

MODERN SCREEN

March

1

Cents



SONJA HENIE

ENDING IN
S ISSUE

FULL-PAGE, 4-COLOR PHOTOS OF BETTY GRABLE, DENNIS MORGAN



*Early American
News*



P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

The *light ale* preferred by
millions of beer drinkers

THE *lightness* of Ballantine's Ale comes as a pleasant surprise to those who still think that ale's on the "heavy" side.

But it's the Ballantine *flavor* that has won beer drinkers so completely . . . a flavor so superb that it could come only from the very finest of ale yeasts.

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America's largest selling Ale 



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

you can steal your own Show—if your Smile is Right!

Brighten your teeth and help give your smile a flashing sparkle—with Ipana and massage.

YOU THINK beauty is all-important? Well—look around you, plain girl! Just look at those who are wearing solitaires...getting bridal showers...being married!

Are they all beautiful? No, indeed! *But they all know how to smile!* Theirs are not timid smiles, self-conscious and shy—but big, warm, heart-winning smiles that say: "I'm glad to be alive!"

So smile, plain girl, *smile!* You can

steal your own show if your smile is right. You can win what you want of life. For heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl with the winning smile.

"Pink Tooth Brush"— A warning Signal

If you want bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show, remember this: *Gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, make a date to *see your dentist at once!* His verdict may simply be that your gums are

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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.

Just 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 economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today!



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Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

When the going got toughest, Abe Lincoln said, "With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die."

The screens of America provide entertainment for all. The movies started as a novelty, learned not to flicker and learned how to talk. They were developed by Americans and conquered the world with their merit.

Go to your favorite theatre. There are many fine films from all movie companies. Sometimes they miss, sometimes they hit, but the average is high.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the leading producer of movies. There are more M-G-M stars than there are stars of all the other companies combined.

You have seen the recent films, "H. M. Pulham, Esq." (Lamarr-Young-Hussey), "Woman of the Year" (Tracy-Hepburn) and "Johnny Eager" (Taylor-Turner). If you haven't, they are still playing some place.

Each in its way is a masterpiece.

Now we should like to recommend "We Were Dancing", which is based in part on the Noel Coward playlets called "Tonight at 8:30"—starring Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas.



"Mrs. Miniver", based on the novel by Jan Struther, starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

This screen play is by James Hilton, author of "Good-bye Mr. Chips" and R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End." An exciting collaboration.



Uncle Sam, you can count on me.

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

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MODERN SCREEN

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Cover:
Sonja Henie

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presents

THE PICTURE
OF THE YEAR!

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TRACY

Katharine
HEPBURN

SPENCE PLAYS A HAIL
FELLOW SPORTS WRITER
NAMED SAM!

KATE PLAYS A
HIGHBROW POLITICAL
COLUMNIST NAMED TESS!

**WOMAN
OF THE
YEAR**

IT'S EITHER LOVE OR FIGHT
'TWIXT SAM AND TESS—
AND THEY'RE GOOD AT BOTH!

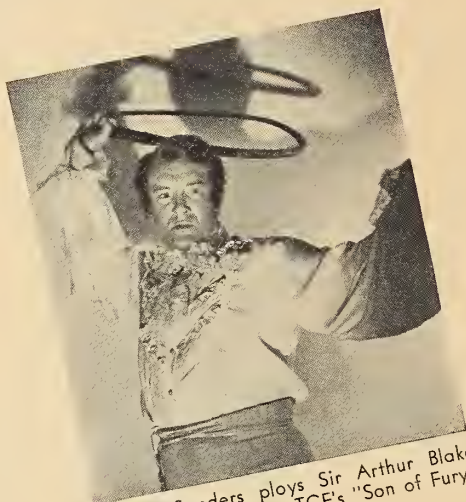
A

GEORGE STEVENS'
Production

with FAY Bainter · REGINALD OWEN · Directed by GEORGE STEVENS

Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ · Screen Play by Ring Lardner, Jr. and Michael Kanin

MOVIE REVIEWS



George Sanders plays Sir Arthur Blake, sophisticated nobleman, in TCF's "Son of Fury."

SON OF FURY

An epic, as such things go in Hollywood, usually contains a gloomy castle, a square-rigged schooner, a high-born lady, an exotic wench and Tyrone Power. "Son of Fury" contains them all in good measure. It's a tale of high adventure racing from London and the docks of Bristol to the South Seas and back to England again. It's swashbuckling romance done with sweep and all the resources Hollywood can command.

Benjamin Blake (Tyrone Power) is the ward of Sir Arthur Blake (George Sanders) who, out of fear that the boy may some day usurp the vast manorial estates of Breetholm, tries to break his spirit. But the boy rebels and at the first chance runs away. His escape carries him to the ship *Tropic Star* which is sailing for the Pacific. On board he befriends a seaman (John Carradine) and the

Benjamin Blake's (Tyrone Power) true love is Gene Tierney, the girl he found on a South Sea isle—the girl he couldn't forget.



two decide to jump ship for an island in the South Seas where they hope to make a fortune in pearls.

Ben finds peace, love and his fortune on the South Sea isle, and years later he returns to England for revenge and to take his rightful place as master of Breetholm. But he is betrayed by the high-born English lady he thought he loved and falls once again into the hands of Sir Arthur. He is brought to trial, charged with attempting to kill his master, and only at the last minute is he cleared. He has his revenge, and as heir to Breetholm, he seemingly has all he might want. But the vision of the peace he knew in the South Seas and the girl (Gene Tierney) he left there haunt him and finally he sails back.

Producer Darryl F. Zanuck spent unstintingly on the production. The South Seas backgrounds are authentic, photographed on the spot; the ocean sequences weren't faked. The castle, the South Sea Island village, the docks of Bristol were all minutely reproduced in the sets. Where the script calls for high, mullioned windows—the windows are high and, by heaven, they're mullioned to the Queen's taste.

It's a costume picture, of course, since the time of the action is around 1790. It was a colorful period, a time of violent contrasts, when the slums of Bristol huddled between vast manorial estates and proud square-riggers in the harbor. Tyrone Power always cuts a fine figure in tight pants and a jerkin, and in "Son of Fury" he gets to wear a variety of costumes including a (Continued on page 9)

P.S.

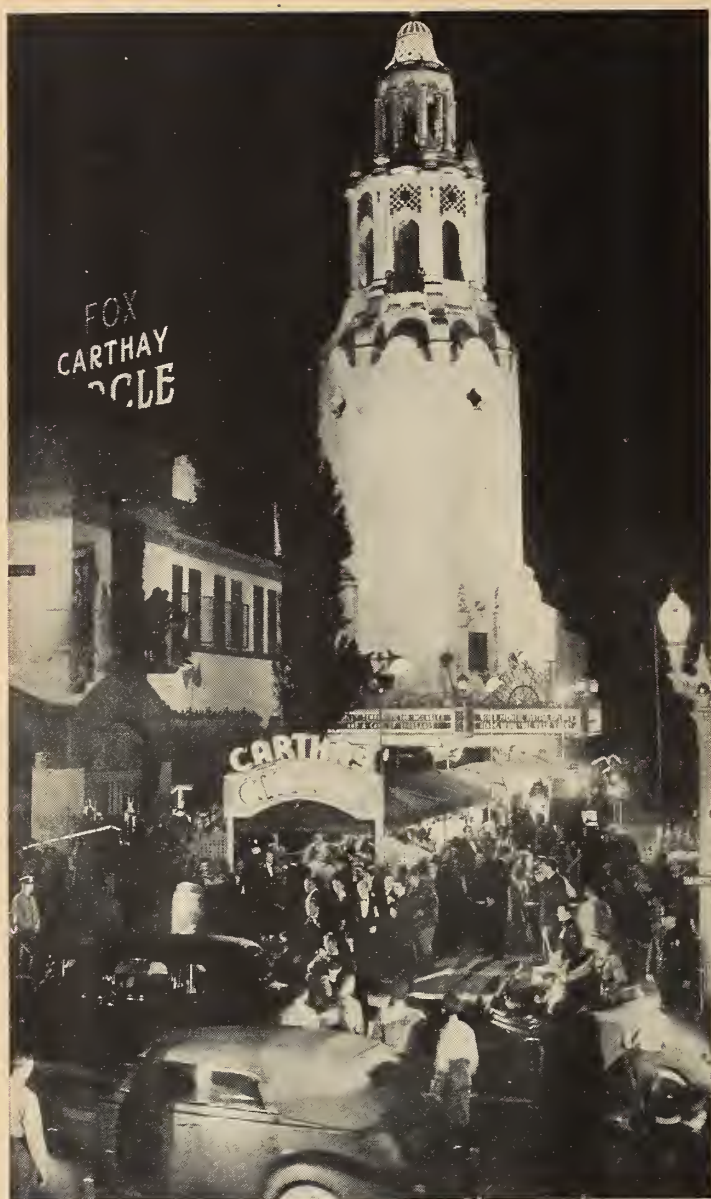
Tyrone Power shivered and sniffed his way through the island scenes in a pareu, the male version of a sarong . . . 20th Century-Fox spent more than \$2,000,000 on this one during the 113 days it was being filmed . . . The "castle" took up four sound stages, cost \$50,000 to build . . . 14,000 simoleons checked off as the cost of the South Sea Island village. (You can build the real thing in Tahiti for one-seventh of that sum) . . . The water front of Bristol, England, circa 1800, took \$40,000 out of the budget . . . George Sanders refused to read the script ahead of time, asked that his part be handed to him a page at a time every day. Says he likes suspense. Wears trousers so tight, it took four men to hoist him onto his horse . . . Gene Tierney danced the Pac'a for ten days straight, woke up the 11th morning with a "charlie horse" and a severe case of the flu . . . The ceremonial number was staged by Auggie Goupil, whose Tahitian recordings are considered tops by platter-collectors . . . Frances Farmer was the final choice for the jinx role, Isabel. Both Maureen O'Hara and Cobina Wright, Jr., were announced for the part, but both fell seriously ill before they had a chance to start work . . . Farmer's boy friend in the picture, Marten Lamont, edited the magazine Arts and Architecture before turning actor a few months ago . . . Composer Alfred Newman used two leitmotifs in the musical score—a fast tempo for the English scenes, and a slower, dreamy melody for the South Sea Island sequences . . . Technical adviser Maj. G. O. T. Bagley had the same job for "Mutiny on the Bounty" . . . Director John Cromwell's wife returned to pictures in one of the "Son of Fury" roles. She's Kay Johnson, who used to star for Cecil B. deMille before she gave up the cinema for marriage. Takes one movie job a year and spends the rest of the time with her children . . . It's no unintentional error. Script writers deliberately went off the historical beam and let Ty Power kiss Gene Tierney, instead of rubbing noses, the correct style of Polynesian love-making.



Ty and John Corrodine played cards between "Son of Fury" takes. John's boot is in government service.



Frances Farmer gets another hot role as the high-born English lady who betrays Bloke on his return to England.



Underneath the glitter, the bounce,
the razzle-dazzle, Hollywood's a
1942-model streamlined Shangri-La!

● There was a time, exactly eight years ago, when several million Americans would have given all their earthly possessions to live in a place called Shangri-La—and when exactly 650,000 people *did* live in that place and didn't know it!

Eight years ago was the time a quiet English author named James Hilton wrote a book called "Lost Horizon." Into the ink of his pages he poured out the story of a mythical city, Shangri-La—a refuge from the murderous madness of the world, a haven for intellect, beauty, peace, moderation, a storehouse for the best of books, music, painting, learning, science.

One day, just after the book had become a best-seller and just before it became a movie with Ronald Colman, I met James Hilton, and I asked him a question. I asked him—

"Is there, on this earth, really such a place as Shangri-La?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe there is. But, as yet, I haven't found it. That's why, in my book, I placed Shangri-La in unexplored Tibet. It's too utopian to be known by man. It's a dream city. And, if I ever find one like it, I'll leave London. I'll move to it."

Well, apparently Mr. Hilton *did* find his dream city. Because he finally left London—at a period when London was happy and peaceful—and moved to his Shangri-La.

In brief, James Hilton is now a resident of Hollywood, along with 650,000 other persons who dwell within its 24 square miles.

Now, this may come as a surprise to you. I mean, referring to Hollywood as a Shangri-La. You may still think of it in terms of a lot of sensational nonsense, mostly untrue and largely concerning illiterates, swimming pools, scandals—but, believe me, that picture of Hollywood is as old-fashioned as a (Continued on page 94)

DREAM CITY . . .

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 7)

pareu, which is a sort of male variant of the sarong.

In his day Benjamin Blake covered a good deal of territory, and his fortunes rose and fell. The camera follows his adventures faithfully from change of scene to change of scene, from fight to fight. It's a cut from the same cloth as "Anthony Adverse" and "Mutiny on the Bounty," and those provided thrills enough for armchair adventurers in movie houses through the country. There's something satisfying in watching a square-rigger plow through towering seas, wind-swept and lashed with rain.

Especially if the theater is steam heated.—TCF.

KINGS ROW

The Typical American Town, like the Average Man, is a convenient myth. No town is typical except of itself, and the town of Kings Row, at the turn of the century, was no exception. It had more than its rightful share of eccentrics. Insanity, perversion, fanaticism run a bright scarlet thread through the stodgy cloth.

On the surface Kings Row is typical enough, a thriving little town, advertising itself: "A good town. A good clean town. A good town to live in and a good place to raise your children." Kings Row has its good houses and its shantytown across the tracks; the grass grows green in its fields, and its pretty little lanes wind through pleasant scenery. But there's rottenness and horror, and the sun never reaches some of the dark corners.

For the story attempts to rip away the curtain and lay bare the twisted minds and hidden tragedies of the people of Kings Row. There's ugliness and evil under the surface that the placid day-to-day life in this small town cannot hide.



It's a chronicle story following the careers of a half dozen or so of Kings Row citizens. There's Parris Mitchell who leaves Kings Row for a while to become a doctor and returns to find his best friend, Drake McHugh, crippled and half-dead and married to Randy Monaghan, the girl from across the tracks. There's Louise Gordon, Drake's early love, whose life is almost twisted into wreckage by the ugly accident that befalls Drake. There's Cassandra Tower, Parris Mitchell's frightened, ill-fated sweetheart.

The plots cross and criss-cross, and Kings Row leaves none of them untouched. It's not a very pleasant story, but it's the strong, red meat of drama.

It's a story of blasted hopes and suffering, but through it runs the theme of human courage. It's the story of the young doctor, Parris Mitchell, who finds that medicine "... is a game in which man pits his brain against the forces of destruction and disease..." The character—(Continued on page 10)

"I'm in the Dog-House— the Boss has 'Fire' in his Eye!"



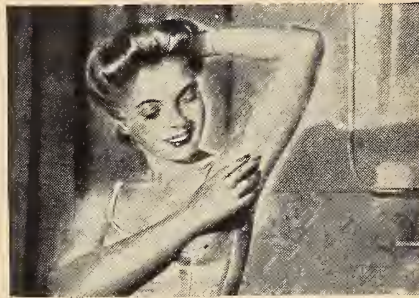
Ada: And you can't guess *why* you're in the dog-house, Jane? Well my pet, you're decorative to the eye, and you're a speed demon for work. But, Jane, you're guilty

of one careless, unforgivable little fault! **Jane:** Now don't "underarm odor" me—or friendship ceases. You know I'd rather skip breakfast than miss my morning bath!



Ada: Foolish girl—why trust your bath to last all day! Use speedy Mum under each arm—if you want to *stay* flower-fresh!

Jane: So that's why the perfect secretary is withering on the job. I *am* ashamed!



Jane: (later) Mum's marvelous for my speedy morning routine! 30 seconds and I'm through. And business day or gala evening, I'm free from worry—safe from offending. And the boss is smiling these days!

Mum takes just half a minute—
keeps underarms fresh for hours!
Mum prevents underarm odor,
without stopping perspiration.
Mum won't irritate skin—won't
harm clothes. Get Mum today!



For Sanitary Napkins—A gentle, dependable deodorant is a "must" for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too.



MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 9)

acters move through darkness and despair, but they reach the light. Even Drake McHugh, at the end of the picture, can say: "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul."

Warner's gambled in the production, for you'll find no big names in the cast. Robert Cummings and Ronald Reagan play Parris Mitchell and Drake McHugh; Ann Sheridan is Randy Monaghan. There are even a few new faces—Nancy Coleman and Kaaren Verne. They're backed up by old performers like Claude Rains, Charles Coburn, Judith Anderson and Maria Ouspenskaya. But Warner's is depending on the story to carry the picture.

"Kings Row" is off the beaten track of movie fare. It moves into a strange field, not very far perhaps, but far enough; you may not like it all, but the theme is moving and daring. There's life in "Kings Row," raw, red and angry.—W. B.

P. S.

Boner-spotters are going to waste 2 hours and 36 minutes watching "Kings Row." It's the most authentic picture ever made about the period of 1890-1904. . . . Dramatic license is responsible for the only error—the artist's collars worn by Bob Cummings. The fancy neckpieces actually didn't come into style until much later, but Director Sam Wood okayed them because they aided Bob in his characterization. . . . Actors and set workers had to be cautioned not to pick

any of the 6,000 apples on the orchard set. The fruit was individually attached to the trees; every apple ruined for eating by the wire plugged through its core. . . . Annie Sheridan buckled down to business and burned the midnight oil studying her part—her most dramatic role to date. . . . To Be Read With Tongue-in-Cheek: "Ronald Reagan has always wanted to be a side show barker, and will spend his next two-week layoff doing just that at a county fair in Vermont." . . . Author Henry Bellamann made a special trip to Hollywood to confer with Composer Erich Wolfgang Korngold on the musical score for the picture. . . . The role of Cassandra, though small, was coveted by every actress in town. Bette Davis fought for it, Ida Lupino pleaded for it, Betty Field won it. . . . Mrs. P. N. Cheng, wife of an official of the Chungking Government, spent three months studying film technique. Watched every phase of the production of "King's Row" from the day it started until a rough cut of the film was run off just ten hours after the cameras caught the final scene. Mrs. Cheng will produce pictures herself as soon as she returns to China. . . . The sun shining on the artificial snow gave Ronald Reagan a severe case of snow-blindness. . . . Harry Davenport intrigued every set visitor with his weird-looking hair. His snow-white locks were bedaubed with cheek rouge so they'd photograph a softer shade. . . . Stage 7 was turned into a railroad yard with more than 1500 feet of track criss-crossed all over the place, a passenger station,

freight depot, signal tower and old-fashioned crossing gate complete with flagman.

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

The Sullivan of "Sullivan's Travels" is a movie director who becomes fed up with making funny pictures. S. N. Behrman, you may recall, treated the same theme in "No Time For Comedy," but the similarity ends there. Preston Sturges, who wrote and directed "Sullivan's Travels," works with rowdy comedy, slapstick and a slight mixture of drama and sentiment. This is no drawing room comedy.

Sullivan's Odyssey in search of trouble as material for his epic of garbage pails, stark realism and human suffering with "just a little sex in it" makes for hilarious situations. Sullivan has a provoking way of ending up back in Hollywood, back at the gilt and gold swimming pool or back at the land yacht, filled with the publicity agent, chef, candid camera man and chauffeur, that the studio kindly provides for his travels. Sullivan gets to see the world—but it's all through the gold-flecked pupils of the Hollywood eye.

In the Sturges manner the film pokes some mild fun at Hollywood. The epic of misery Sullivan is intent on making is called "For Whom The Night Falls"; and as the producer says, "Go ahead and make it, at what you're getting, I can't afford to argue with you." The girl in the picture asks Sullivan: "Is Hitchcock as fat as they say he is?" Sullivan says:

FOR FIVE OUT OF SEVEN WOMEN . . .

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!



These days when beauty means so much, use **Matched Makeup—color-coordinated Marvelous Powder, Rouge, Lipstick . . . by Richard Hudnut!**

• Color harmony in makeup, cosmetic experts say, is the secret of *natural* beauty. Yet recent surveys show that the majority of women unknowingly use powder, lipstick and rouge never intended to go together.

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A face powder, perfect for today's busy women!

Marvelous Face Powder is fine-textured—gives a delicate, *natural* finish. And it stays on smoothly up to *five full hours*, thanks to two special adhering ingredients . . . ingredients so pure they're often advised for sensitive skins.

Try Marvelous Face Powder . . . and for the added beauty of a matched makeup, try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too. In true-to-type shades—one just right for you! At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes 55¢ each.

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Please send me metal, purse Makeup Kit containing harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover expense of handling and mailing.

The color of my eyes is _____ hair _____ skin _____

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

(Good only in U. S. A., except where legally prohibited.)

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VALUABLE COUPON!



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MARVELOUS
Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND
THE POWDER THAT *Stays on 5 Hours*

"Fatter." And then again: "Do you think Orson Welles is crazy?" "In a very practical way," Sullivan answers. Among other things, "Sullivan's Travels" keeps you up to date on your Hollywood gossip.

Boiled down, "Sullivan's Travels" is a string of gags and situations in the best old-time Hollywood comedy manner. They're strung on the slim idea of Sullivan's attempts to find trouble; there's a glorified chase sequence and a mass dunking scene in Sullivan's Hollywood swimming pool. But it's all put together with a cunning and knowing hand. Preston Sturges knows what makes people laugh.

Towards the end, the picture falls into



a serious, dramatic complication, but that's only because the story must be wound up in some way. And Sturges handles the drama to point up his comedy. Don't worry about Sullivan. Sullivan belongs in Hollywood and that's where he ends up.

Joel McCrea plays Sullivan and Veronica Lake, the Bombshell of yesterday, plays a slightly less explosive role. Some old familiar faces from previous Sturges pictures are on hand again, and the supporting cast is full of old, tried comedy characters; you'll find Raymond Walburn, William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, Porter Hall and Eric Blore up to their old tricks.

There's a dedication at the end of the picture that's worth quoting. Says Sullivan: "To the memory of those who made us laugh—the motley mountebanks, the clowns, the buffoons in all times and in all nations, whose efforts lightened our burden a little in this cockeyed caravan—this picture is affectionately dedicated."

Go to it, Sturges!—Par.

P. S.

Super-siren Veronica Lake's stream of blond hair stays tucked under a cap, and her pear-shaped chassis remains hidden beneath men's clothes during most of the picture—Director Preston Sturges' way of casting against type. . . . Joel McCrea always finds a fight scene in his scripts. This time it's a rock-throwing brawl. . . . One of the most important characters in the picture hasn't a word of dialogue. Georges Renavent plays the part of the Old Bum entirely in pantomime. . . . Running him a very close second for taciturnity is Harry Rosenthal, who has only one word of dialogue—"Amateurs"—muttered while watching McCrea and Miss Lake pitch a little woo in a box car. . . . Harry owns one of Hollywood's most popular music shops, is one of the fleetest-fingered pianists in the country, and does bit parts in every one of friend Sturges' films. . . . Others in the Sturges Stock Company—the people Preston uses in most of his pictures—are: Robert Warwick, William Demarest, Robert Greig, Franklin Pangborn, Eric Blore, Torben Meyer, Victor Potel, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin. . . . Veronica's parents

(Continued on page 13)

New Loveliness Awaits You! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride is Mrs. E. C. Thuston, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala. who says: "I'm so proud of my complexion since I changed to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

This exciting idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—it has helped thousands of lovely brides!

NEW LOVELINESS may await you in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Everywhere you'll find charming brides like Mrs. Thuston who have trusted the care of their complexions to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. All are visible

proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for loveliness!

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only *mild*—it's actually milder than the ten famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Be faithful! Use gentle Camay night and morning for 30 days. With the very first treatment you'll feel your skin glow with new freshness. Then, as the days go by, thrilling new loveliness may be yours!



GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

Which
"FINGERTYPE"
are you?



Glamour TYPE

A dramatic, colorful personality such as yours calls for vivid, exciting colors in costume and accessories. Best nail-polish shades are the deep, exotic Dr. Ellis' Burgundy, Congo Brown and Toreador!



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Making your own way in the world ... yet ready for a good time? Then, yours are the rich, warm, medium shades of Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish ... appealing colors like Coffee, Heather and Red Cedar!



*S.S. and G. TYPE?
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Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish comes in 18 smart new shades. Low in cost—yet supreme in quality! Choose YOUR Dr. Ellis' "Fingertype Shade" at your nearest 5 & 10-cent store.

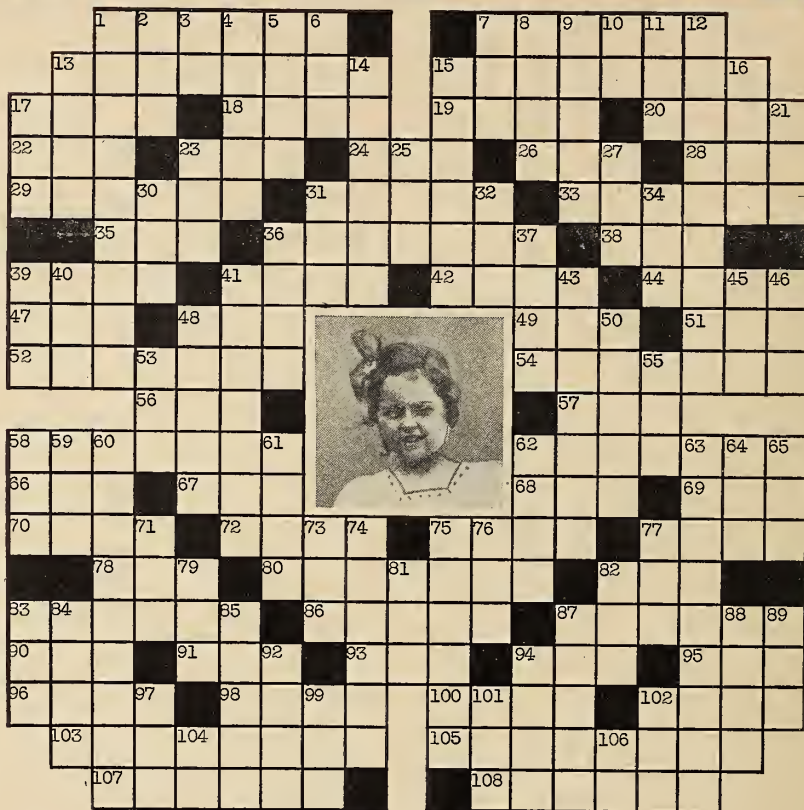
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NAIL
POLISH



10¢
(PLUS TAX)

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 112

ACROSS

1. Actress in "Honky Tonk"
7. Heroine in "They Died With Their Boots On"
13. The star pictured
15. Femme in "Doctors Don't Tell"
17. "Man of ..."
18. Leading lady of "Sullivan's Travels"
19. In "Arsenic And Old Lace"
20. One of "The Men In Her Life"
22. Comic in "Keep 'Em Flying"
23. A Merry Mac in "Melody Lane"
24. What Sonja does in "Sun Valley Serenade"
26. Life in the abstract
28. "Kings ..."
29. Vipers
31. Male lead in "Go West, Young Lady"
33. Character actor in "The Male Animal"
35. Other woman in "Bedtime Story"
36. Miss Jones in "Bahes On Broadway"
38. Foot-like part
39. Glamorous actress
41. Nelson Eddy's new leading lady
42. A great film personality
44. Princely Italian family
47. Emote
48. Actor in "Moon Over Her Shoulder"
49. Affirmative vote
51. Female sheep
52. Emotion
54. Male lead in "Ice-Capades Of 1941"
56. Consume
57. An eternity
58. Republic of the U. S. S. R.
62. Has title role in "A Date With The Falcon"
66. Brazilian money unit
67. She sings in "Panama Hattie"
68. Employ
69. "The Great ..."
70. Sums up
72. Bite off by de-grees
75. On the sheltered side
77. First name of 13 Across
78. What Asta is
80. M-G-M's great tap dancer
82. Knock lightly
83. In "Go West, Young Lady"
86. She's great in "Blues In The Night"
87. Our star's married name
90. Peer Gynt's mother
91. Confronted
93. Dolores ... Rio
94. Director of "Kings Row"
95. Extinct ostrich
96. "Our Gang's" dog
98. Great lake
100. Give forth
102. Actor in "Four Jacks And A Jill"
103. She's in "Design For Scandal"
105. Villain in "Paris Calling"
107. Singing star of "The Chocolate Soldier"
108. Be indignant at

DOWN

1. Star of "Remember The Day"
2. "The Wolf Man"
3. Article
4. Whiles away time
5. Ingenue, Barbara
6. Large deer
7. Gilbert R...nd
8. "The ... Ran-ger"
9. Femme lead in "Frisco Lil"
10. Lynne Car...r
11. Daughter of Cad-mus
12. Feminine film players
13. Helen Broder-ick's actor-son
14. Wife of "Ser-geant York"
15. Extremely hard substances
16. English school
17. Wing
21. Is indebted for
23. Aviator-actor: John ... nt
25. Comedian in "Fifty Million Nickels"
27. Dine
30. Miss LeGallienne
31. Elastic, air-like fluid
32. Trap
34. "Wild ... se Calling"
36. Star of "Birth Of The Blues"
37. Opposite 22 Across
39. "A Yank In The ..."
40. Frost
41. Raving
43. A feature film
45. Our star has ... children
46. Even: poet.
48. Mrs. William Powell
50. Solitary
53. Bronwen in "How Green Was My Valley"
55. Where Vivien Leigh was born: abbr.
58. Constellation
59. Made a hit in "Whistling In The Dark"
60. Our star's hubby in "Lady For A Night"
61. Gwynne
62. Petitioner
63. Kathryn Gray-son's means of marriage
64. Inlet
65. Young Chinese actor
71. Film producer
73. Eddie ... ert
74. Eradicated
75. Horn
76. With Powell in "Shadow Of The Thin Man"
77. Lower part of the face
79. Jewel
81. Goddess of mischief
82. Young man in "Niagara Falls"
83. Chart
84. River in Bohemia
85. Staggers
87. Lanes
88. Miss
89. C...re Dodd
92. The Andrews sisters form this
94. Location
97. Compass point
99. "Jamaica ..."
101. Disfigure
102. Newspaper man in "Confirm Or Deny"
104. A Ritz brother
106. Exist

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

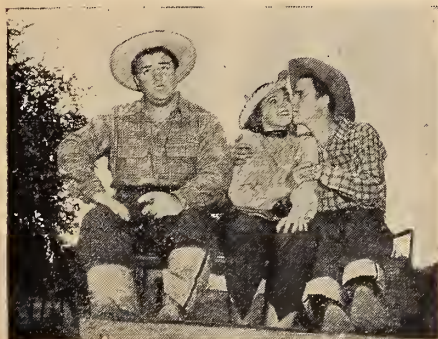
have dubbed her "Gertie Glamour"; studio pals call her "Ronnie."... The 100x40-foot swimming pool is a private one, rented by the studio. Fee of \$500 a day goes to charity.... The swimming faces effect in the court room scene was accomplished by photographing through a 1000-watt electric light globe while it was being revolved slowly.... McCrea spent all his days off fishing at his favorite spot—a place in the High Sierras called Dinky Creek.... Veronica's favorite likeness of herself is a caricature done by Arthur Crouch, who uses pieces of cloth and bits of this'n'that to augment his paintings. Crouch, a friend of Vernica's artist-father, made it especially for her. Used heavy, vivid yellow yarn for her hair.... Chick Collins and Jimmie Dundee, veteran stunt men, get screen credit as actors for the first time in their lives. They're the rough-and-tumblers who stage a battle atop a fast-moving freight train.... For the scene requiring gallons of milk to be dumped on the ground, the studio manufactured its own. Whitewash.... The Academy Award Oscar standing on the desk of the producers' office is Sturges', won last year for "The Great McGinty".... Veronica's character in the picture has no name. From Reel One to Finis, she's known only as The Girl.

RIDE 'EM COWBOY

"Ride 'Em Cowboy," as you can tell easily enough from the title, gets Abbott and Costello on a horse. While a horse is a bit smaller than a battleship, the results are apt to be just as funny. And why not a horse? They've been practically everywhere else.

It doesn't really matter where they are; they have their own brand of fun, culled from 11 years of knockabout humor. They pull their routines as easily in the wild West as in a haunted house or a draftees' barracks.

There's a poker-playing sequence in this one (remember the dice-rolling scene in "Buck Privates"?), and Lou Costello becomes involved with a lasso and a wild horse. He also has some trouble with a high diving board and a buxom Indian maid called Moonbeam. It all makes sense; or at least the kind of sense that moon-faced Costello and hawk-nosed Abbott usually make.



Lou Costello, in his whirlwind series of pictures, has built a comic character for himself, and this picture plays his frailties and virtues to the utmost. He's still the same believing buffoon, getting into trouble for no reason at all except that trouble and Bud Abbott seem to pick on him. He still has those sudden flights of courage and alternate fear. If a fly-

(Continued on page 15)



Old-Fashioned Skin-Care

Once women had to use many creams and lotions to keep skin healthy and attractive.



Modern Skin-Care

Today all you need to help keep your skin fresh, young-looking, is one amazing cream!

Does Your one Face Cream do all these 4 Vital Things?

1. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleanses the skin, removing every trace of clinging dirt.

2. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream relieves dryness and flaking—leaves the skin wonderfully soft.

3. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream helps nature refine the pores—leaves the skin delightfully fresh. No astringents are needed.

4. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream smooths the skin—prepares it beautifully for powder and for make-up.

WHAT DOES the face cream you use really do for your skin? Never mind what it claims to do for others—what does it do for you?

Why continue using a cream that does only a "half-way" job? Lady Esther Face Cream is scientifically designed to serve 4 vital needs of your skin. It's all you need—it asks no help of other creams or lotions. This one cream, by itself, helps keep your skin looking its youngest, smoothest and loveliest at all times!

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different from any cream you've ever used. For it's based on an entirely new and different principle—*simplified skin-care*. Try it! See for yourself how much fresher, cleaner, smoother it leaves your skin after the very first application.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Lady Esther 4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER,
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

(76)

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

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

SHE'S
Kissable



SHE'S
Irresistible

SHE USES IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME AND LIPSTICK

There's a tantalizing 'come-hither' note... a bright promise of gay adventure in the fairy-like enchantment of Irresistible Perfume. Create a magic mood by touching the golden fire of Irresistible to your hair, throat, wrist. Now in adorable Valentine Box.

Only 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... smoother... 10¢



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

All That Money Can Buy (RKO).....3½★
Among The Living (Paramount).....3★
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★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox).....2½★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount).....3★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia).....2★
Blues In the Night (Warners).....2★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram).....2★
Bowery Blitzkrieg (Monogram).....2★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners).....3½★
Burma Convoy (Universal).....2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount).....3★

Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox).....2★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount).....3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox).....3½★
Charlie Chan in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia).....2½★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox).....3★
County Fair (Republic).....2★
Cracked Nuts (Universal).....2½★

Dance Hall (20th Century-Fox).....2★
Death Valley Outlaws (Republic).....2½★
Doctor's Don't Tell (Republic).....2★
Dumbo (RKO).....C 3½★

Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia).....2½★

Father Takes a Wife (RKO).....2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M).....3★
Flying Cadets (Universal).....2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram).....2★
Forgotten Village, The.....3½★

Gay Falcon, The (RKO).....2½★
Go West, Young Lady (Columbia).....2★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox).....2½★
Gunman from Bodie, The (Monogram).....2★

Harman of Michigan (Columbia).....2★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal).....3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount).....C 3★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia).....4★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M).....3★
Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount).....3½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....2½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M).....3★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox).....4★
Hulabaloo (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★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....2★

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★
Kid From Kansas (Universal).....2★
Knockout (Warners).....2½★
Knut 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 Duanes (20th Century-Fox).....C 2½★
Law of the Tropics (Warners).....2½★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO).....2½★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount).....3½★
Lydia (United Artists).....3½★

Maltese Falcon, The (Warners).....3½★
Man of Large (20th Century-Fox).....2★
Man From Montana (Universal).....2½★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount).....3½★
Manpower (Warners).....3★

Picture

General
Rating

Married Bachelor (M-G-M).....3★
Marry The Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox).....2★
Men in Her Life, The (Columbia).....3★
Mercy Island (Republic).....2½★
Million Dollar Baby (Warners).....3½★
Mob Town (Universal).....2★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount).....2½★
Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox).....2½★
Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox).....3½★
Moonlight 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 of January 16 (Paramount).....3★
Nine Lives Are Not Enough (20th Century-Fox).....2½★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount).....2½★

Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia).....2½★
One Foot in Heaven (Warners).....3½★
Out of the Fog (Warners).....3½★

Parson of Panamint (Paramount).....3★
Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic).....2½★
Playmates (RKO).....3★

Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....3★
Quiet Wedding (Universal).....3½★

Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....C 2★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox).....3½★
Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox).....2½★
Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox).....3½★
Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia).....2½★

Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....2★
Sailors on Leave (Republic).....2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO).....2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....2½★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia).....2½★
Sergeant York (Warners).....4★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M).....2½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists).....3½★
Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount).....3½★
Sing Another Chorus (Universal).....2★
Sing for Your Supper (Columbia).....3★
Skylark (Paramount).....3★
Smiling Ghost, The (Warners).....2½★
Smilin' Through (M-G-M).....3★
South of Tahiti (Universal).....2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....C 2½★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia).....2½★
Sundown (United Artists).....2½★
Sunset in Wyoming (Republic).....3½★
Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....3½★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox).....2½★
Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbia).....2★

Tanks a Million (United Artists).....3★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M).....2½★
Texas (Columbia).....3½★
They Dare Not Love (Columbia).....2★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners).....3½★
They Met in Bombay (M-G-M).....3★
Three Girls About Town (Columbia).....2½★
This Woman is Mine (Universal).....2½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount).....C 2½★
Tight Shoes (Universal).....3★
Tillie the Toiler (Columbia).....2★
Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia).....2½★
Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO).....4★
Tonto Basin Outlaws (Monogram).....2★
Too Many Blondes (Universal).....2★
Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M).....3½★
Two in a Taxi (Columbia).....2½★

Underground (Warners).....3½★
Unholy Partners (M-G-M).....2½★

Victory (Paramount).....3★

Washington Melodrama (M-G-M).....3★
Weekend for Three (RKO).....3★
Weekend in Hovana (20th Century-Fox).....3★
Westerner, The (United Artists).....C 3★
When Ladies Meet (M-G-M).....3★
Wolf Man, The (Universal).....2½★
Woman's Face, A (M-G-M).....3½★

You Belong to Me (Columbia).....3★
You'll Never Get Rich (Columbia).....4★
You're In The Army Now (Warners).....2★

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

weight of a girl can go diving off the high board, well so can he—until he gets up there and looks down. And he still has his own brand of logic; when he finally does go off he doesn't come up again because no one told him to. Lou Costello can be very funny—and Bud Abbott is the man to make him.

Universal hasn't spared in the production or the supporting cast. The Andrews Sisters aren't in this one—but the Merry Macs are. Ella Fitzgerald fills a spot or two with song, including her old favorite, "A Tisket, A Tasket." There's plenty of singing on the sage in "Ride 'Em Cowboy."

The plot? It has to do with a writer of cowboy stories and cowboy songs (Dick Foran) who has never been west of the Hudson. For the love of a girl (Anne Gwynne) and to save his soul, he decides to stop being a phony and really learn to do all the things he writes about. There are complications and some heartbreak and a lot of misunderstanding all exploding finally in a big Wild West Rodeo where the hero redeems himself. Samuel S. Hinds, Johnny Mack Brown and Douglas Dumbrille are all involved in one way or another.

But as usual the plot is just an interlude between the Abbott and Costello gags and that's as it should be. A little singing, a little love interest, a little dancing never hurts. But the big news is that Abbott and Costello are wrestling with a horse.

The horse is the one with four legs.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Abbott and Costello's answer to the front office command to take riding lessons for this one: "We can be funnier without 'em." . . . When it came time to shoot the scene showing the boys riding bucking broncos, they were convinced they were doing another version of "Keep 'Em Flying." . . . Universal couldn't find an Indian with an Oxford accent, so Douglas Dumbrille was hired and sent to the beach to get a heavy tan. . . . A. and C. turned the tables on their Indian pals and made Redman Iron Eyes an honorary white man. Crowned him with a derby and presented him with a 12-inch cigar. . . . Top casting headache was finding enough musicians to play their instruments while riding horses in the rodeo parade. . . . 30 wild steers kept 20 experienced "wranglers" busy keeping them under control between takes. . . . Five different locations were used—places like the B-Bar-A Ranch near Newhall, Rancho Chihuahua in Solemint Canyon, and the Iverson Ranch. Players and crew stowed away 22 barrels of lemonade, 3,000 chickens and 7,000 sandwiches on these jaunts. . . . The Merry Macs are turned loose on "The Hut Sut Song" again, this time in a nightmare sequence. . . . Swing-singer Ella "I Want the Water With the Water" Fitzgerald faces the cameras for the first time, playing a cook on the dude ranch. . . . Bud and Lou used their identical two-bedroom trailers for the first time during location trips to Ravenna, where Universal had built a complete Indian village. . . . Samuel S. Hinds plays a dual role—portrays General Custer and an owner of an Arizona dude ranch. There's no chance of fans recognizing him in either part, though, because of the moustaches and make-up he wears for both characterizations.

(Continued on page 105)

"Baby" your face at bedtime to WAKE UP LOVELIER!



Doctors advise "baby-care" for your complexion

Each night give your face this gentle Ivory soap-and-water care advised by doctors for the World's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own!

Bedtime beauty-care, now more than ever, means Ivory Soap. For the quick cream lather of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is gentler than ever to your skin. Actually, New Ivory is milder than 10 leading toilet soaps!

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE • IT FLOATS

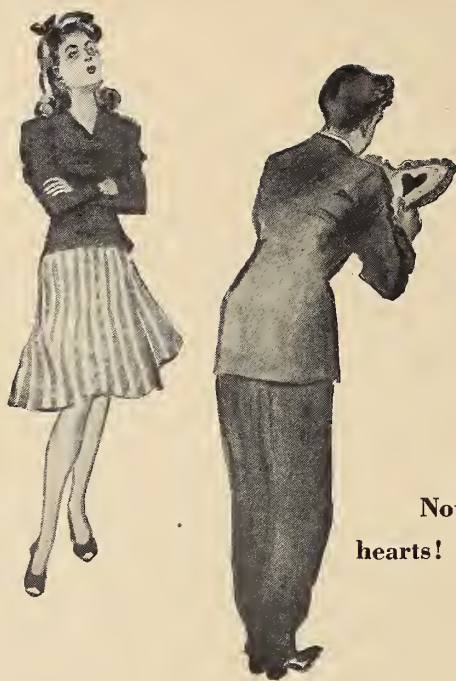
IS YOUR SKIN DRY, sensitive? You should "baby" it with this gentle, New Ivory night-time routine: Cream lukewarm Ivory lather well into your skin with gentle fingertip massage. Warm rinses—pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream. Doctors advise gentle Ivory cleansing!

IS YOUR SKIN OILY? Then you'll want New Ivory's richer, creamier lather to remove excess oil. *Every night:* With a rough washcloth, lather up lukewarm Ivory velvet suds—¹/₄-inch lather simply creams off your Ivory cake! Scrub upward and outward into every inch of your face. Rinse. Repeat. Warm rinse, then cold. Use this Ivory method 3 times daily for safe beauty-care!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use

New Velvet-suds IVORY

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE



Co-ed

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Nothing like a valentine to net you a grand slam in hearts! Be gay, sweet maid, and let who will be syrupy!

That Sentimental Saint is due for another birthday about now, and you're in the same old quandary over valentine-sending. To sign 'em or not to sign. . . . Do you dare send one to Him? . . . And what kind will it be, sweet or silly? I've drafted a few man-wise cronies into giving some really elegant advice. Cut yourself a hunk or two and—have a heart!

By all means, sign 'em. Faint heart never won blond Adonis. If you just can't put your name down in so many words, at least make yourself identifiable some way. Initials might do the trick, or a nickname, or a valentine that's so terrifically reminiscent of you he just couldn't miss. If he sits across from you in Chem. and invariably gets your paper to correct and has been struggling with your handwriting since September, probably no signature is necessary; the envelope will tell all.

Don't send one to some chap who doesn't know you're alive. He'll think you're crazy, and may spread the good word. But my advisory board says it's good tactics to send one to the lad who chats with you before French class daily and looks as if a speck of encouragement might get him to the "how-about-a-movie-this-Saturday" stage.

The consensus seems to be that silly valentines are far safer than the sticky variety. Of course, if you're in the throes of Something Huge, romantically speaking, let your conscience be your guide.

Do not send presents. We know a darling girl who terrified a shy swain out of her life forever via a big box of fudge all done up with hearts



and things. If he wants to send you flowers or perfume, well all right—but your best bet is to give nothing in return but a great big smile.

This probably goes without saying, but never, never send those cruel, so-called comic valentines. You know the kind—caricatures of a very fat girl or a cross-eyed boy or dear teacher with colossal teeth and a mustache. They've made so many people horribly miserable that we can just

skip the topic.

Slightly mercenary suggestion: A cute and lovely valentine for bachelor uncle Joe will make him feel very gay bladey and may even net you something splashy next birthday!

Superfine valentines for mom (plug) and dad are appreciated more than you know. Parents are complete nuts on this one subject. Oh and say! How about reminding your father of the Big Day a bit in advance so's he's not caught short. He'll adore you for it.

Looking over the situation now, how many valentines will you send—excluding the family and your dearest female buddies? Now's a very good time to take inventory of your masculine public. If you're blithely sending a half dozen wacky ones, you're on safe ground, but if you're dispatching a singleton—a big, drooly number, grim with amour and devoid of a sense of humor—lady, look out.

"Going steady" is usually a cowardly solution of the date problem. It's the age-old female yen for security cropping (*Continued on page 110*)



Thrilling New Way To More Glamorous Hair . . . SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!



"Sweet Sophistication" . . . charming, new young hair-do. Before styling, the hair was washed with Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks, how beautifully it lies in place

Amazing new improvement in Special Drene Shampoo . . . wonderful hair conditioner now in it for new allure!

● Do you wish your hair had that silky, smooth, well-groomed look so smart these days? That it would fall into place beautifully and neatly, when you comb it?

Then you simply must try the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo—with a wonderful hair conditioner now in it! For that hair conditioner just makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage, right after shampooing! You'll be thrilled!

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.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you

shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these extra beauty benefits don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Procter & Gamble, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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!



IT'S THE
LOW-DOWN STORY
OF A
HIGH CLASS
GAL!

Ginger
ROGERS
as
**ROXIE
HART**

The gal who could do no wrong
(but, brother, she tried!)

ADOLPHE **GEORGE**
MENJOU • MONTGOMERY
LYNNE OVERMAN • NIGEL BRUCE • PHIL SILVERS
SARA ALLGOOD • WILLIAM FRAWLEY • SPRING
BYINGTON • TED NORTH • HELENE REYNOLDS

Directed by William Wellman

Produced and Written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson • Based upon the
Play "Chicago" written by Maurine Watkins and produced by Sam H. Harris
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



GEORGE MONTGOMERY
on his way to stardom!



YOU'VE GOT A
DATE WITH YOUR
FAVORITE STAR
... AT YOUR
FAVORITE
THEATRE
SOON!



Learn to say "I Love You" The South Sea Way!

BETTY GRABLE • VICTOR MATURE • JACK OAKIE

in
SONG OF THE ISLANDS

IN TECHNICOLOR

Stop! Look! Listen! It's Coming!





Judy Garland

She was Frances Gumm once, and she could climb trees and write poetry and recite Shakespeare and turn cartwheels like anything! Then she became Judy Garland . . . with a smile like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Adoring fans dubbed her the all-American vitamin kid. And certainly she was until she became Mrs. Dave Rose. Now, any resemblance to the former Judy is purely coincidental. She's so wrapped up in matrimony . . . in home and husband . . . you forget she was playing kid roles just the other day. And glamorous? Yep, even that, now her red hair is inked

a shining ebony. But still she's the gal with wide brown eyes and all 10 fingers in various pies. There's that song she and Dave just had published and the tender volume of poetry under a pen name, and the national mag story she's just done, with Mickey Rooney as the fruity subject. Get her in a nostalgic mood, and she'll tell you, "I made my debut at two, singing 'Jingle Bells.' Poppa couldn't get me off the stage until I'd sung it four times." However, if there's any scene-snatching in M-G-M's "Babes on Broadway," it's strictly unintentional!



Cary Grant

They kept him in soupy, sad-eyed leads for five long years, while he kept telling them, "Look, Joe, I used to be Archibald Leach, tumbler in an acrobatic troupe. A guy with that name and vocation *had* to have a sense of humor. All I want is a chance to be funny." But one day when he got really mad, he said just what you think he said, and left them flat to free lance. Maybe it's those side-splitting faces he makes. Maybe it's a God-given sense of the ridiculous. Or just the fierce intensity with which he works. But he's come through from "Topper" to the current Warner's

"Arsenic and Old Lace" with nary a dud. And not once has he stopped between pictures to refuel. Never needed to. About Grant, The Man, he's strictly of the "none-of-your-business" school. Even had the windows of his car smoked black when he jitneyed Babs Hutton about. Just the same, people did start saying it was a sure thing between him and the Countess . . . until the Landis popped up. And the news finally did dribble out about that terrific hunk of change he donated to the British Red Cross and U. S. O. . . . though he dismisses it lightly with a "Tsh! Tsh!"

Katharine Hepburn

Her voice would squeak and her skin blotch when she got nervous . . . which was always. Especially the day she confronted Edwin Knopf, stock company head! "That's what wants to be an actress," he sighed. "With that T-square body, yet!" But somehow she got the job . . . and others. Despite that golfer's stride . . . despite that panther temper . . . despite a severe and frightening independence and the kind of courage that scared a house-burglar away the time she yelled, "What the hell is coming off down there!" Her razor-edged tongue delivers blasphemy that would do

Lippy Durocher proud . . . only it's not blasphemy when Kate Hepburn dishes it! She can dunk doughnuts and drive a rattle-trap and wear slacks under mink . . . but it's O.K. because she's got poise that's born of true abandon. And Lord! Can she drive a bargain! That new flicker of hers, for example. Single-handed, she sold the script of "Woman of the Year" (by two little-known authors) to M-G-M for \$100,000. Snagged a role that fits her like a glove. And got Spencer Tracy besides . . . On screen, of course. Off-screen she's got Private Kanin tied up in bow-knots . . . and loving it!

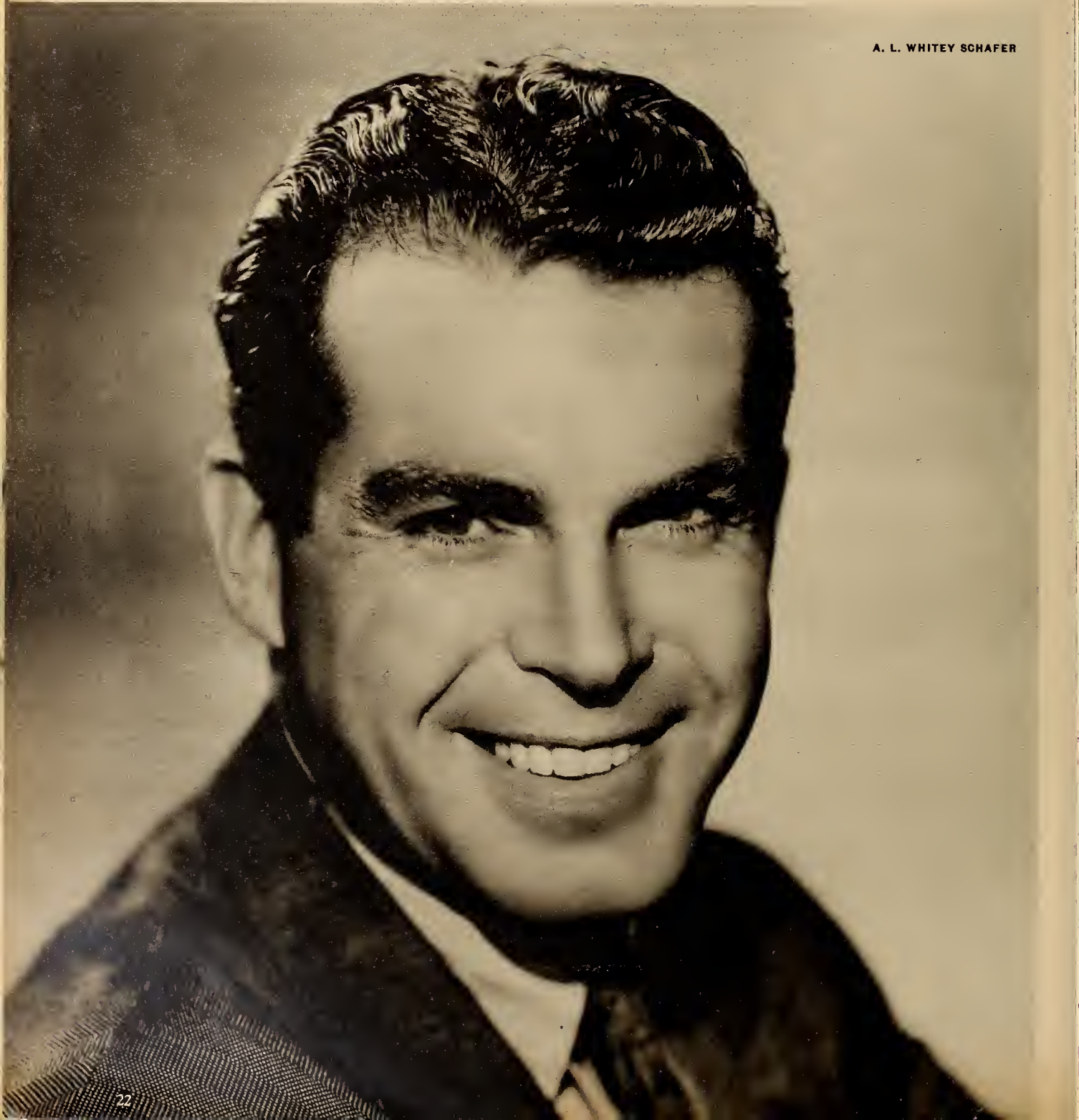


Fred MacMurray

It was a love match from the very start—that Fred MacMurray-Lillian Lamont idyll! They met and swooned on sight during the Broadway production of "Roberta," in which he tooted a sax and she kicked in the chorus. Lil believes in boosting his ego, shopped all over town for weeks tracking down stills for a leather-bound volume of his picture career on his recent 33rd birthday! He loves to do card tricks at parties, and Lil's always the first one to gasp in admiration. She says, "When I think of Fred making love to girls like Dorothy Lamour, girls with curves

of Madeleine Carroll and Hedy Lamarr, I try to be completely mental about it. It's just a profession. But sometimes I feel elemental and wish Fred didn't have to be subject to so much feminine charm." At his movies they hold hands to give him confidence. Fred's such a super cook, he taught his spouse the gentle art during maid's night out. He adores pot roast, sauerkraut and pork, but often has to dine on picayune fruit salads to check figure expansion. Isn't nervous or temperamental and is a charm to work with on the set of Columbia's "The Lady Is Willing"!

A. L. WHITEY SCHAFER





ERNEST BACHRACH

Michele Morgan

Most every budge Michele (pronounced Mish-ell) Morgan makes is diametrically opposed to publicity-wise Hollywood's rules and regulations! In a town where it's fashionable for a rising star to sport a broken accent, she babbles impeccably in English, embarks on a 100% Americanization campaign and refuses to speak or think in her native French! Further stumps agents on the trail of a suave sophisticated tidbit by candidly admitting she doesn't take to wines, naively weeps at tear-jerking flickers, plays a lousy game of ping pong. Eats two gigantic squares

a day in an effort to add poundage to her 5'6", 105-lb. chassis! Born in the provinces, Feb. 29, 1920, she early in the game decided to be an actress, saved up her allowance and ran away to Paris at 15. Hot on her trail, her dad found her and yanked her back to the country. But he didn't have the heart to say no long and soon let her enter a Paris dramatic school from whence she became a raging success at the age of 17. She set sail for this country in 1940 and is rapidly reaping a new crop of laurels in America, currently in RKO's "Joan of Paris."



Robert Stack

There was a time when celluloid know-it-alls were humming, "Clap hands, here comes Bobby." But the song has ended 'cause Bobby has arrived. He's *in* . . . and it's all very solid, as you'll note from his current roles in Universal's "Wonder Boy" and U. A.'s "To Be or Not To Be." Stack himself has never questioned whether or not to be. Sports, music and the golden glitter of society reached out long fingers, but Bob was busy . . . up to his neck in the business of Hollywood, which isn't at all strange when you consider how deeply his family tree is rooted in the theater. He came

to Hollywood smelling of the out-of-doors. A little green, maybe, but fresh as sea-spray. To American girlhood he was pure Harvard. Clean-cut and poised and very, very beautiful. But on the skeet range, he's the lad who broke world records in 1937. He's also a formidable polo player. Look closely, though, and you'll find a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from his watch chain. And there are rumors of a \$2,000,000 inheritance. All this, and bachelorhood, too. But quit shoving, girls, it looks as though he's going to maintain his status quo for quite some time!



YOU CAN'T FRAME ANDY WHEN A DAME'S AROUND!



*"One side, son
let Handy Andy
show you how to
handle that gal!"*

"By the eternal, what's the matter with the men of 1942? In my prime, I'd have had her shoulders on the floor in two seconds."
"Jackson's the name... Andy Jackson. I guess you *could* call me 'The Remarkable Andrew.' There ain't many men could step across a hundred years to tame the wildest spitfire... and the purtiest... that ever needed rough handlin'."
"And she ain't the only one who needed rough handlin'". As if the boy hadn't enough trouble with his gal, crooked politicians and thievin' scalawags were tryin' to railroad him to jail.

"So I sent for a few of the boys. Mebbe you heard tell of them. General George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Chief Justice John Marshall, Jesse James for a little clean-up work, and a feller named Smith. They sure know a trick or two about handlin' a scrap... even in 1942... and what they didn't know—they invented 'Jumpin' fish! I ain't had so much fun since the Battle of New Orleans!"



The most side-splitting,
surprise-full adventure you'll
see this year... a remarkable
picture about a remarkable guy...



"THE REMARKABLE ANDREW"

BRIAN DONLEVY • WILLIAM HOLDEN • ELLEN DREW
MONTAGU LOVE • PORTER HALL

Directed by STUART HEISLER • Novel and Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo
A Paramount Picture

Coming!
"REAP THE WILD WIND"
Cecil B. DeMille's Greatest
Triumph... in Technicolor.

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



**"Nice gal, my wife," says
Dan Topping, who would rather
lose a right arm than Sonja!**



"Hey, Den! Listen to this. 'The Henie-Topping break up will make headlines any edition now.'" The small blonde one is curled up on the couch with a dozen papers, two infinitesimal black dogs and a box of crackerjacks. "Did you hear that, Den? Oh, and Jimmie Fidler has me in a condition again. In June, this time. Little honey, are you listening?" Little honey, who is huge and not the honey type at all, cocks an eye at her over the sports page.

"Yeah, yeah, got every word. Stop eating. You'll get fat."

"I'm theeen. I'm skeeeny. I will too eat." But when Dan's gone back to his golf scores, Sonja quietly

hides the box of crackerjacks under a sofa cushion so she can't get at it.

They're a priceless pair, the Toppings. Completely mad about each other in spite of her temper and his weird sense of humor; in spite of a rather disrupted homelife; and in spite of all the tall tales the columnists dream up.

Long before Sonja met Dan, she gave an interview on her ideas about marriage. "It's best," she said, "that when I marry I don't see too much of my husband. I get tired of people." Fine talk, Mrs. Topping! You of the long-distance calls at all hours of the night. "Den, I'm lonely." And the squeals of joy



One of hubby Dan Topping's bang-up gifts to Sonja was a huge cat's-eye ring shown at the World's Fair.



Sonja cuts glitter to a minimum. Wears bright nails but hates involved hair-do's and too much jewelry.

BY JEAN KINKEAD

when he invariably says, "Darling, my plane ticket's in my pocket. I was going to surprise you at dinner tomorrow night." You of the long face when his crazy letters don't come in the first mail every morning. You who've practically become a legend for not lingering hours with the rest of the gals in night club powder rooms simply because you're having so much fun with your Daniel.

And speaking of night clubs. One used to hear pathetic stories about how Sonja, the ruddy-cheeked ice queen, was making herself go night-spotting to please her playboy hubby. T'ain't so! Sonja adores night clubs. She wakes up in the morning counting

the hours till ten P. M. She's crazy about people and glitter and music. Adores sambas, waltzes, "jump" pieces indiscriminately, and could give Arthur Murray a rumba for his money, she's that divine on the dance floor. When Dan wants to rest a couple of minutes, fortify himself with a swallow or two of Scotch and a few drags on his cigarette, she's after him. "I thought we came to dance—not to sit around all night looking off in space and drinking." She doesn't smoke, drinks champagne or Pepsi-cola, both in moderation and loathes sitting still. Dan threatens intermittently to hire a relief man—"a ringer to get in there and fight when the going gets tough." (Continued on page 68)

LONG VOYAGE HOME



**He wasn't in love with Madeleine Carroll;
he didn't want money, fame. Stirling was
just a sailor, marooned in a strange port!**

BY CYNTHIA MILLER



Stirling doesn't swear, won't tell spicy stories or listen to swing music.

• Get an eyeful of Stirling Hayden in "Bahama Passage," girls, and wave the rave good-by. You won't be seeing him again. Unless you stow away on a boat. If it's any comfort though, your loss is his gain. For the first time in a year and a half, he's happy.

He's the one in a million, the fellow in the story books who tossed the fleshpots overboard and saved his soul. There's something piously sentimental about that phrase that curls your toes. Yet people like you and me lose their souls every day. When they love one person and marry another. When truth beckons down one road, and self-interest turns them down another. When they devote the only life they'll ever know to one kind of work, when every fibre and instinct clamors toward something different.

To be true to himself, Hayden had to give up the movies. There was nothing noble about his decision, except insofar as you call honesty noble. He did what he wanted to do, and for two simple reasons—because he loathed Hollywood and all its works, and because he had an insatiable love for the sea and ships.

Then why did he sign a contract in the first place? One, he thought it might be his quickest way to a boat. Two, he didn't know Hollywood. You can imagine the terror of battling a lion or the heartbreak of losing someone you care about, but until you've been through it, you're just using words.

Having sailed the ocean blue with more pleasure than profit from the age of 14, at 23 he conceived the notion of launching a passenger service between Honolulu and Tahiti. (He had a girl in Tahiti. Some say it was serious, some not; he told me she was the only girl he'd ever given a hang about.) For boats you've got to have cash. He found a backer who made a down payment on a sweet two-master, once the property of Wilhelm II. Round Cape Hatteras they barely outrode such a storm as moved the backer to consign not only Wilhelm but all boats to perdition. Stirling reached New York broke, his dream glimmering off into limbo.

At this point Edward Griffith, the director, offered him a job. A mutual friend (*Continued on page 83*)



"Bahama Passage" with Mad Carroll put Hayden on top. But he can still remember washing dishes in a night club for \$4 a week.



For sleeping, Stirling (above with Madeleine Carroll) wears a bright Tahitian pareu, midway between a kerchief and a sheet.

WHAT WOULD A PSYCHOLOGIST SAY ABOUT YOU?



Here's a wonderful test! Find out whether
you're an extrovert, introvert, ambivert, a cycloid
or an ascendant or descendant personality . . .
and which star on this page you resemble!

By
Lester F. Miles, Ph.D.
and
Adele Whitely Fletcher

Do you sometimes identify yourself with a particular screen star . . . with Lana Turner, say, because your friends tell you that you look like her?

Here's a better game. . . Here's a game in which, by checking your behaviorisms, actions, likes and dislikes, you can discover the star you resemble in real life.

- a**
1. Would you rather see a sporting event than hear it on the radio?
 2. Do you like to entertain guests in your own home—and do you do this often?
 3. Are you ready to go anywhere and do anything on the spur of the moment?
 4. Do you follow your hunches?
 5. Are you more curious than the average person?
 6. Would you rather make a quick decision and take a chance on making an error than take a couple of days to think things over?
 7. Are you usually sensitive to the feelings and moods of other people so that you guide your own speech and actions accordingly?

- b**
1. Do you feel yourself capable of doing almost anything anyone else can do?
 2. Do you do a lot of daydreaming?
 3. Are you a good loser at games?
 4. Do you resent being asked to explain your actions, where you went, what you did, etc.?
 5. Do you find yourself doing things over and over because you feel they are not quite perfect enough?
 6. Do you like being with people who are important—people generally known as “Big Shots”?
 7. Are you always courteous and thoughtful of people who are employed to wait on your demands—such as waiters, doormen, clerks, etc.?

- C**
1. Could you call on your family—without apprehension—to give witness to your good nature?
 2. Would you go out of your way to avoid an argument?
 3. Do you like spending time on picnics, camping trips, dude ranches or long auto tours?
 4. Is it easy for you to ask people's advice and help any time you feel you could use it?
 5. Is it difficult for you to say “No” when asked to contribute to charities, welfare campaigns, street urchins—not to forget salesmen?
 6. Do you usually give your friends and acquaintances “build-ups” whenever their names are brought into conversation?
 7. Do you like being asked to stir up a party or crowd and get them into the spirit of fun?

All right! To discover which star you most closely resemble count the number of “Yes” answers under each of the three groups and put the totals here:

A **B** **C**

If you have four or more “Yes” answers under a letter use that letter as one of your key-letters. For example: A-6 B-2 C-4 would give you the key-letter AC. If you have *less than 4* under all 3 letters your key-letter is X.

When you have determined upon your key-letter look on page 31 to learn which star is your type, to read her personality sketch, and to learn the psychological group in which you belong, and just why you're that-a-way!

EXTROVERTS

Extroverts rarely blush. They laugh readily. They're generous. They're fluent talkers. They're rapid in movement. They're careful of the feelings of others. And they like the spotlight.

INTROVERTS

Introverts are conscientious. They move and think slowly. They're moody. They're given to daydreams. They're also given to suspicions. They worry. They do not laugh readily. Their feelings are easily hurt. And they are self-conscious.

AMBIVERTS

Ambiverts sometimes act like introverts and they sometimes act like extroverts. It depends. It depends upon their associates and their surroundings. For they change, like chameleons, in order to adapt themselves to the moment.

CYCLOID

PERSONALITIES

Those with a cycloid personality also change from introverted traits to extroverted traits. However, this change in cycloids is not induced by any outside influence; it is self-generated all ways, a matter of moods.

ASCENDANT

PERSONALITIES

Ascendant personalities associate themselves with progress. They have respect and admiration for people of importance and achievement. They enjoy being with people who are in the spotlight. All of this makes them good leaders.

DESCENDANT

PERSONALITIES

Descendant personalities avoid the spotlight. They prefer to sit in a quiet corner. People of importance do not intrigue them. It doesn't matter to them whether they are with a modest man or woman or the President of the United States.



A. Betty Grable—Betty Grable has ideas and determination and ambition, but she isn't grim about these things. She insists you don't have to sit, head in hand, like Rodin's "Thinker" because you have an idea.

Betty made up her mind she was going into show business and be somebody in show business when she was a little girl. The never gave up.

It makes Betty nervous to sit around doing nothing.

She loves sport clothes and tailored things. She detests slinky gowns.

She'll read detective stories or biographies or novels.

She's very sensitive about the feelings of other people. And she has an amazing knowledge of the things about which other people are sensitive.

She has no urgent wish to give advice. It is only when she becomes furious about injustice that she gets in a temper and tells anyone off.

Betty is inclined to be the extroverted type even though some of the things she does are not true of a typical extrovert.



B. Pat Lane—Pat Lane probably comes closer to belonging to herself than any other girl in Hollywood.

She shies away from big parties and from anything that puts the spotlight on her personal life. There's no exhibitionism in her nature to prompt her to make a display. She cares nothing for jewels and gets excited about clothes only occasionally.

She has no small talk. She is indifferent to much that goes on. She isn't curious about people. She isn't a snob. She just stays by herself.

She has no temper. But she does have quiet determination. If she feels she is right she will fight—quietly. She has a strong sense of righteousness. Recently the studio wanted her to do "Dangerously They Live." She felt it wasn't right, said so nicely.

Pat exhibits more introverted than extroverted tendencies. However, she is not an intense introvert.



C. Judy Garland—Judy Garland, all her life, has been given to crushes. She is an ardent champion of those she likes and admires.

Almost always the men she has liked, romantically or otherwise, have been considerably older than she.

Her favorite books are about doctors, whether fiction or non-fiction.

Her crush on Dave Rose didn't wane—it grew and grew and grew. She married him in spite of opposition. And now the very people who said he was too old for her, that they were unsuited to each other, praise the marriage.

However, their praise concerns Judy as little as their criticism did previously. Judy, upon occasion, can be quietly independent.

She has a strange quality of loyalty in anyone as young as she is.

She has a quick sense of humor and is funny without being malicious.

She knows a thing or two about human beings. More than once, before she was married, she disillusioned her mother about boys with good manners, boys who seemed very nice indeed. She is the ascendant type.



AB. Bette Davis—Bette is a born leader. She hates people who are afraid to fight for their rights. She also is too impulsive sometimes.

Fair-minded and sensible, she realizes other people have lives to live and livings to earn and she cooperates to the limit with co-workers.

If you want Bette to hit the ceiling, tax her with having a different opinion about something than she expressed previously.

"If you think and feel the same way about things year in, year out," she'll scream, "I feel sorry for you. You haven't grown a bit!"

Bette is a booster for those she admires. And she loves to help people.

She's a home girl. No decorator has been near her charming place.

Her devotion to her family is history. Her devotion to her mother surpasses any other love in her life; and she says it will always.

She isn't extravagant. She doesn't indulge in movie-star gestures. She has a New England conscience. She also has a New England loyalty.

Bette is an ambivert. She also has an ascendant personality.



AC. Hedy Lamarr—Hedy is very changeable. She is happy one minute and low the next. The least thing affects her. If someone she likes fails her, even in a trifle, she is plunged in gloom. But a funny letter or a compliment from an electrician on her set can restore her good spirits.

She has a memory like an elephant but she never remembers names.

She is domestic. She enjoys decorating her home. She economizes in help because she likes to do things herself. She has no personal maid.

She is intensely maternal. She has a way with babies.

She likes to drive. Driving gives her something to do. She can't bear to be idle. She has a good business head.

Comparatively speaking, she spends little on herself. She has an extravagant heart. She likes to give things to those she likes.

She hates large crowds. She loathes to be "on display."

She isn't quick-tempered but she has strong likes and dislikes and respects them. Hedy has a cycloid personality.

delightful



delirium

That's life with pound-foolish, penny-wise Ray Milland! Take it from wife

Mal, who lives with him and loves it!

■ The way Mal Milland tells it, life with Ray is something out of the Oz books. It's loony but wonderful.

"You could call it a perennial honeymoon," she said between sips of oolong at Manor Milland, "but that's not it. You could call it a carnival, but that wouldn't be it either. You could call it a mirage, but that again isn't it."

Mrs. Milland, tall, blond and handsome, made one more try.

"Perhaps you could call it a delightful delirium," she ventured finally. "But whatever it is, I hope, with the aid of Providence, to be able to endure it for a century or two without complaint."

Would Mrs. Milland go into detail?

Certainly. And it would be a pleasure.

If it was a pleasure to Mal Milland, that went double for her caller, for reasons about to be unfolded:

Mal Milland, then Muriel Weber and a student at U. S. C., was munching some breakfast toast when her girl friend Janet burst into the room.

"Room for two more?" she wanted to know.

"Of course."

"Mal, this is Ray Milland—an actor."

"Won't you both sit down?"

The first tip-off on the handsome, sleek-haired, veddy British bucko came immediately after breakfast. He sidled up to her, smiled and demanded:

"Do you have a boy friend?"

"Why, no . . ." Mal said, a little tentatively.

"Good!" said the handsome one. "That being the



Ray became a crackjack marksman in the British Cavalry.

case, we'll take in the cinema together tonight."

Mal Weber thanked him very much. He was kind to think of her. But she was terribly unworthy.

"Well, call me little Goldilocks!" Janet said, as Ray chauffeured her home..

"Goldilocks!" said Ray obligingly. And he cut loose with another of his inexhaustible anecdotes, the kind that made a pride-hurt lady forget and forgive.

Mal Weber didn't dust off Ray that easily.

That very night she picked up the telephone and heard the familiar, confident voice.

"I'm ready to throw in dinner," he was saying this time.

Mal thanked him again. He was kind—very kind.

One month later—meaning 31 calls later—she capitulated simply out of self-defense. She said he could take her to the movies. She said it with a twinkle in her voice, a twinkle which the persistent one blandly overlooked.

He arrived on time, beaming. He wasn't beaming when they left for the movies. (Continued on page 86)



In the boxing ring, Ray gustily proves no brown is lost puttering around the house!



Milland uses the iron-handed technique on Paulette Goddard in "The Lady Has Plans"!

It's rumored that the Millands are adopting another baby to keep li'l Daniel company.



The Milland's menage is unbuttered. Roy mows the lawn himself. Bors showy decor, chokes corners with native Welsh mementos.

PARTY OF THE MONTH

Hollywood's stars and a handful of great musicians combine to bring balm to the valiant defenders of Russia's "scorched earth."

Claire Trevor was brought by husband Clark Andrews to the glitter-filled concert in Los Angeles. Claire is up to her neck in work on "The Adventures of Martin Eden."

At the Concert for Medical Aid to Russia, John Garfield (with wife) looked better for the 75c recently sent him by a fan. 25c for photog, 50c for haircut!



Orson Welles has gained 40 lbs! Now tips scale at 240. He and Dolores Del Rio will be married when her divorce decree becomes final, some time this month.



Mrs. Douglas vied with Barbirolli for Melvyn's attention, and it looked like she won. Lots of tickets were bought by people who gave them to U. S. service men and students of music.





Judy Garland and Dave Rose looked for weeks for a house with a big enough play room to house his electric trains. Dave's proud of the depot Judy gave him.



Joan Fontaine and husband Brion Aherne are old hands at fund-raising. Recently sold autographs at 10c each, totaled \$1500 for British War Relief.

Behind Allan Jones and his dimpled wife sat Louis B. Mayer, pres. of M-G-M. Burgess Meredith and Frank Capra were at the Russian aid benefit, too.

Joel McCrea and wife Frances Dee come with the Taylors. When Joel started farming, everyone laughed. Now he nets a 20% profit on his produce!



Ginger Rogers (with ex-husband Lew Ayres) is pleased as Punch about her 115 lbs! Says it took her six long yrs. to gain weight she lost after coming to H'wood.

ANN SHERIDAN MARRIES GEORGE BRENT!

The surprise tie-up of 1942 caught Hollywood with its prognosticating pants down.

Like a bombshell it was—the news that exploded across country one morning last month.

The Hollywood smart boys gasped loudest. Ann Sheridan and George Brent taking the vows? They couldn't believe it. Sure there had been a romance—a long one—a romance that seemed to be lit underneath by a strong, steady flame.

But pin down George. Corner Annie. Marriage? They chuckled in unison. Annie hadn't time. George liked his comfortable bachelor quarters. That tremendous sparkler on her finger? Sure George had given it to her. But it didn't mean a thing. They were good friends. A little more than that, no doubt. Whenever a candid camera picked Ann out of a corner of *Ciro's* or the *Mocambo*, there was George grinning companionably by her side. Their tastes and ideas were at opposite poles. They had a lot to talk about, wit clashing on wit—their table mates always laughing.

They'd never get along, said Hollywood. They'd never do it. But they did. At a quiet ceremony before Judge Richard P. Robbins of the County Court at Palm Beach, Florida. No advance publicity. They'd planned a week earlier to plane East, but the weather was bad. They took a train instead. Only a few close friends gathered at the home of George's sister, Mrs. Sam H. Harris, to watch the ceremony: William Cain, a lawyer, Constance Talmadge, Pat Watson, George's nephew.

Hollywood was wrong on one count. How about the other? Can these two high-voltage personalities blend? George's answer to that one is a confident grin. No doubt in his mind. But before we do any predicting, let's take a good look at the real question mark—Annie herself, and the kind of a challenge she represents to a husband.

During the filming of "Juke Girl," Ann worked all night long for 29 nights without intermission. She slept in the daytime, and her secretary, Gwenn Woodford, muffled the telephone and almost stopped traffic to insure quiet. What chance would a husband have in a set-up like that?

How well could the average man hold his temper in the face of two minor incidents that have recently tested the mettle of Ann's escorts? Ann and her friend were in a Drive-In one night when a carload of slightly tipsy gentlemen parked beside them. One of the men recognized Ann and spread the glad tidings by yelling to the world in general, "Hey, I want an oomph sandwich. I'll pay a buck for a sandwich made by Sheridan's own hands. Come on, Red, show us a little oomph!"

Or how would you like to have been with Ann the night she had a party (Continued on page 72)



The Brent-Sheridan nuptials caught Hollywood flat-footed! Despite a sparkler, they had denied marriage plans.



Ann's the girl one sub crew "would most like to be submerged with!"



Ann dropped everything an "Juke Girl" ta go over plans far her new Encina home with architect Stane.



Ronnie Reagan needled Annie an the "Juke Girl" set about the 165 cowboys wha want jobs an her tiny ranch!



Skippy's



Jack grew a mustache for Bun Granville for Christmas! Above, Bob Stack hears about their radio program.

Bonita cheers as Jackie's newly formed band runs over "Maliblues," composed by Cooper!

IT TOOK AN ACTOR'S TALENT, A TROUPER'S COURAGE, FOR JACKIE COOPER TO KEEP A SECRET FROM HIS MOM—THE SECRET THAT HER ILLNESS WAS FATAL!

With his mother's death, Jackie Cooper finished his finest performance. And the hardest he'll ever be called on to play.

He was just 18 a year and a half ago when the blow struck. There was a scene at the hospital which the doctor, inured as doctors must be to such scenes, won't soon forget. "Your mother will seem to recover to some extent," he told the boy. "But in six months she'll begin to wane—I'm sorry," he added gently, cursing the lameness of words.

The lips in the rigid young face moved with an effort. "It's not your fault." He turned to the window and, when he turned back, had himself under control. "There's one thing you've got to promise me. She mustn't know. Whatever else happens, she mustn't know."

Some people feel that the young should be protected as long as possible from tragic knowledge.

That the truth wasn't kept from Jack—to drop the diminutive, which has grown inept—is a commentary on his mother's training.

To Mrs. Bigelow her son was a person from childhood, a person who would have to live his life and meet its problems, independent of her. Her job was to train him to meet them well. She loved, without coddling or clinging to him, and suppressed her maternal terrors to foster his strength.

When he learned Western trick riding and clamored for her to watch, she'd dig her nails into her palms to keep from crying out as he took spill after spill. In a weak moment, she exacted from him a promise not to fly, then spent a sleepless night, reproaching herself for a ninny. Soon after, Jack was invited to San Francisco.

"Don't you want to fly?"

"But I thought—"

"Oh, that was just foolishness," she interrupted airily. "Why shouldn't you fly? Everybody else does," and found compensation in his whoop of joy.

She taught him early the meaning of responsibility. When, with "Skippy," the limelight hit him, she bent every effort to keep it from (*Continued on page 89*)

By Kaaren Pieck

toughest role ...



Susonno Foster, Jock Cooper and Jockie Seorl gave their all respectively in "Glamour Boy."



Jackie's mom, who looks on, left a trust fund that gives her son lifelong independence. Jackie has sold his Beverly Hills home.



Sam: "I'd like to talk to you . . . Tess . . ."
Tess: "Anything in particular?"



Tess: ". . . but I don't suppose you speak Slovenian, either."
Sam: "Nope . . . only broken English."



Sam: (mock politeness) "I don't like to intrude . . ."

Woman of the Year

BY JEAN FRANCIS WEBB AND KAY HARDY

STORY . . . Sam hadn't expected her to be beautiful. Clever, yes. Capable and dangerous and exciting, yes. But not beautiful.

They worked for the same great Metropolitan daily. But they'd never met until the morning the boss called them to reconcile the feud which had started between their columns (Sam Craig on sports, Tess Harding on world events), the morning after she suggested on "Information Please" that games be shelved for the duration of the war.

A woman saying a thing like that needed her ears pinned back, of course. So Sam had pinned them, in print. And Tess had answered. And he had answered the answer. And—here they were, both on the carpet!

"You'll kiss and make up?" the boss demanded.

Sam considered that one. "We-ll. I'll kiss, anyway."

Outside in the corridor, after the (Continued on page 76)



MED. SHOT—STAGE:
featuring Ellen and Sam. Sam's a trifle relaxed
now and is listening intently.



Tess: (into phone) "Hold on a minute, Gerald . . ."



Tess: (into the phone, excitedly) "Ellen. Tess! The
most wonderful thing just happened . . ."



Chairlady: ". . . our dis-
tinguished guest . . . Tess
Harding."

PRODUCTION . . . "I wanted to do this picture with Spencer," says Katie Hepburn, "because he's the most economical actor I've ever known. I'm the most uneconomical; I throw myself into every scene. The real beauty of Tracy's underplaying is that no matter what type of scene—comedy or drama—his work seems spontaneous." . . . *A Story Is Born:* The day Garson Kanin was packing his comb and toothbrush to leave for the army, Ring Lardner, Jr., wandered in to say "good-by." Ring mentioned a story he'd been turning over in his mind, asked Kanin what he thought of it. Gar thought the idea was swell and suggested Lardner get together with brother Michael Kanin and work it out on paper as a possible picture for Katharine Hepburn.

Two months later, a 90-page original about a sports editor who falls in love with a brilliant woman columnist was air-mailed to Kate in Connecticut. Two (*Continued on page 78*)



FADE IN:
Tess's bedroom—next morning—
close shot.

By Dugal O'Liam

The Women Bob has loved...



Bob did "Comille" first in college, later with Gorbo. Left school with film contract.



Taylor loves to travel: by steamer, motor, air! Bobs finolly O.K.'d flying, gave him snoozy flying togs.



Luscious Lomorr with Taylor in "Lady of the Tropics."



"Hollywood wives need the wisdom of Solomon," says Bobs, who storred with Bob in "This Is My Affair."



The new "Johnny Eager" with Lono Turner gives Bob o bed with built-in radio, bor, running water, phone.

TAYLOR KISSES AND TELLS ON HOLLYWOOD GLAM-OUR GALS, ALL THE WAY FROM LANA TO LAMARR!

● "Are you kiddin'?" Mr. Robert Taylor dropped the "g", I didn't, and it rattled across the floor of the M-G-M commissary.

The answer was "Certainly not." The palpitant public wanted to know about the women in his life. Particularly about the way the Myrna Loys, Vivien Leighs, Greta Garbos, Hedy Lamarrs and Lana Turners kissed, et cetera. On the screen of course.

"Listen, I'm married," Mr. Taylor protested. "I want to keep on being married. Of course my wife trusts me and understands, but a statement on how half a dozen different females kiss . . . take it easy, pal."

The idea was that he treat the question as a technical one. His answer could be in the form of a clinical report. If anyone was qualified to make such a report, certainly he was. If he wanted to keep it impersonal, that was all right. Excellent, in fact.

"My friend," he said, in that Upper-Classman-From-the-Fraternity-House-Next-Door way he has, "you're asking me to be technical as a punch in the nose. (Continued on page 96)"



"SWELL



One of Clark Gable's best friends is his purp Bob.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

ONE day, around a dozen years ago, a Hollywood extra named Billy Gable needed a new shirt. He stopped in at Clark's Dollar Store on the Boulevard. He laid down a precious buck. He picked up the shirt, which he tucked under his arm—also the store's front name, which he tacked onto his own last tag.

The deal was a bargain—any way you look at it.

Billy Gable became Glark Gable and Clark Gable became the greatest box office star the screen has ever known. He became the man who has stayed in the top ten for ten straight years. Who rose to a salary of \$7000 a week. Who caused riots when he visited big cities. Who eventually married movieland's great glamour beauty, Carole Lombard, in a Hollywood king-and-queen match.

Clark Gable did all right. But at heart he remained pretty much Billy Gable, the ex-Ohio farm boy. He still

preferred the dank, sweet smell of barns to the dead air of night clubs. He still would trade back slaps and mob huzzas for the jolt of a shotgun or the zing of a reel. He could take the jostles of fame, but personally he could leave them anytime for outdoor elbow room.

So when he could call his shots, he did leave them a little. He bought a ranch fifteen minutes from Hollywood. He took his bride there. For three years Clark and Carole have tried out the country life. They both like it. Now they're planning on stretching the distance. They're searching all over the West—Oregon, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico. They're hunting hard for a cattle ranch that's a thousand acres at least and when they find the ideal spot they'll move there, build a house and never come into town except to make a picture. Then at last Clark Gable will be happy. After all these years he'll be back on the farm.

He'll be Billy Gable again and darn glad of it!

At forty-one, Clark Gable is amazingly unchanged by this fantastic cycle in his life. Fame, fortune, three marriages and a decade of adulation have left him with simple tastes, habits and ambitions. Nor have they conjured up a demi-god of heroic proportions. Clark is good at some things, terrible in others. He has his strong points and his weak ones, too. He's no saint, but certainly no lost sinner. He's no great brain, but he isn't exactly dumb. He's a sucker for some things, but he packs around his pet peeves, too. He's canny, and he's crude, vain and humble, extravagant and sensible, energetic and lazy, brave and scared. In short, beneath his celluloid halo, Clark Gable is just an average guy in his private life.

No one knows this better than Clark himself.

And nothing points this more plainly than where he lives and how.

To reach Clark Gable at home, you drive from Hollywood out Highway 101 and turn left when a sign says "Encino." You travel up a road until you come to a thousand orange trees. The drive goes through these and what you find at the end is Clark Gable's only piece of property, excluding a North California duck hunting shack worth possibly \$500.

The Gable ranch house rests on twenty-two acres in San Fernando Valley, mostly citrus and alfalfa. It cost Clark \$50,000, and it's for sale now to apply on the bigger and better homestead. Clark bought it in March, 1939, from Raoul Walsh, the director. He immediately planted fifty new orange trees, put up a new barn, remodeled the house and stocked the ranches. This modest domain claims practically all Clark Gable's off-set time, except when he's hunting. Gable's private life is as simple as that.

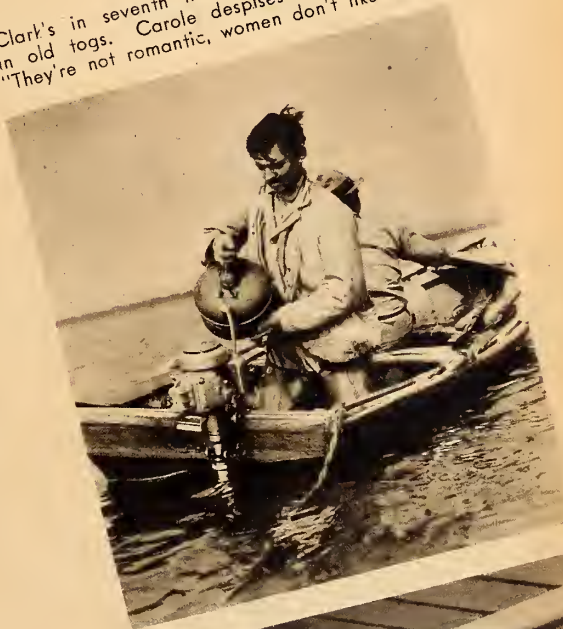
His castle is a fifteen-year-old white frame ranch

house of no particular architectural design. A veranda runs around most of its seven rooms, which do not include a guest room.

Clark's immediate household consists of himself, Carole, Fred, the ranch hand, Jessie, the cook, Florence, the maid, a flock of ring-neck pheasants, a few hundred chickens, two cows, eight horses, three dogs and one alley cat.

The Gable animal population has a varied and interesting history. It started with one cow, which became two when a ranch hand's wife had a baby and milk became important. Chickens came next and Clark's poultry pride reached its zenith when he groomed a certain flock for the Los Angeles County

Clark's in seventh heaven on hunting treks, in old togs. Carole despises beards. Soys, "They're not romantic, women don't like 'em!"



After their marriage in '39 he and Carole honeymooned on his San Fernando ranch!



There isn't a telephone or telegraph station within miles of the Goble ranch. Only communication with the outside world is via R.F.D.!



Nothing infuriates Carole quite as much as those divorce rumors! Soys there's nothing to it; they're blissfull!

"SWELL GUY"

continued

Fair. Visions of blue ribbons at Pomona danced in the country squire's head. Then rudely, they vanished. On the eve of the big event, wife Carole discovered some poor people down the road who didn't have enough to eat. She had a batch of ranch chickens killed and sent over. They turned out to be Clark's pet contenders.

His canine crew consists of two dogs, "Bob," his pointer and hunting companion, and "Commissioner," a dachshund, named after Clark's friend, a Santa Monica fire commissioner.

There are eight horses on the Gable ranch today, including Clark's two saddle favorites, "Buck," a sorrel, "Comanche," a grey. Carole's is a Tennessee Walker. Clark has always been a great horse lover and constant rider although, except for his late and

inglorious bangtail, Beverly Hills (who cost Clark a pretty penny and cured him of racing), none of them are prize-winners. A while back Clark invested in a wild, spirited steed, a bad actor. He thought it would be exciting to train and tame him. One day, with Clark in the saddle, the stallion dashed out of control, clattering across a road under repair. There he stumbled, tossing Gable smack in a puddle of newly ladled asphalt. Clark yanked himself up from the sticky stuff, looking like a tar baby, led the horse home and put him up for sale that day. He figured there was no use asking for a broken neck.

Probably the most annoying but beloved member of the Gable menage is a nameless cat. Clark and Carole ran on to the derelict puss one night before they were married. They'd been out on a date and heard the kitten mewing dismally from a barrel in an alley. They promptly adopted him as an advance member of the family. The cat repays by climbing nightly up the house and scratching on the screen of Clark's bedroom window. He doesn't do this until after midnight, so it's always a cause for nocturnal cursing as Clark rouses himself out of the hay and lets tabby inside.

Clark is a light sleeper by nature, anyway. If the cat doesn't wake him, the mocking birds do. These midnight yodelers perch in profusion among the ranch house trees and start their chorals about 4:30 in the morning. Time and again grumpy Gable has paced the floor at false dawn swearing vengeance via a shotgun on the mockers; of course, he never does the deed.

Midnight is the usual retiring hour at the Gables. But Clark's light snoozing habit makes him a confirmed bed reader. His room is usually stacked high with books and magazines. He prefers the adventure type with plenty of action. His most serious reading bent is for history, especially military history. He has studied every American war and its campaigns thoroughly. He's keenly interested in the present blitz and counter-blitz particularly from a tactics standpoint.

Clark's bedroom is designed for masculine comfort. His bed is leather upholstered, and the large chairs match it. The room is plain. Besides the book shelves and old boxing prints on the wall, there's nothing decorative about it—no trophies, no mementos strewn around. A large fireplace in (Continued on page 101)



Clark thinks simpering, starry-eyed women admirers are silly. Give him a steak any time!



Night club speers such as this at Mocambo are rare. Rarer even is the formal gear worn here and also briefly in "Honky Tonk."



HATS OFF TO HAIR-DO'S

BY CAROL CARTER

Olivia de Havilland, star of Warner's "The Male Animal"

● Our title, "Hats Off to Hair-Do's," is purely a figure of speech—our salute to the season's lovely coiffures. Actually, hats are *on* to hair-do's, for never before have the two gotten along so amiably. Bonnet brims allow for side rolls, pomps and bangs, while hair styles, in return, follow borders, and the ever-popular rolled bob curls around the "little hats." Some of the little feathery and flowery chapeaux seem almost part of the coiffures, so subtly do they team up with curls and waves.

The debate over the long and short of new hair styles has been waxing hot in and out of Hollywood, and so far the most convincing argument is the increasing number of short feather cuts and three- to five-inch bobs worn by filmdom's beauties. Judy Garland is only one of the many who have gone in for a variation of the feather cut, while Carole Landis has effected a far more exotic version of the short-short bob. She individualizes the style by wearing a cluster of curls on one side as though they were bangs.

Meanwhile, Brenda Marshall and Olivia de Havilland wear their dark locks short in front, but cling to long back hair. Just one look at Brenda Marshall shows why schoolgirls still think eight inches isn't a bit too long for their hair. And the low bun and decorative gardenias add glamour to relieve the simplicity of Olivia de Havilland's formal coiffure.

If you haven't already done so, you'll love designing your own version of one of these smart new styles to suit your personality and the tilt of your nose. Experiment in front of the mirror to see how you look in crisp bangs, long ones, all-around rolls and both high and low pompadours—all making fashion and beauty news this spring. You might look to Margaret Sullavan, Bette Davis, Joan Fontaine, Margaret Hayes or Penny Singleton for inspiration, for each has adopted a becoming version of shorter hair. Not all of them have followed the three-inch dictum to the fraction, but rather have chosen the length best suited to their features.

When you have decided on a hair-do, have it shaped by a good hair stylist, and you'll find it easy to set and arrange for evening sophistication as well as smart for daytime grooming. With bob pins, tuck combs, brilliantine, hair lacquer, and as little time as it takes to dry, you can (Continued on page 109)



Judy Garland, featured in M.G.-M's "Babes on Broadway"



"My Gal Sal" is Carole Landis' latest film for 20th Century



Brenda Marshall is the girl in "Captains of the Clouds"

Beauty goes to your head ...

Every film queen wears a crown of radiant hair. Here's how the stars keep their locks lustrous and entrancing!



Before shampooing, brush your locks vigorously.



After moistening them thoroughly, apply your favorite shampoo.



Massage the lather well into your scalp and press through lengths of hair.



Rinse locks repeatedly in clear water to remove every vestige of soap.

Get a head start on beauty, girls, by taking care of your locks, for there is nothing more beguiling than hair that is fresh-washed and fragrant—when every strand is brushed to polished beauty. A becoming, up-to-date coiffure is important, too, in making features lovelier, but, remember it is only as flattering as your locks are radiant and healthy.

There's no magic formula for beautiful hair. It simply responds to good treatment. Give yours the stimulation, nourishment and gentle cleansing it needs, and it will thrive and flourish. Neglect it, and it soon languishes and fades, becoming generally dull and unattractive. Virginia Grey and other acclaimed beauties learned long ago how important locks are to beauty, so follow their example and give your hair daily attention.

That old-time advice to give tresses one-hundred strokes a day is just as timely as it ever was, so get in the habit of brushing yours nightly until your scalp feels warm and tingly and each little hair gleams and shines. This exercise not only gives lazy scalps a good workout and promotes hair growth, but it removes dull-

ing dust and distributes natural oils over the lengths, bringing out hidden luster. If you don't already own a good brush with long, firm, flexible bristles, it's good economy to buy one, for if it is used regularly and correctly, you'll be repaid by soft, manageable tresses. Hold it at a 45-degree angle to your head and wield it in long upward and outward strokes, polishing each strand from root to tip.

Hair grows best, you know, in a scalp that is healthy, loose and invigorated so massage your head thoroughly several times a week. Begin at the base of your neck, and pressing with the pads of your fingers, work upward, kneading and moving your scalp as you go. This extra stimulation encourages the thousands of little hair cells that are busy manufacturing new hairs and also keeps oil glands functioning as they should. If your hair is either too dry or too oily, it's a sign these erratic ducts need normalizing, so discipline them with regular exercise. Also, if hair is dry, or needs revitalizing before a permanent wave, apply a special lubricant—pomade, tonic or special dry hair conditioner—to your

BY CAROL CARTER

Comb or brush tresses to full length. Then, set curls with wave lotion.



Press out moisture with a thick Turkish towel.



Virginia Grey keeps her casual hair-do always sunny and lovely. You'll see her in "Mr. and Mrs. North."

scalp every night, separating hair into sections and working the oils in at the roots with your fingertips. Before your regular shampoo, massage hot oil into your scalp with tufts of cotton or a special sponge, then cover your hair with a steaming towel to help the penetration of oils. When hair is to be washed the following day, apply oil and tie your head up in an attractive bandanna. You'll look nice in the interim. If, on the other hand, your hair is too oily, apply a drying tonic to your scalp every night with liberal doses of massage.

But don't forget that your health has much to do with the lustrous quality of your hair. The productive cells, as you know, are nourished by the bloodstream, so keep your system in good working order by getting plenty of fresh air and outdoor exercise, by sleeping at least eight to ten hours each night and by eating well-balanced meals daily. Be sure to eat those foods rich in valuable vitamin B₁, especially beneficial to hair—leafy green vegetables, milk, beef, liver, eggs, yeast, lima beans, green peas, whole-grained cereals, etc. In addition drink at least eight glasses of water each day.

Just a word about dandruff! Those harmless-looking flecks are not only beauty stealers; they can impair hair health, so if you're troubled by these annoying particles, get rid of them at once. Apply a special dandruff tonic to your scalp nightly, and whenever you wash your hair, use a special dandruff remover shampoo. It will penetrate clogged pores and dissolve dandruff leaving the scalp clean to function properly.

To hold top honors, hair needs to be always clean and fragrant—so never allow yours to become the least bit dull or dingy. Wash it thoroughly once a week—oftener if your hair is oily or if you live in a locality where there is much dirt or soot in the air. Begin by brushing briskly to remove all dust and dead tissue, then moisten your head and locks thoroughly with lukewarm water and apply your shampoo generously. There are many excellent kinds available for dry, normal or oily hair—in liquid or cake form. You may want to use a liquid soapless shampoo with special conditioner added as the model above is doing. It leaves hair sparkling clean and gleaming. (Continued on page 109)

MODERN SCREEN'S

IF YOUR FACE IS

WEAR YOUR HAIR THIS WAY

APPLY MAKE-UP THIS WAY

OVAL

Lindo Dornell
20th Century-Fox



For daytime, brush hair from temples and sides into soft curls behind your ears to accent oval contours. Both the short feather and the modified long bob are becoming. *For evening*, brush front hair into soft bangs or a smooth pompadour roll and curl the side sections into smooth reverse rolls.

Place rouge in center of cheek, blending it smoothly over cheekbone. Wear clear lipstick, not-too-bright, and make up mouth full, following its natural outline.

ROUND

Lynn Bari
20th Century-Fox



For daytime, part hair on side, dressing top with small soft curls or rolls to add length to your face or sweep hair from temples into side pomps. Avoid heavy waves or curls below the ears. *For evening*, brush top and side hair into smooth curls and rolls to add height. Brush back section up from neck in soft, smooth waves and accent with light ornament. Avoid bulky coiffure of neckline.

Wear rouge lightly on outer portion of cheek, blending it softly toward ear then down to jawline. Make up mouth wide following natural outline.

SQUARE

Gene Tierney
20th Century-Fox



For daytime, concentrate all fullness on upper half of head. Wear a low side part to make forehead appear broader. Wear hair low behind ears in soft loose waves to soften the angles of face. *For evening*, sweep sides up in pompadour style. Brush hair back of ears into loose waves or curls, or ornament with pretty ribbon or brette if you like.

Place rouge in center of cheek under eye and blend softly along cheekbone toward temple, then downward. Make up mouth wide with upward tilt to corners.

HEART SHAPED

Mary Martin
Paramount



For daytime, keep front locks soft, with bangs or waves dipping inward from temples. Wear sides smooth with fullness below ears to give chin width. *For evening*, brush hair softly up from brow in reverse bangs or with top curls forming partial bang on right side. Keep back curls loose or adorn sides of hair with flowers.

Apply rouge high on cheek, blending softly toward temple. Follow natural outline of lips but curve top one slightly at center.

LONG

Dorothy Lamour
Paramount



For daytime, brush hair soft and fluffy at sides, maintaining fullness below the ears to give face added width. Also wear fluffy bangs to shorten apparent length of face. *For evening*, part hair in center, have two reverse rolls going from each ear to center part. Back hair may be combed into one low roll below ears or may be fluffed out.

Place rouge in center of cheeks, blending in toward nose. Accent natural outline of lips, making lower lip slightly full at corners.

DIAMOND SHAPED

Claudette Colbert
Paramount



For daytime, wear hair soft and full above and below ears, but dressed snugly at cheek-line to give more oval contours. *For evening*, encircle head in smooth reverse roll, with soft wave breaking into ringlets or bangs at the brow.

Rouge highest point of cheekbone, blending gently outward in all directions. Curve lips slightly, following natural outlines, but avoid making them look too wide.

HAIR BEAUTY CHART

TO	DO THIS	USE THESE
Shampoo Hair Properly	Brush hair and massage scalp vigorously to stimulate circulation. Then, moisten, lather thoroughly with lukewarm water and apply your favorite shampoo. Massage well into hair and scalp, then rinse and apply shampoo once more. After rinsing well, apply flattering vegetable rinse. Spray hair, when dry, with brilliantine.	Clean hair brush Shampoo Commercial rinse Brilliantine
Correct Dry Hair	Stimulate sluggish oil glands by brushing hair nightly. Part locks into sections and massage oily tonic, pomade or hair conditioner into scalp. Before shampooing, apply hot oil to scalp with cotton and leave on for half hour at least. Wash hair with special dry hair shampoo. Use brilliantine and pomade regularly to make hair softer and more pliable.	Hair brush Oily tonic, pomade or hair conditioner Special hair conditioning oil or olive oil Shampoo for dry hair Cotton Brilliantine
Correct Oily Hair	Part hair in sections about 1/2 inch apart and apply drying, stimulating tonic to scalp nightly. Then, massage gently to invigorate circulation and brush hair regularly each night. Shampoo your hair weekly or oftener with a special shampoo for oily hair.	Drying, stimulating tonic Hair brush Special shampoo for oily hair
Root Dandruff	Part hair in sections and massage dandruff-corrective tonic into scalp nightly. Use special dandruff-remover shampoo when washing hair. If hair is dry, give scalp hot oil treatment before shampooing. After drying, apply pomade or oily tonic to scalp and brilliantine to hair strands. Use cream wave set. If hair is oily, avoid extra lubrication.	Corrective tonic Dandruff-remover shampoo Hot conditioning oil or olive oil Pomade or oily tonic Brilliantine Cream wave set
Check Falling Hair	Keep scalp invigorated by nightly massaging with stimulating tonic or pomade and brush hair vigorously daily. If hair has tendency toward dryness, protect it from too much sunlight and avoid over-use of water. If hair is oily, use only drying, stimulating preparations.	Stimulating tonic or pomade Hair brush
Recondition Hair for Permanent Waving	Stimulate natural flow of oil by vigorous brushing and massaging and apply oily lubricant—pomade; oily tonic or hair conditioner—several times a week. Keep locks soft and elastic with pomade and brilliantine. Before every shampoo, give hair a hot oil massage, and leave lubricant on overnight. After your permanent, continue the lubricating and stimulating treatment faithfully.	Hair brush Pomade Oily tonic Hair conditioner Brilliantine Hot conditioning oil or olive oil

GOOD NEWS



70,000 fans sardined into Los Angeles' Shrine auditorium when Bette Davis and Monte Blue entertained for the Shrine benefit.



At the Shriners' show, Cesar muffed a line and brought down the house. Ty Power and John Carradine kidded him for days after!



Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer grace the head table at the Los Angeles Community Chest luncheon in the huge Biltmore Bowl.



Jimmy Durante, Betty Hutton, No. 1 jitterbug, and Bob Hope were the screwy crew whose gags kept the Shriners panting for breath!

**IF IT'S A WORTHY CAUSE, HOLLYWOOD COMES
THROUGH WITH A BIG HEART, AN OPEN PURSE!**

"Dear Diary:"

Fri., Jan. 2nd . . . Lunched with Dottie Lamour at the Vine Street Derby. What a looker that gal is! Wow! We were busy trading gossip when all of a sudden, between the sandwich and dessert, Dottie's voice went dead. I thought it was something she swallowed and waved for a waiter. But I needn't have bothered because Dottie grabbed my arm and nodded toward a table at the opposite side of the room. Greg Bautzer was seated there with another man and looking mighty, mighty gloomy. Dottie says their split is permanent. They don't even speak, which is a darn shame. It's a shame, too, that their social and business contacts bring them face to face so often. It makes the forgetting harder on both sides.

Attended my first blackout party this P. M. The Mocambo, having dubbed itself "Hollywood's Classiest Blackout Hangout," sponsored the affair. An amusing idea, but a little scary when you consider the implications. When I walked in, the club was totally dark, and it stayed that way for long stretches throughout the evening. Dancing with the lights out was swell (the orchestra played "Dancing In The Dark" at least a dozen times!), and I got a bang out of the trick party favor at my place—a jet black compact containing a tiny light that flashed on every time the lid was lifted.

Charlie Morison, the Mocambo boss, took me aside to whisper that he was afraid some perverse female would try to crash in a jazzy, bright-colored dress. No one did. Charlie reminded me of the time, six or seven years ago, when Carole Lombard hostess-ed a party at which every woman including herself was to wear white. Everyone obliged except Norma Shearer who arrived in the middle of the evening, togged in shining scarlet! And how Carole raged! That feud still isn't settled!

Tues., Jan. 6th . . . Spent the morning at Fox watching Ida Lupino give out for "Moontide." I've seen Ida in some awful rigs, but this one was the topper! A shabby out-at-the-elbows sweater and a skirt I'd swear was vintage 1904! Ida admits depressing outfits have a bad effect on her—make her feel low-down. So just before "Moontide" began, she went out and bought herself a luscious new wardrobe to help her shake her gloom after a day at the studio. Then came the war, and all her glamour clothes were tucked into a trunk. For the duration, she'll wear her Women's Ambulance Corps uniform, exclusively.

Snatched a quick drive-in lunch and then scrambled over to Betty Grable's where Ida Zeitlin's interview (see page 61) was already in progress. I wish I could have taken some of Betty's critics with me. They'd



Judy Garland opened the Community Chest luncheon with "The Star Spangled Banner." Anne Shirley and Roy Rogers, above.



Dennis Morgan, Marjorie Woodworth and Alan Marshall gave their bit to Hollywood's total \$475,826 Community Chest donation.

soon enough have gotten over the impression that Grable's a hot-cha, gum-chewing moll who lives in a nest of sleazy satin furbelows. Betty's home is a modest little cottage set behind a white picket fence, and the interior is chintzy and cheerful. Betty herself is a revelation. She wore a demure (that's the right word!) blue quilted hostess gown and very little make-up, and her manner and speech were exceedingly quiet. Her hair was fixed simply, and I noticed that not once in the three hours we were with her did she get up to look in the mirror. Which is more than I can say for a lot of glamour pussies I know! Her poise is remarkable, and the only time she lost it was when we commented on the large portrait of Betty her mother insists on keeping over her chair. Betty actually seemed embarrassed by this obvious demonstration of maternal pride!

Thurs., Jan. 8th . . . Jane Russell stopped by the office this morning on her way to a "Bundles for Bluejackets" blowout. Gosh, how I'd like to be in that babe's shoes! It's been months since she finished her chores as leading lady in "The Outlaw," yet she still collects her weekly pay check from boss Howard Hughes. And that's not all. Every time she makes a personal appearance at an important function, Hughes shells out his dough for the fancy clothes she's expected to wear. She's his star, and he wants her looking as smooth as any competition the other studios have to offer. To date, she's gathered in about 15 complete outfits.

Apparently this generosity isn't confined to producers. Later in the day I met Louise La Planche, one of the "Louisiana Purchase" showgirls who accompanied Bob Hope to San Francisco, where Bob put on a show a while back. Louise told me Bob paid the travelling expenses for all the girls and gave them spending money besides. To top the thing off, he presented each of them with a small piece of jewelry, in appreciation of their swell cooperation. Louise drew a ball-shaped watch.

Mon., Jan. 12th . . . I've always been a Charlie Laughton fan, but, my, oh, my, Laughton as I saw him this morning was sure a tough dose to swallow! It was on the "Tuttles of Tahiti" set, and he was dressed in a dirty, long-sleeved undershirt and an even dirtier sarong. Bare feet and grimy toes didn't add to his appeal, either! He says he and Elsa always walk around their house that way. Barefoot, I mean—not grimy-toed! Stayed to lunch with him in his dressing room, the only dressing room I know of that's furnished with a refrigerator. Elsa packs him off each morning with sandwiches and a bottle of milk because he doesn't like to eat in the studio commissary.

Wed., Jan. 14th . . . Tagged along with John Franchey when he went out to Beverly Hills to see Mrs. Ray Milland. She met us at the door wearing a white blouse trimmed with old-fashioned petticoat lace and a broomstick peasant skirt bound at the waist by a broad yellow belt. It's amazing how such a typically American girl has adapted herself to the Britishness that is Ray's. Her house is English farm style, copied after the home Ray bought for his mother in a London suburb, and Mrs. M. told us practically all her furniture and accessories were sent from England. In fact, the boat that brought the last shipment, just a few months ago, has since been sunk. The only thing really American in the house is the lumber used in the beams and doorways. Ray was wandering around Los Angeles one day when he came upon a ship being scuttled. The beautiful old wood took his fancy,

and he bought it! Ray poked his head out of his shortwave radio room just long enough to say "hello" and "good-by." Mrs. M. says that since the war began, she can't drag him away from his receiving set.

Thurs., Jan. 15th . . . Had a most wonderful 55c dinner at Schwab's, the favorite corner drugstore of the stars. While I was there, Regis Toomey telephoned and, in his best lifted-pinky manner, asked that two seats be reserved at the counter for him and his wife. The boy who took his call listened gravely, and when he hung up, proceeded to set out a reserved sign, two little place cards and pair of bud vases. Regis and his wife swept in a few minutes later, handed their coats to the cashier and sauntered to their counter stools with all the élan of Dietrich and Gabin at Ciro's.

Fri., Jan. 16th . . . This was a set-going day. Made the rounds at Warner's, stopping first at "Yankee Doodle Dandy" where Jimmy Cagney was going through a jig. Cagney showed me a half dozen new records he just bought. I did a double-take when I noticed they were all alike. But Jimmy says his record player goes on a tear once a week and smashes half his platters. In order to keep his favorite tunes on hand all the time, he has to buy them in half dozen lots.

Over on "In This Our Life," Bette Davis was delivering some heavy histrionics with Frank Craven. She fluffed a line on the word "daddy" and broke into a snappy chorus of "Oh, Daddy." Said hello to Walter Huston who was on the set visiting his director son, John. Met George Brent in the Green Room. He recalled that a year and a half ago, in a MODERN SCREEN interview, he had almost prophesied Pearl Harbor. I went back to the office to check on him, and sure enough, he was right. In our September, 1940 issue, he said: "Hawaii is in a bad geographical position in the event of extended warfare. Lately, many of the isles have become ammunition dumps, and, under the worst circumstances, this base could become another Belgium."

Tues., Jan. 20th . . . Dropped in on "Tortilla Flat" in time to see Director Victor Fleming put on a long face and Spencer Tracy put on his hat. Fleming had just finished setting a scene and had his cameras ready to grind. But Spence is a five o'clock man, and he bounces off the set on the hour.

Gabbed a bit with Allen Jenkins who plays Porty'gee Joe. The producers thought Allen was built too small for the role, but Tracy insisted on it. The producers finally yielded, but they're making him wear four sweaters, double-lift shoes, and other make-up camouflages which literally give him a build-up.

Sat., Jan. 24th . . . It won't be long now before Bob Cummings quits Hollywood. Talked to him on "The Saboteur" set and learned he has received his orders to stand by. He'll take over his duties as Captain in the Army Air Corps as soon as the Hitchcock film is completed. Meanwhile, he's doing air-raid warden duty, locally.

Had dinner at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Saw Dolores Del Rio (with Orson, of course) looking perfectly stunning in a black turban that entirely covered her hair. It was ornamented with a gold and diamond clip that must have set her back plenty. Phyllis Brooks was there with Reginald Gardiner and so were Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger and Veronica Lake and her

husband. Don't know where the Lake gal was coming from, but she wandered in in ski clothes.

Holly Noble of CBS sat down with us for a few moments and told an amusing story about Jimmy Stewart and the "Bill of Rights" broadcast. Seems that Jimmy, after exhausting himself giving a great performance, forgot that he was to introduce the President of the United States. He started to stagger away from the microphone and had to be pushed back!

Hollywood Shoulders Arms

At the first word that war had come to our country, Maria Montez offered to enlist as a U. S. Mata Hari. She speaks four languages; thinks she can do a bang-up espionage job . . . Designer Eddie Stevenson brought out an all-suede suit to take the place of tweed numbers no longer available from abroad . . . Shirley Temple wept because she hadn't heard from her brother, George, stationed in Hawaii . . . Brenda Marshall revealed she'd had no word from her father who owns a plantation in the Philippines where she was born . . . Many stars worried about the war clause in their contracts which states that in the event a national emergency forces studios to shut down, contracts may be washed up . . . Twentieth Century-Fox decided to eliminate Surrealist Artist Savador Dali's nightmare sequence from "Moontide" because it's "too scary for these times" . . . Joan Bennett joined the Women's Volunteers of the Air Raid Wardens and appeared on the street in a grey-blue uniform with white shirt, blue tie, overseas cap and Sam Browne belt . . . Local movie houses were ordered to remain open during blackouts.

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul moved into their new home—the only one in Hollywood known to have a bombproof shelter . . . Studios laid plans for the production of educational films, designed to instruct the public in air raid precautions, blackouts, etc. . . . Allen Jenkins volunteered as air raid warden; drew the dog-watch—one to four in the morning. . . . The government revoked permits of all studios to possess machine guns and gathered them up along with trucks, rifles and other armament formerly employed in Movietown make-believe wars . . . Jackie Cooper flew in from Catalina Island, but was detained at Terminal Island an entire day before gaining permission to return to Hollywood . . . It was rumored that studio sound stages might be drafted to act as aircraft hangars . . . And that the Disney plant, built with the aid of government money, would be converted into a base hospital.

M-G-M dropped the title of their latest Eleanor Powell musical, "I'll Take Manila" feeling the pun would be unappreciated at this time . . . A government ruling grounding private planes affected Robert Cummings, Jean Parker, Wally Beery, Roger Pryor and Richard Arlen.

On the Brighter Side

Hollywood tried to be cheerful, too. Announced Rochester: "On Central Avenue (Los Angeles' colored section) we're gonna have a white-out!" . . . To Lionel Barrymore came a wire from Fiorello La Guardia, national civilian defense chief, reading: "Am appointing you and Lew Ayres in charge of all medical effort on the coast." . . . Milton Berle claimed he found a Hollywood cop questioning a Japanese beetle . . . Peter Lorre, admitted he was listening to records and failed to hear blackout warnings. His Japanese houseboy had to tell him to "douse the lights!"

Victor's Record

They laughed when we sat down and wrote that Victor Mature was married before he ever hit Hollywood.

We first published the report, received from one of our agents, in the Feb. 1940 issue of MODERN SCREEN, and were rewarded for our sleuthing with a barrage of lifted eyebrows and complaints that we were spreading false rumors.

But now it's out. A few weeks ago, Frances Charles, a 23-year-old redhead, applied at the L. A. Marriage License Bureau, for permission to wed Corporal Roy Smith. Miss Charles listed her occupation as actress-writer and then revealed that her real name was Frances Evans Mature! In answer to queries, she admitted that she and the "gorgeous hunk" were united in



Gene Tierney, Martha Kemp (Mrs. Vic Mature) and Mrs. Les Stefen (wife of tennis champ) glitter at Westside Tennis Club party.

Yuma in 1938 and, after a stormy life together, called it quits in Pasadena in 1940!

What startled the reporters at the Bureau, however, was not the revelation that Vic had been married previously. Even more surprising was the sight of the ex-Mrs. Mature. She looked so much like the present Mrs. Mature, the newshawks say it was uncanny!

The Last Word

And while we're probing Vic's past, has the story ever been told of his first meeting with Frank Ross, Jean Arthur's husband?

It occurred back in the days when Vic was a struggling student at the Pasadena Playhouse. One morning he received a call from his Hollywood agent, instructing him to report to Producer Ross at the Hal Roach Studios for an interview. Vic was tickled silly—till he remembered he didn't have enough dough in his pants to afford the 20 mile trip to the studio and would have to hitchhike all the way.

As luck would have it, it was a miserably hot day. Drivers were irritable and didn't stop when he thumbed them. Those few who did stop would take him only a short distance. His clothes began to wilt and his feet grew raw. But a job was waiting and he kept on going.

Vic will never forget that day. It took him five hours to make what is ordinarily less than an hour's trip. When he finally limped into Ross's office, he was exhausted, discouraged and ready to drop in a heap.

Added to his misery, was the sight of Ross, himself. Cool and relaxed behind a huge desk, the producer sat smoking a cigarette and basking in the breezes blown against his face by the wings of a giant electric fan. For a few moments Vic stood, embarrassedly, before him.

Ross spoke first. "You don't look much like a leading man to me," he said.

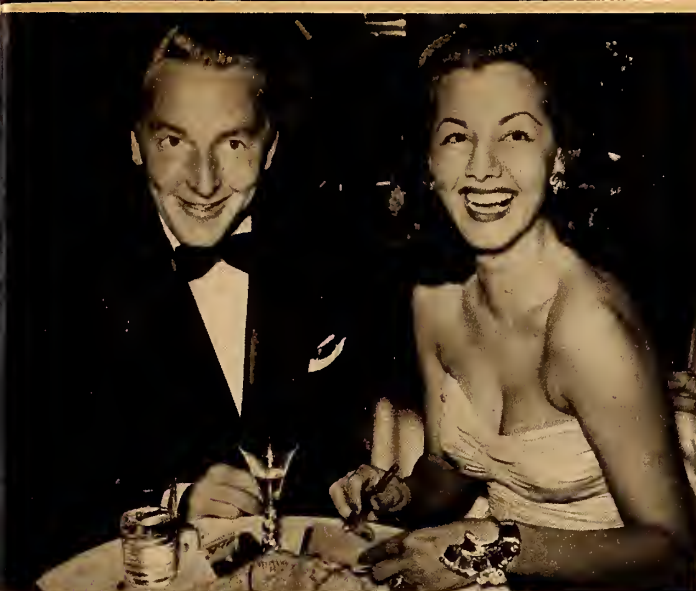
Vic choked. That was the last straw. He forgot he was tired. He forgot he needed a job.

"And you don't look much like a producer to me!" he snapped. And stomped out of the office.

Every movie fan knows the story doesn't end there. Stories like this never do. The following day, Ross revealed he was a man of either great forgiveness or great humor. He sent for Vic again and offered him a contract. Vic grabbed it and two weeks later was making sizzling movie love to that other Roach newcomer—Miss Carole Landis!

Didja Know

That the term "fan," to describe movie enthusiasts, is derived from the word "fanatic" . . . That Rosemary Lane may hop off any day for Iceland? She'll spend two weeks there, putting on shows for the soldiers . . . That Maureen O'Hara has had her pup, Fion, nose-printed because schnozzle markings are the only things that positively identify dogs . . . That Evelyn Keyes turned down \$25,000 offered her by an 87-year-old uncle? He told her she could have the dough if she quit pictures and returned to Texas . . . That Jack Benny, the old stogie fiend, smoked his first cigar at the age of 36? . . . And that Gary Cooper smokes denicotinized cigarettes . . . That Tommy



On the way home from her *Ciro* date with Ed Stauffer (Europe's B. Goodman), Maria Montez met with near tragedy. Was badly bruised when she fell out the car door!



It's a rare occasion when Jon Hall succeeds in dragging bookish spouse Frances Langford away from her tomes for a p.m. at *Mocambo*! They've been wed twice "to make sure."



When Rita's working on a picture, she and spouse Ed Judson don't stir outside the house except on Sat. night, when they draw a free breath at *Ciro*'s. Rita doesn't touch liquor.



One of Rog Pryor's last civilian jobs was the strictly pleasant one of directing Betty Grable on a *Gulf Screen Guild Theater* broadcast! He's volunteered for U. S. air dept.



Ginny Simms returned to the Kay Kyser Band fold 'cause she missed 'em too much! Kay's one of the wealthiest maestros in the land—averages over a million smackers annually!



More than 200 top names turned out in response to Edw. Arnold's call to attend a defense meeting at the Beverly Wilshire. Doing their bit were Clark and Carole Gable!

At Ciro's book party, Dottie Lamour, Randy Scott and other guests came laden with autographed books for army camp libraries. Admission prices went to the same fund!



Brightening up the defense meeting were Ann Miller and Linda Darnell. Ann's been divvying her time between Dick Paxton (Rooney's stand-in) and Blake Gardner!

Pat O'Brien and Geo. Burns took an active part in the meeting. Rumors are that Geo.'s going to be called into active navy duty. Has shipped his wife and kids to Wash.



Those who know, say Loretta Young wants to retire and raise a family. She's already turned down two pics to go to N. Y. with hubby Tom Lewis. Above, at Ciro's book party.

Jack Benny, Kay Francis and Alan Curtis hopped on the band wagon by attending the defense meeting. Kay's suitor Hugh Fenwick clipped to England a few months ago.



VIRGINIA MASTERSON—lovely young daughter of one of Chicago's old families

Another Pond's Bride-to-be

SPORTS LOVERS—"Gini" and her fiancé, Donald A. Wildauer. Whenever Don can get a few hours off from his defense job, they go skiing. Gini says: "After I've been out skiing or skating, I slather on Pond's Cold Cream, and my face looks nice and soft again." *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*

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

See what "Gini's" **SOFT-SMOOTH**
Glamour Care will do for your skin

1. She **SLATHERS** Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream *thick* on her face and throat.

She says, "Then I pat like anything with quick little pats—up from my chin, over nose, cheeks, forehead, till my face feels all fresh and glowy. This helps soften and take off dirt and stale make-up. Then I tissue the cream off."

2. She **"RINSES"** with *lots more* Pond's Cold Cream. Tissues it off again.

"It's simply grand," she says, "the way my face feels—so baby-soft and so *clean*, every last little smitch of dirt wipes right off."

Do this yourself! You'll *love* how *your* skin feels—so sweet and clean! Use Pond's Cold Cream "Gini's" way *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. 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 at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical, the lovely big jars.



GINI'S RING is as lovely as her almond-blossom complexion. It is a brilliant-cut diamond with 3 smaller diamonds each side, exquisitely set in platinum.



Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid



Send for 5 POND'S BEAUTY AIDS!

- 1. Pond's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Cold Cream**
- 2. Vanishing Cream**
- 3. New Dry Skin Cream**
- 4. New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)**
- 5. Pond's "Lips" (5 shades)**

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Clinton, Conn.

Send me samples of 5 Pond's Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.

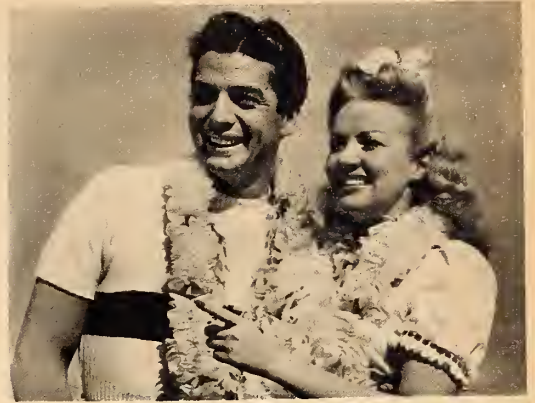
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Address _____

(Offer good in U. S. only)



Groble hulo-ed so strenuously in "Song of the Islands," she had to wear a non-stretchable lining to keep her gowns in shape. That's Vic in the lei!



Both Feet in Heaven

By Ida Zeitlin

The way suitor Raft tells it, the first and foremost rule in dating Betty is not to talk. It's best to just sit back and drink in the Groble gorgeousness!

That Grable gal's danced her way straight into fortune and George Raft's heart!

Betty's a contradiction. Playing hey-hey girls on the screen, she's herself on the quiet side. Tops in her field, she's got an inferiority complex about her dancing, thinks it's over-rated. Limelighted professionally, she hates being conspicuous any other way. Grable and Raft are two of the best glamorized names in the colony, yet they spend ten evenings at gin rummy to one at a night club. Never stage-struck and not overly ambitious, she became the toast of New York and the darling of Twentieth Century-Fox. And she almost lost out on her big break in "DuBarry" because the producer didn't know she could dance and she wouldn't tell him.

She didn't pick on dancing as a career. Neither did her mother. She and her sister were sent to dancing school in the interests of grace and poise. From the time she started lessons at five to the time she quit at 13, Mrs. Grable had to battle to get her to go, and she'd never practise. This, mother and daughter agree, is because she was lazy. How she could be lazy and manage what she did is another inconsistency we won't go into. *They* say she was lazy—still is—and they ought to know.

Once on the floor, conscience and talent got the better of laziness. She couldn't help putting her heart into the work and she couldn't help being a stand-out. Mrs. Grable and the girls spent three summers in Cali-

fornia, where Betty studied with Belcher and Albertina Rasch. The year she was 12 they had their trunks packed, all ready to go back to St. Louis for the opening of school. Betty went down for her final dancing lesson. "I'm going over to Fox to try out for a musical," said one of the girls. "Why don't you take Betty?"

"We're all packed to go home, and besides she's too young." Then came an afterthought. "What say we go? Just to see what a studio looks like?" When the studio saw what Betty danced like, they offered her a specialty number and a contract. Mrs. Grable wired her husband for permission to stay, unpacked the trunks, added two years to Betty's age and settled down to what she didn't know at the time would be permanent residence.

A year at Fox, a year at United Artists, singing with bands, dancing in vaudeville and musicals, then a contract at Paramount. But nobody got excited over Grable. Nice kid, so what? It was partly her own fault. At 13 she stopped studying. People lost sight of the fact, if they'd ever known it, that she was a dream dancing. She was temperamentally incapable of saying, "Look, I'm a dancer, give me a dancing part." Once or twice her mother said it for her, but pushing isn't the best thing Mrs. Grable does either.

So Buddy De Sylva took her to New York for "DuBarry," and as opening night approached, she turned silent and mokey. The show wasn't giving her the chance she'd hoped for. (Continued on page 92)



HEAVEN- NEVADA

Town—where Las Vegas, America's topnotch Groom and rushed off on a marital assembly line?

BY IRVING WALLACE

High on a hot desert—its scenery consisting largely of air-cooling systems, slot machines, busy clergymen and a busier Justice of the Peace, wedding chapels, roulette wheels—stands little Las Vegas, Nevada.

Eleven hours by train, six and a half by auto, one and a half by plane, it is only a short trip for romantic Hollywood couples like John Shelton and Kathryn Grayson, Dave Rose and Judy Garland, Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall. And in 1941, they and 15,000 other couples all made the hop.

Marriages may be performed at any hour of any day at any place (one couple was recently married before a roulette wheel in a gambling joint). Las Vegas' radio station's call letters are KENO—which adds up to the name of a popular gambling game. Las Vegas suffers no sales tax, because there is enough income from gambling, which is legalized. The gambling is terrific. Don Ameche recently flew in on a Friday night and lost \$1,800. The next night he returned by air and won \$2,400! There are all kinds of unique services tied up with Las Vegas. For example, Western Air has a special trip from Hollywood to Las Vegas which includes (1) a round trip flight, (2) honeymoon room at El Rancho Vegas, (3) three meals, (4) taxi to and from airport, (5) wedding cake. All for \$27.75! Every street sports a wedding chapel wherein for about \$12 the average person or the movie star may be married with license and preacher thrown in.

The first character I spoke to was District Judge George E. Marshall, a big, dark-haired, sunburned character with the movement and manner of a frontiersman. We sat on the edge of the dance floor in that beautiful oasis, El Rancho Vegas, and talked about the (Continued on page 98)



Gene Tierney and Count Oleg Cassini picked Las Vegas for their startling elapement last year. After the ceremony, pair sojourned at El Rancho Vegas, honeymoon hostel.



Las Vegas marriages are practically a Hollywood tradition nowadays! Among its proponents are Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden who sped there to have the knot tied in 1941!



WHAT TYPE ARE YOU?

Former Powers lovely, Elyse Knox, now in Hal Roach's "Hayfoot." —



Heads up and face this weary world with a bright new lid, but make it really yours! Take time to match your personality. And think twice before you say, "I'm not the type." Somewhere among these five, there's just the one for you. . . . *Are you conservative?* Do you like what's new but not bizarre? Look to the grey twisted wool turban with red jersey crown. The color combination will make you both seen and admired. . . . *Do you go for the frankly different?* Then poke your locks into a gay striped jersey stocking cap. You'll create a sensation and prove you're in the fashion know. . . . *Have you a perfect profile?* Take "Robin Hood," the sporting, emerald green brimmed straw, for yours. . . . *Pert, petite and partial to dirndls?* Top it off with a white felt Dutch cap, green 'n' red hearts and flowers. . . . *A borrower at heart, are you?* Buy yourself a beige gabardine cap, complete with visor, in little-boy fashion.

FOR FURTHER FASHION INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 91

HOORAY FOR GABARDINE

Along about this time of year you begin to get awfully fed up with what's in your closet and don't know just where to begin doing something about it. You want a little shove, a little push toward spring, but it's still cold and you have to consider your winter coat. Your black dress looks drab and your bright ones too harsh. You want to be light and giddy and tailored, too, all in one outfit. The answer, the perfect answer, is gabardine in a slim, sleek-fitting suit of luscious rose pink or flattering pale blue. It will slip under your coat with the greatest of ease and will take its place, later on, in the smartest Easter parade you could possibly name. What more can you ask?



Sparkling Evelyn Keyes, Columbia Starlet, in "The Adventures of Martin Eden"

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Pond's
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Radiant new Dreamflower shades don't simply match your skin—but tinge it with alluring dream-girl color magic!

Tender new Dreamflower smoothness suffuses your face with an angelic, clinging "soft-focus" finish . . .

Dainty new Dreamflower box—all garlanded with miniature dream blossoms!

"Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is ideal! I haven't found a powder with more luxurious texture—or lovelier shades—at any price. And the box is adorable!"

WHITNEY BOURNE

New Pond's "LIPS"
—stays on longer!

2
BIG sizes!
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Shatter his heart with your stay-lush new Pond's "Lips"! 5 wicked Stagline shades. Try "Heart Throb"—its magenta hue is fashion's doring!



Free—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades

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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?

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BOOTS BOOTS BOOTS . . .

by Elizabeth Willguss

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB BEERMAN

Come snow or slush or just driving rain, we bet you'll take to rubber boots this year! You won't be able to resist their smart newness, a far cry from the poor, tired old galoshes you've been dragging out year after year. High and handsome, they will make you want to swagger out into the wet and splash right through mud puddles. What will you have? Shiny black boots like those Lynn Merrick is busily zippering or the swashbuckling, ride-'em-cowboy style sported by starlet Evelyn Keyes? Maybe you'll prefer the sporty brown riding boot type or perhaps bright red ones with scalloped tops. Make your own choice, but make it boots. . . . This rainy-day business gets to be a lark and not a headache when you're dressed for it. You don't have to wear your last year's clothes and look dreary as the weather. Slip into one of these fitted raincoats, plain or umbrella-printed (note the wide dolman sleeves) and you're all set.

Lynn Merrick, Republic studios starlet, now in "Arizona Terrors."



Carole Lombard

Life in Hollywood's not the same since Carole went away. The twinkle's gone from Clark Gable's eye, and Jack Benny's jokes fall flat on his own ears! The whole nation mourns her as one of its greatest actresses and the first civilian casualty of World War II. Returning from a personal appearance for the sale of defense bonds, her death hinged on the fatal tossing of a coin. Her mother and publicity man Otto Winkler, hesitated to fly back to Hollywood from Indianapolis, but she insisted and won heads up. Just out of Las Vegas over the treacherous Potosi Mts., the plane was suddenly, mysteriously, forced down and exploded into the side of a peak, falling into a flaming mass to the bottom of a gully. Clark Gable rushed from the Glendale Airport, grief stricken and desperate. But neither his prayers nor the prayers of a nation could save lovable, happy-go-lucky Carole, who had given her life to her country!



BEEN "SOAPING" YOUR HAIR?

NO WONDER IT'S DULL!



Try Halo Shampoo, and Reveal Your Hair's True, Lustrous Color!

Too bad that old-fashioned soapy shampoos are making your hair dull, lifeless-looking! That's because they leave a lack-luster soap-film on it!

Just try one shampoo with Halo, and see the difference! Halo contains no soap ... therefore can leave no dull soap-film!

Halo makes a billowy lather in hardest water ... with a new-type ingredient that leaves hair *naturally* lustrous.

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Frame your eyes softly, luxuriantly, give them irresistible depth with Ey-Teb lashes. Impossible to detect, not affected by make-up, water or tears. Will last weeks.

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*EY-TEB MASCARA at "5-and-10's"

IDYLL ON ICE

(Continued from page 27)

Actually, he glowers when Sonja dances with anyone else.

His favorite name for her is "Skatey." For a while it was "Precious Instrument." That one was hung on her by an enthusiastic sports writer, and it tickled Dan in view of the fact that, off the ice, she's anything but. Can't work a cigarette lighter to save her soul and couldn't be more helpless in an emergency. The "air raid rehearsals," for instance, floor her. She thinks every ambulance siren is significant, and her daily walks are a succession of runs for cover. Another thing that completely shatters her is a cough or wheeze from one of her miniature French poodles.

canine capers . . .

She bought the pair of them this fall when she was down at their new beach house at Amagansett, L. I., and no sooner got them home when one of them developed a hack. "Oh my goodness, Den. Quick to the dog doctor." The coughless one was rushed off with his wife, just in case he'd acquired any germs, and they remained away two months. "Might as well have them housebroken while we're at it," said Dan. "A pipe dream," he'll tell you now. "Two months later they're sent home with special diets and permanent waves and everything but a college diploma, but they're not house-broken. Still aren't. They've cost us a fortune in rugs, and we're the bane of hotel peoples' lives from coast to coast. She, however, adores them, and that's that."

Ever since she got them, Sonja's been trying to light on two extra-special names for them. First they were Scarlett and Rhett; then that combination palled, and they had unpronounceable Norwegian names for a while. Now one is Skatey—which makes for all kinds of confusion, that being Sonja's nickname—and the other remains anonymous. The name-changing has completely demoralized them, and nothing can induce them to come when called.

"Skatey's dogs may be dopes, but she's really quite bright," Dan confides when she's not around. It's not his technique to "sweet talk" her in her presence—thinks that's "soupy." Both of them, by the way, make a point of not wearing their hearts on their sleeves. Their love is something kind of personal, and they want to keep it that way. "Damn bright, you might quote me as saying." It seems she's a whiz of an interior decorator. This summer she did their rambling white L. I. house; bamboo living room, wrought iron dining room, plastic bedroom—every one of the eight rooms is her creation!

She also did their scrumptious New York apartment, and it's beautiful. Soft blue-grey walls, marvelous modern furniture—strictly sans chromium—and mouth-watering pastels everywhere. It has dozens of windows and lots of flowers and plants to bring her beloved outdoors inside. She shows you around like a small child. "Here will be the buffet if it ever comes. And, oh, see my lucite chairs. The very last lucite not used for defense." Then she'll open the front door and show you the doormat. It's quite an average looking mat with a red Indian design. "This," she says reverently, "I got at Bloomingdale's." If you don't rave over it, she's crushed. She is wild about Bloomingdale's and everything that comes out of it. Shops

there gleefully for hours, until someone recognizes her and attracts a crowd.

Now that's a silly thing about her. 16,000 fans watching her at Madison Square Garden thrill her to death, but 25 of them eyeing her as she invests in a pair of nylons panic her. She blushes like a 15-year-old. She'll sign autographs by the hour, but heaven deliver her from the fan who only stands and stares.

But to get back to Dan and his praise-singing. It develops she can also cook—"anything in the world from fancy canapés to steaks. Furthermore, and this is one of the best things about her, she knows when to forget glamour. You ought to see her at the beach. Sand in her hair, a little cotton play dress, no phoney fuss—adorable. Goes in the water without a cap, lets me bury her in the sand and never mentions the word lipstick. Nice gal, my wife."

In town, she's a fashion plate. She wears lots of brown by day, isn't too keen about black and at night is almost always in white. She has a gorgeous white fox wrap and dozens of white gowns and will take a single gardenia to a slew of orchids any day. Lately she's sporting quite a bit of red, white and blue. "Of course Sonja," her friends will tell you, "is more American than George Washington. She even got married on the Fourth of July. Why, when she became a citizen last September, you'd of thought she'd written the Declaration of Independence single-handed she was so pleased with herself." No one quite knows how she ever passed that final examination. She studied like a mad thing for weeks before and was marvelous on the important dates. Could rattle off 1492 and 1776 like nothing. Even had the presidents' names down cold. But what utterly killed her were the three branches of the government. When she remembered executive, she couldn't think of judicial—and legislative was rarely in the picture at all. On the day of the examination though, she had them on the tip of her tongue. Dan was away on the big day, but when he came home there was much downing of champagne and calling each other "damsyankee."

about town . . .

They love to celebrate things. Christmas Eve and wedding anniversaries they reserve for themselves, but other big events—a smashing victory for Dan's football Dodgers or a world premiere of Sonja's latest picture—call for their cronies. In Hollywood, that means Errol Flynn, Bruce Cabot, the Ty Powers, among others; in New York, there's Tom Deglin, publicity man at Madison Square Garden, Shipwreck Kelly and Mrs. Shipwreck (Brenda Frazier) and various socialites and sports people. To hear them tell it, there just is no pair in the world like Sonja and Dan. Dan can order a dinner like no one else on earth, and he always has some new *boîte* up his sleeve to whip them to afterwards. Sonja's contribution is the most incredible line of talk you ever listened to. The next day they all kill themselves trying to remember, but she gets off her pearls so fast, they're usually gone forever.

This, however, is typical. One night, she was describing a new tortoise shell compact she'd bought for Annabella Power. She couldn't remember the word "tortoise shell," but that didn't stop her. "It is made," she said, "from the skin of that very small animal—the friend of the rabbit." All harking back to Aesop's old fable, "The Tortoise and the Hare."

Her accent is practically gone now to everyone's horror. It used to be such

(Continued on next page)

fun. However, she still says "Den" for "Dan," and "svithot" for sweetheart and "sweeming" for swimming.

The business of being able to laugh at each other is only part of what makes their marriage so swell. They have understanding and camaraderie, millions of big and little things in common like their love of sports, of the theater, the ocean, planes (they have one of their own), Glenn Miller and cottage cheese at two in the morning. They haven't the usual things to quarrel about. Money, for instance. They chip in on certain big items such as the new house. Sonja buys her own clothes. Dan pays the rent. They have it all worked out, and it's a closed book. Then, there aren't any in-law troubles. When Sonja's on

tour, Mrs. Henie accompanies her. The rest of the time she lives out West and in no way complicates their lives. Dan's far-flung family is no problem at all.

Lest it all sound too nauseatingly idyllic, be it known that they tiff long and loud when the occasion calls for it. To dress or not to dress is one sore point. So are the dogs, slightly. And so's Sonja's habit of getting into a food rut and repeating one menu for weeks on end. "Den's a dope. I'm thinking of leaving him," is Sonja's stock announcement when irked. "Skatey's a goon girl. I may trade her in." That's Dan's line.

Yeah? You lie, Mr. and Mrs. T. See you on your golden wedding anniversary!



*Take this way
to a Man's Heart*

Pamper His Taste For Delicious WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

WHETHER it's a twosome or a turnout, a man's choice is always for swell-tasting Wrigley's Spearmint Gum . . . That delicious, clean-as-a-whistle, spearmint flavor freshens up your mouth quick as a wink and helps sweeten your breath.

YOU seem to feel keener when you're chewing Wrigley's Spearmint, for the smooth even chewing helps spruce you up. What's more—it aids your digestion and helps keep your teeth clean for a bright, winning smile.

SO, just take this way to a man's heart—have plenty of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum handy to offer him.

THE FLAVOR LASTS

W-54



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

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

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

Then switch to Ex-Lax — the *Happy Medium* laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you'd ever want to give your children. But it's kind and *gentle*, too! It won't upset them. It won't make them feel bad afterwards. What's more, Ex-Lax *tastes good* — just like fine chocolate!

Ex-Lax is as good for grown-ups as it is for children. Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label... Only 10c or 25c at any drug store.

**IF YOU HAVE A COLD
AND NEED A LAXATIVE—**

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold *not* to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX
The Chocolate Laxative

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SOUR STOMACH Try JESTS, the new and different way to get fast, *longer* relief from distress due to excess stomach acid. Pleasant, mint-flavored tablets. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.
10c AROLL—3 for 25c



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Knit your group closer together, enhance pride of membership. Bastian's big selection, low prices, traditional quality have led the field for 46 years. Write for new Free catalog today.
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Candidly Yours

CONTINUED



Our snooping smotheroo, Bob Beerman, congratulates Rita Hayworth and Bob Hope on press photographers' awards for being the most "photogenerous" stars!



Margaret Hayes (Jeff Lynn's ex-crush) Ciro-ed with Adrian Samish, insurance broker. Jeff and brother share Arrowhead Springs hide-out; built it together.



Walter Kane, actors' agent, speed at Ciro's with cute wife, Lynn Bari. Note that wopperoo of a diamond on her fourth finger, a belated engagement ring!

"Girls with *Romance Complexions*
win out!"

LORETTA YOUNG

Get 3 cakes of Lux Toilet Soap and begin now a month's trial of this gentle care that helps protect million-dollar complexions, the care screen stars depend on! See for yourself what a wonderful aid it is in keeping your skin smoother, lovelier—more attractive!

Star of Columbia Pictures'
"Bedtime Story"

"This
ACTIVE-lather
care is a
wonderful
beauty aid.
*Try it for
30 days.*"

LUX SOAP HAS
SUCH WONDERFUL
CREAMY LATHER.
I PAT IT LIGHTLY
INTO MY SKIN—

RINSE WITH
WARM WATER,
THEN A DASH
OF COOL

THEN I PAT MY FACE
GENTLY TO DRY. THIS
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL
LEAVES SKIN FEELING
BEAUTIFULLY SMOOTH
AND SOFT!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

"Tain't Funny McGee!"

WHEN HUBBY BROUGHT
HOME "ORDINARY TISSUES"
INSTEAD OF **KLEENEX**,
I MADE HIM MARCH
RIGHT BACK. WHEN I
SEND HIM FOR **KLEENEX**,
I MEAN **KLEENEX**!

(From a letter by
J. W., Coffeyville, Kans.)



NO WASTE!

OTHER BRANDS HAVEN'T
THAT **KLEENEX**
"PULL-OUT" BOX
THAT SERVES UP
JUST ONE DOUBLE
TISSUE AT A TIME!

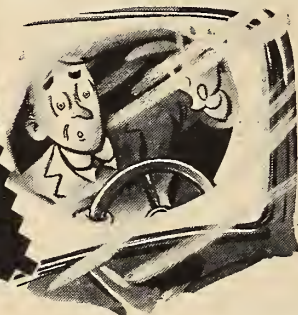
(From a letter by
W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)



GRIME DOES NOT PAY!

I ALWAYS KEEP
KLEENEX IN
MY CAR TO WIPE
THE CHILDREN'S
STICKY FINGERS,
CLEAN THE WIND-
SHIELD, AND SHINE
THE TRIM!

(From a letter by
O. C. G., Springfield, Mass.)



"TELL ME ANOTHER"
AND WIN \$5.00
SAYS
KLEENEX
WE PAY \$5.00 FOR EVERY
"TRUE CONFESSION" WE
PUBLISH ON **KLEENEX**
DISPOSABLE TISSUES.
MAIL YOURS TO **KLEENEX**,
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

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

ANN SHERIDAN MARRIES GEORGE BRENT

(Continued from page 37)

stopped at a highway inn to dance and a woman, noticing Ann's superlative rumba, called, "You think you're smart. You think you look like Ann Sheridan. I'll bet people tell her she looks like Ann Sheridan so she tries to act like her. Hey, where's George Brent, smarty?"

The behavior of these fans was unusual, of course, but episodes like that would work like bombs in the smoke stack of the average man's composure. He'd blow up and make matters worse.

Which brings us automatically to Sheridan, the gal, better known as "Loudy," pronounced to rhyme with moody, which she certainly is NOT.

Her favorite activities are sleeping, dancing, horseback riding and reading—in that order. She sleeps raw and collects perfume—the score stands around 400 bottles at present. She owns a new house that she is decorating without the

help of a professional color-and-furniture schemer. She doesn't like ice cream or bitter chocolate candy. She is That Way about dime stores, shops them avidly and is seldom recognized because she is taller (5'6") than the screen reveals, and quite a bit more slender (120 lbs.).

She seldom loses her temper, never rearranges furniture, refuses to argue about politics or religion. She has trouble remembering names, calls everyone "Honey." First thing she notices about a man are hands, general neatness and eyes. She thinks Madison Lacey, Warner photographer, has the most beautiful male hands she has ever seen. George's are nice too.

The things that men, in general, like about her are pa-lenty; the things they don't like are few, so we can get them off the list pronto. First among the demerits is her habit of wearing her

fingernails 'way out to here. She has grown sick of red polish, so nowadays she wears two coats of platinum lacquer over the portion of nail that extends beyond her fingertips and one coat of sealer over the entire nail. This gives a pink-and-pearl effect that would be pretty if one liked long nails, which most men don't.

Second demerit is her complete lack of coquetry. She has a handshake like a man's, and her manner of looking at a person is level and direct, without flirtatiousness. As one man, nameless here at his request, said, "I'd be embarrassed at paying her a flowery compliment—the kind you feel you have to pay most girls. When you see Annie looking like a million, you just barge up and opine, 'You look okay today, Red, how come?' Maybe the reason she doesn't use wiles is because she's always packed such a visual wallop that she can make blood pressures go geyser simply by walking past."

And now for the merits. Hold on to your hats, because this is going to be a fast trip and a merry one. One of the swellest things about General Phil Sheridan's grandniece is her sense of humor. To wit: while she was working on "Juke Girl," the nights were so bitterly cold that the wardrobe department outfitted the men in woollen longies. For Ann, they secured a pair of acrobat's tights—a pale pink wool, but just enough too long to congeal around Ann's ankles in folds.

When Ann returned to the set, decked out like a delirium tremen, she pulled up the legs of her slacks and remarked, "Look, everybody—sex takes a holiday."

Another splendid feature of the Loudy personality is the fact that she's a GOOD woman driver. She wheels her Cadillac over the Hollywood highways with the aplomb of a Brooklyn cab driver. Although she has been known to do a motorized Seabiscuit on occasion, she's a safe operator. She never chatters while driving, she never window-shops. Her stops and starts at boulevard markers or signals are masterpieces of smoothness, and you can say that again. She oozed into the studio one morning, only to be greeted by a pop-eyed gateman. "Hold everything, Miss Sheridan, you've got a stowaway," he told her, lifting a two-months-old kitten down from the car top. It was one of nine Ann has at her new ranch house out in San Fernando, and it had made the trip safely on a surface as slick as a salesman's speech.

"Must have had the help of a lot of centripetal force," observed Ann.

This coolness—sang froid, the French call it—is another of her estimable qualities.

Mexican is a language Ann brought from a childhood in Texas, but she is now learning proper Spanish and French. Her instructor insists that she speaks French with a Russian accent.

A book entitled "One Of Us Is A Murderer" so impressed her that she remembered it for five years, finally traced it down to the publisher so she could secure a copy to give a friend. Second best mystery she ever read was named "Last Act In Bermuda."

In addition to murder mysteries, Ann reads Life, Liberty and the pursuit of The New Yorker. Also the Reader's Digest. She reads fast—skims, really, but she remembers what she reads. She has a remarkable memory for poetry, too. Can still recite Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and William Wordsworth's "Daffodils" that begins, "I wander'd lonely as a cloud." Don Blanding, however, gets her vote as her favorite poet, and her favorite

book to date is "The American Dream." She reads funnies. "Flash Gordon," "Prince Valiant" and "Blondie" are daily musts. "You tell me where you can find a man built like Flash Gordon," she grins. "Superman" gives her a pain because it is so impossible, and she disapproves of "Bringing Up Father" because it is based on defeatism. She thinks the Katzenjammer Kids should be given a Texas trimming. "I like kids a lot. I think they should be up and coming—brats, maybe—but brats in a sweet way," is the verdict of the school teacher that Texas missed.

Perhaps one of the reasons she gave up the three R racket is the fact (attention, men) that she *doesn't* like to talk. A Hollywood man-about-town, having seen Ann on the screen, went to plenty of trouble for plenty of weeks to wangle an introduction, then a date. Afterward he admitted that he had taken Ann out because he thought she'd be the life of the party. "All she did was sit in a big chair and listen to the men talk about their travels. She's the most flattering listener I've ever seen."

She doesn't like to talk on the telephone either. If someone calls Ann, she wants the person to state his business and hang up—just like that. Even she and George—completely flouting Hollywood tradition—never carried on protracted telephone fests.

Whereas other women spend their husband's money in beauty factories, getting permanent waves, Ann has to have her hair straightened. Too much natural curl. The color, too, has to be movie-ized. Normally, the Sheridan mane would be a good rich chestnut-auburn, but this color would photograph too dark, so the studio keeps Ann's hair sorrel.

Her greatest extravagance consists in buying unnecessary quantities of shoes. Occasionally she goes on an evening-gown spree and buys half a dozen fancy dresses, although she seldom wears formal attire in private life. She lives in nine pairs of slacks with matching accessories.

The only make-up she wears on the street consists of lipstick and a bit of eyebrow pencil. She never buys either of these—just hops into the make-up department and says, "Toss me a lipstick, Wally, and some eye goo—I'm out." The make-up department gives her what it thinks she should have.

"I guess I have quite a few masculine traits," Ann says of herself, musingly. "I never keep a diary—think it's a lot of rot. As a letter writer, I stink. I don't even write to my mother—I simply send long, newsy wires frequently. As for cooking—I'm like most men, I have a specialty. I can turn out larrupin' Mexican dishes, and I could live on tortillas, tacos and tostados. I like cold showers, ice water to brush my teeth, and extra-hard toothbrush. Oh, I'm rugged."

Which brings up Ann Sothorn's comment about Annie. The Sheridan name came up for discussion at a party at George Murphy's one night. "I think Ann's one of the swellest girls I've ever known," La Sothorn said. "She's such a straight-shooter, such a good guy. There's no nonsense about her. She's just the dish if you're out for laughs. Sometimes she's so regular, she reminds me of a man."

The very male mouths of Jimmy Cagney, Bob Montgomery, George Murphy and Cesar Romero dropped open like quadruplet caves. "She reminds you of a what?" they demanded.

"A man. A fine, honest, four-square man," insisted Sothorn.

"That isn't the effect she has on us," they whooped as one voice.



Original gown by Nanty, Inc., New York

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

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-3, 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.



BROWN DERBY SPECIAL DINNER

Marinated Herring
Chopped Chicken Livers
Melon Supreme
Gefuette Fish
Crab Legs Cocktail
Shrimps-Avocado Louie
Clam or Tomato Juice on Ice
Mixed Olives
Hearts of Celery
Fresh Manhattan Clam Chowder
Consomme with Matzo Balls
Broiled Live Lobster, Drawn Butter
Baked Oysters in Shell, Kirkpatrick
Fresh Shell Seafood Creole,
Rice Pilaff
Scalloped Chicken, Curry Madras,
Rice Pilaff
Barbecued Eastern Corned Beef
and Cabbage
Cal's Liver Saute aux Fines Herbes
Spring Chicken, Saute with
Mushrooms
Young Ring Neck Pheasant Saute
Stroganoff, Wild Rice
Hamburger Steak de Luxe
with Onions
Old Fashioned Meat Loaf with
Hard Boiled Eggs, Special Sauce
Broiled Tenderloin Steak,
Maitre d'Hotel
Assorted Cold Cuts with Turkey,
Potato Salad
Veal Sweetbreads, Belle-Helene,
in Chafing Dish
Rahm Schnitzel with Egg Noodles,
Polonaise
Beets in Butter
Baked Potato

FROM THE CHINESE KITCHEN
Chicken Chow Mein
Salad Bowl
Brown Derby Pastry or Ice Cream
Butterscotch Sundae
Coffee, Tea or Milk

\$2.50

By Helen Holmes

Let's dine out with



Robert reserves for himself the rite of carving the Epicurean roasts which are so popular with the Derby's star patrons

After hours spent at the studios and donated to programs for war charities, Hollywood's film notables enjoy the good food and gay atmosphere of the famous Brown Derby!

● We're going to take you on a tour of Hollywood's famous restaurants where the film notables meet—and eat! Stars and executives are as busy as busy can be, these days. For, in addition to their regular schedules at the studios, they've plunged full tilt into defense activities and are taking part in recreational programs for army camps and training centers besides contributing their talents to raising money for war relief. With such a tremendously increased pace of work, there is little time for parties and entertainments at home that were a part of Hollywood social life. But you'll still find them gathered around tables in their favorite restaurants enjoying much-needed relaxation and the sustenance of good food.

As the first of our series of restaurant stories, we are taking you to the Brown Derby which continues—through the years—high on the list of popular places where Hollywood luminaries dine and wine. And, although guests these days enter through a foyer draped in heavy black curtains—so that not a gleam of light gets through to the street—and the prevalence of uniforms gives a military atmosphere to the animated gatherings, the enjoyment of good food is still a star feature at the Derby.

Robert, the famous chef who has been at the Derby for so many years, enjoys catering to the stars' likes and dislikes and now more than ever is striving to have his dishes the most delicious served in Hollywood so that his famous patrons may be well rewarded for their hours of arduous extra-curricular activities.

W. C. Fields is his special favorite because Bill never forgets, no matter how busy he is, to come back to the kitchen to express his appreciation of the food he has enjoyed. Eating is a rite with Bill! He goes over the menu like a scientist searching for a new vitamin. He holds long consultations with the head waiter before deciding on just which dish he desires and—when presented with a tray of French pastries—sometimes takes 15 minutes to make his choice. His day-

in, day-out favorites are the Derby's special "Chef's Salad" and a delicious Rice Pudding. Recipes for both of these appear in these pages, so be sure to try them!

When we talked with Robert he told us the favorite dishes of many of his well known patrons. As you might expect, Charles Boyer likes frog's legs, prepared in true French fashion. Marlene Dietrich adores Lobster Thermidor and her daughter Maria invariably orders Robert's Weiner Schnitzel.

However, you will be interested to know that Robert assured us that most of the stars for whom he caters, order just simple foods—just such foods as you and I would serve in our own homes. For instance, Joan Bennett's favorite combination is the famous Brown Derby Spaghetti, served with a green salad. Sister Connie likes scrambled eggs and thin bacon broiled very, very crisp. Dorothy Lamour likes a health-giving vegetable plate with icebox cake for dessert and Hedy Lamarr always orders salads.

Ida Lupino comes to the Derby just for their Barbecued Spare Ribs which she doesn't hesitate to pick up in her fingers. While Orson Welles is an eater in the grand tradition—never orders a steak of less than three pounds, has three orders of everything to go with it, vegetables, potatoes and even milk!

Hamburgers de Luxe are all-around favorites with those who drop in for a snack. Extra special, yet easy to prepare they are, too. This recipe and all the other recipes which we are printing this month, have been tested and changed ever so slightly so that the ingredients called for will be on your pantry shelves. Try them all, with Robert's compliments. Make your mealtimes as enjoyable for good food as those served in the Brown Derby. Then next month you'll surely want to join us as we take you to another of the cinema capital's famous eateries. There's good eating—yet no cover charge—in store for readers of MODERN SCREEN!

Brown Derby Recipes are given opposite and on pages 80 and 81.

MODERN SCREEN

the STARS



George Raft and Betty Goble are a twosome often seen at the Vine Street Brown Derby.



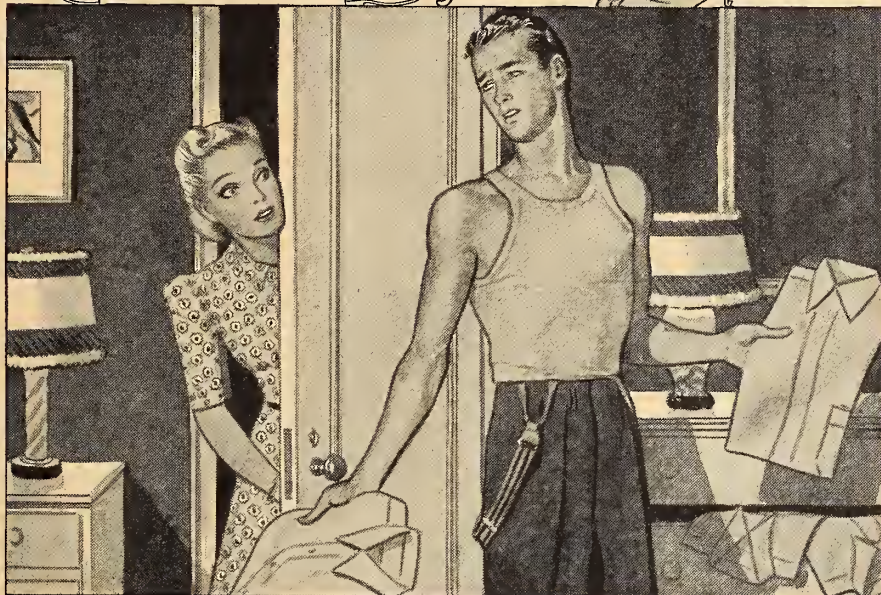
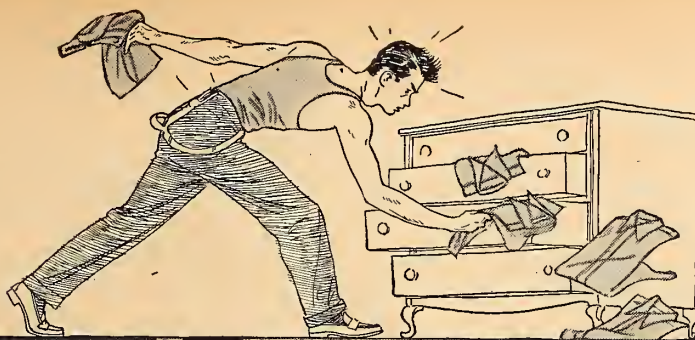
Phil Harris and Alice Faye always ask for their own favorite dishes to be prepared for them.

BROWN DERBY ICE BOX CAKE

- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 1 store sponge cake, or
- 2 dozen lady fingers
- additional cream
- ¼ cup macaroon crumbs

Add sugar to milk and bring to a boil. Add a little of mixture to egg yolks. Then add egg yolk mixture slowly to milk. Cook in top of double boiler until mixture coats the spoon, stirring constantly. Strain. Add gelatin which has softened in cold water; stir, add vanilla. Cool until it begins to set, stirring frequently, then fold in the cream, whipped stiff. Line loaf pan with waxed paper. Cover bottom and sides with thin slices of sponge cake or split lady fingers. Pour in half of gelatin mixture, cover with more sponge cake or lady fingers. Add remaining gelatin mixture and top with cake. Chill in refrigerator several hours or overnight. Turn out onto platter, remove paper, spread with sweetened whipped cream, sprinkle with macaroon crumbs.

(Continued on page 80)



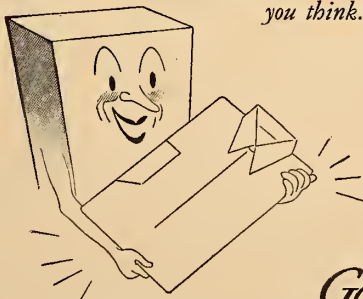
Next Stop-TAHITI!

HERE, DEAR READER, we give you an intimate close-up of The Outraged Husband... A rip-roaring, fire-breathing Male... *sans* shirt, *sans* temper—*sans* just about everything except a swell case of Righteous Indignation.

And what is the Ultimatum he delivers? Something like this, perhaps: 'This does it! I'm through looking like a ghost in a gray shroud. If I can't have a white shirt, I'll go where the only shirt a man *has* to wear is the one he gets with his birthday suit. Goodbye!' (with appropriate gestures)

And how does his Lady respond? Elementary, Mrs. Watson. She tiptoes to the telephone and in quavering tones tells her grocer, 'Please send me some of that Fels-Naptha Soap right away. Send a lot. And hurry!'

[ASIDE TO THE LADIES] *This isn't all kidding. Better take a peek at Papa's shirts. He may not be as tame as you think. You never know.*



Golden bar or
Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Why Let Winter "Jinx" your Feminine Freshness



You may not know it, but winter is no time to neglect your Cashmere Bouquet Talcum pick-up. Now—more than ever—you need its fragrant, dainty protection.

DID you pack your Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder away with your summer frills, thinking: "I won't need it in winter!"

But you do need it now, more than ever! Even though it's cold and crisp outside, stuffy, heated rooms imperil your daintiness.

So play safe! Take one minute before you dress to sprinkle Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder over yourself. Delicate and fragrant as the breeze from a summer garden... this luxurious talcum leaves you fresh, dainty, delightfully feminine... your whole person sweetly adorned with "the fragrance men love."

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

Cashmere Bouquet

TALCUM POWDER

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



WOMAN OF THE YEAR—STORY

(Continued from page 40)

dressing-down was over, he managed to be going her way. He managed to ask her to go to a baseball game with him; just because no pretty girl should be as ignorant about important things as this one was. And Tess said yes.

That was the way it started.

orange blossoms . . .

He never could be alone with her. Her flat always was crowded with the international monkeys who flocked in after her newscasts. Her office was a tingling nerve center, where she worked at fever pitch to keep the world at her fingertips. Books and maps and documents and cables and telephones and a secretary named Gerald—those made a bad atmosphere for love to bloom in. Yet love went right on blooming.

He was crazy about her by the night she took off for Washington; right after a woman's rally to honor her famous aunt, Ellen Whitcomb, who'd been the youngest leader of the feminist movement.

Kissing her good-bye at the airport, Sam knew quite suddenly that life from here on in wouldn't be very important if he couldn't have her. He even confessed as much to Ellen later, driving home.

"Sam—" Ellen grinned at him, "I'd say, marry the girl."

It was an eternity before Tess came back. It was three days. But they ended, finally. And there he was at Pinky's Place, in a booth with Tess, alone at last. They drank a fabulous number of Scotches and told each other a fabulous number of things about themselves.

Tess! Freckled and lovely Tess, who'd never seen a baseball game yet had visited every country in the world with her father during his duties as a government trouble shooter! Adorable Tess, who wrote the most important commentaries in the country yet could look so young and defenseless and heartbreaking across a little table!

"I like knowing more than most people about what goes on, Sam! I was in Madrid when all that started. I wrote about it. Then—"

They were floating on a rosy cloud by the time Sam took her home. She asked him in for a glass of milk, but it turned into kisses. Dangerous kisses. She was warm and human in his arms. No goddess at all. It was his doing that he bolted and ran before it was too late.

Next morning, he got to his office early. But when he went up to hers, to ask her to marry him, Gerald said she was down in the wire room. A Dr. Lubbeck she'd known in Yugoslavia had escaped from a concentration camp. She was checking every incoming bulletin for news.

Sam went down to the wire room, that noisy cubicle where teletypes yammered and copy boys rushed. It was the best Fate offered. So he asked her there, and she said she would, and the tickers clattered.

They were married by a Justice of the Peace in South Carolina. Her father arrived with exactly 12 minutes to spare. Aunt Ellen managed to appear between lectures. Gerald kept long distance ringing with reports on Lubbeck. But it was as legal as a church and organ music.

And they lived happily forever after. . . . If Sam had expected it to end like a fairy tale, he had counted without Tess. For her column was her first love, and her column kept right on. So many words a day no matter what happened!

They went back over Sam's protest

to her old apartment. ("Because it's so established, dear, and everyone knows where to find me.") They went back to a wedding night shared suddenly by Dr. Lubbeck and an entourage of diplomats and bodyguards; for the doctor had arrived incognito and headed straight for Tess. She was a figure, not a wife.

But such an adorable figure that, for the first few months, Sam didn't quite realize what was missing from their marriage. Irritation boiled up because Gerald always was under foot or the private teletype in her study never was still. But Tess knew how to kiss away each scene, the moment it threatened to get out of hand. Tess knew—plenty.

Maybe the months could have stretched out into years, if it hadn't been for Chris. Chris, the little Greek orphan she brought home one day, because as prominent young chairwoman of the Relief Society, she really had to set an example by taking the first one herself.

From the first moment Sam saw him, his heart bled for the kid. Those eyes, big and dark and sad, held all the tragedy in the world. At six, Chris must have seen horrors no man should behold at 60. And the lad spoke not a word of English in Tess's swift, confusing home.

Sam wished with all his puzzled heart that he could get through to the boy. But he knew no Greek, and it was impossible to be a good companion by sign language. He still was pondering on ways and means, when their home was hit by another tornado.

"woman of the year" . . .

The National Association of Women's Organizations had named Tess Harding America's Outstanding Woman of the Year!

Headlines blazoned it. Radios boomed it. Telephones shrieked. Telegrams poured in by the barrel. Even Gerald took on a hunted look.

And the Great Evening arrived. The

DO YOU KNOW THAT

With the new "pin buttons" devised by Paramount designer Edith Head, you can change your dress buttons as often and as quickly as you change your mind? For example, the simple black dress worn by Ellen Drew in "The Remarkable Andrew" was used in four scenes with four very distinct effects. It was done by sets of buttons, antique silver, jewelled, white pearl and hand-carved wood, which were pinned, instead of sewed to the dress for quick change.

Wallace Beery, fresh from his job as elephant-keeper in a circus, appeared at the old Essanay Studios as a female impersonator? Convincing the studio of his abilities, he was cast in a series of comedies called "Sweedie, the Housemaid." Wallace Beery was Sweedie.

When Walter Abel showed up fresh and bright-eyed to do the drunk scene in "Skylark," the studio rewarded him with a menthol treatment? Blew the menthol dust right into his eyes so he'd look realistically bleary.

evening of the formal banquet at which the honor was to be officially bestowed. It was when he discovered at the very last moment that their maid had gone to watch the ceremonies, and Chris was to be left alone, that Sam rebelled.

"But Chris is six, Sam! And we'll be home before midnight!"

"A kid can do plenty of crying in four hours," Sam answered.

He refused to go to the banquet. She could tell them work had detained him, anything at all. But someone had to stay with Chris.

He saw her off, glittering in her fabulous new gown. And as her angry, beautiful figure vanished from sight, Sam made a jarring discovery. It turned in his heart like a knife blade. America's vibrant new Woman-of-the-Year wasn't a woman at all!

He left little Chris at the welfare center; his throat going tight as he watched the lonely youngster dash happily to greet his young friends, jabbering excitedly for the first time in weeks.

Then he got drunk. Good and drunk.

The swirling mists subsided two days later. He found himself at the language school of one Madame Sylvia. It seemed he'd called up Pinky to have sandwiches sent in. Wouldn't even stop to eat. Language, that was it! Get to be a famous foreign correspondent! Learn Russian, French, Spanish! Be important, be a big shot, never mind humanity!

Even Pinky, reminding him a championship was being fought for over at the Garden, couldn't snap him out of it.

It was Pinky, at last, who thrust under his nose the column his paper had run that morning under Sam Craig's by-line. It read like a Valentine. All about how Al Dunbar, that moth-eaten wreck, would win the big fight on account of the blessings of a good woman's love!

Sam read it through a second time in his taxi. *Who had written that drivel?* He raged down the aisle to his press seat just as the last preliminary finished. *Who had done this to him?* He scarcely heard the jibes and jeers of his compatriots. *Who had signed his name to—?*

Darned, though, if the opening punches didn't go Dunlap's way. The boys were beginning to lay off a little, when Tess slipped into the place beside him. Tess, all dewy-eyed and little-womanish, confessing that *she* had turned out the column! Mrs. Sam Craig, standing by in the dark hour of her missing husband's need! Tess, gone sentimental!

It seemed she had gone to Dunlap's training quarters for a story and met up with Mrs. Dunlap. Her mood had been chastened anyhow, for the first time in her glamorous life, because she had talked with Chris at the Refugee Office, and he'd wept at the notion of going home with her. Well, Mrs. Dunlap had been rooting for her man with such earnest simplicity that— Sam groaned. Tess was like a reformed drunk.

Midway of her ecstatic pictures of a bungalow somewhere in the country, of herself in frilly aprons doing the dishes and cooking his meals, he interrupted with a common sense reminded that leopards don't change their spots over night. And then he saw the pain, the real yearning, in her lifted eyes; and something melted inside him.

She'd been only Tess Harding so long? Now she wanted to be only Mrs. Sam Craig? But he knew his Tess! If he could help her combine the two, now—well, what would be wrong with Tess Harding Craig?

Nothing, Sam felt, as he folded her close to his heart.

"Awaken to New Glamour... try my Beauty Nightcap"

MARLENE DIETRICH, NOW STARRING IN "THE LADY IS WILLING", A COLUMBIA PICTURE



says Marlene Dietrich:

"I've found the one cream to help my skin--fragrant, silky-soft Woodbury Cold Cream. It's the 'makings' of my Beauty Nightcap, the ritual I follow nightly."

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Tampons are no mystery these days. Every month more and more women discover the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection. But in choosing a tampon, make sure it's truly modern, scientifically correct. Only Meds—the new and improved Modess tampons—have the "safety center."

"Safety Center"? What's that?



The "safety center" is an exclusive Meds' feature that nearly doubles the area of absorption. This means Meds absorb faster—and so surely—you can forget needless fears. Meds are made of the finest, pure cotton—they hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

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But don't these special features make Meds cost more?

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BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

Meds



The Modess Tampons

WOMAN OF THE YEAR PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 41)

hours after it arrived, Hepburn was on the phone, calling Lardner, calling Kanin, calling Producer Joe Mankiewicz at M-G-M. "I'll do it," Katie told them, "if I can get Tracy for the sports editor." She flew to Hollywood the very next day.

a bargain . . .

The studio had been looking for a story for Spencer. Here they had a shooting script, ready to go, with a tailor-made part for Tracy and Katharine Hepburn to co-star. The total price—personally agented by Hepburn, and a bargain for Metro at \$211,000—included Kate's services, the story itself and the use of the young co-authors to polish the final script. . . . When Katharine was introduced to Tracy for the first time, she took a good, long look at him and remarked: "Don't you think I'm a little too tall for you, Spencer?" Tracy smiled, gave her look for look and answered, "Don't worry, Miss Hepburn, it won't take me long to cut you down to my size." Kate loved that. Her pet phobia is people who "yes" her. "Be honest and tell me the truth," she'll say, "even if I hate it." . . . Director George Stevens and Hepburn first met when he directed her in "Alice Adams." They fought for weeks about how she should play Alice. She finally admitted he was right and likes that picture better than any she's done—so far. . . . Stevens is a great believer in keeping the light touch in love scenes. Says a laugh keeps a love scene from going overboard. He thinks that young people are more natural and unaffected than ever before. They don't beat around the bush. Not that they're unromantic—they just come to the point more quickly, and screen love scenes do the same. . . . Spencer, Katharine and Stevens, who used to be a crack second baseman in prep school, took in several local baseball games to get themselves in the mood for the scenes in which Tracy brings Katie into the press

box to watch a big league game—an action, incidentally, in direct violation of unwritten laws of sports reporting.

Newspapermen won't have any beefs coming about Tracy's portrayal of them. Ring Lardner, Jr., learned plenty about the Fourth Estaters from his dad, who was one of the greatest of them all. There's not a phony piece of dialogue or business in the entire script. . . . Hepburn is a young tornado on the set. Academy Award-winning photographer Joseph Ruttenberg lights her a special way that doesn't require her to stay still a minute. Says she changes expression so quickly, he's counted as many as 12 different "faces" in just a few feet of film. Every Hollywood camera-grinder who's ever worked with Katie will confirm that.

Mr. T. bobs his hair . . .

She's the first gal to have her dressing room in the male stars' building. Assigned to Bob Montgomery's quarters, she left everything as was, except for the famous barber chair Bob always kept there. That went out. Bob Taylor was her next-door neighbor; Clark Gable had the room directly underneath. . . . Tracy hasn't had a close haircut since he played in "Murder Man" with Myrna Loy in 1935. The studio barber thought he was being ribbed when Spence called to make the appointment. For years he's had standing orders from the front office never to give Mr. T. more than a trim. Spencer was delighted about the reprieve from long-hair parts, said he was lucky he wasn't cast as a drama critic or book reviewer.

Katharine had to learn to chatter in Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, Hindu and Russian for some of her scenes. She was well-equipped to handle her role as a militant spokesman for equal rights. Her mother, Mrs. Thomas Norval Hepburn, is an ardent crusader and once picketed the White House on behalf of woman suffrage. All the Hepburns are

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 60 of these rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heraines 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 lassaed!

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

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New England intellectuals.

For one scene Tracy had to report for work made up as a man who'd been up all night. No grease-paint was needed, though. His son Johnny had been rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy the day before, and he'd spent the entire night watching anxiously at the boy's bedside.

Largest set constructed for the picture was a reproduction of a gymnasium where boxers train for fights. Half a sound stage was rigged up with two boxing rings, punching bags, with a dozen or more fighters racing around, shadow boxing, exercising on the rings and generally playing around with other gym paraphernalia.

During production, Fay Bainter presented Katharine with a beautiful bracelet, set with 15 semi-precious stones. Her way of saying "thanks" for the help she'd received from Kate exactly 15 pictures before, when she was summoned from her New York stage show to make her picture debut in "Quality Street." "It's little enough," Fay told Hepburn, "for all the hints and helps you gave me when I was trying to adapt myself to a new medium."

no stockings . . .

Hepburn never wears stockings. Used body make-up on her legs during the picture. . . Sara Haden and her husband own a thriving auto court on one of the leading highways into Los Angeles. . . Reginald Owen writes as well as he acts. Wrote the entire script for one of his pictures and was collaborator on "Stable-mates," one of Metro's most successful pictures.

Fay Bainter used to hate everything about the theater but the acting part. Snapped out of it when she recalled the motto her mother used to repeat to her: "Happiness comes not in doing what you like, but in liking what you have to do." Keeps a copy of it on her desk so she won't miss seeing it every day.

Jimmy Stewart visited the set, talked to Katharine for the first time since they finished "Philadelphia Story." When he told them he had to leave at 5 o'clock, they tried every trick in the book to make him stay. "Listen," he told them, "saying I was late because I couldn't get away from Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy won't keep me from having to peel all those spuds!" Jimmy's in the army now!

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

Shirley Temple is movie-wise. One day while she was making "The Littlest Rebel," producer Buddy DeSylva had a good idea for an important scene near the close of the picture. "Shirley," said DeSylva, "goes to see Lincoln. She sits on Abe Lincoln's lap and asks him to pardon her father. Terrific, eh?" Shirley, who had been listening, said, "Of course the pardon has to be granted. We can't make a heavy out of Lincoln."

Sidney Skolsky

Charlie Chaplin's youngsters, Charlie, Jr., and Sidney, were having lunch with him at the Brown Derby one Saturday. I stopped at the booth, chatted with Chaplin for a while and was greatly amused when Charlie, Jr., said to his father, "Please take us to Warner's this afternoon. Joe E. Brown's new picture is there. He's our idea of a funny man." Chaplin, it seems, since being taken up by the smart grown-ups, has outgrown the kiddies.

Sidney Skolsky



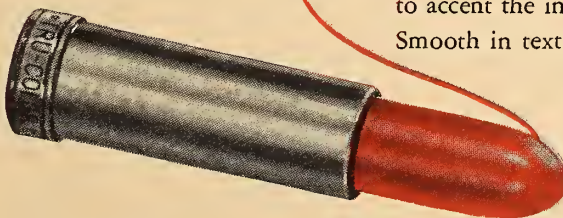
LUCILLE BALL

IN RKO-RADIO'S

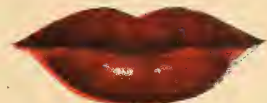
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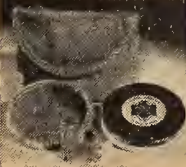
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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	CASHEES (Color)	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Type above and here
	AGE	

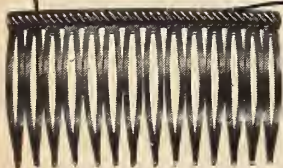
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Columbia Pictures Star



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SPECIAL BROWN DERBY RECIPES

Tested by The Home Service Department of Modern Screen

BROWN DERBY CHEF'S SALAD

Tear hearts of lettuce into small pieces. Chop the center stalks and leaves from a large bunch of celery. Cut up a small bunch of watercress and part of a head of chicory. Rub a large salad bowl with garlic and place these salad ingredients in it. Add about 1 cup of diced cooked ham and 3 peeled tomatoes cut in wedge shaped pieces. Pour over all the following French dressing and toss with a salad fork and spoon until the ingredients are well coated with the dressing. Garnish with chopped hard boiled eggs and parsley. Serve immediately.

FRENCH DRESSING

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 3 tablespoons lemon juice | 1/4 teaspoon paprika |
| 1/2 cup olive oil | 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard |
| 3/4 teaspoon salt | 1/2 teaspoon sugar |
| 1/8 teaspoon pepper | 1/8 teaspoon celery salt |

Place all ingredients in a bowl and beat, until slightly thickened, with a rotary egg beater.

BROWN DERBY SPAGHETTI

Sauce:

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 chopped onions | 1 small can mushrooms, drained |
| 3 tablespoons salad oil | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 lb. ground round steak | 1/8 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 #2 1/2 can tomatoes | 1 small clove garlic |
| 2 fresh tomatoes, peeled | grated Parmesan cheese |

Brown the onion in hot salad oil in a large skillet. Add the round steak and brown that also. Add the canned and the fresh tomatoes, and the mushrooms. Crush the garlic with the salt and pepper and add. Simmer all together for about 2 hours.

Spaghetti:

Bring a large kettle of salted water to a rapid boil. Add a package of spaghetti and boil for 15 or 20 minutes, or until tender. Turn into a large colander and rinse quickly with cold water. Heap onto a large platter, pour the sauce over it and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

HAMBURGERS DE LUXE

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1 lb. ground beef | 1/2 teaspoon English mustard |
| 1 egg, beaten | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup condensed chicken soup, strained | 1/8 teaspoon black pepper |
| | 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce |
| | 1 teaspoon melted butter |

Mix meat, egg and chicken broth. Add the seasonings and melted butter and blend thoroughly. Form into large cakes and brown quickly on both sides in hot fat. Serve between slices of hot buttered toast or buns with fried onion rings. This will make about 8 good sized hamburgers.

BROWN DERBY RICE PUDDING

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1 quart rich milk (or part milk and cream) | 1/2 cup raisins |
| 1 small piece of stick cinnamon | 1 egg |
| 4 tablespoons rice | 5 tablespoons sugar |
| | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| | dash of grated cinnamon |

Cook milk, cinnamon and rice in double boiler top over hot water for 30 minutes. Remove cinnamon and add raisins, cook for 10 minutes longer. Beat together the egg, sugar and vanilla. Add some of the hot mixture and blend together. Return all to the double boiler and cook and stir for 2 minutes longer. Pour out into a shallow Pyrex casserole and sprinkle with just a little grated cinnamon. Place under a broiler flame and brown lightly. Serve either warm or chilled with cream.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR MARLENE

1 pound lobster meat
or
2 1-pound lobsters
6 tablespoons butter
½ pound mushrooms
5 tablespoons flour
2½ cups rich milk
1½ teaspoon salt
dash of paprika
⅓ teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup sherry wine
¾ cup bread crumbs
½ cup melted butter
grated Parmesan cheese

Purchase quick-frozen lobster meat or 2 freshly boiled lobsters. If lobsters are whole, cut in half lengthwise and remove the meat. Cut lobster meat in small pieces. Sauté in the butter for about 2 minutes. Remove and add mushrooms which have been peeled and sliced. Sauté these for 5 minutes and remove. Add the flour to the butter in the pan and stir to a smooth paste. Add the milk and stir and cook until smooth and thick. Add the seasonings and the sherry wine. Mix in the lobster and the mushrooms carefully. Fill buttered individual ramikins or the lobster shells with this and sprinkle with bread crumbs to which the melted butter has been added. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over all and place under a broiler flame until a beautiful golden brown. Serve immediately. This makes 4 generous servings.

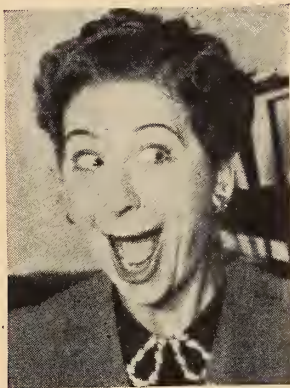
MACARON PIE

1¼ cups stale macaroon crumbs
4 tablespoons butter (softened)
6 or 8 whole macaroons
1 envelope plain gelatin
¼ cup cold milk
1½ cups scalded milk
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
4 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons sherry
apricot preserves

Mix the macaroon crumbs with the butter and press this mixture into the bottom of an 8-inch pie plate. Stand the whole macaroons around the edge. Place in the refrigerator to chill. Soak the gelatin in the ¼ cup of milk. Scald the 1½ cups of milk, add the sugar, salt and the egg yolks which have been beaten together. Cook over boiling water in a double boiler until the mixture coats a spoon. Remove from range and add the gelatin. Add the sherry and cool until mixture just begins to thicken. Line the macaroon crust with the apricot preserves. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the custard. Pour this over the apricots and chill for several hours. Top with slightly sweetened whipped cream if desired.

WHAT RADIO STAR

once learned the hard way that
a haymaker is no farming gadget?



fed eggs to the Prince of Wales;
got started in East Side poolrooms?

notes on cold asparagus and
mustard; thinks George
Burns is radio's funniest?



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answers all these questions and
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You don't have to be annoyed by loose, falling pins that do not keep their shape. Look your best with DeLong's . . . they have a strong, lasting grip . . . they won't slip out.

DeLong

BOB PINS
WON'T SLIP OUT



WHAT WOULD A PSYCHOLOGIST SAY ABOUT YOU?

(Continued from page 31)

ABC. Linda Darnell—

Linda is a realist. She tackles without fear problems that would defeat the majority of people. She is satisfied if she does her best she will succeed, to some extent anyway.

She is discriminating and understanding beyond her years.

She has a natural instinct for progress and improvement. She would know in-



stinctively if a dress was not smart and in good taste, if a person was a pretender, if a book was worthless.

She has a great ability to analyze things. She sees beyond her nose. When she was brought to Hollywood, one of the final contestants in the "Gateway to Hollywood" contest, she asked the judges to eliminate her. She felt RKO, with whom she would be put under contract, wasn't good for training young talent.

She is thoughtful of others in her home and at the studio. But she likes to go off by herself week-ends. There is in her a deep desire for solitude.

She will not be hurried if she is making-up, dressing or dining.

She has had the courage to do what she believed right in spite of opposition.

She has a temper, but she is very able at controlling it.

She has a fertile imagination and great general curiosity.

Linda is a realist—a romanticist.

Linda is colorful and glamorous and charming. Linda is stable.

Linda is an ambivert of the first water. She also has a balanced temperament.

BC. Ginger Rogers—

Ginger is apt to do the thing least expected. Try to anticipate what she will do, and you will be constantly surprised and annoyed. She fits no pattern.

She is quiet, introspective and reticent. She has no knack for small talk. It doesn't bother her to sit in complete silence while everyone else is talking. If she has something worth saying she says it. If she's not versed on the subject of a conversation, she listens.

She walks away from anything that looks like an argument. She remains poised and calm when everyone else is tearing their hair out.

She listens to everyone's advice, then makes up her mind. And you get the feeling she knew what she was going to do all the time.

She is positively frugal. She hates to "go shopping" and usually saves shopping sprees for once-a-year in N. Y.

She's inclined to go a little froufrou in her personal wardrobe. There's some-

thing about her that recalls John Held, Jr., and College Humor. She loves dark bronze or gun metal hosiery—one thread. She loves opera pumps cut down to the sole on both sides. Her rare night club "binges" are separated by long periods of wearing slacks and sweaters, no make-up but lipstick, no nail polish, and getting freckled.

When Ginger isn't busy at the studios, she's usually in the throes of some hobby. When this happens, she practically has to be spoon-fed. She forgets everything, and somebody had better be around to remember it is mealtime—she won't.

She has an insatiable desire for perfection. In spite of an Academy award, she has never been completely satisfied with any performance.

Ginger exhibits mostly introverted tendencies. However, her penchant for doing the thing least expected of her is a sign of extroversion.

X. Alice Faye—

There are many people who insist Alice Faye is high hat. She often acts high hat. Because, shy and self-conscious always, she is uncomfortable with those she doesn't know. There was a time when she had to choose a chair in a restaurant that faced the wall, otherwise, distressed by even the casual glances of other diners, she was unable to eat.

Now she is afraid people will expect her to act like a movie star and that she will disappoint them. It would never occur to her to put on a movie star act. Affectation she detests. In fact she's the rebel type. She refuses absolutely to court those who are in a position to help her. She spends much of her leisure with her family. Helene Smith, her stand-in, is her best friend. And



Zella, her maid, frequently wears new gloves or a new watch or a new something or other which is a gift from "Miss Alice." She looks for excuses to send flowers to those she likes.

She is likely to be late for appointments unless she is in production.

She loves jokes and gags and goes to great lengths for them.

She loves to dance.

She gets quiet if anyone hurts her.

She usually has a radio or phonograph playing. Enjoys symphonies, reading.

She is surprisingly athletic.

She hates to go to sleep, and to get up.

She's a strange combination of hard-boiled sophistication and naivete.

Alice can be categorized as a descendant personality. She also exhibits many more introverted than extroverted traits.

LONG VOYAGE HOME

(Continued from page 29)

had sent Griffith some photographs. If he took it, Hayden figured, maybe he'd last long enough to save money enough to make his own down payment. His personal expenses were practically nil. Clothes he didn't need, night clubs he abhorred. A modest sum to keep his mother comfortable, and the rest was velvet. He was binding himself for seven years, but Paramount wasn't, and they'd never keep him that long, don't make him laugh. But suppose, just for argument's sake, he clicked. Well then, he'd have money to buy a boat and sail it between pictures, and still have forty years of the sea ahead when he got out of hock. But that was all hooey. He was no actor. Come option time, and they'd throw him out on his ear.

So you know what happened. But not what went on behind the scenes, with Stirling chafing at the bit till he finally grabbed it and got the hell out.

initiation . . .

It wasn't so bad at first. As an unimportant contract player, he was left to go pretty much in his own way. He and his mother took a \$50 house in the hills—and stayed there, incidentally, for the duration. They kept no help. Stirling liked his mother's cooking. He spent his spare time at the water front, his regulation costume a pair of dungarees, an open shirt, dilapidated canvas sneakers over bare feet.

Then came "Virginia," and the currying process started. He was told to lose weight. Six foot four and all muscle, he couldn't see the point. The first danger spark glinted. "It makes me nervous not to eat." That was okay, the screen was peculiar that way, it didn't show up nervousness, only weight.

What lay at the root of the whole thing was his inability to reconcile himself to pretense. Acting is making believe you're something you're not. He was convinced he'd never make an actor, but let that ride. At least on the screen he wasn't fooling anyone. What he couldn't stomach were the minor pretenses demanded of him—harmless enough, routine stuff to the initiated, but they irked him like a neck boil. He winced at the bare necessities of make-up and posing. "Man into monkey," he was heard muttering once.

Romance is part of the star build-up. Hayden, being normal, likes pretty girls but wants to pick his own. The first time they told him to take so-and-so out, he thought they were kidding.

"Why? I don't know her."

"We'll see that you're introduced."

"Suppose I don't like her."

"Look, we're not asking you to marry the girl. If you're seen with her at a couple of night spots, your name goes in the paper. That's all we want, your name in the paper."

"I'll buy you an ad," said Stirling and stalked out.

If they could make publicity capital of his sailing days, that was all right because it was true. But one day they took him down to San Pedro for stills and handed him a fish.

"What's that for?"

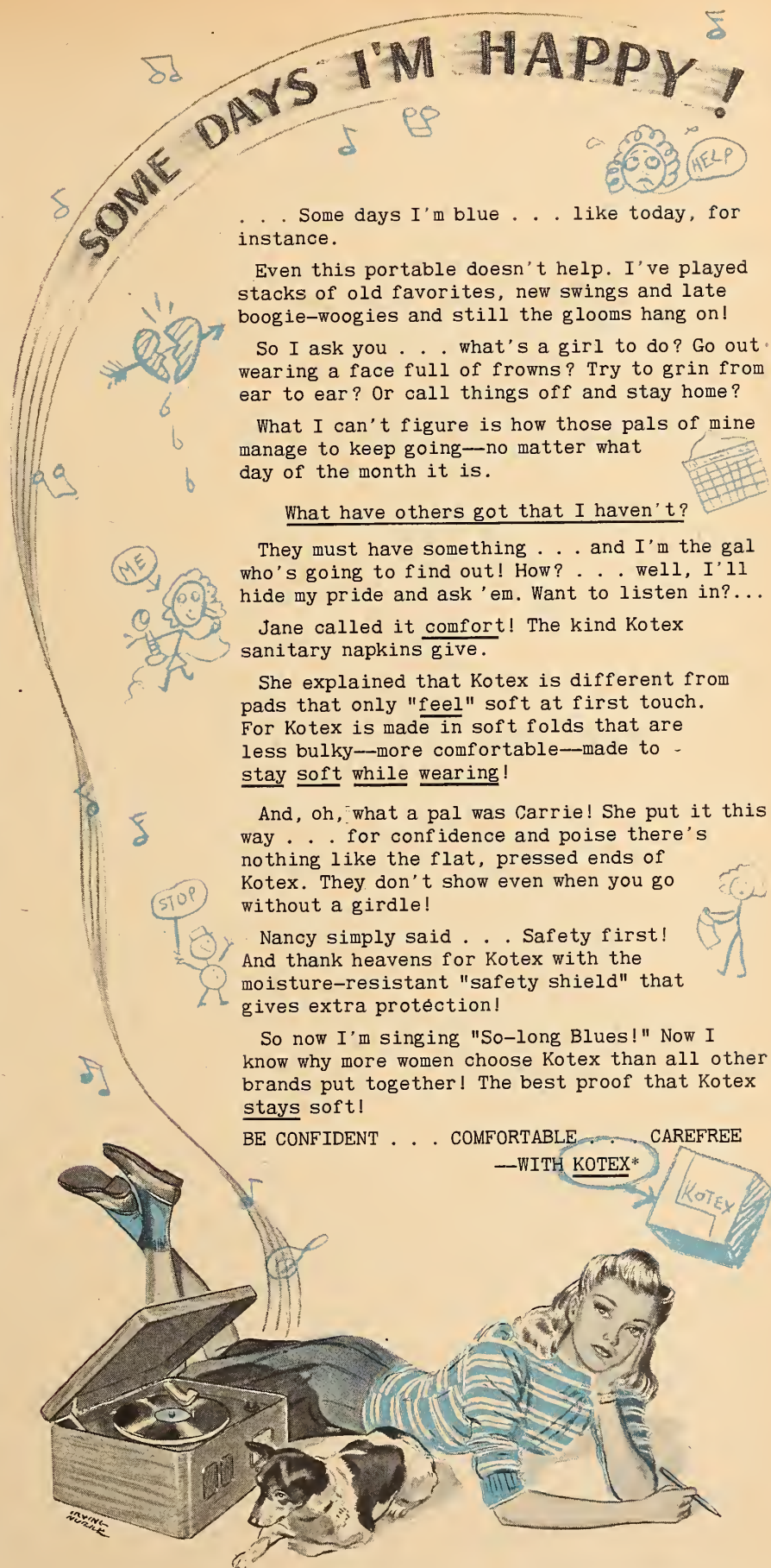
"You caught it."

"But I didn't catch it, you bought it."

"Listen, do you have to be literal, you could have caught it."

"When I do, I'll pose with it."

They thought that was straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel. Ac-



. . . Some days I'm blue . . . like today, for instance.

Even this portable doesn't help. I've played stacks of old favorites, new swings and late boogie-woogies and still the glooms hang on!

So I ask you . . . what's a girl to do? Go out wearing a face full of frowns? Try to grin from ear to ear? Or call things off and stay home?

What I can't figure is how those pals of mine manage to keep going—no matter what day of the month it is.

What have others got that I haven't?

They must have something . . . and I'm the gal who's going to find out! How? . . . well, I'll hide my pride and ask 'em. Want to listen in?...

Jane called it comfort! The kind Kotex sanitary napkins give.

She explained that Kotex is different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch. For Kotex is made in soft folds that are less bulky—more comfortable—made to stay soft while wearing!

And, oh, what a pal was Carrie! She put it this way . . . for confidence and poise there's nothing like the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. They don't show even when you go without a girdle!

Nancy simply said . . . Safety first! And thank heavens for Kotex with the moisture-resistant "safety shield" that gives extra protection!

So now I'm singing "So-long Blues!" Now I know why more women choose Kotex than all other brands put together! The best proof that Kotex stays soft!

BE CONFIDENT . . . COMFORTABLE . . . CAREFREE
—WITH KOTEX*

TIPS FOR 'TEENS! Send today for this handbook of Do's and Don'ts . . . "As One Girl To Another." It answers a girl's intimate questions . . . tells all about "difficult days." Mail your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-3, Chicago, Illinois, and get a copy postpaid and FREE!

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

CHAPPED HANDS HEAL FASTER...

ACCORDING TO ACTUAL TESTS
WITH NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM



These unretouched photos (Case 34) show results of Noxzema. Left shows chapped hands before treatment. Right shows wonderful improvement after using Noxzema.

With Noxzema, definite improvement is often seen overnight! That's because this famous medicated cream helps often dry, rough skin; aids in healing tiny skin "cuts."

SAVE ON STOCKINGS. Guard against snagging precious stockings. Help keep your hands and feet soft, smooth, with Noxzema!



Let Noxzema help you all these ways this winter



WINDBURN, CHAPPED LIPS.

Noxzema brings quick, soothing relief to red, rough, painfully windburned skin and ugly chapped lips. Mary Richardson of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I use Noxzema on my face to help protect my skin against winter winds and to soothe it after exposure."

ROST BITE, CHILBLAINS, PAINFULLY CHAFED SKIN. Noxzema brings grand relief! Mrs. Harriette Eddy, of Minneapolis writes: "Every winter I suffered from chilblains. After one application of Noxzema I felt a cool, soothing comfort I'd never known before!"



POOR COMPLEXION. Try medicated Noxzema for externally-caused blemishes; for skin reddened, roughened and "dried out" from winter winds. See for yourself how quickly this soothing cream helps improve your complexion!

SPECIAL OFFER. Here's your opportunity to find out how much Noxzema can do for you! For a limited time you can get the 25¢ jar at any drug or cosmetic counter—FOR ONLY 19¢! Get your jar today!



tually it was a straw in the wind which eventually blew up to be a hurricane.

He liked Madeline Carroll, she had intelligence, he could talk to her. But he wasn't in love with her, nor she with him, and he resented softly-planted implications to the contrary. They called him difficult. "And I'll go on being difficult," he retorted, "so long as you lie and play up things that aren't true."

He was accustomed to the plain dealing of seafarers, to men who accepted you at your worth and, if they were your friends today, were also your friends tomorrow. He was first bewildered, then suspicious, then scornful of his sudden social popularity after "Virginia." Not for a moment was he fooled or flattered when the Hollywood hostesses gave tongue. He knew if he'd flopped, he'd have been non-existent. They never got to first base with him. He doesn't drink, and he has no fund of small talk. "Why go round with a damn old cup of tea or a cocktail in your fingers and smirk, smirk, smirk!"

landlubber days . . .

He continued to hunger for the sea. At night he'd drive the twenty-five miles to San Pedro, hang around the docks, hobnob with the fisherfolk who talked his language while his eyes devoured sailboats. "God, what lines!" Somebody said, when a girl could get Hayden to look at her as he looked at a boat, she'd have him cinched.

He agreed to go with a friend one night to the home of some people who owned a yawl. There were four or five other guests. Stirling cornered the host, whose passion for boats was second only to his, and they spent the evening adoring blueprints and photos. The yawl-owner's wife sent him to the doghouse. Stirling's friend bawled him out. He dragged a hand across his be-mused eyes. "I didn't even know the others were there."

To consolidate his triumph in "Virginia," he was sent on a personal appearance tour. The publicity man assigned to the job didn't have a good time. Before each appearance he had to watch Hayden sweat, listen to his maledictions, practically shove him out on the stage. "I don't jig, I don't warble, I can't entertain them, why do I have to make an ass of myself?"

Cronies of his Gloucester days came to see him in Boston. He fell on their necks, huddled with them in the dressing room and could hardly be pried loose in time for his stint. "Wait, boys, I'll be right back." They waited. He was due at a ball that night to judge some contest and rebelled at climbing into tails. Not his, he wouldn't be found dead owning a pair. Taking pity on the monitor, his pals finally crammed him into the dress suit, and Judge Hayden picked the winner with finger-smudges trailing down his shirtfront.

By the time he got back, he was wondering how long he could take it. At the studio, it was full speed ahead for this phenomenon, whom the fans were whoop-de-dooing after one picture. "Bahama Passage" first, then maybe even Robert Jordan in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." To Hayden these plans were the bars of a cage, fast threatening to enclose him. He took to prowling the hills at night with his old collie. He talked to Bill Holden, his only confidant. Bill's another whom Hollywood hasn't absorbed.

He decided to wait till after "Bahama Passage." Down in Nassau, away from the impact of Hollywood, maybe he could think things out. As he might have foreseen, Hollywood went down to Nassau with him. The same publicity, the same

supervision, the same sense that he didn't belong to himself. His wardrobe consisted of his only suit, a sweater and a couple of shirts. When a meeting was arranged between the company and the Duke of Windsor, he was told that his clothes were inadequate to the occasion. He shrugged. "What's wrong with a decent suit and a clean shirt?" Eventually they borrowed flannels and a white jacket from Tommy Goodwin, the golfer.

decisions . . .

He fought the battle out down there. For himself the choice was clear. But there was his mother. Being the tight-mouthed kind, who considers that his problems are his own to solve, he'd never told her just how he felt. She knew he was oppressed by certain aspects of the business, but not how deeply. He knew she'd taken comfort from their first prospect of financial security. At four one morning a late reveler caught sight of a yogi-like figure, pacing the cement roof of the Prince George Hotel. It was Hayden, barefooted, a pareu round his waist. "What you doing up there?"

"Thinking."

The day he got back to Hollywood, he talked to his mother. Frances Hayden is tall, patrician-looking, self-contained. Her son gets more than his looks from her. She makes no bones about admitting that she was staggered and dismayed by Stirling's first revelation of his state of mind. His proposal to quit, to throw over a heaven-sent future of freedom from money worries, came as a shock. But as he went on, drawing the picture of what this life he hated was doing to him, the balance shifted. In the end she said: "If it's going to ruin your spirit, not to mention your disposition, nothing is worth it. In the final analysis, you know that I'm for whatever makes you happy."

That was enough. He went to the studio and told them he was quitting.

"You can't do that—"

"I can do anything I like. This business is making me sick, and I'm getting out."

"You'll never be able to come back."

"I don't want to come back."

"There's another angle. 'Bahama Passage' isn't finished. You've a moral obligation to go through with it."

"Oh, I'll finish the picture all right. But when it's in the can, I'm through."

They didn't know just how seriously to take him. This was the kind of talk players gave out with when they wanted more money or better parts. He wanted neither. They decided a boat might turn the tide, so they went out and bought one for seventeen thousand bucks and gathered hopefully round to watch it work magic. Touched by the gesture in spite of himself, Hayden couldn't help grinning. This was child's play. He wanted the sea, not three miles of coastal waters, he wanted freedom

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

Even Shirley Temple has pulled a nifty or two. This happened after Shirley had visited President Roosevelt at the White House. When Shirley returned to Hollywood, I spoke to her about her meeting with the President. Merely to get the conversation going, I said: "President Roosevelt has a nice smile, hasn't he?" Shirley answered, "Yes," and then quickly said, "I wonder if he gets as tired of smiling as I do."

Sidney Skolsky

to be his own man. He sailed the boat a couple of times because it was a boat, and he couldn't keep his hands off the damn thing, then returned it with thanks.

I saw him during that period, before his plans had become public knowledge. He was quiet, pleasant, told his story without reference to his personal problems, but could no more suppress the undercurrent of his feeling for the life he had left than he could help breathing. It made me curious. "Feeling as you do, how could you bear to give it up?"

"I have plans. But I can't talk about them yet."

"Plans to go back?"

He nodded.

I called myself a fool for believing him. The same kind of talk from other players had never turned out to be anything but talk. So I felt a thrill of exultation when the thing happened. It was none of my business, and I should have saved my sympathy for Paramount, which has done me no harm.

But then Paramount showed plenty of sympathy for the nonconformist, once they faced the fact that he meant what he said. Hayden thought the best way to convince them would be to go. So, with "Bahama Passage" finished, he went. Would he come back for a conference? they wired. He came back, not for a conference, but to give them a full explanation of his viewpoint, which he felt he owed them if they wanted to hear it. The gist of it was: "I don't belong here. It's not my life. To stay here would be like draining the blood out of my veins, killing whatever's inside that makes a man himself."

Would he stay long enough to do "For Whom the Bell Tolls"? "No. There's no sense in it. I'd just be getting myself and you in deeper. More money out of your pocket, more snarls for me to break through. Now I can go with a clear conscience."

They offered to call it an unfinished, rather than a broken, contract and to give him a settlement on it, in return for the promise that if he ever came back, it would be to them. "I can't picture myself coming back," he said, "but I suppose you can't tell what the future may hold, and I don't mind making that promise." He turned the settlement and his savings over to his mother—enough to take care of her for the next several years.

Being over-height, he was rejected for duty in the naval service. After one voyage on a cargo boat with dynamite for Portugal, his application to join the Canadian Ambulance Service was accepted. At this writing, he's waiting for the order that will take his unit to Egypt.

That's all there is, girls. With "Bahama Passage," the sailor sails out of your lives. Don't shut him out of your hearts. Where he's going, your good wishes may help. They can't hurt anyway.

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

Samuel Goldwyn's boy, Sammy, Jr., is a character in his own right. Sam is very proud of Junior, and one night at a large party, Goldwyn, to show how smart his young son was, said, "Sammy, I'm going to give you a problem. Think carefully before you answer. If you had twelve pennies and you lost four pennies, how many pennies would you have left?" Sammy, Jr., thought carefully. Then he answered, "But why should I lose four pennies?"

Sidney Skolsky

"My husband's kisses were cold as ice"



HOW A WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLECT"
THAT THREATENED HER MARRIAGE

1. I never dreamed I would ever play the rôle of a neglected wife. We were so madly in love, at first—then, little by little, Jack's ardor waned until it seemed as though he actually disliked to be near me. I was utterly miserable.



2. I hid my unhappiness from everyone. Until one day at luncheon with Jane, my closest chum—I broke down and told her *everything*. She said, "Darling, don't be offended, but perhaps it's *your* fault. There's nothing that chills a husband's love more than carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. "Early in my marriage," she said, "a woman doctor set me straight forever about this one neglect. I've followed her advice ever since and used Lysol disinfectant for intimate personal care. Because Lysol cleanses, deodorizes... and a single douche kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues."



4. I went immediately to the nearest drug store, bought a bottle of Lysol, and followed the simple feminine hygiene directions on the label. I've used it ever since, with 100% effective results. My marriage, I might add, has become a happy honeymoon once more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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For FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene and other Lysol uses, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. M. S. - 342, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

“What creams does she use?”

....women wonder
when they see a skin like hers



“What does she do that I don’t do? What creams does she use? How does she escape flaws that most of us have to struggle with—enlarged pore openings, oily shine, blackheads, or excessive dryness?”

These are the questions women always wish they could ask the fortunate possessor of a fair, lovely skin. Answers by the hundred would be simply: “I use two creams which are *different*—Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia Creams.”

PHILLIPS’ MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM (FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)

Get the full benefit of this unique cream by using it as a night treatment. It softens and neutralizes accumulations often acid in nature in the external pore openings. And because it contains cholesterol it holds moisture in the skin and so helps to keep it supple and pliant, and to relieve excessive dryness.

A smooth, lasting foundation. Phillips’ Skin Cream seems to have a special affinity for make-up. It prepares the skin by removing excess oiliness and softening rough dryness so that powder and rouge go on evenly, and last.

PHILLIPS’ MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM

This special cream offers a method of cleansing that is *different*! It not only absorbs the surface dirt but penetrates the outer pore openings and floats away the accumulations which may lodge there. Profit by the experience of women who have tried them—put Phillips’ Creams to work on *your* skin!



Skin Cream 10c, 30c and 60c • Cleansing Cream 10c, 30c, 60c and \$1.00

DELIGHTFUL DELIRIUM

(Continued from page 33)

Her brother and her brother's chum went along with them.

It was two months before he graduated into taking Mal Weber to the movies alone, and another month before he got around to taking her to the Coconut Grove for dancing.

There was one drawback to dancing with Mal, he told her later. In high heels she was so tall that he couldn't look over her shoulders and lord it over the other men on the floor, all because he was dancing with Mal, and they weren't.

All this time, of course, Mal Weber was seeing other cavaliers besides Ray Milland, the dashing young British actor under contract to M-G-M.

Ray had nothing but scorn for his competitors, scorn and a feeling that they were taking an unfair advantage. Gentlemen of leisure for the most part, they let no grass grow under their feet.

“This place looks like Grand Hotel!” Ray used to tell Mal with unconcealed indignation, whenever he would sprint from the studio to the Weber home and find a posse of rivals on hand.

courtship days . . .

There were times, of course, when suitor Milland behaved dreadfully. Such as the time he arrived one evening to find her playing bridge with three nice young men. He hung around for two hours kibitzing like mad. And left in a huff. Which was all right with Mal—for a while. The next morning she received a poem in the mail. He was always sending her poems. They were more potent than orchids.

New Year's Eve, 1932, is a red-letter day in Mal's life. New Year's Day happens to be her birthday. But that isn't it.

The date is important because of something Ray did that night. They were over at the Coconut Grove, welcoming the New Year, welcoming it with champagne. It must have been two in the morning when Ray asked her if she didn't think it was hot and how would she like to take a small walk through the arcades of the Ambassador Hotel, in which the Coconut Grove, as you know, is located. These arcades are lined with shop windows—florists, tobacconists, etc.

She remembers wanting to stop and look at a gown displayed in one of the shop windows and how Ray wouldn't hear of it. He led her by the hand to another window, one belonging to a jewelry store.

With a wave of the hand he swept over the entire contents of the window, tiaras, bracelets, clips, rings, brooches, earrings, etc.

“One day I will buy all of these for you,” he said.

Mal laughed, a tra-la-la-la sort of laugh.

“What are you laughing at?” Ray came back. “Here is a very nice young man offering to sacrifice his whole life for you and you laugh.”

She kept on laughing—tra-la-la-la-la. “Look here,” Ray said. “Please pay attention. Let's be serious about this. I am asking you to marry me. Do let us keep this on a serious plane.”

Mal looked at him a little amused. “You are somewhat intoxicated, and furthermore I don't love you.”

And with that she flounced out of the place.

Ray Milland, rebuffed for the first (but not the last) time went home and sat up for hours writing another sad poem.

He saw her the next day briefly. He arrived late in the afternoon, chatted with her brother, gave her a casual, "Oh, hello, there!" and left the room.

The courtship those next three months was strange and stormy. One of the two was always walking out, slamming a door or hanging up. Nonetheless, there were two more proposals, both futile.

There was a time when Ray put her out of his mind for good and started going steady—not with one girl but two.

For weeks there was no word from him. Finally he called and asked if she would go to a show with him. Mal remembers that invitation very well. She said yes. Ray never showed up. Absent-mindedly he had gone to the circus with one, or both, of his two girl friends.

He didn't call the next day; he was too ashamed. Nor the next. Nor the one after that.

orange blossoms . . .

They met next quite unexpectedly at a buffet supper given by a mutual friend. Ray sneaked off, too ashamed to speak to her. Finally she walked over to where he was nursing a Martini. He didn't say anything. He just looked at her. She looked at him.

"It must have been that way for an interminable and awful minute," Mal says.

She was about to walk away when Ray spoke up.

"Look. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," Mal said.

"Are you sure you want to?" He seemed flabbergasted.

"The other night when you didn't come I felt awful. I said to myself that I wouldn't feel that way about someone I didn't love."

He didn't have enough money to buy

her an engagement ring, so he bought her a diamond wrist watch. It cost \$175, but a ring would have cost \$500. At least the ring Ray had in mind.

They planned the honeymoon together. They would spend a couple of weeks stopping off at various West Coast watering places. And in good hotels, too, Ray told her. Then came the surprise.

"Darling," Ray announced, "I can't have my wife going on her honeymoon in the jalopy I'm now driving. We're getting a new car."

Ray got the new car, all right. It took a little fast talking with a finance company representative he knew fairly well. (You know how finance companies feel toward actors—especially unimportant young actors.)

On the eve of the wedding the groom-to-be (not until months later did Mal Milland ever find this out) made an interesting discovery. With everything shipshape for the wedding and the honeymoon—new car and all—he had overlooked a fairly important detail: the wedding ring. And his bank balance read \$44.17!

Frantic for a moment, but only for a moment, he solved the impasse by hocking his valuable stud set, a present from his father, for \$300 and acquiring a honey of a ring.

The wedding ceremony Mal Milland will never forget.

Ray arrived at the Riverside Mission while a rehearsal was going on, a stand-in serving in Ray's stead. Someone spotted Ray and asked him to go through the rehearsal once. He went through the ceremony, and then someone else piped up with "Let's go through it again."

Well, everything went smoothly until they got to the part where the minister asked him if he had the ring. Mechan-

ically, Ray handed it to the parson. He was standing there thinking of the moment a few minutes hence when he would be doing the final take when all of a sudden he heard his sister-in-law sobbing. His wife nudged him. Then . . .

"This isn't a rehearsal. This is the real thing. You're supposed to kiss me."

Which explains how come Mal Weber married a man who wasn't even aware it was happening.

"I remember that my first wifely thought was to get to understand this husband of mine perfectly," Mal confides with an amused smile. "That was nine years ago, and the project is far from being completed. Come to think of it, I hope it never is."

one in a million . . .

You understand what the lady means when you get an action picture of Milland the practicing husband. He has no counterpart anywhere.

"Consider, please," Mal suggests, "how it happens that our house stands on this particular spot and not somewhere over in Pasadena or Encino or where have you. We are bivouacked here thanks to a cocker spaniel, Mister Pinkerton."

"Don't laugh," Mrs. M. said wryly, "because it's true—true like a corn on your toe."

It all happened because Mister Pinkerton went and got himself lost. It also happened because Ray was very much attached to Mister Pinkerton and put an ad in the paper explaining that Mr. P. was a.w.o.l. and if anyone wanted a reward, let him call such and such a telephone number.

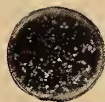
That same night a lady telephoned and said she was entertaining the growling canine on her premises, and when was the owner planning to pick him up.



Her Fitch Shampoo and hairstyle by Charmode Beauty Salon, Palmer House, Chicago

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

Fitch's is the only shampoo whose money-back guarantee to remove dandruff is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. It reconditions as it cleanses—economical, too!



Soap Shampoo

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



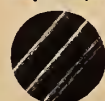
Soap Shampoo

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



Fitch Shampoo

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



Fitch Shampoo

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

I Bought His Love

"Not for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

I discovered that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. Its rich lather rinses out completely, leaving my hair shining clean. Actually, it penetrates tiny hair openings, helping to keep my scalp in normal, trouble-free condition. At the beauty shop or at home, I now insist on my weekly Fitch shampoo to keep my hair lovely and free of dandruff, the way Joe likes it. When I bought Fitch Shampoo, I bought his love!



FRANK BAIRD, internationally famous hairstylist of New York and Hollywood says, "Any product that will not remove dandruff in one application won't remove it at all. To remove dandruff in a single application, and for best results in hair styling, I insist on Fitch Shampoo."

Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

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Called Blondex, it gives hair attractive lustre and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair, Blondex is the world's largest selling blonde shampoo. For extra lustre and radiance, top off shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. Can be used on all shades of blonde hair. Both cost little to use. Get Blondex Shampoo and Golden Rinse at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

"Immediately," Ray said, taking down the address.

The next thing Mal knew Ray was on the telephone, that it was really Mister Pinkerton and would she come over right away.

"But why?"

"I'll tell you later."

Within an hour of her arrival on the scene, the Briarcrest Valley section of Coldwater Canyon, Ray had bought a lot, once owned by Robert Taylor, from the woman who had found the dog.

The house, too, shows the Milland whimsey.

It is built from the mellowed wood of a scuttled ship. And Mrs. Milland has a gold key to the front door, presented to her on the day that ground was first broken, a key reading, "Come up and see me sometime."

incurable romantic . . .

Milland the spouse is an incurable romantic who calls his wife twice a day and always lets her know, as so few Hollywood husbands do, at what time, almost to the minute, she can expect him for dinner. He's always bringing home things he's heard Mal talk about at dinner table three weeks back, things at the mention of which he either winced, grumbled or looked sore.

That part of him is easy to figure out. Not all sides are.

For instance, Milland the wacky economist, the penny-wise pound-foolish citizen who sends Mal, willy-nilly, into hysterical laughter.

He yips about lights and is always leaving them on himself.

"We've got to economize, darling," he says. "This job of mine isn't going to last forever."

Mal tells him she's sorry.

The next day he will telephone her from a jewelry store to ask her if she doesn't want a topaz bracelet. When she says no he is apt to get indignant and say:

"I want my wife to enjoy the luxuries of life, and cost is no object."

Not so long ago he talked for ten minutes pleading with her for permission to bring her home an aquamarine ring. But the topper to that is the time he went to Magnin's and brought her home a half dozen Paris originals. Let her go buy one, and he is sure to hit the ceiling and notify her they're certainly going bankrupt.

problem husband . . .

As a man around the house, Mrs. Milland is quick to confess that he probably has betters by the dozen in the same block. She can get up to mix a drink and he will let her. On the other hand, if she says: "Ray, darling, will you mix the drinks?" he'll do it. You sort of have to remind him.

Making or accepting engagements used to frighten Mrs. Mal Milland until she hit upon the scheme of saying, "provided Ray is feeling all right." That works beautifully.

She will remind him as he is leaving for the studio that they're going to the Mr. and Mrs. Nonesuches for dinner and he'll say: "I'm looking forward to it, Mal. I like the Nonesuches."

All he has to do is step into the foyer that night, and she can guess his first seven words.

"Mal, darling, I've got an awful headache."

Mal telephones and explains. Long practice has made her good at it.

These "headaches" come in very handy. On Tuesdays and Fridays, nights which

he devotes to a couple of local fight cards, he is certain to return home from the matches with a headache if he notices a line of cars out front. The cars mean that Mal and the girls are playing bridge. Ray holds his head, begs off and goes right upstairs to bed. Stays there too, he does.

Milland the fickle—ah, there's a Milland whose neck Mal probably has wanted to wring many a time. Wanted to—but never has!

He will come one night and give her a terrific spiel to the effect that the minute the picture is over they're leaving for New York and a long vacation. Mal will get all excited, will write to friends, get her winter wardrobe ready, etc. Then, a day or so before the picture is over, Ray will come home and tell her that anyone who goes to New York is a dope. Catalina or Palm Springs—that's the place for the Millands. But Mal takes it like a trouper.

father Milland . . .

Milland the father is one for the books. He was in Sun Valley when Daniel, now going on two, arrived prematurely. He telephoned the hospital, got the nurse on the wire and was startled by the sound of a child's voice.

"Your son has just been born," the nurse said. "Your wife's all right. The child—well, we can't tell."

He drove some 200 miles in an open car through a snowstorm to catch a plane at Boise, arrived in time to give his blood for a transfusion and stayed at the hospital until Daniel, five transfusions later, was out of danger. He brought the baby home himself, found the house filled with friends, Cesar Romero, Ann Sothorn, Roger Pryor, etc., who made it a more than memorable homecoming.

A couple of months later George Murphy called up to say he wanted to present a perambulator to Daniel if Ray would come over and get it. Ray, with his scion in his arms, hustled right over, wheeled little Daniel back in the bassinet-on-wheels.

Milland the proud papa has a habit of getting superfluous. There was the time he came home one night, raced upstairs, found a welt of red across the baby's face and telephoned the doctor frantically. When the medicine man arrived, Ray's face was redder than little Daniel's. Mal's friends had planted a lipstick kiss on Dan's cherubic face. Hence the welt of red. Some day Daniel will be bragging about the ladies who used to kiss him. Some of the notoriously glamorous bussers are Hedy Lamarr, Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Barbara Stanwyck, etc.

This you-never-can-tell quality about Ray Mal wouldn't change for the Taj Mahal. It is perfectly true that she has answered a doorbell to find a man about to deliver a horse Ray has ordered (and the Millands not even owning a stable), but it is also true that at least once a week he suggests out of a clear blue sky, right after dinner, that they dress up and go to the town up big. It is true that he couldn't wait more than six months before taking the baby down to the studio barbershop to get a haircut (what hair?), but it is likewise true that he is constantly building something which he hopes will please her, even if he does leave his tools scattered all over the place. And so on.

"Remember that 'delightful delirium' I mentioned when this monologue began?" Mal inquired, as she sped the parting guest. "Well, I hope you get the general idea."

Well, vaguely.

SKIPPY'S TOUGHEST ROLE

(Continued from page 39)

hurting him, explaining to him as to an adult the obligations laid on him to his studio, his fans, his co-workers. Her teaching dropped on such fertile soil that it boomeranged now and then. It was he who nagged her about getting places on time. "Mother thinks, if you have to be at the studio by nine, you can make it by leaving the house at nine." Invited to a seven o'clock dinner, he's sure to be ringing the doorbell at five minutes of—on the principle that it's better to come early and embarrass the hostess than come late and spoil the food. At 15, he prevailed on Mrs. Bigelow and his publicity manager to let him meet the press unattended. "If you want, you can give me the pointers beforehand. But I'm getting much too big to be trailed by dames."

There was no question, then, as to whether Jack should be told of the nature of his mother's illness. It was assumed that he had the right to know and the strength to bear his heavy knowledge. That assumption was justified. "Never," said the doctor, "have I had finer co-operation from anyone, young or old, than I had from Jack during those 14 months. I watched him grow from boyhood to manhood, and I admired him as I have admired few people whom I've met in my work."

Aided and abetted by those around him—his mother's mother, her sisters, his uncle Norman Taurog, the doctor, the nurse—Jack began playing his part. They all worked together like a team, their watchword: everything as usual, where possible—knowing that any deviation from the norm would be most likely to awaken suspicion.

There was a problem involved in the fact that, as a movie actor, Jack was news; and Mrs. Bigelow followed the news in fan mags, newspaper columns and on the air. It was decided that their best course would be to give the press the truth and ask them to refrain from mentioning it. The pact was made and, with one inadvertent exception, scrupulously kept. As good fortune would have it, Mrs. Bigelow happened not to be listening in that night.

temporary respite . . .

She was well enough that year to spend a happy Christmas. She wrapped her own packages, as she'd always done, with Jack helping. "I stick my big thumb in," he jeered, "when she ties a bow and she calls it helping." She was well enough to plan with him a surprise party

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

While the Frank McHughs were in Europe, their son Peter stayed with relatives in Hartford. There Peter played with a small boy whose father is a professor at Harvard. After several weeks of playing with Peter, the little boy went to his father, the professor, and said, "Why don't we have famous people come to visit us at our house?" "But famous people do come here," the professor said. "The President of Harvard has been here. Nicholas Murray Butler has been here. Even Professor Einstein was here." "I know," replied the boy, "but I mean really famous—like Jimmy Cagney." Sidney Skolsky

Linda Darnell

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for Bonita's 18th birthday in February and to smile down from the gallery above the living room when the kids trooped in, and Jack whisked a blindfold from his girl friend's eyes.

As time went on and she took to bed, the game grew harder, but he adjusted himself to its demands. So long as she was free from pain, they kept the sick-room gay. There was no tiptoeing about, no hushing of voices, no exaggerated demonstrations of affection, no mother-darling-I-love-you stuff, however great his yearning may have been. It was more likely to be, "Hi, Mabel, what you been up to?" as he breezed in, heart thumping with anxiety, face cleared of any expression of concern.

Then there'd be a powwow, with Mabel as eager interlocutor and Jack describing the details of his day, having stored up gags, anecdotes and general clowning material for just this purpose. "Zoot?" he'd say, which in jive language means, "Get it?" Or, "Now, mom, this is solid"—meaning this is the goods, the absolute low-down. She picked it up from him. "I've had a swell day. That's solid, kid."

Since she couldn't go out for it, he brought life and color to her. Buddy Pepper and Junior Coghlan, his pals, would come pounding in, taking their cue from Jack, acting as they'd always acted with Mabel, cavorting, making her laugh. Once, when the nurse had braided her hair and tied the pigtales with ribbons, they stood in the doorway, rapt with admiration, telling her she looked like a chicken, telling her all the girls wore their hair that way, that it was the latest style.

Bun and her mother would bring their knitting, so Mabel could see how Jack's sweater was progressing and help decide the crucial question as to whether it should be crew neck or V. Jack had a projection machine installed in her room, so she could see movies. He got his band together, made recordings and played them to her. "Any good or does it stink? Solid now, Mom."

He spent most of his allowance on her, tumbling bright packages over her bed. She had to open them herself—perfumes, scented soaps, silk pillows, negligees, bedjackets, blanket covers with pillow slips to match. "Jackie, you shouldn't—"

"A mere bagatelle, my good woman—" While he was making "Syncopation," he brought her a daily offering of carnations, purchases from a crippled vendor at the studio gate. "Gee, Mom, you're no expense to me. They only cost 35c. And the little guy needs the business."

He kidded her into letting him take over this or that business responsibility, which her failing strength could no longer cope with. "I'm 18 now, Mom. Time I learned how to be man of the family." He was forever presenting plans for the future, knowing there would be no future for them together. "Look, Mom, I got an idea—" was his theme song.

looking ahead...

"Look, Mom, I got an idea. How's about a ranch where we could keep horses? You'll be riding in two or three months, what do you say? Maybe if we could get one near enough town, huh? Else it might be lonely— Gee, Mom. I'd like a ranch, wouldn't you? With lots of room to spread out and the kids up for week-ends?" After which elaborate build-up, he'd be found in the hall, crying his heart out.

But there was no hysteria and very little breaking down. Each was strong for the other and each was sustained by deep religious faith. No matter how

Mabel was feeling, she'd pretend to feel better when Jack barged in. And if, after the long months in bed, she would now and then grow despondent, it was Jack who soothed her with explanations, having cooked up some plausible story with the doctor beforehand.

Only once, and briefly, did he turn rebellious—after his mother had fought her first battle with pain. "She never hurt anyone," he sobbed. "She was always good. All the tough times we had together—how hard she worked—and now when I can buy her stuff, all I can buy her is stuff to be sick in—"

He wasn't cooped up with her. For one thing, Mabel wouldn't have it. For another, its psychological effect on her would have been damaging. Often, when he was in no mood for going out, he'd go anyway, heeding the doctor's orders: "So far as you can, live your life as you've always lived it." But his life was governed during the last six months, by the fact that she was endlessly cooped up.

the Cooper courage...

He abandoned the jam sessions which had been his delight. He gave up his fishing trips. He refused business engagements which would keep him away overnight. He wouldn't ride because the trails took him too far from telephones. When he was out, either at the studio or elsewhere, he'd phone every couple of hours. When he came in, he'd head for her room before hanging his hat up, and paid his first morning visit in pajamas and tousled hair. They had a standing date, which even she couldn't talk him out of, on maid's night out. Every Thursday, he had dinner with her and the nurse on a card table in her room.

She liked to be carried from bed to the couch at the window and, when Jack was there, no matter how many willing pairs of arms offered, it was to him she turned. For months he slept with an ear open, so that if she were restless, he'd be there to move her. Once she said drowsily: "Funny. You're carrying me just the way I carried you when you were a baby. Such a big thing," she jibed, "to've grown from something so little."

People unaware of his mother's illness wanted to know what was the matter with Jack. He'd always been so reliable, now he broke dates. He'd always been so cooperative, now he refused to appear at benefits. He didn't tell them it was because his mother had had a bad night, or because he wouldn't go where he couldn't be reached by phone. He shrank from mentioning his trouble to comparative strangers. Anyway, the more people who knew it, the more likely it was to leak out and somehow reach her. So he kept his mouth shut and let criticism fall where it would.

He got his grit from her. Until two days before the end, she fought a valiant, if losing battle. Her son found solace in the certainty that, through his efforts and those of the others who loved her, she didn't know she was losing it. Never by word or sign did she admit any outcome but recovery to her illness, and her rare moments of depression came only because recovery took so long.

When she said at last, "I can't stand the pain any longer," the doctor knew that the end was in sight. It came one Thursday morning, just after midnight. She seemed tired, but no worse than usual, so the doctor advised the family to leave. Jack stayed with the nurse. His mother dozed for a while, then woke and called his name. "Talk to me," she whispered, as he sat down beside her and took her hand. So, as he'd been doing for months, he dug up material for her diversion. And since she was

most readily diverted by his own doings, he told her about a sketch he thought of writing, talked steadily but watched for the first signs of fatigue which he'd grown expert in recognizing.

She kept her eyes fixed on his. "Zoot?" the nurse heard him say and detected in his voice an undercurrent of anxiety. She went over to the bed. "Cute," Mabel was saying to Jack. "Cute," she repeated, smiling. Reassured, Jack grinned back. But the nurse went to the phone outside and softly summoned doctor and family.

Half an hour later, his mother died in Jack's arms. Someone moved toward him with words of comfort. "I'm all right," he said quietly. "Thank God, her pain's over."

A simple requiem mass was held at the Church of the Good Shepherd. Buddy and Junior, the friends who'd stood shoulder to shoulder with him through his ordeal, were among the pallbearers. Bun walked down the aisle with him, but he walked back alone. His head was up, yet he looked as if he were straining against a weight.

A few days later the three boys packed their camping equipment and went off to the woods. Jack said: "I'll be back in time to keep my date to ride down Santa Claus Lane." His troupers' creed—that professional obligations were made to be kept—had been suspended only to meet a closer obligation.

He's given up the big house where he lived with his mother and taken small bachelor quarters where he'll live alone. He goes about his business, doesn't flaunt his heart on his sleeve. For Jack, Mabel isn't gone. So long as he lives, she'll live beside him. In the heritage of character and integrity she gave him. In her love and pride and trust.

It's a heritage Skippy will always keep faith with all of his life. That's solid.

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 64

WHAT TYPE ARE YOU? PAGE 64

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"Robin Hood" brimmed sport hat. Lord & Taylor, New York.

White felt Dutch cap. \$1.95. Lindner Co., Cleveland.

Little boy cap of gabardine. \$1.95. James McCreery, New York.

All hats from Madcaps, Inc.

HOORAY FOR GABARDINE PAGE 65

Pink or blue gabardine suit with pleated skirt, under \$10 in Marshall Field basement store, Chicago.

BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS. PAGE 66

All boots and rainwear from U. S. Rubber Co. Don't be too disappointed if you don't see these exact styles at your local store, for rubber is on the priority list and the favorites will be quickly sold. Boots range from \$3 to \$5.



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BOTH FEET IN HEAVEN

(Continued from page 61)

Having kept away from rehearsals like a wise mother, Mrs. Grable didn't know just what went on, but past performances gave her a fair idea. "Does Buddy De Sylva know you can dance?"

"Yes—I guess so."

"Did you ever tell him?"

"He never asked."

"Why don't you talk to him, Betty?"

"I can't."

Knowing that was that, Mrs. Grable betook herself to the theatre, with no campaign planned beyond the idea that something ought to be done. Louis Shurr, the agent, happened to sit down beside her. "What's wrong with Betty? Seems kind of listless."

"She thinks she's not doing enough."

"What does she want to do?"

"More dancing."

Shurr spoke to De Sylva, De Sylva spoke to Bob Alton, the dancing director. They tried Betty out on a couple of more elaborate routines, with electrifying results. Her part was extended, new scenes worked out, new costumes ordered, new dances arranged. They got Chuck Walters, who'd danced with Zorina, as her partner. They rehearsed while they road-showed, and lazy Betty worked herself into such a dazed bundle of aches and sore spots and nerves that she didn't even hear the applause on opening night as she whirled in hoopskirts over chairs and brought the house down.

shop talk . . .

That was the big moment of her dancing career. Paradoxically, it was also the moment that gave birth to her doubts. As a dancer in the line she'd always been sure of herself—so sure that she once walked out on Buzz Berkeley when he snapped at her for some minor breach of discipline. Now if somebody says boo, Betty says, yes sir. It's easier, she explains, to be sure of yourself in the line than in the limelight.

Her most embarrassing moment came at a vaudeville audition when her halter strap broke. She didn't miss a step—just grabbed, held and went on kicking—but a look of hurt astonishment crossed her face, as if the mouth she'd fed had bitten her. Of all the tributes paid her professional skill, she got the biggest lift from Fred Astaire's. Hermes Pan told her that Fred would like to do a film with her.

For the screen she enjoys doing dances new to her, like the hula in "Song of the Islands," which she'd never tried before. She doesn't like to tap dance, thinks all the tap dancing in the world should be left to wonder-workers like Astaire, Eleanor Powell and Ann Miller whom she could watch forever. For the dance floor, her preferences are the rumba, the tango and any American ballroom dance, and she thinks the rumba's prettier danced close together, American style, than when partners stand apart and wriggle. Jitterbugging's okay by her, but except professionally, she hates the conga, considers it too exhibitionistic for the ballroom. For the stage, she says, you don't mind dancing it up, but in a café, it would make her feel foolish.

When she and George, two-stepping smoothers, began going out together, people were inclined to stop their own dancing and watch. Which made them uncomfortable, since they're both self-conscious and wince at any suggestion of showing off. Now they won't get up unless the floor is well-filled. Mrs. Grable, looking forward to seeing them dance

together, was a disappointed woman the first time they took her to a night club. The crowd was so small that they stuck in their chairs all evening.

For smooth perfection, give Betty Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey to dance to, Davy Rose and Kostelanetz with their sweet violins to listen to. And in a class by himself for the rumba, Xavier Cugat. She gets all the popular records, and her favorite is "Clair de Lune." Since they discovered each other, she's danced with no one but George.

A foursome of experts on the feminine figure—Paul Hesse, photographer; Dr. Mary Halton, gynecologist; Billy Rose, producer; and Irene, fashion designer—picked Betty's as the most beautiful figure in Hollywood. Measurements: height, 5' 4"; weight, 112; bust, 34½; waist, 24; hips, 36; thighs, 20; ankle 7½; head, 22½; neck, 13½; wrist, 6; glove, 6; shoe, 4C. Compare them with your own, girls.

confidentially speaking . . .

She's heard it rumored that dancing overdevelops the leg muscles, but since hers didn't overdevelop, she never bothered her head about how to prevent it. She recalls hearing one of her teachers say that the only sure preventive was proper teaching. Anyway, she thinks all this talk about her legs is pretty silly, and he who avoids the subject is her friend. What she likes best about them herself is that they look stockinged even when they're not. She hates to wear stockings. She hates to wear hats. And she'd had gloves on just twice in her life.

She keeps her figure by eating what she pleases and takes care of her skin mostly with soap and water, scrubbing it morning and evening and using cream to remove studio make-up. Her street and evening make-up are identical—powder, light lipstick and, because her brows and lashes are fair, mascara and eyebrow pencil. The only variation is a slightly deeper shade of lipstick at night, if her dress is vivid—which it rarely is.

For formals she sticks mostly to black or white—for daytime wear, tailored suits in gray and beige. Beige is her favorite color for suits, yellow for summer dresses. She loathes green and loves red, but not to wear. Her bedroom is red and white, and she writes with red ink. All her clothes are built for simplicity of line, and she'll run a mile from ruffles. By the same token, she was crazy about her uniform in "A Yank in the RAF."

At the beauty parlor she's practically her own hairdresser, feeling she can control the natural wave in her hair better than strangers who overwave it and give it kinks. She does the whole front herself, pulling it back tight and sticking it down, and never goes near the drier but takes her wet head home and combs it out herself later. She hates trick hair-do's, and the studio has never yet forced one on her. Off the screen she wears it in a low pompadour, parted in the center, sides hanging loose. She'd go crazy, she says, if she couldn't run a comb through it every hour or so without having to stick a lot of pins back in.

Owning the real stuff, she doesn't go in for costume jewelry, nor does she care for shining like a Christmas tree. She likes rings and bracelets, prefers heavy gold to platinum, and her favorite ring is the star sapphire George gave her. She can't stand heavy stuff around her neck, uses only a small string of pearls or a tiny cross or heart on a thin gold

chain. Her pet daytime ornament is a good-looking initialled clip, and she avoids lapel gadgets. "I like to see them on other people," she explains, "but I feel so busy when I wear them myself."

Her sales resistance is almost 100 per cent, and she's irked by salesgirls who swoon with ecstasy. She knows exactly what she wants, can't be talked into something just as good, and when she spots what she wants, buys it without shilly-shallying. Once, having set her heart on a blond cocker spaniel, she drove up and down Ventura Boulevard for three days till she found one, steeling herself against the charms of blacks and browns—and it wasn't easy—because she knew she'd still be hankering after a blond and she couldn't have two. When, once in a blue moon, she buys against her better judgment, she wears the thing once and discards it.

Without dramatic training, her screen work thus far has presented no problems. For these reasons, she thinks she's been directed by men who were kind and patient. She pays little attention to reviews, good, bad or indifferent. She tries to be natural. A quick learner, she doesn't memorize her lines till the day of shooting. That way she keeps them from going stale on her, and the girl in the picture sounds like herself.

On working days the alarm is set for 5:15. Mrs. Grable gets up at the same time to fix her tray. Betty protested at first, till her mother said: "Look at it my way, honey. I wouldn't feel right about staying in bed while you go to work. If you can get up that early, the least I can do is give you your breakfast and see you off." After which, Betty felt free to admit that she liked it, too. Herself, she's not the domestic type. She doesn't fuss around the house. Put to it, she might go so far as to brew herself a cup of coffee, though she'd be more likely to snatch it at the nearest drive-in.

fan fare . . .

She's not one for girlish intimacies, and her only close friend is Paula Stone. Most of her fan mail comes from boys in the army, navy and air corps. She's never received a romantic proposal from a romantic stranger. "That only happens in the movies," she comments dryly. "In real life, they never write: 'Fly with me.' They write: 'If you'll send me \$5,000 I'll be glad to marry you.'"

Her most constant and sensible fan is Matt Heilrich, a young Philadelphia newspaper man. He's followed her career from the days when she danced in the line, studies her performances, tells her what he likes and doesn't about them, sees her when she goes East and approves of George. "A couple of times," says Betty, "he didn't approve of the men I went out with."

There haven't been many men in Betty's life. Dates were never all-important to her. "I'd rather not go out at all," she'd tell her mother, "than with just anybody." There was a drummer in Ted Fiorito's band when she was 16. She went with him till she met Jackie Coogan. After her divorce, there was a man in New York, but that was never serious. Then there was George. Period.

He took her to the six-day bike races when she was 15. Mrs. Grable gave her consent on condition that her sister Marjorie, seven years older, went along. That was fine with George. A friend of his made it a foursome. As per instruc-

tions, the adults got the child home by 12 before proceeding themselves to a night club. Betty was thrilled, not because she had anything like a crush on George, but he was a big star, and she was a kid. She was, in fact, thrilled speechless. She didn't know what to say or how to act and gratefully left the talking to her sister.

What Betty thinks of George is obvious. What Mrs. Grable thinks of George is that the world doesn't hold his equal for kindness. Hollywood hopes that circumstances will permit him and Betty to marry. Before meeting him, Betty'd always gone with kids. Through marriage and divorce, she didn't have too easy a time. His even disposition has a calming influence on her nerves. He's the kind of man on whose strength you can lean, knowing it won't fail you.

Their tastes are similar. They enjoy baseball, football, the fights, the races. They won't go to big parties. Neither drinks. When Betty sang with bands, she was sickened by seeing lovely young girls carried out tight. As occasion arose, she tried wine and beer, found their taste and after-effects unpleasant and called the whole thing off. George's strongest beverage is a chocolate ice cream soda. He's been known to send night club waiters out for one. They differ only on the entertainment value of movies. Betty likes them. George doesn't, but goes now and then to please her.

romantic Raft . . .

He calls her only to make dates, doesn't believe in wasting time and energy on aimless telephone talks. When she's working, he picks her up at the studio or meets her at the Brown Derby for dinner. He insists that her family—mother, sister, brother-in-law, nephew—

dine with them on maid's night out. It used to embarrass Mrs. Grable, but George seemed so hurt by refusal that she agreed, in her own words, to make him happy by imposing on him. Last Thanksgiving he included Mr. Grable, knowing that Betty's parents, though divorced, were friends. "I don't like to see him left out on Thanksgiving when everyone else is having a good time."

Betty calls him a stick-in-the-mud, says he watches over her like an old hen. Bedtime is nine when she works, so he takes her home after dinner. If it's foggy, they stop to phone Mrs. Grable that they're all right and taking it easy. Their favorite shopping center is the drugstore at Hollywood and Vine, and they're likely to arrive laden with soap and bubble bath, fan mags, half a dozen shower caps and other foolishness. Then it's gin rummy till eight-thirty. For high stakes. Betty owes George \$700 on paper. When she loses, she gets mad. "You held all the cards, jerk." When she wins, she gets mad. "You let me win on purpose, jerk."

His fabulous generosity has grown to be a Hollywood legend. Generosity's a lovable attribute, but it's not because he gives her things that Betty loves him. Most of what he gives her she could afford to buy for herself. It's the warmth of his giving, its undemanding quality that moves her, reflecting as it does a more important generosity of spirit. Take, and he's happy. Thank him, and he's miserable. "That's okay," he says. "How're you betting on the fights?"

If he squirms as a giver, he's impossible as a taker. Betty'd bring him something, and he'd be too embarrassed to unwrap it. Now she unwraps it herself. He finds it on the table. "What's that?" "Oh, something you might like."

But he'd probably part from a finger sooner than the cat's-eye ring she stuck on it for his birthday. For Christmas she gave him cuff links to match.

Of his gifts to her, she loves Clinker best. He's a member of that most absurd and delectable tribe of dogs—the French poodle. Someone brought him to the studio—six weeks old, coal black, with the paws of a baby bear. Betty went mad about him. Someone told George. Next day, a Western Union messenger in tow, the pooch appeared on her doorstep, sporting a tag "Clinker Grable."

His most extravagant gift was a mink coat for her birthday. Ordinarily, wild horses couldn't drag from him, either in advance or retrospect, any reference to the trifles he bestows. But he asked Mrs. Grable's permission to present the coat. She was opposed at first. They weren't even engaged—through no fault of their own, to be sure—but this was too much. He pleaded his cause. He told her for once in words how he felt about Betty, he told her what it would mean to him to be allowed to give her this thing.

He wore Betty's mother down. "She's my girl," Mrs. Grable said at last, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, "and I think she's wonderful. But you treat her as if she were some kind of goddess."

"That's what she is to me," said George.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Theda Bara's first name was arrived at by juggling the letters of the word "death," the significance being that the voluptuous siren was a deadly threat to helpless wife and children once the man of the family fell beneath her enchantment?

Adds good taste to any scene

*Lon Chaney, Jr., Evelyn Ankers and
Broderick Crawford between scenes of
Universal's "North of the Klondike."*

PEPSI-COLA is the rage in Hollywood for three big reasons . . . taste, size and quality. Between scenes on every lot, the stars enjoy its finer flavor . . . they welcome those extra sips . . . and they know that every drop is quality at its best. Swap a nickel today for a frosty Pepsi-Cola. 12 full ounces of long, long sips.

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



DREAM CITY

(Continued from page 8)

tin-type, and it should have disappeared with "East Lynne."

Today, Hollywood stands as the cultural center of the entire civilized world.

Nowhere, on the face of the globe, certainly not in Paris or Moscow or London or Tokyo or even New York, are there so many good minds, so many beautiful faces, so many high-standard institutions of worship, learning, invention or entertainment as in California.

Understand this: Hollywood *has* to be terrific. In the first place, one-fifth of the population of the United States goes to the movies each day, and so, with such widespread influence, every phase of motion pictures must be handled by experts. In the second place, when all these experts, the best of every field of endeavor, gather in one small village, it seems logical that the standard of living should be intelligent rather than vapid.

forgetful fad . . .

But back to that first point. The influence of the cinema. Some years ago, when Gloria Swanson was a ranking star, the Norma Shearer of her heyday, she rushed into her studio one afternoon to pose for a series of important stills. In her hurry, she forgot one of her expensive earrings, and now, at the last minute, there wasn't time to send for it.

Gloria Swanson was worried. But her publicity boss wasn't. He said, "Forget the other earring, dear. Just wear the one you have. We'll announce that as the latest fashion trend!"

It was all a gag. Gloria Swanson posed with the one earring. And, believe it or not, one month later females throughout the United States, plus women in Greenland, Chile, Indo-China, were all sporting one lonesome earring!

I repeat, this anecdote is only to show you the widespread influence of an industry that now turns out 600 feature pictures a year, which is 75 per cent of the world's total production. The main point is that any site containing such power must have citizens with more on the ball than the talent to play practical jokes and the horses, wear ermines and Malibu sun-tans and indulge in gossip. Such a place must have culture—and genius. It must be, at its core, solid, serious, earnest and progressive.

Today, motion pictures, representing the fourth largest industry in America, are a bulwark in the international battle for freedom and democracy. Today, Hollywood has become aware of its two-fold duty—to entertain, to enlighten. Thus, within the walls of its studios, in its Beverly Hills homes, its San Fernando Valley ranches, its rolling estates on the Pacific Palisades, Hollywood has brought great men and women to amuse a saddened world and to remind Americans that there are still things to cherish like freedom of assembly, of religion, of speech and of press.

To prove to you that Hollywood has become the hub of world culture and talent—and not the lazy insanity fair publicists would have you believe—let's take a candid look at Hollywood's inhabitants and their activities.

Consider the important business of clothing the human being. Once, the world center in apparel was Paris. In Paris such giants as Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Chanel and Lucien Lelong supplied the world with new and original attire. When Sam Goldwyn, in Hollywood, wanted a first-rate designer, he sent to France for Chanel. And she, on her first

day in Hollywood, complained of American pins, that they did not feel right in her hands. And Goldwyn, the obliging, sent all the way to Paris for French manufactured pins that would feel right!

Today, Hollywood need send for no one. Today, Hollywood dictates fashions. It possesses designers better than Europe has ever known, and glamour girls more gorgeous than any continental mannequins. Hollywood designers and their models have made femininity throughout America the best-dressed on earth. Remember, for example, that women everywhere once lacked comfortable sport clothes—until Hollywood invented slacks, and Dietrich made them smart!

But the designers—the most, the best, the genius of the crop! At Paramount, tiny, dark-haired Edith Head, ex-school-marm who came to the celluloid village in 1923. Edith's head is a smart one, full of learning from California University, Stanford and two art schools. She remembers that Madeleine Carroll's clothes must contain blue, Claudette Colbert's attire must be severely tailored, and Paulette Goddard's things must be youngish and boyish. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Gilbert Adrian, Janet Gaynor's brilliant hubby. He was discovered for Broadway by Irving Berlin and brought to Hollywood by Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. He designed clothes for that celluloid fashion show, "The Women." And over at Warners, Milo Anderson, only 28 years old, with ten years of designing for the glamour girls behind him though he can't sew a stitch. It was Milo who introduced the wimple, that zany piece of headgear, in "Robin Hood," and who placed the first pair of short slacks or culottes on Bette Davis in "The Petrified Forest."

But fashion is only one of the hundred items in which Hollywood activity dominates the world scene. Certainly, the movie town has outstripped both New York and London in literature and the gathering of literary talent. Living in or near Hollywood today are Theodore Dreiser, great author and greater humanist, Upton Sinclair, the crusader, Aldous Huxley, myopic intellectual, Dorothy Parker, with her barbed-wire wit. And toiling in Hollywood, grinding out words for talkies to relax or stimulate human minds, such a galaxy as Donald Ogden Stewart, Dalton Trumbo, Jim Tully, Gene Fowler, Ben Hecht, J. P. McEvoy, Clifford Odets, Robert Sherwood, Vicki Baum, Anita Loos, Bella and Sam Spewack, Rachel Fields, Louis Bromfield, Eric Remarque and—but, do you want me to write an encyclopedia?

Naturally, a town with such mentalities, such idea-machines, such wits must be the most stimulating and exciting community in existence.

And the artists! the painters! the cartoonists! John Dekker, in his red robe, touching up a canvas while his best friends, John Barrymore and Roland Young, relax on the sofa behind him and bright-crack. John Dekker, with his oil paintings of Charlie McCarthy as "The Laughing Cavalier" and W. C. Fields as "Queen Victoria"!

And the other great brush-wielders in Hollywood—Henry Clive, the former magician who now does famous magazine covers, Hilair Hiler, who did the murals on the San Francisco library walls, George Biddle, Henry McFee and even Man Ray, who toiled with the legendary Picasso in what was once gay Paree.

The influence of these artists even infected the movie colony. Intelligent stars

invested in works of art. Thomas Mitchell bought a Rembrandt. Edward G. Robinson a Gauguin and a Van Gogh. And so on. Other stars took to oil painting and sketching as hobbies. At one exhibit, Reggie Gardiner displayed his oil of Hedy Lamarr, and Ginger Rogers submitted a sketch of Madame Ouspenskaya, and Lionel Barrymore was represented with a beautiful landscape.

But Hollywood artistry runs the gamut—from George MacManus, who whips out Jiggs and Maggie for the Sunday comics, to John Hix, whose "Strange As It Seems" spins such pictorial oddities as the fact that Hollywood still possesses a blue law forbidding the pitching of a tent in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard!

Then there's music. The masterpiece, "Fantasia," was but the first product of Hollywood's unpublicized culture. Just ten minutes, by streetcar, from the center of Hollywood is that theatrical colossus of the world—Hollywood Bowl, a natural amphitheater sponsored some two decades ago by a group of music-minded Californians whose number included Charles Chaplin and Edna May Oliver.

Lily Pons, singing on a "Symphonies Under The Stars" program before 32,000 Hollywoodites, may project her voice 600 feet from the stage she is standing on to the farthest seat in the Bowl; may, in fact, be heard clearly throughout its 66 acres without the aid of a microphone!

Just as great singers like Galli-Curci, Maria Jeritza, Geraldine Farrar, Paul Robeson have come to dwell in Hollywood, and great composers like Jerome Kern, Ira Gershwin, Sidney Romberg, Irving Berlin and Carrie Jacobs Bond, have come to create in Hollywood—so, too, the world's leading conductors, a Stokowski, a Kostelanetz, have led orchestras from the shell of Hollywood Bowl and voices belonging to Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett and Gladys Swarthout have wafted from its stage.

generous stars . . .

The movie colony itself—those personalities you never realized could be interested in anything cultural—have supplied generous support. Jeanette MacDonald has contributed to the upkeep of the Bowl. Basil Rathbone and Brian Aherne have headed committees to entertain visiting artists. Melvyn Douglas and Edward Arnold have joined the Board of Trustees.

Thus, the million and a half dollar Bowl has become the magnet to attract the living musical greats to Hollywood—furnishing, also, to the general population, in a democratic way, entertainment for as low as 55c that the Metropolitan Opera of New York could never dream of supplying.

But now it would take a volume to continue displaying the unpublicized items that make Hollywood a paradise.

There are other things, too, that haven't been ballyhooed, that prove the village is different from what columnists and candid cameramen would have you believe. There are the schools. Now every American city has schools, but somehow, there are those who actually think Hollywood is empty of educational halls and that young actors and actresses grow up to be brattish morons. Yet, within its 24 square miles, Hollywood has 18 grade schools, three junior high schools and three senior high schools holding some 21,000 students. Also, for those working daytime, there's an evening high catering to 3,400 students.

That, however, is only the beginning. Los Angeles City College, a short drive from Paramount Studios, free of charge to residents, has 6,200 students on its gorgeous green campus, where many collegiate movies are shot. Across the street is Chapman College, under the auspices of the Christian Church. Toward downtown Los Angeles is the University of Southern California—and toward the Pacific Ocean, set up on a hill, the tuition-free University of California at Los Angeles, which harbored Brenda Marshall, Vaughn Paul and others.

And, too, there's another phase of Hollywood, scattered over its 130 miles of paved streets, that's never been much talked about. I refer to the 69 churches, of all imaginable denominations, and some of these churches with memberships running into the thousands. Any Sunday morning, at the Church of the Good Shepherd, you can see Spencer Tracy entering quietly and sitting down in the last row, because he doesn't want to draw attention to himself. You can see movie celebrities serving as ushers.

Hollywood has a heart, too. Not the kind that blaringly helps others for the publicity payoffs involved. But the 17 service clubs you rarely hear about, investing time, money, energy to aid others. And the Motion Picture Relief Fund, putting on its series of radio programs with all the biggest like Jim Cagney, Orson Welles, Robert Taylor—actors working during playtime to raise money for a home to be built in the Valley, a huge comfortable home for the aged and needy of their profession, a refuge to give them shelter, food, sports, hobbies.

Maybe you hear only of the Hollywood that spends \$15,000 on a single evening's premiere or gambles at Del Mar or lives amid servants in mausoleum-

styled residences—but hear, also, of the Women's Club of Hollywood, whose nine hundred members sponsor debates and lectures by the best minds so that the city of influence and affluence may think straight; hear of the Hollywood Athletic Club and its two thousand members, where stars like Jeffrey Lynn keep in physical condition, and where groups like the Author's League listen to Irvin Cobb.

And, if you still want to know more about "wild" Hollywood, take yourself down to Dave Chasen's place on Beverly Boulevard one night. Four years ago Dave Chasen, who used to be a stooge for comedian Joe Cook, opened his restaurant, which featured chili and barbecued ribs at 65 cents and delicious steaks at \$3.00. The other night I visited Chasen's. The place was jammed—Dolores Del Rio, Oscar Levant, Alfred Vanderbilt, Jack Holt, everyone. What did I find? A steamroom off the restaurant, where Errol Flynn and others enter for a rubdown before eating. An open icebox where stars may select their own choice meats.

Yet, you persist and persist, Hollywood, with all its beautiful women, handsome men, varieties of genius, must be erratic and shady and topsy-turvy—and, well, er, scandalous. Sister, you ain't been brought up right! The facts are plain. Hollywood is a nine o'clock town, too busy, then too tired to indulge in any gossip fodder half as bad as that which goes on in the average American city.

Strip Hollywood of its blarney, unveil its trumped-up naughtiness—and you find a community that must be up and out of bed, pretty of face and alert of mind, by seven-thirty in the morning! In fact, when Orson Welles was slaving on "Citizen Kane," he had to be up at four-thirty in the morning to get on his

make-up! And, after work, after late dinner, there's time maybe for a dance, a conversation gathering, a legit play, a lecture, a concert—and straight home to sleep!

There's so much to do every morning. Bette Davis must rehearse herself and then smear herself with make-up for her newest picture. F. Thomas Thompson, of the RKO miniature department, must build a Taj Mahal five feet square in size. Ray Moore, of Twentieth Century-Fox, must find scenery resembling China or Coney Island in California. Natalie Bucknall, of M-G-M's research department, must learn the amount of silver in a Roman coin and what kind of breeches George Washington wore.

Hollywood at work!

And, at night, no time for scandal, for orgies, for fictitious daffiness. A lecture by Thomas Mann at the Philharmonic. A reception for Eleanor Roosevelt. A benefit at Ciro's by the English actors for battling England. A concert by Fritz Kreisler.

Hollywood at play!

But, though this Shangri-La on the Pacific is packed with common sense, sanity, intelligence, its inhabitants still speak a familiar language. Colossal! Gigantic! Stupendous! Tremendous! That will never change. It's this spirit, this buoyancy, this super-super that infects everyone from the highest to the lowest.

Yesterday, I went out to the corner to buy some groceries.

"How's business?" I asked the shopkeeper.

"Terrific! Magnificent!" he exclaimed. "But," he concluded with a sigh, "I'm pretty sure it'll get better."

When people talk like that—why, Mr. Hilton's absolutely right—it must be Shangri-La!

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YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

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LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods
25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

LOVALON
HAIR RINSE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

THE WOMEN BOB HAS LOVED

(Continued from page 43)

Did anybody ask Max Schmeling to give him a technical description of Joe Louis' sock on the beard?"

Let's get one thing settled right now. There was nothing of the wisecracker in Taylor's attitude. The man is a surprise package, make no mistake about it. You won't find a more natural personality anywhere in any business. If it is possible for a male endowed with his physical charm to be utterly unaware of it, Bob Taylor is.

This may be old hat in movie magazine copy, but it's amazingly true. You will hunt up and down this spinning planet until you can lace your shoes with your whiskers and never find an individual who has so completely lived down the obvious handicap of good looks as he has.

So it was that he spoke, not superciliously, but with an earnestness that somewhat baffled the interviewer, of the women in his screen life. Had an awarding committee asked him to help select the most cooperative female star in movies, said committee would have been in a fine dither. To Taylor, they're all cooperative, which probably is true, too. It would be hard for a woman not to cooperate with him. It's difficult for sneering and suspicious males not to.

A man who has made love, professionally or otherwise, to Hedy Lamarr, Greta Garbo, etc., not to mention his choice as the tops of them all as an actress and siren, Mrs. Robert Taylor, nee Barbara Stanwyck, must, by the very plethora of delight, have trouble deciding which was the most enchanting, the most cooperative, the most inspiring. He did.

"Let's talk about Barbara first," he suggested. "That ought to take care of a lot of things. I'd been going with Barbara for six months when I made my first picture with her. It was called 'His Brother's Wife,' and was I scared? Why? Well, suppose I acted natural in the love scene? She might say to herself, 'So he's been acting all the time, has he? Fine thing!'"

"And if I overdid it a bit, she might say 'Oh, ho, so he's got a change of pace? He's been underplaying his romantic scenes. And he wants me to think he's in love with me? I wonder if that Georgian prince still wants to take me to the Troc tonight?' You get an idea of what I thought I was up against. You see, I didn't know Barbara then as I know her now or I wouldn't have been so worried."

Viennese Venus...

About Hedy Lamarr? It would be difficult to imagine a romantic world of males or females indifferent to anyone's reactions to the Viennese Venus. He filled his lungs like a water polo player who's in arrears on his insurance premiums. Then he exploded in a guffaw.

"You don't ask any easy ones, do you?" He went for another cigarette. "I wouldn't know whether that girl is naturally smart or naturally natural. I played with her in 'Lady Of The Tropics,' when she was absolutely new to pictures. I spent most of my time trying to keep from laughing at her infectious laugh. She spent all her leisure minutes talking to people who amused her and when she laughs, everyone has to laugh."

"Many women spend a lot of time combing their hair... but not Hedy. She likes to toss her head and shake her loose raven locks about her face. There's something elemental about her beauty

that comes out... and does it come out... when her hair is unkempt and she has kicked off her shoes and is sitting on a prop trunk wiggling her toes. She seems to know that she has an elemental force, but maybe she doesn't."

In the midst of this Taylor remembered a coincidence. He thought it worth repeating.

"In the picture 'Lady Of The Tropics' I married Hedy," he said. "She was all dressed up in a white costume. I'm not stealing anybody's line when I say she was breathlessly beautiful. Some bride. As I said, I married her, and then I took her in my arms."

"Well, the very next day after that marriage to a woman in the most elegant, virgin white costume you ever laid an eye on, what happens? I eloped with Barbara, was married in a little, out-of-the-way spot, and Barbara wore a very severe suit and practically no artificial glamour at all. And in the picture wedding, I was nervous as a cat in a dog pound, but when I really got married, I was calm as an oyster. You figure that one out."

Nobody wanted to figure that one out. It looked too tough. There was the personality of Myrna Loy to get on with. Myrna had been one of his first leading women, one of the first to whom he poured out his Thespian soul. How about Myrna, the perfect movie wife?

"Well, for one thing, I always knew what time it was when Myrna arrived on the set," he said. "It was ten minutes after nine. She never got there any earlier, and she never got there any later. You sort of want to depend on Myrna. She gives you that feeling. For all her upturned nose and freckles, she has a stability about her that registers with her fellow players as well as the public. You feel that if you fluff anything with Myrna, she'll take care of it somehow or other." He was reminded that this wasn't necessarily glamour, this technical business of ad libbing through fluffs.

dog days...

"You get an idea of the sort of gal she is by this," he said. "When we made 'Lucky Night' together, she brought a miniature dog house onto the set. A little thing, about two inches square, with a long, looped chain on it. Whenever anybody went up in his lines or spilled a scene, she promptly looped it around his or her neck, and it stayed there until someone else blew up. It was Norman Taurog's idea for her to bring it on, but when Taurog pried up the script on a scene, he got it around his neck, too. As a matter of fact, he wore it more than anyone on the show."

He spoke of Vivien Leigh. Bob was the first American player to make a picture with the ball of fire who became Scarlett O'Hara. She had the secondary feminine lead in his "Yank at Oxford," which he made in England. Did he see stardom for her when they made that picture together?

"You don't have to be a talent scout to pick 'em like Vivien Leigh," he said. "It would have taken a blind man with two busted ear drums and a pair of adult cataracts to miss her. Even then, he could have done all right in Braille. I won't try to describe my reaction to her. I'm not that well equipped with the mother tongue. She's electric. When

you say that, you've said everything. "When I played with her, she was in love with Laurence Olivier, but desperately. He was in the studio with her and every minute away from work, they were together. Either she went to his set or he came to ours. Yet she played her love scenes with an amazing conviction."

"What about your social relations with Vivien on that trip to England?" the reporter interrupted. "What's she like personally?"

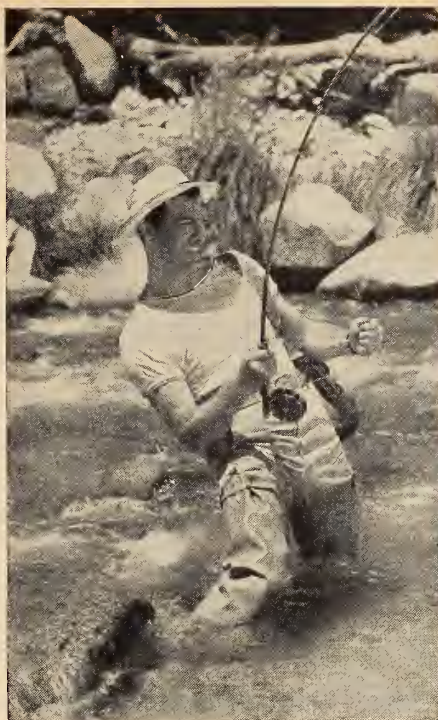
"Just what you'd expect of a woman with her fire and vitality," he said. "She was wonderful to me and so was Olivier. I was at his country place one night, and a bit of a rain came up. He invited me to stay over, but I didn't."

It will be recalled that he played with Garbo in "Camille," one of the finest pictures she ever made and one that stamped him an actor of merit. You asked him what it was like to make the sort of love Armand makes to the Lady of the Camillias.

"Whew!" He mopped his brow lugubriously. "This doesn't get any easier as it goes along, does it?"

"Garbo is probably one of the most misunderstood women anywhere. I met her for the first time when I walked on to the set to make 'Camille.' She said 'How-do-you-do?' Then she went to work. She wasn't rude or condescending or even upstage. She's naturally shy, and I'll battle anyone . . . if he isn't TOO big . . . who says anything else."

"As a matter of fact, Garbo loves a laugh as much as anyone I ever knew. She has a funny laugh. Just explodes all of a sudden, and then, before anyone else can readjust his features, she's all business again. Five minutes later she may have snooped around and found another laugh, exploded with it and



Bob's an ardent fisherman.

clammed up again. She actually goes around looking for laughs, gets them out of her system and then goes back to her business routine, in a split second.

"There's something about Garbo's silence and her concentration that gets you, way down inside. The woman is one of the most powerful personalities in the world. She wears a sort of flat, colorless

make-up that gives her a suggestion of something out of this world, and that's just what she is. There's a radiation from her when you're playing an intense scene that makes you play up to it, whether you have the stuff in you or not. She simply makes you find it and give."

He was asked if the taciturn Swede mixed with the other players on the set.

"No, she doesn't," he said, readily, "unless she sees a laugh coming. She'll always wait around for that. But usually she goes to her dressing room as soon as a take is completed and stays there until time for her next scene. But that isn't to say she upstages her fellow players. She asks for no favors. Why, on location she eats box lunches along with everyone else."

Taylor had just finished "Johnny Eager" with Lana Turner, and his experiences with her were fresh in his mind.

"The first thing, and the last, I can say about her is that she's one sweet kid," he said. "That isn't all I can say. She's much more intelligent than the world seems to suspect. I'm talking about her playing now. She's learning, and she knows it, and she makes a job of her acting. I don't believe the kid has ever yet been satisfied with a line she spoke or a scene she made. She'll make retakes all night long if need be, and she'll go at the 15th one just as eagerly as the first."

"There's one thing that surprised me, and that is that she always knew her lines. She studies them harder than any player I know. She doesn't come on the set to learn them. She knows them when she shows up. In addition, she has a naturally exciting way of talking that gets you. You see, she's a lot softer and more tender than she looks on the screen."

He had to have another cigarette. He

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Cassini-Tierney nuptials . . .

"Then there was the time Count Cassini and Gene Tierney flew in alone," said Judge Brown. "My wife acted as one witness. And Bob Woodruff, who brought them from the plane, acted as the other. Gene acted cultured so that you knew she came from a good family. Count Cassini was more than ordinarily uncommunicative.

"You probably didn't know that Gene's father wrote a steaming letter to me, asking if there was any possible way the marriage could be annulled."

The young Judge recalled other high-ups he'd cemented. There was Greta Nissen. She rushed in at night with Stuart D. Eckert and begged to be married before the clock struck midnight, because she wanted to be a wife on this particular day and not the next. And Will Rogers, Jr., who came to marry and was so excited he forgot to pay Judge Brown and later remembered and mailed the fee from a hotel. And the famous Grace Hayes, of the Grace Hayes Lodge, who chartered two planes, brought 12 relatives and friends for a hurried ceremony.

Brown still chuckles about one actress who objected to repeating the line "until death do us part" in the ceremony, and when Judge Brown read the line, well, instead of repeating it, she changed it to, "as long as our love shall last!"

Leaving Judge Brown, I drove across Highway 91 until I reached a pleasant looking corner bungalow of the Reverend Albert C. Melton who handles by far the greatest share of film personality marriages.

I inquired of Reverend Melton about one of his more exciting front-page ceremonies, the Grayson-Shelton elopement last year.

"It was at night," revealed the clergyman. "Earlier a couple came down from Los Angeles. They were both very drunk. They wanted to be married, and I turned them down. Then another couple appeared. They wanted me to wed them in a near-by bar of a saloon, and I refused. Finally, Miss Grayson, a good-looking young lady, and Mr. Shelton, a very handsome young man, came in. Such a pleasant contrast, the two of them, to the couples that had appeared earlier. The ceremony took less than five minutes."

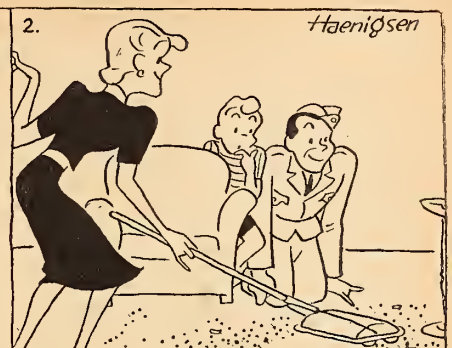
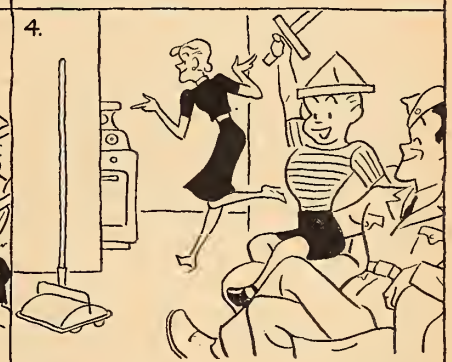
Reverend Melton thought the most enjoyable ceremony he ever performed was the one, four years ago Decoration Day, that united Bob Burns with his attractive wife.

According to the Reverend, Bob wanted an unpublicized ceremony. But a Hollywood reporter tipped off the Las Vegas AP man, and when Burns got off the plane, the press was waiting with pencils ready.

forgot the ring . . .

"I'll never forget the event," admitted Reverend Melton. "When we got to the part where Bob Burns was to put the ring on his bride's finger, he dug into all his pockets, looked red and frantic, then gulped, 'Dawgone, I forgot the ring!' And he had forgotten it. As soon as I pronounced the pair man and wife, Burns kissed her and exclaimed: 'Now, honey, you won't have to laugh at my jokes!'"

Reverend Melton said that most marriages he performed were informal. The one line that flustered most Thespians

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was, "With this ring I thee wed." In fact, Reverend Melton told of one actress who, in repeating it, said, "With this wing I thee fled!"

The good Reverend required no set fee. If the couple could pay \$5.00, then fine and dandy. Most stars paid a good bit more.

After bidding Reverend Melton adieu, I decided to visit one of the typical wedding chapels wherein runaway couples were often wed. I went into The Hitching Post and chatted with the proprietor, Halley Stewart, an energetic and enterprising young gentleman.

He explained his fee, \$12. This entitled the couple to a license, a minister, a comfortable living room setting. For just \$1.50 more, Mr. Stewart would have the ceremony recorded for history on a special machine. Outdoors was a Wishing Well. After the ceremony most couples deposited sums ranging from a dime to a half dollar and made their optimistic and heartfelt wishes.

wishing well fund...

"This Well collects from three to five dollars a week," admitted Stewart. "We save the money, and when poor kids show up from California, and they haven't too much, we help them out of our Wishing Well fund."

"One day the doorbell rang," said

Stewart, "and when I opened it there was Robert Preston stealing a kiss from Catherine Craig. Robert Preston was nervous as hell. Jumpy. My wife and I put him at his ease. He turned out to be one swell person, sweet and sincere. The wedding ring used in the ceremony was 80 years old and had been handed down to Catherine Craig. Since that ceremony I heard from them once. Preston wrote me a note on his 'first anniversary'—that is, the end of their first week married!"

I learned the inside story of how Stan Laurel decided to remarry his ex-wife, Virginia Ruth. One night in Hollywood, he was home alone eating tripe and onions. Stan hadn't had the dish since he split with Virginia, and he felt lonely. He went to a phone and called her.

"I'm eating tripe and onions, honey. How would you like to have some of it with me?"

"I'd love to!"

Over the onions he breathed the magic word—Las Vegas. She breathed—Yes. They jumped into his car and drove through the dark and straight across the border.

Asked Laurel, timidly, "Can you cash a check?"

Replied Stewart, "For how much?"

"For just enough to get married on!"

And thus, citizens, the true-to-fact story of the marrying men of Las Vegas.

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What stories or features did you enjoy most in our March issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choice.

- | | | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Long Voyage Home (Hayden)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Women Bob Has Loved (Taylor)... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| "Woman of the Year"..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Idyll on Ice (Henie)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Skippy's Toughest Role (Cooper)... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Wanted: One Ideal Husband | |
| Delightful Delirium (Milland)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | (Sheridan) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Swell Guy (Gable)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | What Would a Psychologist Say | |
| Both Feet in Heaven (Grable)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | about You? | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Heaven, Nevada..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News (Gossip)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Dream City..... | <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 about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

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SWELL GUY

(Continued from page 46)

the corner is balanced by a big and unpopular desk. The desk is Clark's business office, but he hates business matters. The very worst correspondent in all Hollywood, writing letters is torture to Clark. Not long ago a secretary, going through his dressing room, found a stack of unopened personal mail postmarked 1937. The only letter Clark is certain of scribbling at the desk is the letter he writes Carole each year on their anniversary.

This worries him so that he gets up early in the morning and attacks it laboriously, sweating out an anniversary *billet doux* with a tortured pen. Clark is an early riser anyway, rolling out of the hay most mornings at six, a hangover from his early farm training and his many hunting junkets. Clark likes a big country breakfast when he's ranching, almost none when he's acting. He seldom loads up for lunch, but for dinner he wants man fodder—steaks, potatoes, roasts and lots of 'em. Usually there's game in the big icebox. Nothing tempts Clark more than cold fowl, chicken, duck, turkey. But he isn't fussy about what the daily menu offers. In fact, he asks not to be told. Carole plans all meals at the ranch, and when the Gables are on safari she does all the cooking. Clark brags about it, so you can bet it must be good.

Dinner is at eight at the Gables. Clark likes a drink or two before dinner—always Scotch and soda. He hates nothing worse than cocktails, unless it's people who drop in to visit without phoning.

For that reason, the Gables spend most evenings by themselves, unless some dinner party or planned evening is on with their few close friends, such as the Walter Langs—she was "Fieldsie," Carole's former secretary and chum—the Fred MacMurrays, the "Tuffy" Goffs, Clark's hunting pals, Jack Conway and Harry Fleischman, or Carole's immediate family, the Peters clan. In any case, there's never any question about dressing or not. Clark won't—that's all. The last time he wore soup and fish was for the "Gone With the Wind" opening in Atlanta. And when they had to have a dinner jacket shot of him for "Honky-Tonk," the set was camphorated until even Lana Turner complained.

hates dancing . . .

Carole and Clark pass most after-dinner hours playing games, reading or driving out to movies they've missed. Clark hates dancing; he's an awkward dancer still. So there's little night-spotting. Clark still likes movies, his most recent favorite being "Here Comes Mr. Jordan." Backgammon is the Gable table sport, but sometimes they sit up all night playing showdown poker. One night recently they wasted electricity until four A. M. with Clark heavy winner by twenty-five cents. Gable isn't a serious gambler, doesn't play the horses any more. But when he did (as everyone in Hollywood did when Santa Anita first opened) he was phenomenally lucky, hitting them regularly on the nose. The only time he shows up now is at the

famous racetrack's annual Handicap.

The Encino ranch living room is after-dinner headquarters. Like the bedrooms, it features a large fireplace. The divans and chairs are huge, low and soft. The Gable pets have the run of the house as well as the ranch. Of evenings they always arrive inside and plant themselves happily at Clark's feet while he smokes a cigar. Gable smokes everything—cigarettes during the day, a cigar after dinner and pipes later on.

A famous ranch pastime for these long winter evenings is movie projection. Carole gave Clark a complete 16-mm. set-up last Christmas, complete with sound and everything except pretty usherettes. He collects clips of his own films, reels taken on hunting trips and favorite scenes from newsreels. They're all reduced for home showing. When he isn't playing movie theatre, a major attraction for Gable is to "go over" his hunting and fishing equipment. This is a solitary job; in fact, Gable's gun cabinet is a sacred place. No one touches his fancy shooting irons—not even Carole. The den has been transformed into his gun room.

Clark started collecting guns the minute he had any part of his check to spend on foolishness. The most extensive shooting item in the Gable collection is a \$1200 gun. It's one of his two great weaknesses in the spending department. In almost every other personal want he's thrifty and sparing. In fact, since the day he arrived in Hollywood he has been saving. Just the other day, a local bank

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Other Scoops in March Screen Guide

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Why They Call Gary Cooper "Cute"! Maybe you've never figured him out; this story shows how you can!

The Truth Behind Stars' "Strikes"! See what the highest-paid workers in the world want when they "strike."

How Hollywood Won Over Katharine Hepburn. The "rebel" has reformed. Learn how they persuaded her to do it!

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manager uncovered a savings pass book of Billy-Clark Gable's. It showed a dollar-a-week deposit, whether Clark was working or not—and quite often he was not.

The only collection that matches his sporting arsenal is his expensive custom-made fishing tackle. Lake Mead, the inland sea backed up by the Colorado River behind Boulder Dam, is a currently favored spot. Like all fishermen, Clark can invent tall tales, but when pressed will admit that trout, as a rule, have him well baffled.

dead-eye Carole . . .

This side of Gable's life—the most important in his off-studio hours (so important that his contract calls for three months off for trips) has been wisely shared from the nuptial start by Carole. No wife ever struggled to adapt herself to a husband's play interests more than the strictly urban Miss Lombard, used to silks, satins and fancy city living. They'd been married hardly a month before she was traveling grimly out daily to a skeet range. In typical Lombard thoroughness, she not only mastered shotgun shooting, but occasionally outshot Clark. Carole still spends an hour every leisure day on the front lawn of their ranch whipping a trout line all over the place. Expert casting takes even longer than good shooting.

"Mrs. G" (as Clark calls her) has palled with "Pappy" (as she calls Clark) on so many hunting trips that when illness kept her from Clark's last pheasant hunting junket the other week in Arizona, those old (and silly) divorce rumors popped up again.

The major mark against Carole is that when she goes hunting she takes along so much comfort duffle the car can hardly clear the bumps. The last time they set out, Clark had a mammoth moving van backed up to the ranch door. Draped across the top was a banner, "Mrs. Gable's Hunting Wagon."

Clark has recently done the best he can about this feminine foible by purchasing what is currently his pride and joy. It's officially a hunting wagon, but the Gables call it "the Jeep." The Jeep has a four-wheel drive, separate axles and practically everything the army's blitz buggies have except cannon and flame throwers. It can amble over sand and fields, ford streams and almost climb pine trees. It's hefty enough to stand the strain of all Mrs. G's outing gear.

The hunting wagon neatly combines the two major masculine loves of Clark Gable's life—sports and automobiles. It is hard to say which he woos more ardently. Both are his major money extravagances. Both give him more of a kick than anything yet invented by man.

Clark has had a mechanical mind since he was a kid. He developed it in the oil fields and a dozen other jobs before he saw a camera. He has probably owned more deep breathing motors than any other star in Hollywood. Certainly he has pattered, fussed and remodelled cars more, driven them farther and traded them oftener than anyone else in town.

His latest personal heap is just about the best looking automobile in the screen colony, although it's far from the most expensive. Clark took a Cadillac coupe, just like Carole's, had the top cut down four inches, the body streamlined here and there and all the "Hollywood" chromium trim removed. He had the hard top covered with canvas and a Gable innovation added here and there. The resulting gray job is sleek, sporty and safe. Clark loves the country look of a soft-top car, but he balks at the risk to life and limb. He's a speedy driver,

and if he turns over he wants a chance. The entire Cadillac operation cost \$500.

When the rebuilt new car was finally delivered, Clark was in bed with the flu. The day was cold and rainy, and there ensued a vigorous wrestling match for a few minutes between Clark and Carole to keep him in bed. Pneumonia or not, he hiked out to the garage to pet and purr over his new car, like a kid with a Christmas toy.

cross-country on \$100 . . .

Clark has constantly scoffed at having a chauffeur. He likes to drive too much himself. When he and Carole wound up a pheasant-hunting trip in South Dakota recently, they couldn't find a convenient plane or train to take home. Clark walked into a small town agency and bought a Ford. He sold it when he reached Hollywood, losing \$100, less than plane or train tickets.

When Clark isn't behind the wheel he loves to tinker with cars. One Saturday not long ago, his station wagon was wheezing badly as he left the studio. He left, saying he was going home and fix it. He fixed it. He worked all weekend. Monday a garage had to call and haul it away and fix Clark's fixing. He's been more successful, however, with his farm tractor. The first day the tractor arrived Clark hopped in the seat and happily set about cultivating his orange grove. The tractor promptly ran away and mowed down five trees. Bloody but unbowed, Gable peered into every part of its mechanism and mastered it. Now it's his mechanical pet, and he'd rather clank it across his alfalfa field than win an Academy award.

Outside of farm chores and sporting trips, Gable takes practically no exercise. When he got a little puffy around the gills a while back he tried mild morning calisthenics, but soon gave them up. He doesn't golf much and seldom treads a tennis court these days.

Yet his weight remains fairly constant, around 190, and his health is sound. The only thing that troubles him is a "shoulder point," a kind of a nerve and bone condition of the shoulder, common to football players. Clark got his shooting. That's what he entered Johns Hopkins Hospital for last time he was East.

But he still reads without glasses, eats and drinks anything he pleases, owns all his own temple-graying black hair and shows no signs of falling apart under the strain of being the nation's number-one heart throb.

The only concession Clark makes to this romantic status is his personal appearance. For an outdoor man, Clark Gable is inordinately neat, clean and well groomed. He sprouts daily a beard as black as the shades of Hell and as wicked to shave. But no one in Hollywood has

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ever seen him with a stubble unless it was for a spike-faced role. Clark shaves every morning, trims his moustache and totes along an electric razor which he's likely to plug in any convenient socket. He's a twice-a-day showerer and fussy about white nail rims, although he seldom gets a manicure in the M-G-M barber shop where his thick locks are trimmed heavy-sided, long movie style of necessity. He can't stand scented lotions or perfumes. The myth of an ear-pinning-back job is just that, Clark has never had any beautifying facial operation.

The only jewelry he ever wears besides cuff links and studs are a plain gold ruby mounted ring, a birthday present from Carole two years ago, a gold cigarette case, Christmas loot also from Carole, and a wrist watch he bought himself years ago. With clothes he's more extravagant. Clark both likes and knows good clothes and he has plenty of them.

That's not to say he's a dude. Something cured Clark of fancy feathers a good many years ago. It was in his Broadway days and he'd just clicked modestly in a small part. Clark invested his roll in a morning coat, striped trousers, spats and topper. With a gardenia in his lapel and twirling a stick, he strolled down the avenue like a real actor. The next day the show folded, he was broke, out of a job and desperate—with all his fine rags to mock him. Gable has few superstitions, but that has steered him since from elegant get-ups.

Clark's wardrobe bears down heavily on brown handspun tweeds, shetlands and other sports clothes. He owns about 25 tailored business outfits, very few hats, but scores of custom made English boots and shoes, size 11-C. Naturally enough, he has a vast closet jammed with riding clothes and outing gear. Carole never dares tag along to buy anything even as small as a tie (he likes red ones). Adolphe Menjou's tailor, Eddie Schmidt, makes most of the Gable suits. Clark tried another bushelman, but discovered he was out to gyp him. The tailor had picked the wrong movie star. Clark will spend plenty for what he wants, but he's a close buyer and resents being fast-talked out of a dime.

Gable, the business man . . .

Automobile dealers discovered long ago that to keep the Gable account they had to talk turkey on trade-ins. Clark is cagey about his money because he has a goal. The goal is to gain a lifetime income of \$1000 a month. That will keep up all the living standard he'll ever acquire. But he wants his security gilt-edged.

The ranch is the only property investment he has ever made. The rest of his salary (he keeps 20 per cent of his check, and the government takes 80) goes into annuities and bonds and stocks as sound as such can be. Actually, Clark has been in the big money only about five years. He is not poor, but he is not rich, like William Powell or Wallace Beery or any veteran star who got up there where it counted, before income taxes came along!

Clark's M-G-M contract has five more years to run. The present agreement calls for three pictures a year, no more. It's most unique in that the options are Clark's, not M-G-M's. He can stop any time he wants. But whenever he's queried now on this point, Gable just grins and says, "As long as they like me, I can stand it!" (He once said he'd quit in 1940.) The best guess is that Gable will quit when and only when he figures he has a lifetime supply of pocket money.

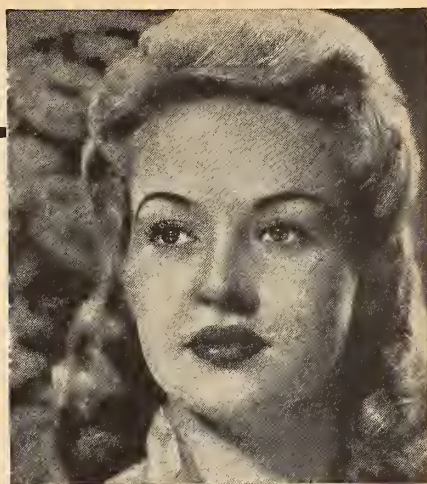
Clark usually carries \$50 in his pants

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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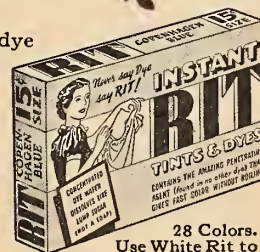
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pocket, by the way, secured by a gold clip. It's likely to last him a couple of weeks. He doesn't overtip or toss change around lavishly. But in the big things, Gable is generous. He is always a sure bet for any worthwhile charity—with a check, that is. He hates benefits and it's almost impossible to persuade him to go unless it's especially worthy.

Besides Carole (who naturally is wealthy in her own right), Clark supports only his father, now aged 76. Gable, pere, dwells in a Hollywood bungalow. Just the other day Clark presented him with a new Chevrolet coupe. Papa Gable has seen his famous son act just three times and then briefly. He isn't too interested. He thinks Clark is just lucky in a rather foolish life's work. The last visit was on "Honky-Tonk." Jack Conway said, "Well, you've got quite a boy here," meaning Clark. "He's all right," observed the old man. "He's never been spoiled, anyway."

a natural...

That, as his dad knows, is the most amazing thing about the metamorphosis of Billy Gable. He's stayed himself underneath through as choice a selection of superficialities as a man's man ever faced.

That is evident in every direction. But maybe it can be pointed by an episode which took place at the very zenith of Clark Gable's movie glory—at the Atlanta premiere of "Gone With the Wind."

As Clark sat on the platform, surrounded by 300,000 frog-eyed worshippers on Atlanta's streets, a message came to him. "Your Uncle Charley is out in the crowd," it said, "and he'd like to see you." Clark grinned. His Uncle Charley owns a movie theatre somewhere in rural Florida. He won't play Clark's pictures. He says very frankly they're too expensive and nuts to them.

A message went out over the loud speaker. "Clark Gable," the announcer said, "would like to see his Uncle Charley at the reception after the show. Will he please come?"

Uncle Charley came. M-G-M photographers poised their cameras to record the family meeting. Then they lowered their lenses and shook their heads. One approached Clark and whispered, "Look at Uncle Charley's ears!"

"What's the matter with 'em?" asked Clark.

"Well—" began the photographer—"er—the shot might look funny." Like his nephew, Uncle C. had indeed a generous helping of ears. Like Clark's they spread to the wind like spinnakers.

Clark caught on. He leaned back and roared. "Don't worry about that! There's nothing wrong with the Gable ears. Boy—they've sure done all right for me!"

Which nobody can deny.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

WE WERE DANCING

Then there's the one about the penniless Princess and the bankrupt Baron. Back in 1936 Noel Coward whipped up several one-acters, threw them together and presented them as a night's entertainment. One of the pieces was "We Were Dancing," and M-G-M picked it up and fashioned a picture from the brittle, little sketch.

It's the kind of story where the heroine is called Vicki and the hero Nicki. It's about the International Set on horse, on foot and on tick most of the time. Vicki and Nicki, the International Kids, make a good thing out of being house guests from South Carolina to Joplin, Mo.

That is, they make a good thing out



of it until they get married. A single Princess or a bachelor Baron commands a fairly good price; married—they're just extra people. The house-guest market drops sharply, and Vicki and Nicki find themselves selling glamour to the newly rich in the Middle West in return for room and board.

The plot is concerned with Vicki's attempts to get Nicki to work. They argue. They are divorced. Vicki returns to her rich American suitor. Nicki, thereupon, actually goes to work. They meet again. They dance again. They kiss again. They get married again. End of picture.

But the plot isn't important in a picture of this type. It's the tinsel and glitter; the wit of a well-turned phrase, the sheen of a well-groomed head of hair. You won't find anything of "We Were Dancing" in the news columns of this morning's paper, but maybe that's a virtue. It's a fairy tale of the never-never land a long, long time ago.

Hollywood always has had a soft spot in its heart for the International Kids. They've stolen jewels in old Vienna, they've recreated old Russia in old Paris, they've bucked the gaming tables at Monte Carlo and watched the surf at Biarritz. They've tried to reform and sometimes they did; and some of them were just charming fakes.

But always charming. They're old friends out Hollywood way, tried and true. It's poetic justice that in "We Were Dancing" Vicki and Nicki should find success and happiness just outside of Beverly Hills. That's where they always belonged.

Norma Shearer and Melvyn Douglas play the International Kids. Lee Bowman and Gail Patrick are the other angles in the romantic quadrangle. Denis Hoey, Sig Ruman and Alan Mowbray play variants of run-down nobility. There are plenty of lovely lush gowns in the picture, stunning sets with fascinating modern decor and a startling hair style or two.

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So they're back again, shined up and dressed their best, drinking champagne and being witty and gallant on their last dollar, or maybe it's their host's last dollar. Okay, Vicki! Okay, Nicki! Be seeing you at the Glotzes. On with the dance.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Norma Shearer and Melvyn Douglas danced eight hours a day for five days straight before their waltzing scenes got an official okay. . . . Melvyn Douglas was gifted with a new portable dressing room during production. Main features are knotty pine walls, brown upholstered furniture. . . . Lee Bowman spent his spare moments between takes writing a play. Outlined the plot to William Saroyan one night, and Saroyan liked it so well, he told Lee he'd like to turn actor and play one of the parts. . . . Gail Patrick had to discard the dozen gardenias sent to her daily by an admirer, 'cause the posies give her hay fever. . . . Ten-second interview with Miss Shearer: "There is one stratum of society that has been neglected in definition. It's country-club, horsey, wealthy, neither very old nor very young. It's all bound up in its own interests, and if anyone should ask me briefly what 'We Were Dancing' is about, I'd say—'House-party Society.' . . . Norma showed up for work one day with her nose skinned from bridge to tip. Her swimming pool, she discovered, is too shallow for a ten-foot dive. . . . Mickey Rooney's Ava Gardiner turned down a featured role in another picture to do a small bit in this. Said Ava: "This way I'll get the chance to watch Miss Shearer's technique. I know there's a lot to be learned from her." . . . The clothes in the picture were designed by Adrian, his last chore at Metro. . . . Norma wears

24 gowns, predicts black and white will be the most popular shades of 1942. . . . Melvyn Douglas's stand-in spent every moment of his free time campaigning for votes. He's been studying politics under Melvyn's tutelage for the past five years and is running for the office of Commissioner of Public Works in Santa Monica.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

This is the picture that Katharine Hepburn, they say, personally sold to M-G-M for \$111,000; \$100,000 for the authors, \$10,000 for agent fees, and \$1,000 for incidentals, telephone calls and aspirin for the producers. For their money M-G-M got a picture which allows Miss Hepburn to be wise, modern and fliply profound; and gets co-star Spencer Tracy out of his everlasting costumes and funny faces.

"Woman of the Year" is the story of Tess Harding, a political international columnist, and her attempts to juggle sports-writing husband Sam Craig (Spencer Tracy) and the world situation with her left hand. In one of her columns Tess suggests offhandedly that baseball ought to be abolished for the duration. Sports writer Sam Craig promptly calls her the "Calamity Jane of the International Set."

And so they get married.

Just as promptly, the marriage is fouled by Serbian leaders, international refugees and assorted Balkan complications who flock to Tess; and broken down ex-prize fighters who just as naturally gravitate to Sam. Life with Katharine, as you might suspect, is somewhat complicated. For one thing, she can't scramble eggs; what's more she expects her husband to do it. As a matter of fact, the only domestic virtue she finally confesses to is the desire to have a son.

(Continued on page 106)

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 105)

Sam is mentally sizing up baseball bats and wondering whether he ought to call the kid Butch or Mike when Tess introduces the "son"—a young Greek refugee boy named Chris. They quarrel about Chris, for Tess gives up nothing; she is still caught up in the whirl of world events, revolutionary predictions and the solution of the international monetary situation. The boy is secondary, a fifth wheel, one of Tess' gestures—tossed off and forgotten.

Tess goes her high-handed way, straight to the award of being voted America's Outstanding Woman Of The Year. The award comes complete with banquet, speeches, presentations and compliments. But Sam doesn't go along with her. He stays home with the young Greek boy and that same night takes the boy back to the Greek Child Home where, at least, he will get attention and companionship.

Back home, Tess is in triumph, being photographed and applauded. She decides to have her picture taken with Chris and discovers then that Sam has left—and that Chris, too, is gone. She returns to the applause and the photographs—The Woman Of The Year.

How it comes out is the picture's secret, and you'll enjoy the Hollywood photo-finish. But the problem it poses is a pertinent one today, and despite the usual foreword (any similarity... is coincidental) it's slightly impertinent, too. You'll draw your own parallels.

At any rate it's good to have Katharine Hepburn back on the screen, mannerisms and all; she has a sharp incisive style and the role was tailor-made for her. And of course it's good to have Spencer Tracy playing that slightly tired, sympathetic character again. Spencer Tracy should never make faces.—M-G-M.

ROXIE HART

In the garish and innocent days of 1927 a single murder was enough to catch the interest of the nation. That was the heyday of the tabloids when every trial was a circus, and the accused, if acquitted, was assured of 50 or so full weeks of vaudeville bookings. Fortunes were made on the basis of a single well-aimed shot or well-placed knife. A proper dose of poison might even do the trick.

"Roxie Hart" sets out to capture the flavor of those high-spirited times, and naturally enough the locale is Chicago. Roxie Hart (Ginger Rogers) is involved in the murder of Fred Casely, a seedy, down-at-the-heels theatrical agent. Being Roxie Hart (and Ginger Rogers, to boot) she's lovely, appealing and has as pretty a set of legs as Chicago has seen since Mrs. O'Leary's cow made them start all over again.

Jake Callahan (Lynne Overman), a cynical reporter, pleads with Roxie to confess; it will make her famous, he says, and anyway they'll never convict her. She is promised a vaudeville tour, her name in lights, fame—if only she'll confess. Of course she's innocent of the crime, but says Roxie: "Naturally I want to do everything, everything I can for my career."

And so she confesses.

Then the picture really goes 1927. Roxie's legs are featured on the front pages of every paper; sob sisters write her story from inner, outer and upward angles. Walter Howard (George Mont-

gomery), a sentimental reporter in love with Roxie, wants to prove her innocence, but Roxie isn't having any. Innocent, she'll fall back into obscurity. Roxie Hart, the glamorous murderess, is famous.

She fights to stay on the front page. She claws off the competition of a couple of other lady murderers. When Two-Gun Gertie Baxter comes along and threatens to take the play away from her, Roxie promptly announces that she's going to have a baby. The baby and Roxie's legs win back all her straying fans. No one is going to take the front page away from Roxie Hart. Not while she has something to say about it.



The trial is a gala event. They sell souvenirs on the courthouse steps; an official "Life And Loves of Roxie Hart" is published. The trial is broadcast play by play. Roxie acts her part to the hilt. The jury, filled with sob-sister stories and watching Roxie's silk clad leg delicately swing as she sits on the witness stand, acquits her with honor.

Little Roxie makes good in the big town.

That's the substance of "Roxie Hart," but the picture is tricked out as a story within a story, and it would spoil the fun to tell the beginning and the end. It's a variant on the trick Preston Sturges used in "The Great McGinty," and it goes all the way back to O. Henry and the surprise ending. It's still good.

But mainly the picture is concerned with 1927. It was a lively era, if you remember; and, despite all its sins, a remarkably innocent one. Ah! for the days when a girl might make her fortune with a judicious murder or two. Ah! for the days before a house painter in Europe made the tommy-gun seem like a harmless child's toy.—RKO.

P. S.

Ginger Rogers lets her knees weave through a slightly modified version of the Charleston in the dancing scenes; the real thing looked too corny... Ginger's all-out battle with Helene Reynolds cost \$48,800 to film, not counting the money spent by the gals personally for iodine, liniment, etc... It was just a preliminary battle for Ginger. Later on she spent two entire days scrapping with Lynne Overman, and completely ruined his watch when she butted him in the vest region with her head during the brawl... During one of the court room scenes, Adolphe Menjou is supposed to pick up Ginger, who has fainted, and hold her in his arms while he makes an impassioned plea to the jury. After the fourth rehearsal, Adolphe was staggering a bit under his glamorous, but, by then, weighty burden. George Montgomery politely, nay eagerly, stepped up, offered

his services as a substitute and happily held his girl friend until the scene was ready to be shot . . . He and Ginger agreed to concentrate on their work and had only one date a week—every Saturday night . . . On their days off, they went shopping for furniture; Ginger helping George find the right pieces for his den, George helping Ginger round up Early California chairs for her Oregon ranch dining room . . . Menjou had his tailor supervise the bags and wrinkles of his hobo costumes . . . He knew what he was doing, in the milking scenes. Once got a job as farm hand doing just that on Vincent Astor's estate when he was first out of college and looking for work . . . Director "Wild Bill" Wellman's good-luck charm is an actor—Ronnie Rondell. Ronnie's had a job in every one of Wellman's pictures since "The Cat's Pyjamas" in 1925 . . . Ginger got expert boxing instruction from Montgomery who used to be an interscholastic fisticuffs champion when he was a student at the University of Montana.

JOAN OF PARIS

"Joan of Paris" is a tender melodrama of Paris under the Nazi terror. This isn't the Paris of bright lights and fashionable ladies. It's the Paris of back alleys and dingy cafés where men hide and run and a single misstep means death.

The Joan of the picture is a naive, simple-hearted, little French barmaid who becomes involved in the escape of RAF fliers downed over France. She's a tender chit who's been kicked around badly and asks of life only that it supply her occasionally with a bright, new dress to wear.



The story opens when five RAF fliers, headed by Free Frenchman Paul Lavalier (Paul Henreid) are downed over occupied France. Their only hope of escape is to get to Paris and there contact the British Intelligence, which might be able to get them across the Channel and back to England.

They make their way to Paris and hide out in the church of Father Antoine (Thomas Mitchell), but Paul who has led them to safety exposes himself to the suspicion of the Gestapo and dares not join them. He ducks into a little café and there he meets Joan (Michele Morgan). He hides out in her room that night, and Joan, who has never known anyone like him, is won over by his kindness. She falls in love with Paul, not knowing who he is.

The picture winds through Paul's attempts to escape the Gestapo and to contact the British Intelligence. Slowly, Joan is drawn into the web of intrigue. Besides Father Antoine, she is the only one Paul can trust.

The film moves swiftly to its climax. Paul manages to reach the British Intelligence with the help of Father Antoine and Joan. The escape is planned, but Paul is doomed to remain since he will not lead the Gestapo to his hidden friends, but neither can he elude the

shadow following close on his heels.

There's a taut sequence when Paul, in a final, despairing effort, flees across Paris, the always-present footsteps echoing close behind him. Finally, in a Turkish bath, he loses the Gestapo agent. But by then it is too late to join his friends.

However, he's counted without Joan; she's arranged that they wait just a little longer for Paul. Though the Gestapo has fallen on her trail and is aware of her every move, she out-tricks them to send Paul to England and safety. But the price of his safety is her life; she dies before a Nazi firing squad.

"Joan of Paris" serves to introduce the French movie star Michele Morgan to American audiences. It's a sweet and tender role she's asked to play in the picture; and she's backed by a strong story, a tight melodrama of present-day Paris.

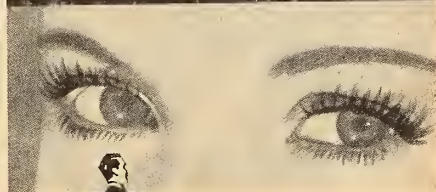
"Joan of Paris" isn't propaganda. Unless it's propaganda to show, Paris grey, dreary and afraid from dawn to dark. Unless it's propaganda to see Nazi boots and Nazi flags on the cobblestoned streets. Unless it's propaganda to show the little people of France living in fear of the sound of a motor truck in the street or a knock on the door which might mean prison and death.—RKO.

P. S.

Jacques Theyry and Georges Kessels are a pair of important, though tough-to-pronounce names. They co-authored the original story on which "Joan of Paris" is based . . . Prop men scratched their heads more than once over scenes in French garret, church, castle, prison and sewer . . . Michele Morgan's delicious accent is what happened after a year's intensive study of English. Michele is best known in this country for "Port of Shadows." Says the part of Joan, the little Parisian girl who gives her life for her lover, is hand-tailored for her . . . Paul Henreid is still news to American fans though a familiar figure on the European stage and screen. Came to Hollywood via the British-made "Night Train" and a Broadway stint in "Flight to the West" . . . Thomas Mitchell, the guy who always turns in a polished performance, is not only a stage and screen actor but a veteran writer, director and producer . . . May Robson, though 77, has never once missed a season's work since her debut in 1883 . . . Laird Cregar, Hollywood's biggest actor, tips the scale at 300 lbs., is 6 ft. 3. His portrayal of Oscar Wilde on the Los Angeles stage set studio execs to thinking . . . and acting . . . The most important non-speaking role ever to be written into a film is that of the Gestapo agent played by the super pantomimist, Alex Granach . . . The one set rule of David Hempstead, producer, is to defy all rules of picture-making.

(Continued on page 108)

MEN SEE YOUR EYES FIRST



Romantic Eyes in 60 seconds

The new Cushion-Guard Kurlash performs magic in a jiffy! It curls lashes upwards in a "beauty sweep" resulting in lovelier-looking lashes and brighter-shining eyes! Kurlash devotees will want this 4-way improved model. As to those who have never used Kurlash before—now is the time to start.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 107)

This time he did it by risking a combination of two little-known names in one big picture. Hempstead used to be a professor of English literature, sold his first story to Hollywood in 1930, was signed soon after as producer's assistant, came into the limelight with his production of "Kitty Foyle."

The Adventures of MARTIN EDEN

There's more than a slight amount of gore in this yarn and enough plot for two movies...one about a writer who makes good and the other about a sea-



man who devotes his life to freeing his pal from the charge of mutiny on a ship aptly dubbed the "Hell Wagon." The doings revolve around Glenn Ford, hero, who proves himself more than equal to the tasks at hand.—Col.

YOUNG AMERICA

Button Willow Valley is painfully aware of Jane Withers' presence from the moment she arrives. It looks at first as though she's too headstrong a filly to



bother breaking in. But Robert Cornell and the rural 4-H club exert a wholesome influence, and in the end Jane proves she was worth the effort.—TCF.

MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN

In the fight for life carried on by the small community of insects who live just 45 ft. from Broadway, Hoppity, a James Stewart sort of bug, figures as the hero. This serious feature-length cartoon also has a heroine and a heavy. In fact, it's got all the essential elements of the standard movie and a little more, since it deals with fundamentals rather than fripperies.—Par.

THE MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE

A newspaper story, announcing the hanging of one Paul Guilfoyle, takes John Howard back eight years to a



former and less happy life. Seems Paul had once plotted to kill John and is now being held for murder, though his attempt fell through. At the risk of damaging his own life, John returns to save Paul's and is well rewarded in the end—Col.

VALLEY OF THE SUN

With hell-bent Apaches on one hand and dastardly white men on the other, it's amazing that James Craig finds time for romance...and, the way things



turn out, it's pretty lucky for Lucille Ball that he does. The action of this super-Western whiz-bangs through a series of thrills that almost result in a large-scale massacre...almost, but not quite, thanks to Army Scout Craig.—RKO.

SING YOUR WORRIES AWAY

A great deal of trouble might have been avoided if Bert Lahr and his pretty cousin had not inherited 3,000,000 smack-



ers unexpectedly. Unscrupulous June Havoc and others are on hand to complicate things, but in the end they get their dough, and you get your laughs. There's a generous helping of music, too, to add to the general gayety.—RKO.

HATS OFF TO HAIR-DO'S

(Continued from page 47)

convert a coiffure like Judy Garland's into the sleek type Carole Landis wears. And the Landis coiffure itself is easily transformed from evening glamour to the career girl's smart daytime hairdress, for without front curls its style is casual though trim. Before dressing this style for evening, set your top hair in pin curls so that it will comb out to tumble into a suggestion of a bang. Then try sweeping your side hair up from the temples in a hint of a wave while you set the ends in curls to match the top. Brush your back hair up and across the back of your head—from left to right and up—the ends set in a diagonal row of curls across your crown. Highlight your locks with brilliantine, and then spray back hair with lacquer.

This sculptured effect is just one of the many examples of the 1942 emphasis on back hair, a trend which will please the men, we know. Only last week, one of them, with an air of speaking for his entire sex, asked us "Why don't you tell girls about the backs of their heads?" Far be it from us to disregard the masculine opinion on beauty, so we're passing this on to you. If you are not sure that every little strand behind is doing its well-groomed bit to be alluring, why not make a late New Year's resolution to use a hand mirror every day. And this habit will suggest brushing and using brilliantine, lacquer, pins and all those other little devices which make your back locks live up to those that frame your face.

styled to type . . .

Whether your hair is very, very long or very, very short, dress it to flatter the shape of your face. An oval face is the ideal, so if you are blessed with such contours, do nothing to hide them. Wear your hair simply and off the face so as to show its perfect outline.

If you have a long slender face, it will look more oval if you part your hair in the center and wear it loose and fluffy at the sides to create width. Topknot curls and a high pomp should be avoided for they only add height. If your face is square like Priscilla Lane's, soften it by loose waves, with fullness at the jawline to detract from apparent width.

Or if your face is round, build your hair full and soft, and keep the curls above the ears. Try to achieve a heart-shaped effect, but avoid severe styles. If yours is a diamond-shaped face with prominent cheek bones, keep waves and

curls above and below your ears and dress your hair close to your cheek line. Carole Lombard follows this rule, and you might try copying her hair-do's.

If you have a heart-shaped face with broad forehead and narrow chin, you can give your face better proportion by keeping your hair smooth on top and bringing it in slightly at the temples. Begin waving it at the ears and wear curls low to give width to your jaw. Long hair, in any case, is more flattering for a face of this shape. On the other hand, if your forehead is narrow and your jaw broad, keep all rolls and other hair emphasis above the ears, softening the angle of your jaw by waves and curls along the sides of your face.

Large waves and loose curls give needed softness to a large face with well-defined features, while a fluffy coiffure with small waves and curls will flatter delicate features and a small face.

Now, for the fun of those frivolous touches—big bows, colorful ribbons, jewelled or unjewelled clips, decorative combs, etc. All of these add their own sweet or smooth touch to an attractive coiffure. And there is a hair ornament to suit your every mood—bows when you want to be a schoolgirl, and highly styled combs when you feel the grand lady. With spring on its way, wearing gardenias in the Hawaiian manner and forget-me-nots in the when-mother-was-a-girl manner will make you look and feel as glamorous for evening as do your new spring gowns!

Have you been longing for a permanent wave that would look lovely and natural—even at first? Then, why not try a Frederics Tru-Curl Wave next time you need a "permanent." It's done with the best of materials that contain no beauty-stealing metallic salts, and it leaves the hair soft, lustrous and easily adaptable to all the new hair arrangements. The Tru-Curl way is the comfortable way, too, for there is no stretching of hair, no disagreeable chemical odors, and the time required is considerably shortened. If you choose the shop that gives a Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent, you'll be delighted with a longer-lasting, lovelier wave.

Dull hair—dull beauty, no matter how pretty the girl! If you want your hair to have that special sheen and radiance that makes it stand out in a crowd, try Nu-Gloss Hair Rinse to bring out those hidden, lively lights. It comes in 12 natural shades, so you can't fail to find the one to enhance your own natural hair color.

BEAUTY GOES TO YOUR HEAD

(Continued from page 49)

If you use cake soap, be careful to apply only the lather to your tresses, for soap rubbed on directly is difficult to remove and may leave a dull coat on the strands. Whatever kind you choose, massage the shampoo well into your scalp and press it again and again through the lengths to make hair uniformly clean and bright. Then rinse your hair thoroughly and apply your shampoo once more.

Last, rinse your hair repeatedly in successive clear waters until every trace of soap has been removed. Finish off with a good commercial rinse to bring out those engaging little lights that will make your topknot stand out among

so many luster-lacking ones. Whether you are a blonde, brunette, redhead or are prematurely gray, you'll find the rinse for just your hair shade. Of course, it can be washed out whenever you like but we think you'll like the bright, alive shimmer it gives your locks.

So hair will be soft and easily manageable, dry it carefully. Press out the extra moisture with a thick Turkish towel, then brush or comb it out to its length. Unless you prefer to dry your locks free blown—now, while your hair is moist, is the ideal time to set it. It's an easy job—what with all the in-

(Continued on page 110)



Brush Away
GRAY HAIR

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Now at home, you can quickly and easily tint tell-tale streaks of gray to natural appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired

color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today. 60c at all drug stores—on a money-back guarantee, or—

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You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stir up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! Used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly FIRST choice of thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

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WIN VICTORY

by buying
DEFENSE BONDS
AND STAMPS

Buy ALL you can!

genious little curlers, hair pins, bob pins, combs, curlers and the like so easily available to aid and abet you. Make use of wave set preparations, too, for they resist the tension of moistened hair and will keep curls molded the way you want them to be. When hair is dry and well-brushed, spray on a little brilliantine to add luster and softness to those curls of yours.

If you weren't blessed by nature with natural curls—or even if you have a suggestion of a wave—you'll save time in coaxing hair to stay in place if you invest in a really good permanent wave. Don't fall for bargain offers, but go to a reliable shop which employs skilled operators and uses the highest quality of materials. Be sure that a test curl is made before the waving is done, so that the operator will know just what treatment and length of permanencing your kind of hair requires. The cost may be a little higher than at cut-rate shops, but you'll get your money's worth in a longer lasting, lovelier wave.

Breeze-blown, flying hair may look very attractive for a brief moment or so, but whenever you go motoring, play tennis or other outdoor games, keep wandering strands in check with a light, imperceptible net. Nets—either hair or silk—are easy to find in all natural hair shades.

"Don't let beauty go to your head," our oldsters used to remind us. But they weren't talking about hair. They were warning us against letting our natural good looks make us complacent. Take care of your locks, girls, for sunny, well-cared-for hair has universal appeal and wins admiring attention.

If, in spite of a smart coiffure, your hair has not been looking its Sunday best because of that old bugaboo, dandruff, you can rid yourself of this unhappy situation by using Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo frequently. It is well known for its thorough cleansing qualities that help restore the scalp to a normal, healthy condition. Try Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo and be pleased with the renewed elasticity of your hair and its increased loveliness.

If you have been longing for the thrill of a Hollywood glamour complexion with a lovely velvety texture, try Miner's Patti-Pac Make-Up. It stays on hours and hours without need for retouching. Simply dampen a sponge, puff or piece of absorbent cotton, rub it on the cake and apply; then smooth over with a powder puff. Incidentally, if you have a few skin irregularities, Miner's Patti-Pac Make-Up covers them over beautifully and creates the desired illusion of a perfectly flawless, smooth-textured skin.

COED

(Continued from page 16)

up a bit precociously. True enough, it starts with you and Bill suddenly discovering you're mad for each other. It's Tristan and Isolde and Scarlett and Rhett all over again, only more so. Then gradually it becomes a rut. But you—you little dope—adore the regular Saturday night routine, the freedom from anxiety when a dance is on the horizon. You love thinking you're in love. But do snap out of it before a) Bill leaves you for a smoothie with a fabulous stagline; b) the rest of the local males refer to you as Mrs. Bill and c) you've alienated all she-chums.

First, let's assume you're mutually agreeable. The next time you're out together, say something like, "We've had such fun together, Bill, let's call things off while it's still fun." Ask him to be an angel and air it about that you've amiably split up.

If, however, Bill remains smitten while you've grown blasé, your problem is a bit ticklish. The thing to remember above all is not to hurt his pride. Taper him off gradually. Be a bit cooler about your good-night kiss. In little ways let him feel a change. When he asks you about it, say you've noticed it in him, too.

There's one last variation on the going steady business. Supposing you've gone around together for months and months, and instead of palling on each other, each day finds you more swoony. Take the case of Judy Garland and Dave Rose. J. naturally raised a fuss when her mother suggested she was pretty young to tie herself down. They talked the whole thing over gal-to-gal and decided there were just two possibilities. Either this was one of those rare cases of adolescent love being real love, or it was just a passing infatuation. If the first were true, Judy agreed that Dave deserved a very superior wife and that anything she could do to insure just that would be worth the effort. She decided that while she and Dave knew volumes about music, she wasn't too bright about sports or philosophy or art. Maybe some

of the other chaps who called her up could enlighten her. Dave, meanwhile, would go places without her and acquire new interests and more knowledge, too. They'd both be developing poise and the ability to get along with a number of people. They'd be enriching themselves, so that if they decided to marry they'd have a great deal more to bring to each other. Well, you know how their romance turned out—and they're blissfully happy with about 2,000,000 interests between them. If it hadn't wound up at the altar, you can see with half an eye what a smart move gettin' back into circulation would have been.

A few more anti-going-steady reasons:

1) Your poor beau is constantly broke from takin' you out so often that he never has the price of a really big splurge.

2) Men are a fickle crew at best, so why take a chance on getting yourself permanently benched when his whim shifts from blonds to brunettes?

3) If you don't play the field a bit you'll never know whether you passed by someone just a touch more soul-matey, but you'll always vaguely suspect you did.

Are you still with us, all you one-valentine-senders? Maybe it's too late to do anything about your set-up this year, but next year, bet you'll be sending a raft of them and hauling 'em in, too!

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 5¢ in coin or stamps and address: Co-Ed Chart No. 1, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

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

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 55)

his people even if they head him into trouble. An admirable trait, we'll admit. BUT, we don't want to be around the day studio boss Darryl Zanuck catches him practicing some of his Parisian mischief!

There's that wine business, for example. Twentieth Century-Fox, like all studios, bans alcoholic beverages from its commissaries. But Jean, true to his blood, can't enjoy a meal unless he can float it on a glass of sauterne or sherry. Told by a waitress he couldn't order the stuff, Jean tried several times to smuggle in his own bottles. That ruse, unfortunately, was discovered, and he was forced to evolve another which is in operation at this moment.



Jean . . . has to have his wine.

Always with him, packed on his hip, is a five ounce medicine vial. Around about the middle of each lunch hour he blandly complains of headache, high blood pressure or toothache. While his companions utter their sympathy, he whips out his vial and treats himself to a healthy swig. All his aches and pains miraculously disappear, and the great Gabin is left—a culprit—but a happy one!

Good News About Dead End Kids

Just to prove it's a free country and anything can happen, the demoniacal Dead End Kids have launched a new project . . . raising white geraniums. And anybody who wants to make something of it will please step outside while Billy Halop polishes 'em off, because, in spite of the tender new project, the mugs have lost none of their precious guttersniping characteristics. Ask Humphrey Bogart or James Cagney. Better still, ask the director who said he'd rather be a nice, dignified teacher in a reform school. Ask Ann Sheridan, who used to sneak on the set behind a bodyguard, about their intramural mayhem. But don't ask how they got that way, 'cause nobody knows, exactly. Billy Halop comes from an amazingly respectable family, considering. So do the rest, though to see them is to be reminded of the pungent sights and sounds of Chicago's Loop or New York's Lower East Side. Their intimate ambitions are so normal, it's a complete anticlimax. Huntz Hall is one of 16 children . . . the one with the very crooked nose and a love for crap games. About his desire to be a producer, he says, "Get me 100 girls. Get me 40 elephants. Get me some trumpets. Build me a couple of dozen sets! That's all there is to being a producer." The latest news to date is that he's collaborating on a screen comedy that'll have you on your ear. And in it, of course, is a good, round part for Huntz who's always been crazy to wash his face and do a comedy part. Then there's Gabriel Dell, son of a well-known doctor, who once had ideas of following in paternal

footsteps, until he wrote his own stage version of "Hamlet" and fell in love with it. Currently he's in love with a light heavyweight fighter named "Big Boy Buff." Owns a piece of him, as a matter of fact. Bernard Punsley is serious as anything about bacteriology . . . will probably go into medical research eventually. And Billy, right now, is dreaming up plans for his newly formed orchestra which specializes in New Orleans Swing. According to his own raves, "It's hep . . . beautiful to hear . . . sweet as h—!" So is Gilbert and Sullivan, they all agree. In fact, they used to depend pretty much on "Pirates of Penzance" to get them into the proper mood when they were doing "Sea Raiders." In their current opus, Universal's "Tough As They Come," Billy is pressed into service as a lover, probably because his is the most presentable profile of the lot. Like him about it, and he'll tell you, "The best fighters know how to go into a clinch . . . and I'm a darned good fighter." One of the nicest stories about the "mob" is the canned banquet they sent to the "London Dead End Kids." It all came about when Hall said, "We oughta do somethin' for those guys" . . . said guys being a group of young fellows who had been working together to perform some rather daring feats of civilian defense. If the package ever arrived, 12 hungry kids feasted on such delicacies as nuts, plum pudding, canned butter, baked ham and roast chicken. If not, it's still a pretty nice story.

War Paint in Wartime

Hollywood's honeys are feeling the influence of America's all-out-for-defense program in more ways than one . . . Hedy Lamarr is now pinning up her curls with toothpicks and working on a system to tint the little wooden hair-affixers a bright gold for evening wear . . . Claudette Colbert has filed her nails down to her fingertips so she can knit, wrap bundles and file records of war relief work . . . Veronica Lake, sinking all her clothes-money into defense bonds, made herself a new hat by attaching the charms from her pet bracelet to a square-shaped cap of cinnamon brown felt she bought last year.

New Life For Old Furs

Got an old fur coat that's beginning to wear around the edges? Why not do like Marlene Dietrich and other of our Movietown cuties? Ever since Marlene came into town last year with a fur-lined ulster slung over her continental shoulders, the glamour gals have taken up the style and had their own flat fur pieces encased in cloth. They say it makes you feel warm and SO luxurious.

Stormy Weather

Speaking of Marlene, we saw her walking around the Universal lot during the last "heavy dew," wearing a super-exotic wet-weather outfit. Over her tailored suit, she wore an all-encompassing ankle-length flowing white rubber cape with attached hood lined in black. High white rubber boots protected the Dietrich gams. It takes a certain dash to wear these exaggerated styles, though. An outfit like this would make most women look like Dopey of the Seven Dwarfs!

From Soup to Suits

For Adrian fans, let it be known that the great fashion maestro is hard at work organizing a brand new salon. He's taken over the building formerly occupied by the

(Continued on page 112)

WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS

WHEN corns hurt do this one thing: apply Blue-Jay. While you walk in comfort Blue-Jay gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed. (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by removing pressure. Medication (D) acts on corn.

In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.

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Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Victor Hugo Restaurant, and is busy checking his nearly completed first collection. Prices will run into the upper brackets, and his dresses will be modeled in the swankier stores of the nation.

Turnabout

Too bad we can't mention names, but there's a beautiful babe in town that has the other gals wondering where she finds such bosom-revealing formal gowns. Truth is, she shops for dresses with extremely low cut backs—and then wears them port side aft!

Orson's Jewelry

Orson Welles got lots of whoo-hoo's when he breezed into the Columbia Broadcasting Studios the other day wearing a small silver bull's head in his lapel. It was the first time anyone had seen him wearing jewelry of any kind, and the boys wanted to know how come. Orson, glib as usual, explained his adornment.

He'd spent weeks in the land of Manana, preparing a film about a fighting bull, and when he left, some of his newly-made Mexican friends got together and presented him with the lapel decoration, plus a solid silver tie clip in the shade of an *espada*.

If You're Dieting...

Frances Scully, pretty, petite commentator of NBC's "Speaking of Glamour," personally vouches for the effectiveness of this weight-losing trick: Drink one glass of grapefruit juice after every meal, then take a brisk, 20 minute walk.

Hearts, Frills and Flowers

Lists of favorites are always popping up. Come Christmas, and someone names the Best Dressed Women of the Year. Come Easter, the Best Hatted Men of the Nation get their pictures in all the papers. And so it goes.

This being the hearts and flowers season, we scurried all over town, gathered opinions of top Hollywood stylists. Here's the result—stories behind the dresses they've designed and liked best since last Valentine's Day.

There's something super-romantic about being married to a man who designs your clothes. The creations he dreams up mean much more to you than just a covering for your chassis. So it is with Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini.

One Cassini-designed gown in particular stands out in Gene's mind—a formal you'll see in "Shanghai Gesture." From the top of its high neckline to the lower edge of its bodice, the gown is midnight black ninon. From the waist down, layer upon layer of sunlight pink ninon flares out, making a perfect background for a tree-like pattern of heavy black lace. Says Oleg, "The idea for the dress began shaping in my mind on the way home from a New Year's Eve party with Gene. It was nearly complete, but there was something else it needed. What it was eluded me, until I got home and saw the design the wild branches of the trees made against the sky." Gene loves the gown so much, she leaves newer things hanging in the closet in favor of what she calls her "tree dress."

There are a lot of women in this town who have had clothes designed for them by Orry-Kelly, whether they know it or not! Seems Warner Bros.' top-flight stylist loves to go night-clubbing, and while he sits at his

pet table near the dance floor, he mentally designs costumes for most of the women who twirl by! Like Annie Sheridan, for instance. He watched her swing her hips through the motions of a wicked rumba the other night, "and by the time she'd gone around the dance floor twice, I'd thought of at least ten new outfits I'd like to see her wear."

As a matter of fact, it's the coat he designed for Ann in "The Man Who Came To Dinner" that gets the No. 1 spot on his "Favorite Design Since Last Valentine's Day" list. Kelly loves to use black with brown, so he worked out a black, heavy wool coat, slim-skirted and lavishly trimmed with sable. But don't go trying this on your own sewing machine. It cost \$1,200!

We bumped into Damon Giffard, another of Warner Bros.' designers, in a dark, incense-filled shop in Old Chinatown. He was just reaching into his wallet for \$1.50, the price of an exotic black and gold satin collar he had discovered collecting dust on a table of assorted junk. Mumbling something about designing a dress around it, he invited us out to the studio to take a look at his new creation in a couple of days.

Sure enough—next time we stopped by his office, he was fitting a new Oriental-inspired gown on Brenda Marshall. The dirty old collar, now cleaned and shining, topped a beautifully cut, heavy silk crepe dinner gown of eye-arresting Chinese red.

The personal pride of RKO's Stevenson's work during the last year is a suit he designed for Joan Fontaine in "Suspicion." A dressy suit of toasty beige American wool, it has a long fitted coat with side closing and slim skirt. On one wide lapel nestles a brace of sabres that closes the coat at the shoulder and hangs down the back.

On the set Joan told us how much she liked the suit, and how it actually helped to put her in the proper mood. "Eddie used beige as the color to give a note of lightness and gaiety," she explained. "In this scene, I'm supposed to be making my first entrance into my home after returning from my wedding trip. He trimmed the suit with sable to let the audience know I'm playing a woman wealthy enough to afford the very best."

When Evelyn Keyes makes her first entrance in "The Adventures of Martin Eden," take a good look at her gown. A shining black and sapphire-blue dinner dress, it was fashioned from the last cut of imported French silk to reach this country. Columbia's designer, Monica, sentimentally names it her

Solution to Puzzle on Page 12

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

choice number off her drawing board in the last 12 months, because it marks her break with Paris fabrics.

No Raye-ce Prejudice

As though there didn't happen to be enough competition in this business! On her recent p. a. tour, Martha Raye landed in Chicago and found herself doing personals on one



Martha . . . gets no tomatoes.

side of the street while her latest movie "Hellzapoppin'" was unreeling on the other! This obviously presented an interesting situation, and when Martha returned we asked her which Raye had won out—the shadow or the shape.

"You're a dope," she told us sweetly. "Look at it this way. Which Hitler would you rather toss a tomato at—Adolf in the flesh or Adolf in a photograph? Naturally you'd go where you could see him getting the vegetables in his pan! Yup, the ticket buyers preferred Raye in person. They were nice, though. They squeezed their tomatoes and threw the juice!"

This last whimsy, we happen to know, is far from fact. Wherever Martha went, the audiences cheered. And what's more, her appearances broke attendance records from coast to coast.

One Foot in Heaven

By the time you read this, Mickey Rooney will probably be married. Andy Hardy Takes A Bride. Well, the news was not unexpected, and now that Mickey has found the right girl, everyone is quite pleased. (Everyone, that is, except M-G-M, who, having suffered through the recent marriages of Judy Garland and Kathryn Grayson, are keeping a frantic eye on 14-year-old Virginia Weidler!)

She's a real beauty, this Ava Gardiner whom Mickey has chosen for his one and only. Tall, dark and Southern to her fingertips, she's exactly the kind of girl his studio might have hoped Mickey would wed—five years hence. She's 19 years old, a native of South Carolina, and pounded a typewriter in Rockridge, N. C., before she tried her hand at modeling, which profession eventually led her to Hollywood.

Six months ago, everyone, including Mickey, thought he was engaged to Dancer Dolly Thon. But when Dolly issued a statement to the press to the effect that she had no intention of marrying Mr. Rooney, Mick decided the time had come to forget her. Which he did, effectively and quickly. He met Ava and fell deeply in love for the first time in his life.

On this last point, there is no doubt. Those who saw them at Peter Fairchild's Mocambo party, the other evening, are still awed at the new love-struck Mick. Not once

throughout the evening did he get up to dance or even head for the bandstand as he always has in the past. And when the party broke up and Fairchild's guests departed, Mickey and Ava were so absorbed in each other, they didn't even know they had been deserted!

Further proof of Mickey's devotion is the way in which he allows nothing to divert him from his appreciation of Ava's company. So that he can savor every moment with her, he usually invites one of his chums to accompany them on dates—and then makes the poor chum(p) sit up front, acting as chauffeur while he and Ava sit in the rear holding hands!

And is Mick proud of his sweetheart? Get this! Ava is 5' 7"—several inches taller than Mickey—but he likes her to wear high-heeled shoes so she'll be seen by everyone!

Button, Button

If you want to make a hit with Joan Fontaine, give her jewelry—in miniature. Right now, Joan is concentrating on collecting military insignia. Every time an officer of the Army, Navy or the Marines appears, Joan is Johnny-on-the-spot, coaxing him to part with all those cunning little gadgets he wears pinned to his breast pocket. Even the toughest top sergeants can't resist the oh-so-feminine pleas of elfin Joanie. Most of them take leave of her looking like they'd just exited from a stiff court martial!

Color for Confidence

You can't tell an actress anything new about the strange, subtle power of color! Every one of 'em has a favorite shade—one that gives her that I-can-lick-the-world feeling. Jeanette MacDonald's pet is green. She will never march into a business conference without a touch of the shining color somewhere on her. For extra formal matters, contract-signing and such, she dons a sheer green wool sports frock cut in classic lines that is stopped just this side of severity by a peek-a-boo petticoat of cerise taffeta.

Anita Louise discovered at a very tender age that blue not only made her look prettier, but brought her out of her shell of shyness. Now when she attends a crowded affair, she usually wears a blue wool cashmere dress suit with hat to match. She switches blouses, but her particular favorite is a crispy grey taffeta, perfectly plain except for a perky black bow tied neatly at the throat.

Dots for Hedy

There's much buzzing around the Metro commissary when Hedy Lamarr strolls in wearing her pet polka dot slack suit. She's had it for years, and the cattier females spend their free time between the entree and dessert trying to figure out just how old it is. It isn't feminine fancy that makes Hedy hang on to it, though. She wears it because the head electrician once told her it makes a perfect focal point for lighting her position at rehearsals.

Hedy's no fool. The combination of a perfect subject wearing a perfect costume so delights the boys, they give her the best possible light-and-shadow job. Which is why Hedy always stands out from her fellow players like a candle in a dark well!

There's Glamour in Noodles

Here's one for the books! Barbara Britton, one of Paramount's young hopefuls, has an accessory tip that really should be shifted to the cooking page! She dumps a box of

(Continued on page 114)

Beautiful NAILS

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

alphabet macaroni into a pan of boiling water and lets the noodles flounder in the boiling aqua for ten minutes. When they're soft, she drains and rinses them in cold water. Then she picks out the letters of her name and lays them on a piece of absorbent paper to dry. As the final step she gives the letters a thorough shellacking with bright red nail polish and then pastes 'em on a narrow black velvet ribbon. The completed job, she says, can be worn as a bracelet or tied snugly around the throat.

Strike Up the Band

Gag around town is that Lana Turner ought to become a booking agent and send the Turner Trio out on tour. After all, what musical combination could compete with the fabulous threesome Lana could assemble with a twist of her wrist?



Lana . . . the eye-appeal.

We can see them now—The Turner Trio playing Main Street, Anytown. On the trombone—current beau, Tommy Dorsey! On the clarinet—ex-mate, Artie Shaw! On the saxophone—ex-love, Tony Martin! Sensational!

And if Agent Turner wants to toss in a little dance specialty, the wags suggest, there's Roger Pryor, ready to fill the bill. Pryor is taking nightly lessons in the rumba and samba at Arthur Murray's. And getting mighty good, too.

All that's missing from the act, they say, is eye-appeal—and Lana's no slouch at providing that herself!

Exposé

For shame! How could one of our better-known glamour girls have played such a filthy trick on the cameraman assigned to her current picture!

Seems the gal is proud of her generous bosom, and justly so. She's *really* lovely to look at. But, unfortunately, subtlety is a word she never learned. She insists on wearing costumes cut way below the Hays office line, and heaven help the man who tries to tell her she can't. She claims she knows what she's selling and argues that you wouldn't take beef away from a butcher, would you!

On the occasion of which we speak, she appeared on the set in a loose-fitting open-at-the-throat blouse, open far, far *below* her throat. The cameraman, left stone cold by her charms, asked her to button up.

"This is a family picture, dearie," he told her coldly. "Please remember you're a lady."

Our heroine was unimpressed. "I stay as I am," she snapped. "And you can't do a thing about it!"

The cameraman groaned. "Oh, I can't,

can't I!" he said. "Well just wait and see!"

And striding toward her he made a dive for an upper button. "I'm going to fasten this," he hissed. "And you leave it alone!"

Did the young lady attempt to settle the argument amicably? Did she say let's try it your way and my way, too? She did not! Instead she ran screaming from the set directly to a producer's office, and there demanded the cameraman be fired because—"he tried to pinch me!"

P.S. The cameraman was *not* fired. He was transferred to another picture. And the glamour girl was returned to her set, with the sharp warning that she'd either obey orders or find herself free to indulge her immodesty—without a contract!

Man in Waiting

Don't laugh off that report that Phil Harris rejected an offer of \$17,000 to make a brief personal appearance tour because he didn't want to be away from home. It's true, every word of it!

Phil's a married man, you know, and his wife, Alice Faye, is gonna have a baby. But that's only part of the reason Phil's hugging his house and fireside. The big reason is that he's scared stiff Alice will get into trouble the minute he lets her out of his sight.

Like the day he went down to the broadcasting station before Alice was awake. On his return home he found her bedroom in smoke, Alice bordering on hysterics, and her maid trying desperately to calm her!

When normalcy was restored, Alice revealed she had left her bed to start a log fire. The flames had sucked out and caught the fuzzy white negligee she was wearing. Luckily, her maid had rushed in and ripped the robe from her before she was seriously hurt. But that was enough for Phil.

"\$17,000 is a lot of chips," he sighs. "But I couldn't get another Alice for a million, million times that amount. I appreciate the offer—but I think I'll stick close to the home base."

The Critic's Choice

A man is no hero to his valet—and, brother, a movie star is no hero to the ladies and gents of the press who have to work with him!

The Hollywood Women's Press Club, composed of the best-known femme names in Movietown journalism, recently held an election to determine the most cooperative and least cooperative players in the industry. The "most cooperatives" will not surprise anyone. The awards went to Bette



Bette . . . "most cooperative."

Davis for the women and Bob Hope for the men. In appreciation of their year-round graciousness, the Club presented Bette with a lapel pin in the form of a golden apple and Bob with a script marker topped by a

similar apple. The gifts, executed in solid gold, were designed by Maurice, the cleverest jeweler in Hollywood, and presented to Bette and Bob at a special luncheon held in their honor.

The least cooperatives were another story. Proving that all is not goodness that glitters, the Club handed their scallions to none other than Miss Ginger Rogers and her old-time pal, Fred Astaire!

Ginger and Fred were given no awards and were not asked to attend the luncheon.

When advised that she had edged out Marlene Dietrich and Jean Arthur, Ginger remarked briefly: "All I can say is that I seem to be listed among some nice people!"

Quipped Astaire: "They should have had more respect for my age." Fred is 41.

Disa and Data

Jean Gabin never heard of the fancy "French" dishes featured on the 20th Century-Fox commissary menu! He calls them French double-talk and has the waitress explain their ingredients . . . Remember beautiful, blonde Elissa Landi? She ditched movies to concentrate on writing and has five novels under her belt, already . . . Cowboy star Buck Jones pays his bills with checks bearing an engraved picture of himself astride a horse . . . When Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner became engaged, Judy Garland and Dave Rose were the first people they told. In appreciation of the compliment, Judy gave Ava her own hope



Rita . . . too low-cut!

chest and some lovely bits of lingerie to start her trousseau . . . Bruce Cabot created a sensation when he strolled into a New York night club wearing black suede evening shoes trimmed with his initials in silver on the front!

Oh, that Rita Hayworth! The Hays Office, after okaying Oleg Cassini's sketch for an evening gown to be worn by Rita in "Tales of Manhattan," censored the outfit when they saw it finished and on the star! . . . If Jean Gabin does a scene in "Moon Tide" nude from the waist up, you can lay your thanks (or blame) at Marlene Dietrich's feet. Marlene heckled the writer to inject at least one semi-nekkid sequence so Jean could show the world the muscles he developed pedaling his bike around Beverly Hills . . . Johnny Boyle has the distinction of being the only dance director in Hollywood who hobbles around on crutches. He chipped an ankle bone showing Jimmy and Jean Cagney how to pick 'em up and put 'em down for "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (the story of George M. Cohan) . . . Director Roland Lee has a problem. He wants to do a flicker about Ulysses S. Grant, but he's afraid the gals won't go for a hero with a full-blown beard—even if that man Flynn's behind it!

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