of floating. There was one fly in the ointment. People didn't seem to be crazy about the show. Rumors were abroad that they'd never get to New York. Well, what of it? He'd go back, he'd send for her, they'd play together—then maybe—some day—She was having dinner with him again tomorrow.

It was matinee day. She had to pass his dressing room to get to hers. The door was ajar. A woman was in his arms!

Five minutes later came a knock at her own door. "Are you there, dear?"

Lifting her head from her arms, she choked back the sobs. "My wife's arrived unexpectedly, so we'll have to cancel our date for tonight."

His wife! There ought to be a law, she decided bitterly. Why didn't they make men wear wedding rings, too?

Two days later they closed. Ann went home, firmly resolved to enter a convent. But a week later a terribly good-looking boy came to visit next door.

MADELEINE CARROLL

"Newspaper man for an interview, Miss Carroll."

Madeline's mouth popped open. "Not with me!"

She was playing a maid, her first role, with a company touring the provinces. This was a mistake or somebody's idea of a bad joke. The press didn't know she existed.

Over the doorman's shoulder peered the dark head of a lean young man. "Yes, with you. D'you mind—?" He came in and sat down. "I want to interview you for three reasons. Because you're beautiful. Because you're going to be a success, and I can brag I discovered you. And because I think I'm in love with you."

She fell in love with him, too. They couldn't marry—yet. She was eighteen, he twenty-three. He hadn't much of a job, she wanted a career. But they made great plans. London was the goal of both. She'd be a hit on the stage, he'd be a drama critic of consequence and begin his reviews, "My wife captured the town last night!"

She got to London first. "I have a small part in a big production," she wrote. "Oh, Dick, can't you come?"

He popped up two days later. "Dick!" she squealed, hugging him.

"What liberties you take with a London journalist, ma'am."

"What do you mean, London journalist?"

"Got myself a job this morning."

So it all came true—or almost. Madeline made a hit in her small part and went on to bigger ones. Dick gave her notices. So did the other reviewers. Bigger and better flowers stacked her dressing room.

He thought her career was parting them. It wasn't. She'd marry him tomorrow with his dear thin face and his crazy ways, but he had that silly masculine notion—she earned more than he did.

The end came in a little restaurant just before her new play opened. "I got a better job today, Mad. More money. Will you chuck it and marry me?"

"Chuck the stage?" She couldn't be-

lieve her ears. "Chuck the stage—"

She couldn't believe it was the end either, when he said good-bye to her at the door. They'd batted the same old arguments back and forth—he wouldn't be Mr. Madeleine Carroll—she couldn't give up what she'd fought so hard to get. At last he said, "Face it, Mad. If right now you knew it was either me or the theatre, which would you take?"

Put that way, she knew. If she couldn't have both—"The theater," she said, wretched but firm.

On the morning after her opening, she read Dick's notice: "Madeleine Carroll captured the town last night."

ROBERT CUMMINGS

Bob knocked at the farmhouse door. It was opened by a vision so breath-taking that he all but forgot what he'd come for.

"Oh, I wonder, could I have some water. For the car, you know. For the radiator. We're all out of water in the radiator. Forgot to fill 'er up." He babbled feebly, eyes on her face.

The farmer's daughter smiled. "Is that your car down the road? I'll send someone right out."

Bob's father, a physician, had taken him on a trip through southwest Missouri. As Bob wandered back to the car, southwest Missouri had turned into Eden, and he shut out. By a farmhouse door. Was he, though? The door was opening again, and the girl coming out. With a bucket of water. "Don't carry that heavy thing," he shouted. "You'll kill yourself." From a distance, Dr. Cummings regarded him with mild wonder. He seemed to have a lot to say to a girl he'd just met.

Overhead a plane zoomed. The plane, the girl, the heavenly day, his own emotions all fused together in Bob's consciousness. Words tumbled out. "Look, before we get down there where my father is, could I come to see you?"

"Why—you don't live around here, do you?"

"No—in Joplin. But," came a burst of inspiration, "I could hire a plane."

He did, too, his father remaining in blissful ignorance. For six months, as often as he could gather the money together, he flew down to see Alice. The pilot, a friend and a push-over for love's young dream, allowed him a special rate.

Bob told her he wanted to be an actor. She didn't take it big. Feverishly he sketched the delight enjoyed by an actor's wife. A little hazy himself, he failed to impress her. It was all wonderful till the subject of the stage cropped up. Then she'd fall silent—

One day she said: "Bob, will you do me a favor?"

"Anything."

"Be a farmer."

He bolted upright. "Why, that's crazy. I couldn't be a farmer. I'm not trained for it. Anyway, I hate cows."

"Well, I couldn't be an actor's wife. I'm not trained for it. Anyway, I hate hams. And I think you'd better not come here any more!" She burst into tears.

That was the beginning of the end. They parted friends. It was also the beginning of Bob's love for planes. He never takes off in his own nowadays

without a smiling salute to the memory of Alice.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

It was 1934. It was Olivia's first day in Hollywood. A friend took her to the Miramar. Suddenly Livvie gasped: "Look!" Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers were coming in. Livvie almost fainted on the spot.

In Saratoga, where they'd lived, she and Joan had been movie fans, and Livvie had developed three crushes—on Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Lew Ayres—and the greatest of these was Ayres. Oh, he was wonderful! That gayety on the surface and the sort of brooding sadness you could feel underneath. Imagine actually seeing him! In a trance she watched him dine and dance and talk and move around just like anyone else.

Time passed. Lew and Ginger separated. Livvie was asked to her first cocktail party. About to refuse, since she didn't drink, she heard her host say Lew Ayres would be there. "Thanks, I'd love to come," carolled Livvie. Much good it did her. So shy she could only steal glances at him when he wasn't looking, she finally downed her first cocktail for courage, then placed herself in his path. "I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Ayres. You're one of my screen heroes."

He looked down at the kid. Where was her nurse? "Very sweet of you, excuse me, my friends are leaving, so nice to have met you."

She saw him next at a friend's home, where some people gathered to hear a lecturer recently returned from Russia. Lew was passionately interested. It was he, she noted with pride,

who asked all the intelligent questions. She'd show him she had brains, too. The only question she could think of drew howls of laughter. From everyone but Lew. He didn't even notice. He didn't even know she was there. His eyes and ears were all for the Russian. Crushed, Livvie went right home.

More time passed. Livvie still carried the torch. She had an extra ticket for an opera party she was giving. One of the party was a friend of Lew's. Did he think Lew would like to come? Lew would be charmed. He looked so gorgeous in top hat, white tie and tails that she could hardly bear to take her eyes off him. He thanked her, he'd had a lovely time, but he didn't ask for her phone number.

Livvie grew up. Lew became a tiny sore spot that she scarcely knew was there. Then the phone rang one night. Lew wanted to take her to dinner. Lew of all people! She flew. At dinner everything was wonderful till they hit a subject on which he held very firm views. She disagreed. They argued each other into a temper. He deposited her on her doorstep and never called again—

Till last summer when she was convalescing at Cape Cod after an operation. He phoned from New York. "I've always wanted to see the Cape, Livvie. Can't we see it together?" Laughing, she realized that now for the first time she could meet him on his own footing. The sore spot was gone.

They see each other often. He no longer gets cross when she disagrees with him. Her heart doesn't flutter when he phones. Sometime it's nice not to be in love, Livvie thinks. Friendship's more comfortable.

ROBERT YOUNG

To Bob, life was real, life was earnest. Its problems weighed on his soul, and he scorned people who took it lightly. That kid in his high school class, for instance—that Betty with the blue eyes and the snub nose—forever laughing, as if she had some secret joke with the world. He couldn't stand her.

One day they both went on a beach picnic with the gang. Bob was told off to help Betty roast wienies. "That giggler," he gloomed, but his feet hurried. Kneeling in the sand, she tossed back her hair and smiled up at him.

She went to college after graduation, he to work. They saw each other for a while, but new interests crept in and little by little their ways drew apart. Bob spent all his evening at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He met a girl there. Betty heard he was engaged. She met a boy at college whom she liked.

Sitting at home one night, Bob answered the phone. It was Betty. After all this time! "Can you come over, Bob? There's something I'd like to talk to you about."

She told him of the boy at college, how she felt about him, how she didn't want to worry her mother over her own uncertainty.

Her eyes were the same warm blue. Looking into them, Bob's head spun. "Dope!" he addressed himself. "It's been Betty all along." Aloud, "If you're not sure, then you're not in love."

A month later they were dancing together. "Will you marry me, Betty?"

She, "D'you think I'm in love?" "Do you want to ask the other fellow?" She shook her head.

So Bob married his first love.



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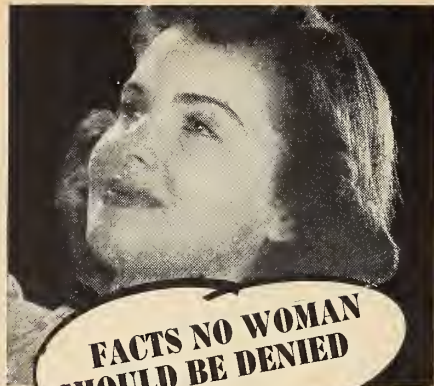
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YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

(Continued from page 51)

says Glenn, "but I still don't believe a word of it. Gosh, just three years ago I was broke.

HE was born broke as a matter of fact thirty-two years ago in Iowa. His dad was a farmer with three kids to support on an infinitesimal income. At seven, Glenn was doing odd jobs for the local butcher after school—in exchange, the family thought, for cold cash. It developed, however, that the poor butcher was having a fairly lean winter himself and in lieu of a salary, he paid Glenn off with an ancient trombone. His mother, whose musical knowledge ran to hymns, was not at all pleased; his father was incensed; but Glenn, who still believes that money's not everything, thought the deal magnificent. Especially when for further services rendered the butcher threw in a few music lessons. "That old sliphorn had one foot in trombone heaven," Glenn'll tell you, "but boy how I loved it. Slept with it right beside me every night, and when I went to school I hid it. God knows who would have stolen the thing." There were other jobs and eventually other trombones. "But there never was a horn like Oscar. Every other note a clinker, but what a honey of a personality." The Miller face is cold sober, but the eyebrows are misbehaving again. "That was my first love. When I was nineteen I met my second."

You don't hear much about Mrs. Miller, but you should. She's cute and tiny and all the boys in the band take turns having crushes on her. Glenn spied her at the University of Colorado, where for two years he had one eye on the books and one on extra-curricular barrelhouse at the Denver night spots. Music finally won, and he hitch-hiked to Chicago to join Ben Pollack's spectacular crew, which included B. Goodman as clarinetist.

Later, Glenn went on to New York where he did some work with the Bros. Dorsey and wrote arrangements for Ray Noble. It was at this point that he wrote his stupendous "Moonlight Serenade," now his theme-song. While Ray was breaking records at the New York Paramount, Glenn began to feel all set. He sent a wire to Dorothy Burger in Colorado—with whom he'd been hot heavying via the mails—"Marry me day after tomorrow." She trained to New York, and between shows they dashed out and got married. That was only ten years ago.

CONFIDENTIALLY, they're a love match like crazy. Romeo and Juliet and Wally and the Duke just aren't in it. Flowers on anniversaries and everything! She goes wherever he plays. Draws the line only at 600 mile road-trips for one night stands. Otherwise, you'll see her at a big round table a bit to the left of the bandstand, giving him the glad eye when he's in the groove; the dead pan when he's off. She plays no instrument, but knows music thoroughly from Bach to Bing. What's more, she has a sense of humor.

"Which came in handy back there a piece," grins Glenn. His first band, you may not have heard, was a floppola. The original unit was a wild mob with plenty of talent, but not a scruple among them. There was the night, for instance, that Glenn had wangled a college prom engagement. It was a terrific opportunity. On the big night, half the boys showed

up drunk, the rest were "reefered" to the teeth. The date had to be cancelled, and Glenn's good name was mud with 500 heartbroken youngsters. "But it really wasn't those chaps' fault," Glenn alibis for them. "Those were the days when every kid musician thought you had to be high or "mugged" before you could really give, and boy—those marijuana jam sessions! I'll take Times Square on New Year's Eve. They've been some reefer addicts who made the big time for a while, but they're all just flashes in the pan. Take the Chesterfield smokers now—there are the lads who count." He's half-kidding, but it's a standing joke with Miller and Co. that they all smoked 'em long before Chesterfield was their sponsor.

THE current crew is three years old, and you never saw such a mutual admiration society. The Modernaires think the sax section is the world's hottest. Tex Beneke thinks Ray Eberle is too good to be true, and, of course, the whole gang is insane over Marion Hutton. She's the blonde honey with the figure and the voice who mows the lads down at every college prom—which is disgraceful under the circumstances. Marion's blissfully married to Jack Philbin, and the mama of a gorgeous fat baby boy, who *sings*—no less—at eight months.

The band is convinced that "the boss" is one with the immortals. They're crazy about him as a musician and as a man, and in three years not one of them has let him down an inch. No hamming at rehearsals—with the result that they can take a new song cold and in fifteen minutes sock it into the mike and onto the hit parade; no grandstand playing, and consequently Glenn can't spotlight each of them enough; no misbehaving during working hours—so that if Glenn sees one of them taking a drink during intermission he can relax. The guy isn't going to get plastered. It's really a very swell set-up.

Comes Christmas every year, and the warm feeling everyone has for everyone else sort of flares up and they all outdo themselves giving presents. The first year, things were a bit unpretentious on account of no dough, but in 1939—just three months after Glenn and the boys first hit pay dirt—the gang chipped in and gave the maestro a Buick convertible. One year they gave him a very fancy movie outfit that set them back \$3,000. Last year they were racking their brains for something super-colossal. Marion was to pump Mrs. Miller very subtly on the subject. There was con-

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siderable espionage whenever Glenn mentioned going shopping. Then one day after a rehearsal he said: "Say kids—let's skip Christmas this year." "Hah?—no Christmas—no Santa Claus—no stuff?" "I've got a better idea. Let's get Trigger and Mr. Hill out of hock." "Saa-ay! That'd be great."

Trigger and Mr. Hill are the two members of the gang who got drafted. They were, respectively, bass and band boy. Mr. Hill's a kind of a character. He's a Mexican and his real name is Raoul Hidalgo. This would elude Glenn whenever he needed him in a hurry, so he pinned Mr. Hill on him for no good reason, and it stuck. His official capacity was instrument-minder. But his real profession was looking out for Glenn. If he had a cold, nose drops and cough medicine appeared like magic. If he'd had a sleepless night on a train, Mr. Hill found time for him to nap the next day. When Uncle Sam caught up with him, Glenn was absolutely bereft.

He and Trigger are in camp in California, and they'd gotten Christmas furlough. Neither, ironically, had the funds to get home, so they'd planned to grab a turkey sandwich together on the great day. Instead they planed East in time for a gargantuan dinner at Glenn's house, and were subsequently wined and dined in New York for a solid week by the boys. When they stratolinered back again, two fat checks were stuffed into two khaki pockets. O. K. Santa, now you tell one.

GLENN'S kind of an angel, but he still maintains a human touch or two. He forgets things, for instance. Leaves lights on all night and never has a handkerchief with him. This last he invariably blames on his beloved fans—they love to steal them—even if he hasn't budged from the house all day. He also swears when angry—not often, but loud. He takes his terrier, "Pops," hunting in several feet of mud, then lets him track it all over his elegant chateau-style house in Tenafly, New Jersey. Furthermore, his poor wife is a golf widow. Glenn haunts the links and goes around in the 80's. He has very strong likes and dislikes, and shouts them from the house-top. He loves California and bought himself an orange ranch out there which he's christened "Tuxedo Junction," and where he plans to retire and write serious music in sixty or seventy years. Is crazy over movies—could live at them. Likes Gable, Crosby and Johnny Payne and thinks "Goddard ain't bad." Next to Thanksgiving, his favorite day is March 15th. For some obscure reason he adores filling out his income tax form. His ideal band would be a composite of Duke Ellington's, Jimmie Lunceford's and Count Basie's—with a dash of Miller. Favorite song is the Duke's recording of "I've Got It Bad and That Ain't Good." He can't stand "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire," or "Daddy." Hates tweeds, because they're scratchy. Doesn't like liquor or dessert. His worst habit is saying he wants one line of action followed, then when all the wheels are in motion to carry this out he takes a change of heart.

Then, too, there are those Saturday afternoon dances at the Pennsylvania's Café Rouge. Admission is twenty-five cents, and everyone and his brother is there. The proceeds—often as much as \$1,000 a week—go to the USO. Anyone can come, and he needn't be gotten up like Lucius Beebe, but Glenn does insist on coats and ties—or did. Then he saw these two youngsters step up to the door. They had on immaculate shirts, but no ties and funny old windbreak-

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ers. Glenn's agent, a very swell chap called George Evans, could hardly stand it, but orders were orders. "Sorry boys. You can't come in." "What's the trouble here." Glenn had leaped off the bandstand, leaving the boys to shift for themselves (that's one of their tricks) and was glaring at George. "No ties or coats." Glenn herded the two chaps upstairs, whence they emerged ten minutes later resplendent in beige foulard ties (G's weakness) and coats he'd worn in "Sun Valley Serenade." "That team should be syndicated," says Glenn. "They've been back every week since, and each time they tear up to the orchestra with hordes of cronies yelling—Hey, Glenn, tell these mugs we did so wear your coats and ties." God knows where they get the money, but at the last telling, Bill had acquired 57 Miller records; Butch had 65.


Fans is what Glenn has nothing but, as you've probably guessed. He's got 'em in schools, offices, prisons, army camps—in Omaha and Weehawken and Kalamazoo. They're all sizes and shapes, and he adores everyone of 'em. Yeah—even

that screwball sailor in San Diego with the very close crew-cut who had Glenn autograph his head. Even the pixilated gal who wouldn't go home from the Yale Prom till Glenn had kissed her good-night. Even the fellow who wrote begging for \$24.00 bus fare so he could come from Chicago to one of the USO dances. He's nuts about them all, but especially the small fry. They respond the quickest to a sweet new tune. They don't clap politely if they think a number's lousy. They don't get drunk and try to sing into the mike. They call him Glenn, and he brags that he knows at least two thousand of them by their first names. They write him fan letters and call themselves "millerbugs." They go without lunches to buy his records. "I love the hell out of those kids," he says. Stick around, jive guy. It's all terribly mutual.

The End.

If you've enjoyed this story, we think you'll also enjoy the biographies of songsters Marion Hutton and Ray Eberle in Good News, page 100, column 3.

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LOCATION BLUES

(Continued from page 48)

cola and figures in fist fights. Veronica Lake hops to March Field and gets married. Gary Cooper gets shot at for a deer making a woodsy epic. Virginia Bruce motors to the mountains, weds her director, and retires. Ann Sheridan visits the navy in San Diego and gets mobbed. Stars leave their lots to make a movie and get divorced, get religion, or, like Lucille Ball on "Valley of the Sun," get red ants—get almost anything.

OF course, Stirling Hayden didn't necessarily get salt-water in his handsome veins chasing from key to cay around the Caribbean shooting "Bahama Passage." The Gloucester glamor boy had enough of that to begin with. But he did get disgusted in a location publicity mix-up with Madeleine Carroll, which would never have happened if they'd kept Hayden safely home in Hollywood. Here's what happened:

Touchy Stirling stood "Bahama Passage" location stories about himself and Madeleine strolling hand in hand o'er coral reefs, splashing like pagans in the cobalt surf and bathing together in wind-swept tropic rains. But when a "scoop" flashed around the world "losing" the blond lovers overnight in a fictitious coral cave they had never explored where a phony tide trapped them as Paramount launched a framed frantic search—when that happened (and Stirling was snoozing safely in his boat bunk all the while) he decided movie fame just wasn't worth the rifle.

Not even a new \$17,000 sloop and a check big enough to sail it on could keep Hayden in Hollywood after that. So Paramount up and lost the biggest star-to-be they ever had!

But Warner Brothers almost lost a whole picture via the same location hoodoo. "Navy Blues" wasn't called Navy Blues for nothing. Not after this episode which backfired from the very best intentions at the Naval Training Station in San Diego:

On that location, after Ann Sheridan, Martha Raye, Jack Oakie and company had been around the fleet for a while, they thought it would be nice to do something to entertain our boys in blue. So a show was staged at the base and everything went along swimmingly for 500 smiling sailors until another member of the cast, Bill Orr, was called on.

Bill is the clever chap whose impersonations in "Meet the People" scored a big hit in Hollywood. One take-off that wows everyone is Bill's impersonation of President Roosevelt. The crowd yelled for this when he got up, but Bill declined; he didn't think it appropriate. However, the coaxings grew so loud he finally launched into his burlesqued idea of the Head Man's mannerisms. It was funny, as usual, to everyone but a certain naval captain who took active offense. He thought any Hollywood actor lampooning the navy's commander-in-chief at a U. S. Naval base was off base—and said so. Furthermore, he set about kicking the whole company off the premises. Only some frantic and influential wire-pullings in official quarters saved "Navy Blues" from oblivion.

It's not only studios who get jinxed on locations, of course. Stars get it, too. Robert Taylor, remember, was en route to London for his "A Yank at Oxford" junket when all that damaging beautiful Bob and hair-on-the-chest publicity

broke about his handsome head. Just the other day, too, William Holden and Brenda Marshall had their honeymoon loused up effectively by those same location blues.

Brenda's location call for "Captain of the Clouds" pulled her away from Bill's loving arms the day after their marriage in Las Vegas. The day Brenda got back from the Canadian wilds, Bill was ordered to Nevada with "The Remarkable Andrew." Brenda arrived home from Canada with an infected throat. The day Bill got back to Hollywood they shot him to the hospital with appendicitis. Then Brenda's two-year-old daughter, Ginger, took down with the measles. A gag? No, that's the way it happened—and you'll never convince Brenda or Bill that old location goblin wasn't in there pitching.

In spite of this obvious out of town eight-ball, a lot of Hollywood stars would rather go on location than spend a week of Sundays drinking champagne.

Big outdoor, hairy-chested males like Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and Joel McCrea, particularly, are happy as children on a picnic, as long as the location is near good hunting and fishing. Wally Beery gets so enamored with the great outdoors he's exposed to making pictures, that today he owns scattered cabins, ranches and hideouts all over the West.

Wally's latest location real estate is a log cabin in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. It's right on Jackson Lake, choked with gamey Mackinaw trout. Wally lived there happily all last summer, making "Wyoming" as a sideline in between snagging fish. When the picture was over, he was so broken up about leaving that he bought the place and arranged for a landing field. Now he flies up and plays location all by himself whether he's really on one or not!

MOST normal stars, however, cordially despise locations—and for obvious reasons. Hollywood is the most comfortable place in the world. Locations are the most uncomfortable. They still kid Dorothy Lamour about her first location. She arrived at the God-awful desolation spot and unpacked—of all things—an evening dress! Where she went for "The Jungle Princess" had emphasis on the jungle and no princess to speak of. The only males at all bedazzleable by fine feathers were some lumberjacks at a camp a few miles away.

One good reason why stars are prone to go berserk making movies out in the sticks is that they leave their secure niches of Hollywood eminence and become—for the duration—Barnum-like curiosities, to the local yokels.

One of the most extended Hollywood locations ever to descend on the out country was imposed on Missouri Ozarkians when Henry Fonda and Tyrone Power made "Jesse James" in Noel, Missouri. A lot of times they actually had to call the county sheriff to yank Ty through the mob of drop-jawed natives who pressed around his cabin in order to get him to work of mornings. It wasn't the same admiration, either, which makes stars purr happily and beam on Hollywood autograph worshippers lined outside premiere palaces. It was just plain rank curiosity. They might just as well have been monkeys in a cage. As Henry Fonda was to find out later.

Hank was assailed one morning by a pop-eyed native who hopped the running board of his auto en route to the set. "Sure is an honor to have you folks here," began the Jasper. "Yep, a great thing for this country—famous people like you. Mind giving me your autograph to hand down to my grandchildren?" Hank was touched and obliged. Whereupon the billy squinted at it, frowned and said, "Can't make it out, stranger—which one of them Hollywood monkeys are you, anyway?"

Carole Lombard ran into the same curiosity complex as near home as Napa, California, where they make all those wines. Carole and Charles Laughton were on location there for "They Knew What They Wanted." Napa hasn't any Hotel Splendides lying around, so Mrs. Gable decided she'd be best off in a private residence. She unpacked her trunk in a very nice one and noted that the hospitable people had a maid on hand each morning to tidy up her room. But every morning the maid was a different, nervous, eager-eyed girl. Not until the picture was finished did one of them break down and explain the super-varied service. Napa belles had put the bee on the householder and divied up the privilege of maiding Carol in turns. By the time she returned to Hollywood, her innermost secrets were glamorous public property of the Napa younger set!

The hotel problem is no joke to a Hollywood star accustomed to a pampered existence in high-walled and carefully guarded Beverly Hills retreats. Most of the time, ye olde inns on remote location sites are of the Nineteenth Century plumbing type—when there are hotels. Always, too, they are packed with a motley picture crew bent on raising the roof far into the night. The problem of

getting enough shut-eye to rise at five A. M. bright-eyed and captivating for the camera is something to be reckoned with.

Dennis Morgan solved that dilemma—he thought—recently on the wandering location of "Captains of the Clouds." Dennis didn't want to be a bum sport about things, but he's a chap who must have his eight hours in the hay to keep that famous smile beaming. So he hired two rooms in the local inn—one to hold forth in and another to duck out to when the Sandman called.

One night, when the usual crew of kibitzers gathered for a bull and bottle session, Dennis made merry for a limited time and then craftily took a powder to the hide-out when he was sure his guests were too busy with fun to miss him. He had just slipped under the covers when a loud bell rang in the hall. It turned out to be some hotel service signal, but Dennis thought it might be fire. He dashed out in the hall—and his door blew shut—and locked. As Dennis sleeps only in the top half of his pajamas, he was—er—caught. He had to creep like an Indian, in that undignified state, terrified, through the halls to the original room, where, they say, his entrance was a sensation—even if the roisterers were all strictly stag.

Episodes like this, some better, some worse, have built up definite location allergies which haunt a good many top stars to this day. Spencer Tracy is as he-mannish as they come in Hollywood but all through "Northwest Passage" the telephone rang nightly in the manager's office of Mr. Eddie Mannix of M-G-M. It was Spencer, off on location in Idaho, pleading to be taken off the picture. Of course, "Passage" was one of the best things he has ever done, and it wasn't the icy water he had to wallow in or

the hardships that threw him. It was just the phobia Spence has built up about locations.

He does have hard luck with them—no doubt about that. M-G-M's ill-fated "Yearling" was Spencer's last location mess. M-G-M set up a vast movie company deep in the Florida swamps, dragged the reluctant Mr. Tracy a few thousand miles away from home—and then everything began happening.

First, the wind howled so loud microphones couldn't record; then Florida, getting even at a California troupe, staged some "unusual" weather. Seasons got mixed up. Skies that were supposed to be blue with fleecy clouds turned tattle-tale gray; foliage refused to adjust itself to color charts; even the deer, raccoons, alligators and what not that figured in the story high-tailed out of there. Swarms of bugs and mosquitoes buzzed around like Stukas—and all in all—Spencer Tracy and "The Yearling" location did a lot of maddening nothing for weeks, until the studio order arrived; "Come home and skip it." When Spencer arrived in Hollywood he was fit to be tied considering the months wasted and the gap in his screen career big enough to drive a tank through.

Next to Spencer Tracy, no Hollywood star can throw fits over location assignments more than Claudette Colbert—and with good enough reason. Claudette's first expedition, to Hawaii years ago with Cecil DeMille's "Four Frightened People," was double-jinxed from beginning to end. The bags were packed and the boat had steam up when Claudette found herself with appendix. Everybody trooped back while the troublesome business was snipped out. Exactly one week later, Claudette got up, far too soon, and sailed. She was in the hospital off

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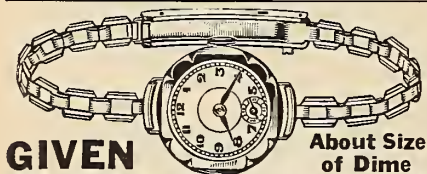
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and on throughout, dangerously ill most of the time, and on top of it all "Four Frightened People" was hardly worth the effort.

It all came about because of a super de luxe, fur-lined tent cabin—which is probably the only reason Claudette ever let Darryl Zanuck talk her into that location trip in the first place. The site was way up in Utah, 11,000 feet high and 40 miles from the nearest gas station. To allay these terrors, Claudette had dangled before her eyes the cutest little location nest you ever saw.

Needless to state, while everyone else including actors and stars was living in shivery, unheated canvas and rolling up in rough blankets at night, Claudette's decadent location luxury caused more than one pang of envy. She won no popularity contest in her little striped heaven. When things started going wrong there were few tears shed. And they did go wrong.

First the bathtub lived up to its name and collapsed, full of water, flooding her cabin. Then, one icy morning the oil stove, left on all night, gave up and exploded, soaking Miss Claudette and all her dainties with grimy soot, which she had to clean up in blackface herself as all the company were already off shooting. By the time she got back to Hollywood she swore never again—and this time she means it. Colbert will write no contracts with a location clause.

But while locations have driven Claudette into a bitter shell, there have been times that they vice-versa'd things. Jean Arthur, for instance, has long held an unchallenged reputation for disliking most everything. Miss Arthur is an All-American—Against on practically all subjects, including newspapermen, photographers, admirers, crowds, football games, night clubs, movie premieres, restaurants, and so on ad infinitum.

But when this negative lady departed for the biggest location Hollywood has seen in recent years, "Arizona," she blossomed like a rose as a tender-hearted Florence Nightingale of the animal world.

The desert, where Columbia erected a complete frontier town and sat around in 130-degree heat all summer, is credited with miraculous powers. But none so potent as transforming Jean's reputedly citrus heart into a lush watermelon.

One night a watchman stationed to guard a herd of nanny goats picketed among the greasewood, noticed a flash of light bobbing in and out among his charges, accompanied by grateful whinnies. The goats had been collected for "Arizona" atmosphere by combing Mexican 'dobe establishments for miles around, and the watchman's first thought, as he ran shouting toward the funny business, was that the astute *paisanos* were reclaiming their private dairies in time for the morning milk. However,

when he clashed flash lights with the marauder, he gasped and swallowed hard. The raider was the company's star, Miss Arthur, on a private little emancipation mission and wrought up about it, too.

Enough persuasion was finally put on Jean to let a few goats remain for the night. But the next day when attendants forked in their daily ration of cactus pads, they found Jean already there with trucks from Tucson loaded with 60 bales of hay, fresh for vitamins A, C, B, and Q. The goats sniffed it politely and kept on eating the cactus.

Such ingratitude, however, did not daunt Jean Arthur. On the contrary, her crusade had just begun.

"Arizona's" script called for crowds of barnyard supers, and each one found a sturdy champion in Jean. Ducks soon waddled with extra vigor and chickens grew fat and sassy on vita-fresh feed which Jean Arthur supplied. Flea-bitten ponies, rattle-boned cows and grunting swine each had their own separate Arthur-financed means and clinical care. One month alone the feed and veterinary bill ran to \$750.

In addition, Jean made her dressing room a haven for heat prostrated pigs, ducks and dogs and so on. She adopted a frowsy Mexican burro and dolled him up resplendently with a red bow over his lean neck. When his day in the limelight was done, Jean traipsed through the streets of near-by Mexican villages to find him a home.

She learned with dismay that the Tucson dog pound had 60 derelict dogs drifting drearily towards a chloroform finis and quickly made a deal with the poundmaster which resulted in the first public appearance Jean Arthur has made in years. She actually ringmastered a dog before 2500 people to find them happy homes. This news, flashed back to Hollywood, made Arthur's frustrated press agents tear their hair and weep like babies.

THE gentle regeneration of Jean Arthur is one of the happiest denouements of a Hollywood location and a pleasure to report—but even it had its tragic side for Jean.

At the end of the picture, the Pioneer Society of Arizona staged a fancy full dress banquet and presented Jean with an honorary plaque. The Governor wound himself up with oratory about everybody in general and Jean in particular. Then he reached for the trophy and before the distinguished crowd assembled, said—

"And now, on behalf of the State of Arizona, may I present this plaque to a lovely lady and a great actress—Miss *Gene Autry*!"

A thing like that could only happen far away from Hollywood. But away from Hollywood, on location—it would!

REAL LIFE COLOR PORTRAITS!

Watch for them in our March issue. They'll be a luscious monthly feature of MODERN SCREEN. Perfect for framing or brightening up your album!

dependent on the male. Don't hesitate to offer to teach him the conga. He'll love it. Don't discuss other dates you've had; it annoys him. And don't be surprised if he begins to haunt your house. This one, once hooked, has a life-time guarantee!

What to do if your theme-song is "He's gotta be a Josher"

He's generally not too strong on looks but is a terrific ladies' man nonetheless, is frequently a cheerleader and invariably comic relief in all the plays, always has some new get-rich-quick scheme.

You'd do well to brush up the old repartee, but don't kill yourself looking glamorous for this boy, as being a good egg is more important to him. Go out for a couple of sports, the school paper and the dramatic club, for he's partial to the all-round good gal. Is impressed if you rate well with the female of the species. Remember—his sense of humor is his sole vanity, so use that as your bait. Some Wednesday ask him if he heard Bob Hope the night before. He'll say yes. You say, "stealing your stuff again." He'll grin, glow, think—"mmhm, a gal with a brain." He shines in a mob, so invite him to your next party. Get him to come a bit early to help you get organized. Let him choose the records and ask him to be kind of a floor committee of one and see that everyone has fun. During the evening, give him beautiful winks to let him know you appreciate him, and later rave over his efforts.

Don't be such a card yourself in an effort to amuse him that you turn the thing into a Burns and Allen combination. Don't ever utter a catty or unkind word in his presence. This type is essentially a boy scout and loathes meanness. Never pass him in the hall without a "hi, there."

**Or maybe you're after
A man with a Soul!**

He's frequently on the lean and hungry side, has longish hair and big soft eyes, gets A's and is a lone wolf.

You've got to be a cross between Einstein and Miss America to please this lad. His standards are of Empire State building stature. Read Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Shelley, listen to Information, Please, and brush up on your operas. He's usually a madman on the subject of the aforementioned. Pique his interest by arguing a point with him in English class, dragging the debate out after the bell rings if possible. All very good-humoredly, of course, and don't pull this one on a day you're looking anything less than deevine. He's much happier in a small group, so have him over to Sunday night supper with one or two other couples. While the soulless ones listen to Jack Benny, flatter the very day-lights out of dream prince by asking him if he'd please read one of your poems and tell you honestly what he thinks. Or ask him to read something to you, as you think he has such a wonderful voice and has he ever thought of the stage?

Don't ever let this perfectionist catch you with crooked stocking seams, a too-long slip or chipping nail polish. (Let our fashion chart show you how to be incredibly smooth.) Never "yes" him if you don't mean it. He's too smart for that stuff. Don't let him kiss you the first time he tries. Nothing disillusion him faster. And don't forget—he'd rather be flattered about his looks than his brains.

"HOLLYWOOD EXTRA" THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

The Stars' Cleansing Cream
that Fits Extra Girls' Budgets

...Now millions of
smart women
everywhere
agree... "it's
foolish to
pay more."



BILL MADSEN, United Artists Studio's Make-up Expert says, "Film players must use lots of cleansing cream for frequent make-up changes, and it's got to be of finest quality. 'Hollywood Extra' Theatrical Cold Cream is a real quality product, popular on the lot with all players."

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STORES

Maybe for your dough he doesn't have to be a ball of fire, just so's he's

A Very Swell Guy

He's generally average-looking, goes out for all sports but rarely makes a team, couldn't bluff his way through an exam, humbly worships the class glamour girl.

You can discard any notions you've cherished about hooking him via the my pal method. Unbelievably, this chap goes for a siren every time. He's susceptible to lovely hair and smooth skin, not to mention having a wicked eye for figures. But here's the thing. All similarity to you and Hedy Lamarr must end with your looks. Nothing paralyzes him like sophisticated conversation. Solution: Look simply four-star every minute (our fashion chart is your ticket for invaluable hints), then go on the eye for him. Next time he speaks in Assembly—he's always making sports' announcements or something—stop him in the hall and tell him he did an awfully swell job and you always envy people who can give talks without getting tongue-tied. He'll feel he was positively eloquent, and take a protective interest in poor speechless you.

Don't wait for him to make the first move. He's terrified of women till he's sure they like him. Don't forget a touch of perfume behind your ears before your dates with him. He's a complete fall-guy for every little feminine ruse.

If you won't settle for anything less than Gary Cooper or Boyer, then

Nothing will do but a super-man!

He personifies all that's wonderful in the male; is absolutely a stunner, couldn't be smarter, is a beautiful athlete.

You needn't be too much of a queen

to take his eye. The real big-shot doesn't have to impress anybody, so if he happens to like a girl who's figure isn't too good or who wears a pair of horn-rims—but with an air—he'll date her seven nights a week if he likes. He can't resist a sense of humor, likes his gal to play a decent game of tennis or golf, drive a car and be a capable, intelligent person—not just a stooge. He's heard every line that was ever concocted, so this time just play it straight. Resist the temptation to ask him to your next party; that one's been overworked on him. But talk to him very casually next French class about something you're both interested in—it may be dogs or Glenn Miller or the Rose Bowl Game. Something as innocent as "They tell me you're a Glenn Miller addict too—what do you think of his 'Piano Concerto,'" may be all it takes.

Don't discuss achievements, it embarrasses him. Don't expect instant results as he never rushes a girl. But don't give up. He's worth the effort.

DRESS FOR HIM?

Then send for our chart on how to dress for all occasions and for all boys! Doesn't matter what your type is. The chart has your number!

Enclose 5c in coin or stamps and address: Co-Ed Chart No. 1, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

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

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AT2 gentle and safe for children.



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EXPECTING A BABY?

● Ask your doctor about breast feeding, especially during early weeks of infancy. Take his advice on supplementary feeding, particularly about cleanliness. Regular medical care and advice on nutrition can speed development and improve baby's health.

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE
AND NIPPLE
SAFER... because easier to clean
See Your Doctor Regularly



CHARM IS HAND MADE

(Continued from page 62)

offenders briskly. If they are very dry, discolored and scaly, use a firm-bristled nail brush or one of those new little rubber brushes. Dry them well, and then massage the richest lotion or cream into the joint. Take care of your arms, too. These appendages are entitled to lotion, cream and massage just as much as hands and face are, but they are most frequently forgotten because they go around hiding in long sleeves. Be sure you don't make that mistake!

Having hands you love to touch isn't the only important thing. Bette Davis, Rita Hayworth and Linda Darnell are just a few of the many stars who express emotion by their hands. Their hands must be beautiful and photogenic—what the cinema world calls camera-proof—but their behavior is every bit as important.

WE don't like to use the phrase "educated hands," and yet there are a few lessons for our palms and fingers to learn in order that they will live up to that dazzling new nail polish. Exercise is a most valuable thing. If you've ever watched a group of hula dancers, you have noticed that all their charm can't be attributed to gardenia leis and grass skirts. Over and above the sensuousness of the exotic dance, there is charm in the innate gracefulness of the motion of their hands.

If you are a pianist or a typist, your hands get plenty of valuable limbering activity. Here is a parallel exercise for making fingers graceful and nimble. Cup the hand as if to hold a ball, then rest it on a table in this position so that a chicken might perch on the hand's arched back. Lift each finger high and tap the table ten or twenty times. It is fun to exercise both hands at once in this manner and pretend they are conversing in code. Excellent also for suppling the hands is to place the palms together as in prayer, the fingers pointing up. Then move wrists apart slowly, pressing fingertips together, at the same time spreading fingers apart fanwise. Unless you are the girl who does the weekly washing, it will help your hands to wring an old towel for dear life. Following all these exercises, practice relaxation of wrists and hands by dropping your hands at your sides and shaking them vigorously as though to rid them of cobwebs. There is nothing so unattractive as tense, gripping fingers and stubborn hands; and relaxation makes for gracefulness and poise—that desirable light touch, as it were.

This exercise will improve poor circulation, too. That is the cause, you know, of forever cold or persistently hot hands, although the latter is frequently the result of nervousness. So like everything else, hand beauty is dependent upon general good health and common sense rules of diet and rest.

All of the above will give hands coordination, grace and added poise in gestures as well as in repose. It will give you the kind of hands you are proud to display. If the arm of a chair looks like a good background for your hand, rest it there, naturally and lightly. Folded hands are usually becoming, but don't always hold them in your lap like a school girl. Fold them to one side depending on your posture or just link the tip ends and relax them on the arm of a chair. This thinking about what to do with hands and where to put them is not

affectation, but simply the intelligent way of preventing those self-conscious moments when for lack of a better place for two hands, you might be caught wringing them or stroking your hair or possibly keeping them tightly tucked away in your arms. These proposed habits refer just to "idle" moments, for at the bridge table or your knitting or your work, the display takes care of itself.

To carry this business of being your own hand-stylist a step further, practice action in front of a mirror and see what is alluring and what is not. See how much you can accomplish with direction, motion and position. Here are some examples of things you will notice: 1. It is twice as graceful to have your right hand on a different level from your left when you are seated. 2. When you are reaching for something, it is better to lead with your wrist than with your fingers. It looks not only graceful but also more polite. 3. Undoubtedly the second finger is just as efficient as the third, but there is a world of difference in the grace with which you can grasp things if you always take hold with the object between the thumb and third finger. 4. Keep your fingers quietly together in almost all gestures. You have all seen girls whose spread-eagle manner of holding or carrying things made them seem awkward and silly.

Literature has it that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, but our private conviction is that it is the hand which gets the daily care it deserves—the hand that wields beauty and charm—which rules your world.

LOVELY nails surrounded by neglected cuticle look as unattractive as a picture in a splintered frame. But it isn't necessary to put up with ugly, ragged tissue. All you need to do is to dip a cotton-tipped orange stick in a good cuticle remover—such as Cutex, Dura-Gloss or Trimal—and work it around the bases of your nails. Dead tissue will soften and can be easily whisked away—without the bother of cutting or snipping. Your cuticle will look beautifully neat and will do justice to smooth, lacquered nails.

Hair styles may go up and down, but fashion in hands is always the same—smooth, feminine, well-groomed. Chamberlain's Lotion provides a modern way of keeping yours up-to-the-minute in loveliness. You need to use only a few drops to realize its soothing, softening benefits. What's more it dries quickly and isn't sticky. Why not try Chamberlain's these wintry days to prevent wind-blown hands?

MODERN SCREEN

149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

Name

Street

City State

BEAUTY AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

(Continued from page 65)

nails are indications of some disturbance during formation. So if you want sound, healthy nails, be sure that you get enough rest, sleep and exercise every day and that you eat the food that is good for you—particularly, fresh fruits and vegetables and milk, an excellent source of calcium. Also drink at least eight glasses of water daily.

This everyday business of doing things—dipping hands in water, touching drying surfaces, etc.—robs nails of their natural lubricants, so treat them to supplementary oils. When manicuring, use oily preparations and also take advantage of the special nail conditioners that help to restore nails to health and resiliency. Before retiring, apply creams and oils around the cuticles and leave them on overnight. Then, several times a week, soak your nails in hot oil for about 10 minutes. You'll help the penetration of oils and keep bedcovers from straining if you wear cotton gloves overnight.

WHEN a nail does split or crack, don't give it up for lost and file it off. It takes about four months for an average nail to grow from moon to tip, and it will take weeks for the crippled one to regain its former good looks. Instead, patch it up with Scotch tape and file it smooth. Then, cover it over with polish and it will look as good as new.

But you can save the wear and tear on fingernails if you keep them only for ornamentation. Protect them from needless injuries and always wear gloves when doing heavy work. The nails, you know, are made in layers, and a sharp blow on your finger near the nail-building cells may result in an air bubble or white spot that not only detracts from their beauty but weakens them. It's probably unnecessary to warn you about using your nails as household tools, but we have seen grown girls tackle bare-handed such jobs as removing thumb tacks, opening boxes, etc.

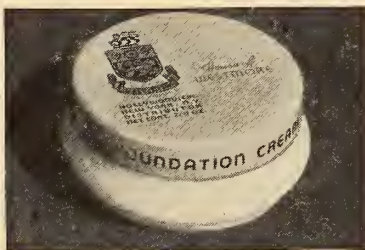
Half the fun of having strong, healthy, well-shaped nails is in showing them off with bright polish that points up their loveliness. Whether you go for the softer, more conservative shades or prefer the deep exciting ones, key your polish to your complexion and to the fashion shades that you wear. If your skin is ivory, cream or tan, your fingertips will look their best in the orange-red shades of polish. If your skin has a faint pink or blue undertone, choose a tone with a blue-red cast. The clear red and rosy lacquers harmonize beautifully with either coloring. Our chart on page 61 will guide you in selecting polish tones to harmonize with fashion colors.

Winning hands, in beauty, are never a matter of chance. They belong every time to the girl who plays safe and keeps them soft and protected and who pays attention to ten points—her fingertips.

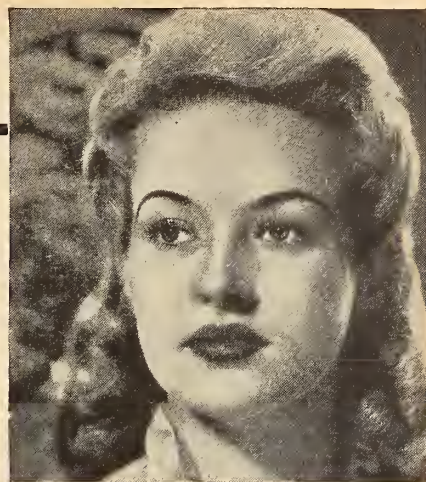
"An ounce of prevention" is an old proverb, but it has entered the hand lotion arena with brand new vigor. Tushay is the name of a new hand lotion which will help protect your hands from the harsh effects of everyday work. Before putting your hands in water, before dusting or other rigorous household jobs, smooth on this fragrant creamy lotion. Its thin silken film will help prevent chapping and roughness and keep hands soft. You can use Tushay also as a soothing all-over body rub.

Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "Song of the Islands," with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

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1942 Winter Issue

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Shoes
FOR wee WALKERS

FREE: Baby foot measuring scale in pamphlet on fitting. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M, Carlyle, Ill.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

Good News About Good Grooming

With all Judy Garland's mom's girls too big for mothering, Mrs. Gilmore is crazy in love with the notion of taking MODERN SCREEN'S teen-agers under her wing. Keeps her in the groove—keeps her hair grey worrying about you kids.

It's her first mass-mother job, and she was worried sick by all the fan mail. We suggested charts. You know—those wonderful things that answer all your questions better even than a personal letter. Quick as a short-order cook, Mrs. G. whipped you up a chart that has *everything!*

It's the first of a series. There'll be others. This first one tells you what clothes to wear on all occasions—also *how* to wear 'em. You'll love the personal touch! Suggests different styles for every type girl—fat, thin, short, tall, flirtatious, and especially you quiet girls.

Give yourself a break. There's a coupon on page 97 just waiting to be clipped!

Galahad In Glamourtown

Jack Hopkins, the millionaire Ohioan who wires Linda Darnell a dozen orchids daily, and who planned all the way to New York to be near her when she last went East, is not the suave, dashing, man-of-the-world his deeds would lead you to believe. Actually, Hopkins (who's madly in love with Linda) is only 18 years old! Heir to an automobile fortune, he is more interested in Movietown glamour than in spark plugs and axles.

But let it not be said that one so young cannot be gallant. We have starlet Patti McCarthy's word for that. And Patti knows. Before he fell for Linda, it was she who held this Jack's heart.

Patti tells of the time Jack telephoned her from Cleveland. Their conversation ran something like this:

- J. "How're you?"
P. "Fine. How're you?"
J. "Swell. Whatcha doing?"
P. "Eatin' chocolate cake."
J. "Like chocolate cake?"
P. "Uhuh."
J. "Well, good-by."
P. "Goo'by."

"I forgot all about the call," says Patti. "But the next morning a messenger boy rang my doorbell. He was carrying a tremendous triple-tiered chocolate layer cake. Jack had telegraphed a Los Angeles bake shop and had them deliver it to me!"

Such handsome gestures notwithstanding, it is our prediction that nothing will come of Hopkins' romance with Linda. She doesn't love him—and she doesn't even like orchids!

Beauty Bits:

Claudette Colbert mixes a little salt with her cold cream and applies it after she's thoroughly cleansed her face at night. She leaves it on for about ten minutes and says the purifying combination of salt and cream simply does wonders for her complexion!

... Elyse Knox, Hal Roach starlet who used to be one of America's most famous photographic models, makes her eyes seem larger by using foundation and powder around them a shade or two darker than on the rest of her face... Whenever Annabella feels a little tired or punchy, she orders a special diet for lunch. Something about the combination picks her up and gives her new energy. Here 'tis: One boiled egg, two ripe olives, one little dish of noodles, one cup of black tea without sugar, but with a dash of lemon. Maybe it'll work for you and give you added zest!

Grace Notes On Marion Hutton

Calls for Dr. Kildare would be as nothing compared to ditto for Doctor Hutton, had Marion completed her original plans. The 22-year-old angel-puss, who looks as though she'd swoon at the sight of blood, was pre-medicating at Cass Institute just three years ago. One vacation she trekked East to see what gave with city slicker sister, Betty Hutton—who jitterbugs for a very comfortable living. The bright lights were tempting, and when Marion heard that Glenn Miller was looking for a singer, she forgot the old Louis Pasteur stuff and went over to see him. One Song à la Hutton, and Glenn was sold. ... The blonde and blue-eyed one has two extravagances, her wardrobe and her baby (to acquire whom she took six months maternity leave last year). Baby is eight months old and owns more animals than Bronx Zoo—all very large and very woolly. Husband Jack Philbin says just one more animal and the entire family will have to move out. As for clothes, she simply cannot resist them and is considered one of New York's best-dressed gals. ... Her two prides are her dimples and her infinitesimal waist. Broods intermittently about getting so thin she'll lose the former and getting so fat she'll lose the latter. Stays just right via horseback riding and softball. Has a divine disposition and is worshipped by the entire band. No dopes, these Miller lads!

Grace Notes On Ray Eberle

For our dough, there will never be another Crosby, but mentionable in the same breath is Glenn Miller's vocalist, Ray Eberle. He has a lot of Bing's casual air and is not only darned easy to listen to but lovely to look at. Blue eyes, dark hair and a Smile! ... At 22, his records are making a fortune for the Bluebird people, and Hollywood's been sweet-talking to the tune of a figure movie contract. His head seems to be non-turnable, however, for his bandmates report that he still gets excited when he's asked for his autograph and is stunned daily when he gets his fabulous fan mail. Considers himself Lucky Guy No. 1 to have landed with Glenn minus any professional experience. His dad was once in the opera, and the eight Eberle kids grew up loving to sing. Bob, the oldest, got a job with Jimmy Dorsey, while Ray stayed home in Hoosic Falls, N. Y., bartending in the local hotel which his father managed. On one of his visits to Bob in New York, he discovered that Glenn Miller was in the market for another Bob Eberle. Ray hot-footed it over to be auditioned, and he's still rubbing his eyes. ... He's just about 5' 10" and weighs 170. Says singing keeps him thin in spite of a colossal appetite, but for good measure he exercises religiously. Golf, tennis, swimming—you name it, he likes it. Approves of women in general but doesn't feel quite ready to get specific about it. Is crazy about the country, picnics and dogs. Doesn't drink, but is rarely without a Chesterfield. Small wonder he satisfies!

Quiz, Kids?

Wanna be the life of the party? Wanna toss a quiz game and be the only smartie who knows the answers? Sure you do! So nuzzle up to this item, gather in your victims and start firing!

First, ask your quizees to name the five Hollywood movies that earned the most cold cash for the year 1940-41. The odds are that not one in a hundred will guess that the top money-maker was Abbott and Costello's

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



You know that gray hair spells the end of romance... yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

"Buck Privates"! Number two, and still going strong in its second year, was "Gone With The Wind." And bringing up the rear were "Men of Boys Town" (Tracy, Rooney); "Caught In The Draft" (Hope, Lamour), and "Northwest Mounted Police" (Cooper, Carroll, Goddard). You won't have to give away any encyclopaedias with that one!

Next have them name the five femme stars who drew the largest audiences of the year. If they rattle off 1. Bette Davis, 2. Dorothy Lamour, 3. Judy Garland, 4. Alice Faye and 5. Ginger Rogers, in that order, they'll hit 'em on the nose!

And finally, call for the five male stars who sold the greatest amount of tickets for 1940-41. The answer? 1. Mickey Rooney (the biggest box office draw in the history of flickers), 2. Spencer Tracy, 3. Gene Autry, 4. Clark Gable, 5. Bob Hope.

The above is not the opinion of snooty movie critics or snootier Oscar awarders. It's the result of a poll taken among more than 4,000 U. S. picture exhibitors. And you can believe them. They're the boys who stack up the chips—and they're the boys who know!

Didja Know

That Paulette Goddard is plotting to become a mother—via the adoption route... That Carole Landis' first husband, Irving Wheeler, is employed as a stand-in on her current opus, "Gentleman At Heart"... That the Andrews Sisters call their five cocker spaniels Yvonne, Ytwo, Ythree, Yfour and Yfive... That Jane Withers is keeping a Ginger Rogers scrapbook—for George Montgomery... That Jackie Coogan is living in Herbert Hoover's former mansion in Monterey—and that his wife will have her baby there?

That Bing Crosby's pet name for himself is "Fat"... And that he doesn't like anyone else using it... That a dinner guest at Lupe Velez', expecting a hot Mexican meal, is in for a letdown. Lupe serves Hungarian food... That Lyle Talbot was christened Lyle Hollywood... That British-born Roddy McDowall will be the next alien to make his vows to Uncle Sam... That Mary Beth Hughes, who has trouble with her weight, will have a fully equipped gymnasium built in her new home... That bang-bang Westerns are the only movies that never lose a dime for producers... That Lewis Stone is molding the Hollywood station wagon set into the First Evacuation Regiment of the California State Guard... That Betty Grable's salary has jumped a \$1,000 weekly to \$2,500 per... That Jill Esmond, the first Mrs. Laurence Olivier, and son, five-year-old Simon Tarquin Olivier, are new Hollywood residents... That Ginger Rogers will make a picture for ex-boy friend Howard Hughes—and collect \$175,000 for the sprint?

That Marjorie Weaver, divorced from Lieutenant Kenneth Schacht, wired him greetings on the recent anniversary of their wedding... That M-G-M hired five midgets to act as stand-ins for five children in "I Married An Angel" because midgets don't have to break up the day by going to school...

Why, Mick!

A friend of ours was over at Mickey Rooney's, waiting for Mick to dress and chatting with his ma, Mrs. Pankey. She was in a bad mood because of servant trouble. "It's that new maid," she complained. "Here only two days, and already half my perfume is gone. My lovely L'Heure Bleu, too. I hate to call her down, but I'm afraid I'll have to." Our friend nodded sympathetically at her. "Maybe it evaporated," he offered, feebly.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

The pair thereupon lapsed into a gloomy silence which remained unbroken until Mickey appeared at the head of the stairs several minutes later.

"Hiya, Mom! Hiya Pall!" he greeted, bouncing down the steps. "What's cookin'!" As he hit the last step, Mrs. P. issued a low moan. For Mickey, the Manly, her pride and joy, was enveloped from head to heel in a cloud of "L'Heure Bleu"!

"The new maid!" gasped Mrs. Pankey. "Mickey! I forgot he loved the stuff."

Wanted: Modern Screen Reporters!

Hey you, fans! Would you like to earn a dollar? Would you like to be MODERN SCREEN reporters? Would you like to see your first story in print and have your name and your town credited? It's easy! Here's all you have to do:

If you know any lively anecdote or tidbit about a star which we here in Hollywood have never heard, send it to us. For instance, if you were in Cape Cod when Olivia de Havilland and Lew Ayres were doing the district, tell us something about them—how they spent their time, whom they visited, how they looked, what you thought of them. If you dated Veronica Lake before she was a movie star or know Pat O'Brien's family in Milwaukee, that's Good News to us. If you met Bette Davis when she flew to her husband's bedside in Minneapolis, or Ronald Reagan when he returned to his birthplace, Dixon, Ill., or Lana Turner when she night-clubbed in Chicago with ex-spouse Artie Shaw, or any other star who visited your city at one time, send us some little story you think will interest MODERN SCREEN readers.

Every letter will be read immediately. So let us hear from you NOW. If your item's accepted, a dollar bill will be sent to you post haste! Just address Sylvia Kahn, c/o MODERN SCREEN, 9136 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., and perhaps you can make your writing debut in this magazine!

Hedy Hints To Loveliness

According to Hedy Lamarr, beauty is yours for the asking. She gives you a money-back guarantee on these nine rules:

The luscious Lamarr always: (1) avoids looking in a mirror except when absolutely necessary. Says it helps to avert a studied look that's death to beauty. (2) Uses plenty of warm water and mild soap before retiring, followed by generous cleansing with cream or mineral oil. (3) Splashes cold water on her face and neck in the morning and follows it with softening lotion. (4) Matches the tones of her skin for her face powder (Wears only lipstick during the day). (5) Forgets her comb and substitutes 100 brush strokes twice daily. (6) Washes her own hair herself once a week and dries it in the sun. (7) Spends quite a bit of time every day cleaning her hands and fingernails. (8) Does the same for neck and arms and uses lemon to bleach her elbows. (9) Gets in an hour of outdoor exercise every day.

Hedy thinks a woman's eyes are her most important feature. She herself never wears mascara, preferring to moisten her lashes with just enough vaseline to give her clear grey eyes a dewy look. She loves to see red fingernails on others, but lets her own nails go tintless. Every now and then she'll talk about dieting, but that's as far as it goes. No one knows how much weight her 5' 7" frame carries around—she won't tell, though she'll admit she's gained 15 pounds during the last year.

For "H. M. Pulham, Esq." she was made

up to look like a woman of 40, and she has very definite views on the subject. She believes any woman just out of her 30's should wear her hair swept up at the sides and in front, with the grey hair, if any, showing. She says it softens the features, and gives an interesting look to the face. "Rouge is important, too," advises Hedy, "Pale cheeks are interesting in a girl of 20, but they suggest haggardness in a woman older than that."

Hedy is conscious of her beauty in only one way—she's studied and experimented until she knows what's best for her type in make-up, coiffure and clothes. She spends five minutes in the morning, getting her hair brushed and her lipstick applied. Then she forgets how she looks. Says Hedy, "Beauty is something that shows out of the eyes—it's in the tilt of the head, the curve of the lips. If the combination of your features happens to be good to look at, that's just an extra bonus for your friends. But it isn't essential to loveliness."

Street Scene

Things are seldom what they seem, and the course of true love never runs smooth. As we go to press, two of Hollywood's most in-love lovers are Gene Tierney and Count Oleg Cassini. But you'd never guess it from this incident.

Gene and her husband were driving in the direction of their home in Beverly Hills. The sun was beaming and the air was soft. Deftly Oleg steered his open roadster through the dappled streets. At his side sat his wife, humming quietly and scanning a letter. This, mused Oleg, was indeed peace on earth.

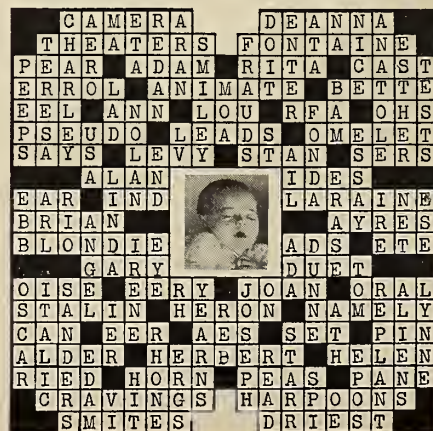
Suddenly, he felt Gene tense. Turning toward her he saw that her eyes were blazing. A question rose to his lips, but before he could mouth it, Gene spoke. "You!" she hissed. "You never told me!" And without warning she bopped Oleg on the head!

Oleg was stunned. Drawing his car to the curb, he demanded an explanation. And Gene let him have it—fast. Her letter was from a girl friend in New York. The girl had met Oleg years back, had dated him and liked him. She wanted to congratulate Gene on her fortunate marriage.

"What's wrong with that?" Oleg asked. Gene went white. But he had never told her he knew the girl! Surely, she argued, that meant he had something to conceal!

It took the Count fully five minutes to convince his bride that the only reason he hadn't mentioned the girl was because she meant nothing to him. Finally Gene was satisfied. Tossing back her head, she roared at her own jealousy. Oleg joined in and the pair continued on toward home, their happy laughter ringing like children's through the calm of peaceful Hollywood Hills.

Solution to Puzzle on page 14



GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Disa and Data

Hollywood finds it hard to believe the report that Maurice Chevalier, now in Paris, is preaching collaboration with Hitler . . . Reversing the old procedure, Patricia Morison's father will follow in her footsteps. Papa Morison will make his acting debut at the Pasadena Playhouse, one-time training ground for Bob Preston and Vic Mature . . . After producing 26 Charlie Chan movies in 10 years, Twentieth Century-Fox will discontinue the series. Death of the foreign market is the reason . . . Anne Shirley will put sugary roles behind her and play an ex-strip-tease dancer in "Mayor of 44th Street" . . . Around the "Roxie Hart" set, they're calling George Montgomery the "man with the most beautiful ears" . . . Fussy-eater Claudette Colbert is one of the few stars who won't lunch in the studio commissary. Just like a day laborer, Claudette brings her meal from home in a pail and munches in solitude . . . 235-pound Laird Cregar is being mentioned for the role of Jean Valjean in "Les Misérables"—the part formerly played by Fredric March!

Because her recent pictures have called for such elaborate make-up, Ona Munson refers to herself as "the female Lon Chaney" . . . Oleg Cassini, employed at the same studio as his bride, has a sign over his office door reading: "Miss Gene Tierney not allowed during working hours." . . . Stirling Hayden will be a pretty brave guy if he returns to Hollywood. The Movietown male population is threatening to chop him up into little pieces. Said Stirling on a "We, the People" broadcast: "Working for the movies isn't a man's job. You're not accomplishing much. You bring entertainment to lots of folks, sure, but I still say that's not a man's job!"

Keep 'Em Shining

On the "Louisiana Purchase" set Vera Zorina was sitting in her special chair, surrounded by a huddle of five men who were slowly being hypnotized by her beautiful, gleaming hair. "Gee," whispered one of 'em to me, "How I'd like to run through that in my bare feet." Later Zorina told me her hair had grown four inches in five months. As a result of constant brushing.

Good News About Billy Halop

He'll take spiked lemonade . . . violent ties . . . girls who look like Georgianna Young. "Yes . . . and I'll take it on the chin and give it back as good as I get it," says Billy Halop, dean of the Dead End kids. On the screen he's equal to anything from petty larceny to plain and fancy knifing. Off screen he's equal to Beethoven's Fifth. "I've always been nuts about the stuff," says Billy in reference to music. "Been practicing either drums, trombone, guitar or piano since I was ten. And when I'm 35," he's been known to say, "I'm going to retire with my instruments and run a law-abiding ranch like a law-abiding citizen." Meanwhile they're still telling how Billy and the gang had directors chewing aspirin by the carton while they let hell loose before the cameras. Ignoring the script, they whispered, whined and whinnied whatever came into their dishevelled heads, flipping it off with, "You told us 'Be natural,' didn't you? So we're being natural . . . like when we were back in Brooklyn, see? Just like you said." Their unbridled naturalness was mostly along the lines of traditional guerrilla warfare . . . sniping with pea-shooters and slingshots from behind studio camouflage. To which young Halop blandly remarks, "Sure, I let loose on the set and have fun. That's why I'm able to go in and give it all I've got. Fooling around keeps me from getting tight inside. But underneath that dirty smirk, you

have a mighty Hamlet, crazy like anything about acting." Says he, "It's got so that I need rehearsals just like some guys need black coffee . . . to pep 'em up . . . keep 'em hep. Right now I'm busting to play juvenile lead in 'Big Show.'" Three years ago he was paving his private heaven with dreams of suave, sinister stuff . . . "like Muni." Before that he used to say, "I wish they'd let me wash behind the ears and play a Boy Scout or something. Just for a change. Nothing permanent, you understand. But I guess I kissed the goody-boys good-by when I waved s'long to New York and the network. I used to be Bobby Benson, you know. The hard-riding Western kid of H-Bar-O." How he ever got drafted into those young killer roles nobody knows exactly. Most people think he was picked off the sidewalk in front of the gas house . . . but it ain't true. Matter of fact, his father is a well-to-do Long Island lawyer and his home life was normal as anything. "The first time I saw myself screened I was plain scared to death. You know how you get soaked to the skin and your stomach starts jumping? And darned if it isn't still that way." How Bill scores himself as an actor, he doesn't tell, but he does say, "I just finished a screen play that ought to knock 'em for loops. And baby, when I sell it . . . you'll know about it!" Back when Halop was first told that the kids would be dead-ending it in Hollywood, you'd think he'd have gone out and splurged his next week's coke money . . . or bought a new purple tie . . . or orchids for his gal. But did he? "Heck no," says Billy. "The way I felt was . . . what did Hollywood have that New York didn't have?" The answer: Georgianna Young. "She was the first girl I ever kissed . . . and I'm still kissing her. Of course, Judy Garland was plenty of a menace. And professionally, Bette Davis is a blond dynamo. But still . . . when it comes to a desert island . . . or a ride on top of a Fifth Avenue bus . . . Young's my woman!"

Hopalong Cassidy

With Hopalong Cassidy skipping and jumping into his 43rd picture, no movie fan can rate a passing grade in the Kollege of Hollywood Knowledge unless he can talk a good line about this popular series. Ready for your first lesson? Let's go!

Bill Boyd, star of the "Cassidys," answers requests for over 1,000 portraits each month . . . He's been Hopalong for so many years, he knows the character well enough to help write the screen plays . . . When he's not playing the cowboy hero, Bill sheds his Western regalia and dons the well-cut suits and carefully chosen accessories of the city slicker. It's his wife's idea. But she does allow him to retain his high-heeled boots for street wear . . . He thumbs down all suggestions that he sing in his films. He thinks music slows down the shootin'. Hear that, Gene Autry!

Each picture costs between \$90,000 and \$100,000. To give you an idea of what a drop in the movie-making bucket that is, a typical "A" picture—for example, "You'll Never Get Rich"—costs \$1,000,000 to produce . . . If backgrounds for two pictures are going to be similar, they shoot both pictures at the same time! . . . Hopalong leading ladies take a two week "Western Heroine" training course before they step up to the camera. In that time they are taught to act like authentic daughters of the wide, open spaces . . . The original Hopalong Cassidy, created by Clarence E. Mulford, a Maine writer who has never been West, had a game leg from which he derived his name. Boyd hopped along for one picture, tired of it and returned to a normal gait.

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equine job in the business. He relaxes between scenes while his stand-in poses for lighting setups! . . . Only one thing makes Topper unhappy. He must submit to a daily dunking in a blueing rinse so he'll photograph whiter than he is!

Man of the Whirl

Don't flicker an eyelash when the word gets out that George Brent and Hedy Lamarr have become the town's newest roasting romantics. Remember we tipped you off.

George's love idyll with Annie Sheridan has been laid neatly in its grave, and George is not one to waste time. From an excellent source we learn he's trying to persuade a mutual woman friend to arrange a Lamarr introduction.

Since Hedy has always betrayed a weakness for older men, and since George's charm is notorious, you can prepare yourself for the news that the name of Lamarr will be tacked to the impressive list headed by Sheridan, Garbo, de Havilland and Davis.

Lupe the Loopy

Nothing is so warming on a chill winter evening as a chat with Lupe Velez. And when Larupping Lupe discusses men—brother, you can loosen your collar!

The night we talked with her, Lupe got on the subject of marriage. Quoth she:

"A wonderful business, yes, but not for yours truly. Why? Because I would need five husbands to make me happy! Boy, if I could have a harem! You know who goes in? For laughs I take Red Skelton. For dancing, Cesar Romero. For sports, Gene Tunney. For diplomacy—that is very important—I take Anthony Eden. And for moonlight and hot romance? Ahhh. Who could be sweeter than Charles Boyer!

"But maybe it is well I cannot marry five men. Four I pick have wives! Anyway, I know one fella who is special for me. He has a little of everything. His name—I don't tell you!"

Okay Lupe, we're not asking. We don't have to. If Erich Maria Remarque isn't the "fella," we'll eat that autographed copy of "Flotsam" you never let out of your sight!

From the Stars to You

You're passing up Hollywood's best bet if you're not wearing one of those cute new Star Skutcheons, put out by Anne Lehr's Hollywood Guild. The Skutcheons are attractive little buttons to be worn on your dress or in your hat and are made of material that has been part of a costume actually worn in a picture by some famous star.

Among the Filmtown favorites who have donated garments to be cut up for Skutcheons are Gene Autry, who turned in the "lucky" shirt he wore in his first picture, "Phantom Express;" Bette Davis, who gave a blue street frock from "The Great Lie;" Nelson Eddy, whose "Chocolate Soldier" dress uniform and personal dressing gown make stunning buttons; and Martha Scott

whose "One Foot In Heaven" dress is particularly popular with fans.

Star Skutcheons sell for 25c each. And the nicest thing about owning them is that not only have you an intimate souvenir of the stars, but you are also contributing to a worthy cause. For the Hollywood Guild, one of the town's finest charitable organizations, will use all income from Star Skutcheon sales to buy milk for needy babies.

If you'd like a Skutcheon, mail your quarter to: Anne Lehr, Hollywood Guild, 1284 No. Crescent Heights Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Or send ten cents for the Guild's catalogue.

Short Shots

Paul Muni will step down from his starry heights to play second lead to Glenn Ford's "Chopin" . . . Ida Lupino doesn't know whether to be peeved or pleased. At their graduation dinner a class of British fliers voted June Duprez the "Sweetheart of the RAF" and Ida—the "Mother of the RAF" . . . Gloria Swanson is putting the final touches to a radio gossip program . . . The town is proud of Pat O'Brien for adding a third adopted child, two-months-old Terence Keven, to his brood . . . Lana Turner and Burgess Meredith were a surprise twosome, cocktailing at New York's St. Moritz bar . . . Apryl Shauer is a new starlet on the Hal Roach lot . . . Has it been printed that John Carroll and Dennis Morgan roomed together in Chicago before either married? . . . Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden's mother are neighbors in a Santa Monica apartment house!

Signs of the Times: Paramount has changed Director Andre Bundsman's name to Andre Mann . . . In "Arsenic and Old Lace" you'll see a movie gag that got itself screened. In a graveyard scene Cary Grant and Priscilla Lane embrace beside a tombstone. The tombstone bears the name Archibald Leach. It was placed there to rib a guy whose real name is Archie Leach—Mr. Cary Grant . . . The new Deanna Durbin-Vaughn Paul house will have a Capehart built into its walls with three speaker outlets in the house and one by the pool . . . Doodles Weaver calls his baby "Noodles" . . . Believe it or not, sneezing Billy Gilbert does exquisite needlepoint work! . . . Breaking precedent, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, has elected its first woman president—Bette Davis . . . Wallace Beery may soon be a blushing bridegroom. Wally's ex-wife, Mary Areta Gillman, is airing her second husband and her remarriage with Beery wouldn't surprise anyone . . . John Payne has a juke box in his home. Insert a nickel and you can hear recordings of Jane Withers playing the saxophone, Sonja Henie singing and Jack Oakie doing Hamlet straight . . .

Because she was a brave girl and made her first solo flight, Brian Aherne pinned a new lapel clip on Joan Fontaine's flying togs. It's fashioned of two gold and diamond wings . . . Hedy Lamarr and Reggie Gardiner still wear the companion rings Hedy brought from Vienna years ago. Hers is gold and his, silver.

Check and Double Check

If you hear it rumored that George Raft is a drinking man—that isn't true. If you hear it rumored that George Raft pays the biggest liquor bill in Ciro's—that is true. This is how it works:

George and best girl Betty Grable love night-clubbing. But they don't like to eat in the gay spots, and neither do they drink. When they step out it's because they want to dance and listen to music and watch the crowds go by.

In the old days, George and Betty used to spend evening after evening at Ciro's and come away with a check for the cover

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WELL-MANICURED CUTICLE

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

charge only. But not any more. George is a funny guy: Small checks staring up at him make him feel like a thief! The idea that he, George Raft, could have the audacity to use Ciro's like a public park, drop a few peanuts and duck out, began to appall him!

The situation finally grew so embarrassing, George called Betty into conference. Together they worked out a scheme. Now when they visit Ciro's, George orders champagne for any friend or acquaintance he spots in the place, grabs the bill and marches out convinced he's a better man!

How to Keep Kissable

Do you have trouble applying lipstick so it'll stay? I watched Don Cash, Hollywood make-up expert, setting lipstick on Ruth Warrick for a scene in "The Corsican Brothers." First he brushed her lipstick on, then blotted that carefully. Next he applied a thin film of face powder to her lips and let it set a few minutes. Then he had her moisten her lips. Once more he blotted them, and they were ready for love scenes with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Make-up men are particularly careful about setting the lip goo, so take a tip and wait until it's really had a chance to color your lips before the final blotting.

Derr-ty Crack

Never say Derr to George Sanders. He shudders at the name. And who can blame him after what happened the other afternoon.

George was loafing contentedly on a set at 20th Century-Fox when a young publicity woman approached him, dragging in tow handsome Richard Derr, a studio white hope. "I want you two to know each other," gushed the p. w. "We all think Richard is a young George Sanders!"

In the silence that followed, you could have heard three hearts drop. It was George who spoke first.

"You poor boy," he said frostily. And strolled away.

The Case of Deanna Durbin

If Deanna Durbin ends her studio battle and snuggles back into the Universal fold, Vaughn Paul ain't gonna like it. In Vaughn's opinion, Deanna has had her career as an actress. He thinks she ought to bounce the movies and concentrate on her career as a wife.

Deanna herself is inclined to agree with him. Never a gadabout, she is discovering that being a domestic pigeon is strictly her dish. She has gained weight, looks wonderful and has never been happier. She spends all her days planning the furnishings for her new home and all her nights being Mrs. Average Suburban Matron, reading, seeing a show or visiting her mother.

On Sundays, she and Vaughn usually visit their best friends, Anne Shirley and John Payne. The Paynes recently bought a cottage across the street from the Paul home site, and it is a Sunday ceremony for Deanna and Vaughn to drag Anne and John and their guests on a sight-seeing tour of their lot, completely ignoring the wails of dissenters who see no romance in a muddy excavation.

On Sunday evening, they sit around with the Paynes and Judy Garland and Dave Rose, listening to records. Sometimes Deanna brings a few of her own (she has over 4,000), and they have a good time, dancing a little, munching candy and talking the way married folk do. Incidentally,

Deanna and Judy, never very friendly when their careers were all they had in common, have grown into close pals since they've married.

"Take a Tip" Dept.

Tough luck for that cute little star whose mother is making such a nuisance of herself at the studio. Mama, who was once content to be a simple homebody, can't take success in her stride. Ever since fame touched her child, she's been behaving as though she'd given the world another Messiah! The studio does its best to keep peace by meeting her most unreasonable demands. But her last one was just too much. Mama phoned the head office one sunny afternoon to tell them her daughter was going shopping at a downtown department store—and please would they send over a motorcycle escort!

We hope Mama reads this and recognizes herself. We'd like her to know that harassed studio heads take into consideration incidents like the above, as well as box office receipts, when dat ol' debbil option time rolls round.

Good News About Hattie McDaniel

"I just had a picture of what Mammy must have been. I had it deep in my heart." And that's how ample, mahogany-colored Hattie McDaniel copped the Oscar for her role in "Gone With. . ." Straight from the heart is the way it's been from the time she wowed her grade school back in Denver. And the day she won the Temperance Union gold medal for her solemn recitation of "Convict Joe." Had the good ladies weeping in the aisles that time. Had whole towns weeping when she launched a one-woman vaudeville act with script, music and lyrics by McDaniel. Lord, what she could do with "Quittin' Ma Man." Had the sorrow of centuries in her voice. Yes, and there was that thin stretch when she was reduced to a maid's job in a Milwaukee nightspot. Warbled "Say-ent Loo-wee Woo-man" one night as a pinch-hitter . . . and stayed 2 years. That throaty, contralto of hers had them yipping like mad. "But two years in one place is a powerful long time," she tells you. Wandering out to Hollywood finally, she peddled her press book to all and sundry. "And if you think it's tough to say 'No work to-day,'" recounts a Warner Brothers' casting man, "you should have to say it to Hattie. She'd just stand there with that shining, moonface of hers, murmuring a quiet, 'Thank you.' And though you were telling God's truth, you'd feel like Public Heel No. 1." Hatty says, "Anyhow I could cook . . . and I did . . . until things started to break . . . and when it happened, brother, it was like a cloudburst." Asked her first reaction to success, she reminisces, "The truth is, I wasn't completely surprised. I'd made up my mind long before to hit the top . . . and I was willing to start at the bottom . . . as an extra . . . as anything . . . just so I could learn what made the flickers flicker." Adds, "The first time I saw myself screened I thought I was colossal . . . colossally terrible!" Apparently, film fans had a different reaction to that heart-warming monolith of a woman. "But what scene really launched your film career?" she's asked very often. "The time a guy named Jim punched his pal in the middle (according to script). I yelled, 'He hit him in the front and bulged him out the back. That Jim's all right.'" And ever since, she's been ad-libbing so freely, she's practically co-authored her roles. "As for 'Gone With the Wind,' I just gave myself that part. I got the book, read it, lived it. When I was finally tested for the role, I just opened my heart and let the words flow. The Academy Award that followed was pretty won-



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

derful, of course, but when they cast me in my first picture with Will Rogers, it seemed I'd got everything I wanted. I can still remember how I gulped down the tears . . . they kept coming faster than I could swallow them." Asked what role she's dying to play, Hattie answers without hesitation, "Just any good, juicy part I can sink my teeth into." Which reminds one that anybody who's lucky enough to dig their teeth into Hattie's roast chicken experiences an unforgettable pleasure. "About all you need

is plenty of butter and garlic. A sprinkling of flour won't hurt, either. Then chuck it in the oven and go out and get hungry," advises Hattie. She's also an authoritative laundress. "Heaven knows I've done plenty of it. I'll never forget the time a publicity man caught me over my washing machine and snapped the shot. The maker of the washer saw it and offered a tidy bundle of coin to use it for advertising purposes. I was about to turn it down when he said he'd send me one of their big shiny de luxe models free if I'd say yes. What else could I say?" About glamour Hattie is terse . . . and firm. With a grin that stretches like an elastic band she says, "As for those grapefruit and buttermilk diets . . . I'll take roast chicken and dumplings."

SCOREBOARD

(Continued from page 16)

One Foot In Heaven (Warners).....	3½★	Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
One Night in Lisbon (Paramount).....	3★	Suspicion (RKO).....	3★
Out of the Fog (Warners).....	3½★	Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Parson of Panamint (Paramount).....	3★	Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbia).....	2★
Passage From Hong Kong (Warners).....	2★	Tanks a Million (United Artists).....	3★
Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic).....	2½★	Texas (Columbia).....	3½★
*Playmates (RKO).....	3★	There's Magic in Music (Paramount).....	2½★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★	They Dare Not Love (Columbia).....	2★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★	They Died With Their Boots On (Warners).....	3½★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	C 2★	They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
*Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	They Met in Bombay (M-G-M).....	3★
Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Three Girls About Town (Columbia).....	2½★
*Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	This Woman is Mine (Universal).....	2½★
Rookies on Parade (Republic).....	C 2½★	Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Tight Shoes (Universal).....	3★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO).....	2½★	Tillie the Toiler (Columbia).....	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★	Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia).....	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★	Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia).....	2½★	Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO).....	4★
Sergeant York (Warners).....	4★	Too Many Blondes (Universal).....	2★
Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO).....	2½★	Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M).....	2½★	Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M).....	3½★
*Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists).....	3½★	Two in a Taxi (Columbia).....	2½★
She Knew All the Answers (Columbia).....	3★	Underground (Warners).....	3½★
Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount).....	3½★	Unexpected Uncle (RKO).....	2½★
Shining Victory (Warners).....	2½★	Unfinished Business (Universal).....	3½★
Sing Another Chorus (Universal).....	2★	Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Skylark (Paramount).....	3★	Washington Melodrama (M-G-M).....	3★
Smiling Ghost, The (Warners).....	2½★	Weekend for Three (RKO).....	3★
South of Tahiti (Universal).....	2★	Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★	Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★	When Ladies Meet (M-G-M).....	3★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia).....	2½★	Woman's Face, A (M-G-M).....	3½★
Strange Alibi (Warners).....	2½★	You'll Never Get Rich (Columbia).....	4★
Sunset in Wyoming (Republic).....	3½★		

FREE OFFER!

October and November issues, this department offered you readers 500 free autographed portraits. At the time, 500 sounded generous to us.

But 20,000 of you wrote in!

We were unprepared. So were the motion picture studios. But after a readily understandable delay, all 20,000 requests were honored!

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While we're talking, thanks for the intelligent support you've given this questionnaire. You've enabled us to give you the kind of story you like. And to devote all our stories to your favorite stars!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choice.

My Son Mick (Rooney).....	<input type="checkbox"/>	First Love.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Million Dollar Cowboy (Autry)....	<input type="checkbox"/>	Non-Stop Honeymoon (Reagan)....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Location Blues.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	Days I Remember in 1941 (Power)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Young Man With a Horn (Miller)	<input type="checkbox"/>	"H. M. Pulham, Esq.".....	<input type="checkbox"/>
Lana Turner.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	Good News (Gossip).....	<input type="checkbox"/>
They Got Me Covered (Bob Hope)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Co-Ed.....	<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.....

* Name the star whose autographed portrait you want.....

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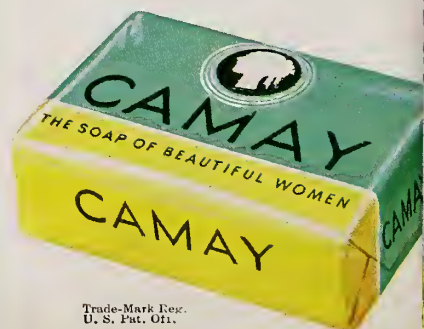


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