

MODERN SCREEN

May
0
cents



ANN SHERIDAN

Inside Story of the **PAYNE-SHIRLEY DIVORCE!**

NOW! ALL YOU'VE LOOKED FOR IN A LIPSTICK *In Tangee's New Improved Satin-Finish*

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

by Constance Luft Huhn

*Head of the House of Tangee, Makers
of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks*

ARE YOU ONE of the thousands of women who have longed for a lipstick with a softer, glossier sheen...an alluring satin-finish? A lipstick, *not too dry—yet not too moist*...that strokes on so easily, so smoothly, it almost applies itself? A lipstick that

stays on—I really mean stays on?

After two years of almost ceaseless effort to blend all these qualities into a single lipstick, we, at Tangee, are happy to offer you our new and exclusive Tangee SATIN-FINISH!

SATIN-FINISH, we believe, is the most important announcement Tangee has made in years. SATIN-FINISH means that you now may have—not only Tangee's gloriously clear shades that blend so perfectly with your complexion; not only the famous

Tangee cream base that feels so soothing to your lips—but the exquisite grooming of a SATIN-FINISH that lasts for hours and hours.

So whichever shade you like best—whether it's Tangee Natural, the lipstick that changes on your lips to produce your own most becoming color—or the more brilliant Tangee Theatrical Red—or Tangee Red-Red, the rarest, loveliest red of them all... each now flatters your lips with a new and alluring Satin-Finish.



TANGEE RED-RED

...“Rarest Loveliest Red of Them All.”...harmonizes with all fashion colors.



**TANGEE
THEATRICAL RED**

...“The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade.”...always flattering.



TANGEE NATURAL

...Orange in the stick, changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose on the lips.

TANGEE
Lipsticks

WITH THE NEW
SATIN-FINISH



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN

“A company that has pleased the women of America with over 100 million lipsticks can't help but learn every possible lipstick requirement,” says Constance Luft Huhn, head of the House of Tangee. “We've listened eagerly and patiently to thousands of suggestions and comments—yes, and criticisms, too. And we are constantly seeking to improve our Tangee—to give it exactly those qualities you tell us you want in a lipstick. That is how our new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH was created. *You* wanted it—we produced it!”

"It takes a Pretty Smile to Sell a Song—

*And yours, My Pet, is on the Blink.
I suspect 'Pink Tooth Brush' "*



"You're a nightingale, sister! You've got youth, charm, personality—everything, *until you smile*. That's fatal. You can't star with my band until you can flash a smile that travels right from the stand into the customers' hearts."

"Now, no tears, pretty face. It's not that bad. You've just been careless. Box office smiles and 'pink tooth brush,' sparkling teeth and sensitive gums just don't play the same bill. We're booking you first with my dentist. Tomorrow—no, today!"



Then on opening night the crowd went wild...



"Our modern soft foods don't give gums enough work! And sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. Give your gums more work, daily massage." (N.B. A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

"Am I following that dentist's advice! It's Ipana and massage for me—every day! What a clean, freshening flavor Ipana has! My teeth are brighter—and that stimulating tingle every time I massage my gums seems to signal, 'You're going to make the grade.'"

(Soliloquy of a nightingale) "I'm singing the blues but they're not in my heart. I'm the happiest girl this side of anywhere. Listen to that crowd—three encores and they're still banging the china and calling for more. Well, here's one little girl who sees her name in lights and Ipana Tooth Paste in her beauty cabinet forever and then some."

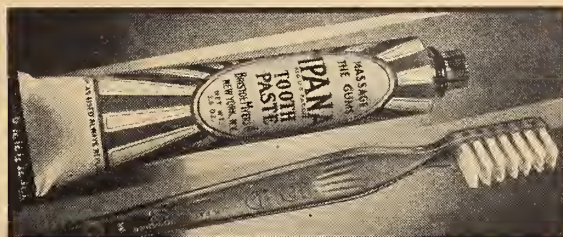
Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

"**P**INK" on your tooth brush means *see your dentist at once*. He may simply tell you that eating too much soft, creamy food has denied your gums the exercise they need for firmness and health. And, like many dentists, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make

your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you circulation is increasing in the gums—helping gums to gain new firmness and strength.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!



A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

April showers bring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer flowers. One is a daffodil and the other a daffy-downdilly.

"I Married An Angel" and "Rio Rita".



In the former Nelson Eddy is the "I" and Jeanette MacDonald is the "Angel".

But in the latter Abbott is not "Rio" and Costello is not "Rita".

These are two excellent starring combinations and two excellent pictures.

Anita Loos—a neater screen writer we never knew—made "I Married An Angel" into a photoplay.

She had as a basis the celebrated Broadway (and points west) stage success produced by Dwight Deere Wiman.

This was a musical adaptation by Rodgers and Hart of the play by Vaszary Janos.

W. S. Van Dyke II directed. And an adroit job, too. He has missed none of the charm.

The idea: Nelson Eddy, disillusioned with the quirks of matrimony, asks for an angel. Heaven obliges. She arrives wings and all.

The entertainment is down-to-earth.



Getting down-to-mirth, consider "Rio Rita".

This is the biggest enterprise the King Zanies have ever graced.

Abbott and Costello are their funniest. The film is all theirs.

But one or two renowned and attractive personalities augment the proceedings. You can't not-mention Kathryn Grayson or John Carroll.

"Bud" and "Lou" in their first big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer opus will have you rolling in the aisles.



So let's go rolling down to "Rio Rita".

—Leo (Rita)

MODERN SCREEN

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ALBERT P. DELACORTE, Editor
HENRY P. MALMGREEN, Associate Editor
SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Editor
CONRAD W. WIENK, Art Editor
RUTH FRANK } Editorial
ANNETTE BELLINGER } Assistants

Cover:
Ann Sheridan
Appearing in
Warners' "Juke Girl"

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The sky's the limit
in M-G-M's **MAGNIFICENT**
MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA!

BROADWAY'S SENSATIONAL MUSICAL COMEDY HIT
BRINGS LAUGHTER AND SONG TO THE SCREEN!
AND THIS PAIR FROM PARADISE IS GLORIOUSLY REUNITED!

JEANETTE
MacDONALD • **EDDY**
I Married an Angel

with EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • BINNIE BARNES • REGINALD OWEN
DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE • MONA MARIS • JANICE CARTER • INEZ COOPER
Screen Play by ANITA LOOS
Directed by MAJOR W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
An M-G-M Picture

Hear famed Rodgers and
Hart song hits including:
I Married An Angel
Paris In The Spring
The End Of A Dream
Twinkle In Your Eye
and others



MOVIE REVIEWS

REAP THE WILD WIND

Dynamic always has been the word for De Mille. His pictures have the flash and roar of an exploding firecracker and the color of a roman candle; they're as subtle as a blast of dynamite, but just as exciting. De Mille makes movies the way Americans celebrate the Fourth of July—with noise, color and a handful of talk.

"Reap The Wild Wind" tells the story of the Florida coast a century or so ago. Down where the Atlantic meets the Gulf of Mexico lies Key West, surf beaten and hurricane swept. There, in the days when the clipper ships sailed the waters, was the home port of the tough and weathered salvagers who swept out in the gales when ships ran aground on the treacherous shoals. Their job was to save the cargo before the ships foundered and sank; it was dangerous work, a gamble with fortune and death. Key West was home port for outcasts and cut-throats, for adventurers and thugs.

It was home port, too, for beautiful, rebellious Loxi Claiborne (Paulette Goddard), who asked favors of no one and whose schooner raced out with the salvage fleet whenever the wreck call echoed over Key West. Loxi . . . Queen of the Keys, who knew the answer to a stormy life, stormy weather and stormy men.

But men and weather can be unpredictable; and Loxi found herself caught up in the passions of two men, violent as the cross currents of a gale. Jack Stuart, handsome young captain,



driving, ambitious; stranded in Key West after his ship foundered on the shoals. And Stephen Tolliver, whose charm had tinkled the sedate cut-glass of Charleston.

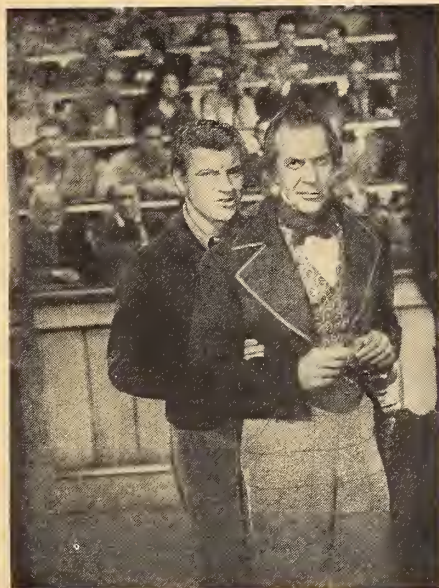
She was caught up, too, in the rivalry between these two men. For Tolliver was a director of the fleet, one of whose ships Stuart had commanded; and both, in the past, had fought each other bitterly. Tolliver came to Key West to investigate suspicions of piracy and the rising rate of wrecks in the Keys; and in pursuit of Loxi.

But there was no time for rivalries in Key West; and precious little time for romance. For over the town lay the ominous shadow of King Cutler (Raymond Massey), ruler of the Key West underworld, ruthless and powerful. Events moved swiftly as Cutler fought Tolliver's investigation; and Loxi was ensnared in the dangerous game.

In the stormy waters off Key West, the drama winds to a climax. There in a hurricane, the threads of destiny weave their final pattern. There, King Cutler, meets his judgment. And there, Loxi makes her final choice between Stuart and Tolliver.

It's no easy choice. Both men have claims on her heart. And before she makes it, there's the terror of another wreck on the shoals; and a scene of tense suspense when both men dive beneath the treacherous waters to a wrecked ship. The story of these three is as storm-swept as Key West in a gale, as warm as its sun-drenched streets, as exciting as its fighting schooners sweeping out to a wild sea. (*Continued on page 12*)

BY ZACHARY GOLD *



* For biography of Mr. Gold, see page 103 in Good News.



DURA-GLOSS *nail polish* contains *Chrystallyne**

Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;
and this polish "stays on" amazingly

Thousands and thousands of women know the special brilliance and beauty and luster and life, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish. No other polish ever became so popular, so quickly. The blessed way it *sticks* to your nails—the happy surprise that it doesn't get dull and ugly-looking for days on end—doesn't "peel" or "fray"—is all because of a *special ingredient* in Dura-Gloss, CHRYSTALLYNE*. This wonderful substance gives Dura-Gloss its lovely sparkling highlights, and unparalleled adhesion-qualities. Dura-Gloss is a remarkable nail polish. No other polish is like it. Enjoy its wondrous gleam and sparkle, now, today. Have the most beautiful fingernails in the world, with Dura-Gloss.

10c
PLUS TAX



*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

3 New Colors for Spring

Blackberry
Mulberry
Wineberry

LORR LABORATORIES
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds
© 1942, LORR LABORATORIES



It's **DURA-GLOSS**
for the most beautiful
fingernails in the world

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

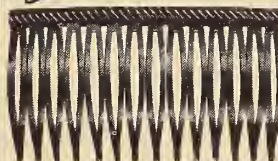
Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
A Yank on the Burma Road (M-G-M).....	2½★	Maltese Falcon, The (Warners).....	3½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO).....	3½★	Man at Large (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
All Through the Night (Warners).....	3½★	Man From Montana (Universal).....	2½★
Apache Kid (Republic).....	3★	Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)....	4★
Arizona Bound (Monogram).....	C 2½★	Married Bachelor (M-G-M).....	3★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M).....	4★	Marry The Boss's Daughter (20th Century-Fox)...	2★
Bad Man of Deadwood (Republic).....	2½★	Masked Rider, The (Universal).....	2½★
Bahama Passage (Paramount).....	3★	Men in Her Life, The (Columbia).....	3★
Ball of Fire (RKO).....	3½★	Mercy Island (Republic).....	2½★
Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Missouri Outlaw (Republic).....	2½★
Below the Border (Monogram).....	2½★	Mob Town (Universal).....	2★
Birth of the Blues (Paramount).....	3★	Moon Over Her Shoulder (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia).....	2★	Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal).....	2½★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia).....	2½★	Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount).....	C
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M).....	3★
Blues in the Night (Warners).....	2★	Mister V (United Artists).....	4★
Body Disappears, The (Warners).....	2★	Navy Blues (Warners).....	C 3★
Bombay Clipper (Universal).....	2½★	Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
Born to Sing (M-G-M).....	3★	New York Town (Paramount).....	2★
Borrowed Hero (Monogram).....	2★	Night of January 16 (Paramount).....	3★
Burn Convoy (Universal).....	2½★	Nine Lives Are Not Enough (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount).....	3★	No Hands on the Clock (Paramount).....	2½★
Cadet Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Obliging Young Lady (RKO).....	2½★
Call Out the Marines (RKO).....	2★	One Foot in Heaven (Warners).....	3½★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners).....	3★	Pacific Blackout (Paramount).....	2★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Paris Calling (Universal).....	3★
Charlie Chan in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic).....	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★	Playmates (RKO).....	3★
Confirm or Deny (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Public Enemies (Republic).....	2★
Coriscan Brothers, The (United Artists).....	3★	Quiet Wedding (Universal).....	3½★
Death Valley Outlaws (Republic).....	2½★	Red River Valley (Republic).....	2½★
Design for Scandal (M-G-M).....	3★	Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Devil Pays Off, The (Republic).....	2½★	Riders of the Badlands (Columbia).....	2★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M).....	2½★	Riders of the Purple Sage (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Doctor's Don't Tell (Republic).....	2★	Riders of the Timberline (Paramount).....	2★
Dumbo (RKO).....	C 3½★	Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia).....	2½★	Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO).....	2½★	Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Saddle Mountain Roundup (Monogram).....	2★
Flying Cadets (Universal).....	2★	Sailors on Leave (Republic).....	2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram).....	2★	Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia).....	2½★
Forgotten Village, The.....	3½★	Sergeant York (Warners).....	4★
Frisco Lil (Universal).....	2½★	Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M).....	2½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO).....	2½★	Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Sing Another Chorus (Universal).....	2★
Go West Young Lady (Columbia).....	2★	Sing for Your Supper (Columbia).....	2★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Skylark (Paramount).....	3★
Gunman from Bodie, The (Monogram).....	2★	Smiling Ghost, The (Warners).....	2½★
Harmon of Michigan (Columbia).....	2★	Smilin' Through (M-G-M).....	3★
Hellzapoppin' (Universal).....	3½★	Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount).....	C 3★	South of Tahiti (Universal).....	2★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia).....	4★	Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia).....	2½★
H. M. Pullham, Esq. (M-G-M).....	3★	Sullivan's Travels (Paramount).....	4★
Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount).....	3½★	Sundown (United Artists).....	2½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M).....	3★	Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Honolulu Lee (Columbia).....	2½★	Suspicion (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Hurricane Smith (Republic).....	2★	Tanks a Million (United Artists).....	2★
I Killed That Man (Monogram).....	2½★	Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M).....	2½★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Texas (Columbia).....	3½★
International Lady (United Artists).....	3★	They Died With Their Boots On (Warners).....	3½★
International Squadron (Warners).....	3½★	Three Cockeyed Sailors (United Artists).....	2★
Jesse James at Bay (Republic).....	2½★	Three Girls About Town (Columbia).....	2½★
Joan of Paris (RKO).....	3½★	Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO).....	4★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M).....	3½★	Tonto Basin Outlaws (Monogram).....	2★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists).....	4★	Too Many Blondes (Universal).....	2★
Kathleen (M-G-M).....	3★	Treat 'Em Rough (Universal).....	2½★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal).....	3★	Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M).....	3½★
Kid From Kansas (Universal).....	2★	Unholy Partners (M-G-M).....	2½★
Kings Row (Warners).....	2½★	Weekend in Havana (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Ladies in Retirement (Columbia).....	4★	What's Cookin' (Universal).....	3★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M).....	3★	When Ladies Meet (M-G-M).....	3★
Lady For a Night (Republic).....	2½★	Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners).....	3★
Lady is Willing, The (Columbia).....	2½★	Wolf Man, The (Universal).....	2½★
Last of the Duanees (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★	Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Law of the Tropics (Warners).....	2½★	Woman's Face, A (M-G-M).....	3½★
Look Who's Laughing (RKO).....	2½★	Yank In the R. A. F. (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount).....	3½★	You Belong to Me (Columbia).....	3★
Lydia (United Artists).....	3½★	You'll Never Get Rich (Columbia).....	4★
Mad Doctor, The (Universal).....	2★	You're in The Army Now (Warners).....	2★

GRIP-TUTH..

ONE SECRET OF
HOLLYWOOD'S

massproof
HAIR!



Here's one
Hollywood
trick you
may not
know. Many

a star depends on Grip-Tuth to keep her hair camera-perfect! Pins are unsightly. Combs fall out. But Grip-Tuth slides discreetly out of sight—locking each curl exactly as you want it—taming those straggling ends! Want a bow or flowers in your hair? Grip-Tuth holds them securely. And a Grip-Tuth sewn inside in your hat anchors it against the stiffest wind! Only 25c for card of two (or one extra-length, as shown). Get some today. **NOTE:** if notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25c for card. State hair color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 46
Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

He'd Never Guess Her Age!



**New kind of face powder
makes her look years younger!**

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! He'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35? She has found her *lucky shade* of face powder—the shade that *flatters* her skin, makes her look young and enchanting.

How old does your face powder say you are?

Are you sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit older?

Why take that chance? Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder *today!* Try them one after another and let your mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way—blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer, smoother by far than ordinary powder. That's why its shades and texture are so flattering.

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Mail the coupon for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your *lucky shade*—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, (78)
7110 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

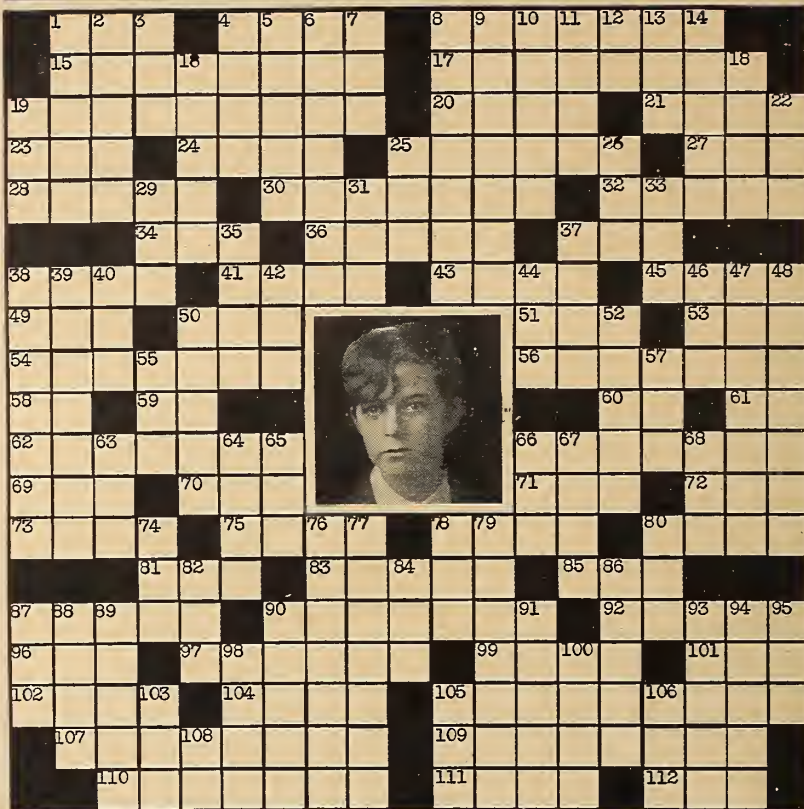
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

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

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 101

ACROSS

1. That lady
4. Actress in "Sullivan's Travels"
8. Striking out
15. The actress pictured
17. Resonant
19. Irish actress in "Til We Meet Again"
20. A film production unit
21. Femme in "The Remarkable Andrew"
23. Swiss river
24. "The Adventures of Martin ..."
25. Other man in "Skylark"
27. Man's name
28. She's now Mrs. Justin Dart
30. Producer of "slap-stick" comedy
32. Star of "Mrs. Miniver"
34. Peggy's aunt in "Double Date"
36. "The Young Mr. Pitt"
37. Comic in "Shut My Big Mouth"
38. Funny guy in "Song of the Islands"
41. Places
43. A film shot
45. Hushand of "Model Wife"
49. Room in a harem
50. French agent in "Joan of Paris"
51. "Dumho's" outstanding feature
53. "Meet John ..."
54. Brian's wife in "Heliotrope Harry"
56. Famous director
58. "Sta - ey and Livingstone"
59. Printer's measure
60. At home
61. A Swedish comedian
62. Sportswriter in "Woman of the Year"
66. What movies exclaim as
69. Triumphant exclamation
70. Silkworm
71. "The Bride C... C.O.D."
72. Vehicle
73. Cozy corner
75. Pouches
78. The "Thin Man's" dog
80. A camera's "eye"
81. Grief
83. Central organ of the body
85. Hurry
87. Director-producer of "The Magnificent Ambersons"
90. New leading man in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
92. Weaving machines
96. Comedian in "Ride 'Em Cowboy"
97. Fields of action
99. Air vehicle
101. Brazilian coin
102. Wife of Charles Laughton
104. Level
105. Pure
107. Soonest
109. Last name of 15 Across
110. Knitting implements
111. Luli D - - -
112. "Henry Aldrich For Pres - - -"

DOWN

1. Bedaub
2. Bing Crosby's real name
3. Period of time
4. Cartoon: "A - - - in's Lamp"
5. Constellation
6. The "slow burn" comedian
7. "Summer" to Michele Morgan
8. Forfeit
9. March's co-star in "Bedtime Story"
10. Inactive
11. Johnny - - - s
12. Irene Rich: init.
13. Bow
14. Her first name's Sigrid
16. In "So Ends Our Night"
18. Withered
19. Prate
22. Our star's husband: Hay - - - d
25. Newcomer in "Dr. Kildare's Victory"
26. Self
29. Diving bird
31. Numbers: abbr.
33. Screen and radio funster
35. He's in "Yokel Boy"
37. Starred in "The Devil and Miss Jones"
38. Rival in "Appointment for Love"
39. "Roxie Hart's" lawyer
40. Headgear
42. Affirmative votes
44. New Zealand parrot
46. Artificial language
47. Cohurn's daughter in "King's Row"
48. Belonging to star of "Sweetheart of the Campus"
50. Chop in small pieces
52. Elevate
55. Male lead in "Juke Box Jenny"
57. Anne Gwynne's title
63. Dawn goddess
64. Gaelic
65. Inlet
66. Priscilla's nickname
67. Oriental nurse
68. Frost
74. Our star has - - - children
76. What "Charlie Chan" is
77. Intersecting line: Math.
78. L - - - ine Day
79. Low horizontal sheet of cloud
80. Pancho in "Road Agent"
82. Mother Gin Sling in "Shanghai Gesture"
84. Admiring exclamations
86. Gal in "International Lady"
87. Johnson's partner in "Helzapoppin"
88. Film part
89. Actress in "Among the Living"
90. Songwriter
91. Apportioned
93. Mountain nymph
94. Being between two extremes
95. What Joan is to Olivia
98. Silent era movie hero
100. Irritate: Colloq.
103. Exist
105. Compass point
106. 56: Rom. num.
108. French article

From the
stage hit
that had

A
LAUGH
FOR
EVERY
LIGHT
ON
BWAY

MADE
STARS

HENRY FONDA
is the worm that turns from
OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND
to **JOAN LESLIE** (Sgt. York's sweetie)
in the hit that's got all
the priorities
on laughin'
and lovin'!



"The
MALE
ANIMAL"

WARNER BROS.
hilarity-packed hit ...
about the college pro-
fessor who was in a class
by himself with the gals!

It's women that make him wild!

with **JACK CARSON · EUGENE PALLETTE · HEBERT ANDERSON**
Directed by **ELLIOTT NUGENT**

Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein and Stephen Morehouse Avery
From the Play by **JAMES THURBER** and **ELLIOTT NUGENT** • Produced by Herman Shumlin



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 7)

"Reap The Wild Wind" is highly colored and highly dramatic. It leaps from the genteel salons of Charleston to the dingy dens of Key West. It sweeps through hurricanes and disasters with unflinching vigor. The tides of battle, adventure and romance roar across the scene; but never so brilliantly that they obscure Loxi Claiborne. It's Loxi's heart that gives life to the story.

It's a full and tense canvas done in broad sweeps. Movement is the essence of adventure, and the picture moves from climax to climax; De Mille isn't afraid of big scenes. If talk slows the action a bit, it's sure to be followed by a knock-down and drag-out fight; when human menace fails, he rings in an octopus.

It's brawn and action that make De Mille pictures; for an hour or so in a movie, the world becomes heroic and romantic. There's plenty of meticulous De Mille detail, too, in "Reap The Wild Wind." You're right there when matches are introduced to an incredulous Charleston society; you're on board one of the first steam boats to replace the canvas-bannered clippers. There's a smattering of history and a big dose of atmosphere that goes with every De Mille production. All of this, besides plenty of action, plenty of romance and plenty of wind. —Par.

P. S.

This one is No. 66 on the list of Cecil B. De Mille Productions . . . C. B. says it's the biggest and toughest undertaking he's attempted in 30 years of making motion pictures . . . The Mayors of Los

Angeles, Charleston, Key West and Washington, N. C. (De Mille's home town), declared June second to be "De Mille Day"—and "Reap" went into production after eight months of study by the research department . . . Four separate units were at work most of the time . . . Location trips used up eight weeks of the shooting schedule . . . Everything, to the last detail, was worked out on paper first. "I make my pictures across a desk," says De Mille. "When I walk out on a set, all I have to do is put my blueprints on celluloid" . . . One of the most gripping (literally) scenes in the film is the attack on Ray Milland and John Wayne by a giant squid on the floor of the ocean. The squid used in the picture has a ten-foot body, a sixty-foot spread and eight-inch eyes. Part of the sequence was filmed in the enormous 1,000,000-gallon tank especially constructed for the picture at the Pacific Marine Museum in Santa Monica . . . De Mille, himself, donned a diving outfit and strode along the bottom of the tank, issuing orders to his actors by means of a telephone hook-up connecting their helmets with his . . . Ray Milland had to learn ventriloquism so he could pull a Bergen-McCarthy with Romulus, his dog. The little mutt has absolutely no personality; was chosen, in fact, because he seemed to be suffering from an inferiority complex . . . Neither Ray nor John Wayne used doubles for the fight scenes . . . Susan Hayward first caught De Mille's eye because she looks exactly like his 6-year-old granddaughter Cecelia—on a

larger scale . . . Now that he's worked with her, he's predicting stardom for her within three years.

Forgive us for our error in the April issue's movie reviews. In "Song of the Islands," leading man is gorgeous Vic Mature, not John Payne, as stated.

THE MALE ANIMAL

A note for your nature book: a male animal is a creature found in various parts of the world. His local habitat is a deep, comfortable chair surrounded by tobacco smoke known as "home" or a small enclosed space surrounded by a desk known as an "office." He can be easily recognized since his customary costume consists of two cylinders of cloth known as "pants," as distinguished from the female who wears a single cylinder known as a "skirt." However, through some unexplained peculiarity of the language, the female is commonly referred to as "wearing the pants." The male is reasonable, patient, forgiving and kind; this also serves to distinguish him from the female.

All this is an introduction to a civilized, little comedy that played the New York stages a season or so back. It's been made into a picture, and much of the flavor of the original is intact. The movie is a close translation of the Elliot Nugent-James Thurber play.

It concerns Professor Tommy Turner of Midwestern U., settled into domestic bliss with his wife Ellen, satisfied with

DANDRUFF HAD ME WILD!

My wedding day was only a week away! And my hair hung dull—lifeless—and worst of all, thickly sprinkled with ugly dandruff! I was frantic! Then on Sunday evening, I heard the **Fitch Bandwagon*** over the radio. The announcer said, "Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the **first** application. This guarantee is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms." I bought a bottle of Fitch Shampoo that night. I found that even in hard water it is effective. It really goes into the tiny openings of the scalp. And it certainly rinses out easily! I believe it actually reconditions the hair! "The season's loveliest bride!" they said of me. And today, my husband says Fitch Shampoo keeps my hair as lovely now as it was the day we were married!

*LISTEN TO THE FITCH BANDWAGON presenting a different "big name" band each Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Eastern War Time, over 117 NBC Red Network Stations.

Fitch's
TRADE MARK

**DANDRUFF REMOVER
SHAMPOO**

Guaranteed to
Remove Dandruff
If Effective or
Money Back

Corp. 1942
F.W. Fitch Co.

The F. W. Fitch Company • Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif.

GOODBYE DANDRUFF

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

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

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.

Unlike ordinary cake soaps, Fitch Shampoo does not contain those solids that leave a dull film on the hair. Fitch's rinses out completely without the aid of lemon or vinegar.

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

his job and asking nothing of life except that it drop an occasional interesting book in his lap. Well, life isn't always as obliging as all that. In a rapid shake or two of the dice, Professor Tommy Turner stands in danger of losing his wife, his job, his peace of mind and a good part of his library.

You wouldn't think an ex-football player could do all that, would you? But Joe Ferguson wasn't a run-of-the-mill athlete. All-Time, All-American, good as they come. That was Whirling Joe, all right.

He whirled into the Turner household like a minor hurricane. Just the breeze of his passing raked up the dead embers of the school-day romance he had with Ellen. And Ellen? Well, how would you like to be belle of the ball again, Queen of the Homecoming Rally? And all just a lark. Absolutely innocent.

It was innocent, that is, to everybody but Tommy. Reasonable, profound, analytical Professor Turner comes to the bright conclusion that his wife is in love with Whirling Joe; and if that is her happiness, he will not stand in her way.

But then, enter the "male animal," which in this case is the urge to fight



for your mate. Does the tigress give up her cubs? Does the sea lion forsake his mate? And is Tommy Turner any different?

To be perfectly frank, Tommy is different. For one thing, compared to Joe Ferguson, he's a flea bothering an elephant, with about as much chance of success. For another, Tommy has a little instrument tucked away in the top of his skull known as a "brain," whereas Joe has a skull all right, but not being one to do things half way, he's all skull. Brains or brawn; which wins the girl?

The issue isn't quite as simple as all that. There are a few complications in the plot: a problem of free speech, a sub-story of junior love rampant on the campus. But it all comes out in the end. And quite neatly.

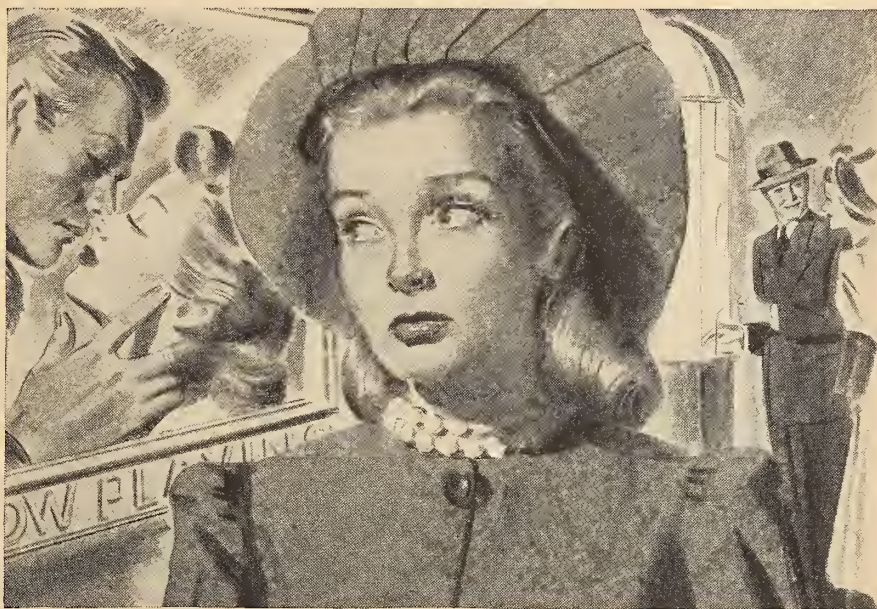
Henry Fonda and Olivia de Havilland play the merry, mad Turners. Jack Carson bulls his way through as the full-back. Eugene Palette, Joan Leslie and Hattie McDaniel wander happily about.

And, oh yes! Midwestern noses out Michigan 15-14 to win the big game. Everybody happy?—W. B.

P. S.

"Male Animal" Henry Fonda is always referred to by Nunnally Johnson as "one of our 'Aw Shucks!' boys" . . . Fonda didn't once set foot in the fancy dressing room assigned to him. He left his hat and coat in Jack Carson's cubicle and spent all his time between scenes sitting (Continued on page 14)

A "Close-up" was only a Movie Term to Paula, until...

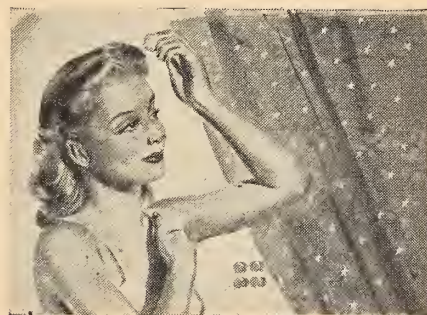


Act 1: Paula is pretty! She sings like an angel and can dance like a breeze. But there are few compliments and dates in

Paula's young life, few eligible bachelors—BECAUSE—well, Paula is guilty of one little fault, *she's careless about underarm odor!*



Act 2: (Enter pretty friend) Wake up to the facts of charm, my Pretty! Of course you bathe every day—before every date. But a bath only takes care of the *past*... to give your charm a *future*, use Mum.



Act 3: (Paula's soliloquy) Now I can play a love scene! Mum is so marvelous—so quick, so easy to use, so sure! Only 30 seconds to use Mum, and daintiness is safe for long hours. Safe for skin, safe for dresses, too!

Mum takes only 30 seconds, effective for hours!
Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration!
Mum is harmless to sensitive skin and to delicate fabrics. Get Mum at your druggist today!



For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is the favorite deodorant for this important purpose. Try it this way, too.



MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

on the steps of the sound stage or working out a little close harmony with a trio of electricians . . . Warner Bros. used Pomona College as the setting for all campus scenes. The "collegians" (250 registered film extras) made the 80-mile round trip by bus every day for three days . . . Olivia de Havilland got all tuckered out doing crying scenes. Had to leave her car at the studio and be driven home . . . The spectacular rally bonfire was constructed of dry goods boxes and telegraph poles arranged around a framework of concealed gas pipes and jets so the flames could be controlled between 'takes.' Studio firemen were on hand, ready to douse the flames with water from a 3000-gallon tank . . . Director Elliot Nugent is co-author with James Thurber of the original play. He played Fonda's role in the stage version . . . Joan Leslie, during production, received 23 invitations to be guest of honor at major university football games this fall. Joan, actually a high school junior, plays a college co-ed . . . Herbert Anderson signed up with the army on completion of the picture . . . Tom Walker, University of Southern California drum major champ, was hired to coach players in the intricacies of baton-tossing. Had to instruct them to the tune of the Notre Dame Victory March, the only record of that type the studio had handy . . . Fonda did the longest scene he's ever made twice in a row without a bobble—a drunk routine running seven minutes, ten seconds . . . Olivia carried on a mild campaign, between scenes, to secure

naughtier roles. Says she's getting tired of being a faithful friend and understanding sister.

THIS ABOVE ALL

We forget about people in a war. We talk glibly of battles and strategy and armies of fifty thousand men here and casualties of a million or so there. We look at maps and lines, at charts and production schedules: at meaningless numbers and lifeless machines. It's a necessary adjustment, for the tragedy of human life in a war, if we could imagine it, would completely overwhelm us.



Yet it is just as necessary that we feel the pulse of life in all the cold machinery around us. It's no platitude to say that there is a man behind every gun, and a woman behind every man. And it is the

story of these men and women, not the generals and marshals, that "This Above All" tries to tell.

It's a love story whose lovers reach for happiness in a time of death and stress and war. It focuses on two people caught up in the hell of war-torn England at the height of the blitz. And the truth and tenderness of their story is a counterpoint to the blast of the guns and roars of the airplane squadrons.

Prudence Cathaway (Joan Fontaine) and Clive Briggs (Tyrone Power) meet on a blind date one night when she is on leave from her WAAF unit. Drawn toward each other, their love builds lowly and unspoken. It flames when they meet at a time when Prue has a two-week leave. Grasping for their moment of happiness, they go together to a seaside resort.

But there's a secret between them. Clive is not in uniform and never offers any explanation. At the resort a friend of Clive's, Monty (Thomas Mitchell) finds them, and through him Prue discovers that Clive has deserted from the army. It's a curious desertion, though, since Clive went through Dunkirk and had been awarded honors for his heroism under fire. Clive is not a coward. His desertion springs from something deeper and far more disturbing.

For Clive, disgusted by the inefficiency of Dunkirk, remembering his own hard youth, afraid that the war is being fought only to preserve those things he hates and despises, cannot believe that it is worth fighting. It's this struggle

Fitzgerald Twins see amazing proof that PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

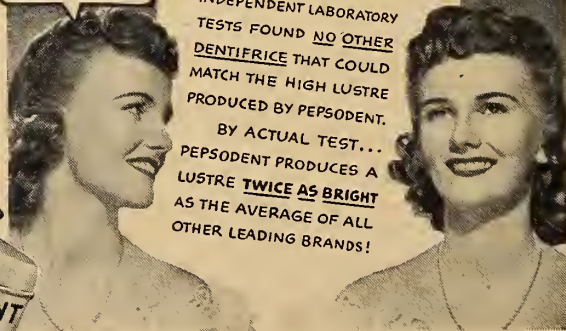
"We used to date teachers and friends to tell us apart. But that was before we made a tooth powder test. Lucky me! We flipped a coin and I won Pepsodent. Betnadette chose another leading brand."



"Who'd have thought it would be so noticeable! Everyone remarked about it. My teeth became twice as bright as Sister's. Even Dad marveled that Pepsodent made such a difference...so Pepsodent's the choice of the whole family now!"



"Seeing was believing! Nothing but Pepsodent for us!"



**FITZGERALD TWIN TEST
CONFIRMS THIS FACT:**
INDEPENDENT LABORATORY
TESTS FOUND NO OTHER
DENTIFRICE THAT COULD
MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE
PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT.
BY ACTUAL TEST...
PEPSODENT PRODUCES A
LUSTRE TWICE AS BRIGHT
AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL
OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

For the safety of your smile . . .
use Pepsodent twice a day . . .

see your dentist twice a year.

"CHECK"

says Bernice,
radio network accountant

"DOUBLE-CHECK"

says Bernadette,
Chicago business girl

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

with his conscience, heightened and pointed by his love for Prue, that carries the burden of the picture. It is through an amalgamation of these two things that Clive finally finds his answer.

"This Above All" tries to probe beneath the veneer of easy war slogans. It tries to say in terms of Prue and Clive what it is we are fighting for. It depends for its intensity on a simple love story, told every day on every corner; of two people meeting and loving.

Out of the common bricks of everyday life they try to build a shining and splendid palace. They steal their minutes in tea rooms and in drab streets, in a corner of country, at a seaside resort. It's a story that goes beyond the picture. It's in people who, somehow and everywhere, have managed to keep their dreams bright and their love alive; these things above all.—T.C.F.

P. S.

Tyrone Power had special permission to come in late on Mondays. He's an air raid warden in his home district and has to be on duty every Sunday between midnight and dawn . . . Toughest costuming problem was getting 300 uniforms like those worn by the Women's Auxiliary Air Force of England. Permission for the use of the actual design and material couldn't be secured. Edward Lambert, head of the studio wardrobe department, rounded up 1,000 yards of plain material, dyed it himself and had the required number of uniforms whipped up, copying photographs of the outfits in English publications . . . Two honest-to-goodness WAAFs, Flight Lieutenant Kathleen Hunt and Assistant Section Officer Iris Houston, were imported from Washington to act as technical advisers. Both women are attached to the Royal Air Force Commission working in the capitol . . . The WAAF camp had to be built indoors to avoid destruction by winter rains. The entire 25,000 square feet of the sound stage (plus an extra 1250-square-foot extension) was covered with trees, shrubs, hills, assorted buildings, telegraph poles, dirt roads and a corrugated steel bombproof cellar. The entire set cost \$26,000 . . . Without actually playing a role, Tyrone Power's mother appears in the picture. The prop man, instructed to get a picture of a handsome woman to represent Joan Fontaine's mother, used the first one he found—a photo of Mrs. Patia Power . . . Joan Fontaine invited Ida Lupino, from the "Moonlight" set, to lunch with her one day in Joan's dressing room. Next day, Tyrone Power asked if he might join them. Day after that, Ty brought Charles Boyer from the "Tales of Manhattan" set. Each day after that, another star joined the group—referred to around the studio as the Fontaine salon . . . The debris littering the London set actually came from England. Britain shipped the rubble as ballast on ships returning to America after delivering lend-lease material. 20th Century-Fox made arrangements to purchase 100 tons of the stuff and has already used it in two other pictures—"Yank in the R.A.F." and "Confirm or Deny" . . . Only casualty during filming was Director Anatole Litvak's stumbling over some metal dolly tracks. Result was a broken foot . . . Litvak rehearsed his cast for two weeks before starting production, so they'd understand both the script and each other when filming began. (Continued on page 82)

Smile - Sister, Smile!



YOU'VE got the glooms . . . want to crawl off in a corner and have a good cry. But you keep saying to yourself: "Snap out of it . . . I won't be a slacker . . . there's so much to do today!"

Big important things that mean far more than your own fun and frolics. Things that really matter!

Making bandages this morning. A Defense Stamp luncheon. Then you've simply got to finish that navy helmet.

And tonight, the boys come home from camp. You'd be a fine citizen spoiling their furlough with a faceful of frowns.

What's the answer? . . . simply give up? NO, a thousand times . . . there *must* be a way to be comfortable and at ease on trying days of the month!

There is a way! . . .

Too bad if you're one of those who didn't discover Kotex sanitary napkins long ago! Because if it's comfort you're after . . . you'll find Kotex is *more comfortable!*

For Kotex is made in soft folds so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Kotex does things for your confidence, too . . . builds you up and doesn't let you down! That's because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that keep your secret safe. And a moisture-resistant "safety shield" for *extra* protection.

So try Kotex . . . it won't take you long to discover why it's more popular than all other brands of pads put together. After all, that's *proof* that Kotex stays soft . . . the best proof!



**Be confident...comfortable...
carefree—with Kotex*!**



INTIMATE HINTS FOR GIRLS! New free booklet, "As One Girl To Another". Tells what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Mail name and address to P.O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-5, Chicago.

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



Co-ed

Are too many of your dates one-night
stands? Here's a bit of siren stuff
that'll bring 'em back for more!

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Ever stop to think how many kinds of dates there are? There's the terrifying first date, the good old "double," the exciting "blind" . . . and each one's kind of a problem child in its own little way—till you know the ropes. By grilling a few "queens," we've accumulated enough date data to make everyone of 'em fizzle-proof, beginning right with

That very first date! When Joe phones, don't let him know that the most momentous thing in your whole life is happening. Talk slowly and calmly. Remember he's ten times as nervous as you. Get all the details straight—time, destination, etc.—so that you're not on tenterhooks the night of the date wondering if he said 8 or 8:30, and whether you're going to look too Madame Queen-y in your red silk.

Then from various sources glean as much information as you can about him (where he lives, who his friends are) for your family's benefit. When in doubt your mother invariably assumes that Joe is some absolute rat with the world's worst intentions, so any evidence you can dig up to the contrary will make her much happier.

Practice a smooth introduction so you're not all teeth on the night. "Joe, I'd like you to know my mother and dad. This is Joe Jones of baseball fame, Pop." Always present your chums to your parents, never vice versa, and if possible, give them a conversational straw to clutch at while you're getting your coat.

Now you've closed the door on your nice, safe living room and you're off. Rule No. 1—No matter what state of nerves you're in, display a serene front and make him

feel at ease. A few minutes of casual conversation will do the trick, but casual—no frantic jabbering. Discuss where you're going: If it's a movie, quote a kind word from some review of it; if it's a party, ask who'll be at it and act genuinely pleased when you hear. A big smile and "Oh, this is going to be fun" will start things off elegantly.

After the movie, party or where-were-you you lay the groundwork for a second date. Get him talking about himself by such ruses as, "Do you know you're a very comfortable person to be with?" He'll say, "How d'ya mean?" You say, "Oh, you seem to have everything under control. Bet you never worried in your whole life." That's his cue for "Oh, haven't I!" or "No, come to think of it—" Either way, he's off, and all you do is look starry-eyed over your large coke. Get him to take you home while conversation is going strong. Make him feel there's still so much to say that the next date can't come soon enough.

At your front door, tell him how really lovely the evening was and leave him with a warm handclasp. Never, never kiss him goodnight after your first date.

Double date. This is not the time for you and Mary to catch up on your small talk. Nothing drives men crazier. However, why not have a kind of gentlewoman's agreement to play each other up for all you're worth. If Mary has a terribly funny anecdote up her sleeve, say "Oh, Mary, you've got to tell them about so-and-so." This kind of team work is invaluable once you get on to it.

If you and your date are old (*Continued on page 70*)

For Girls Who Want More Glamorous Hair SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO ARRANGE !



Allure—for your more frivolous moments! Hair swept smoothly up off neck and face. Tuck artificial fruit or fresh flowers behind ears. Hair shampooed with new, improved Special Drene.

**Amazing difference due to hair conditioner
now in new, improved Special Drene Shampoo!
Leaves hair lovelier, easier to manage!**

You'll be thrilled by the difference in your hair the very first time you use new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene gives simply amazing results right away...leaves hair so much silkier, smoother, far easier to arrange right after shampooing! Just try improved Special Drene once, and you'll see!

Unsurpassed for Removing Dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene

removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance.*

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of loose dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away.

Or ask for a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop! You'll see an amazing difference!



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

**Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added**

**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 which never leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre! Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!*



★ ★ ★ *Meet*
LIEUTENANT
MARY CARTER
of the U. S. Marines!

She's off with the fighting
 leathernecks on their most
 thrilling adventures in 166
 years of glorious history!

MAUREEN O'HARA,
 the breathtaking heroine of
 "How Green Was My Valley"!



Romance is all the sweeter
 ... when life is dangerous!

Watch for it at
 your favorite theatre
COMING SOON

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

A RED, WHITE AND BLUE ADVENTUROUS HIT
 IN **TECHNICOLOR!**


JOHN PAYNE • *starring* MAUREEN O'HARA • RANDOLPH SCOTT

NANCY KELLY • WILLIAM TRACY • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM
 with Henry Morgan • Edmund MacDonald • Russell Hicks • Minor Watson

Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**
 Directed by Bruce Humberstone • Associate Producer Milton Sperling
 Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Original Story by Steve Fisher
 A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



Coming! Eric Knight's sensational best-seller!
TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE
 in **"THIS ABOVE ALL"**
 Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**



Ray Jones

Marlene Dietrich

"She is so beautiful I wish all the women in the world looked like her!" said Burgess Meredith of spellbinder Marlene Dietrich. Known as the streamlinedest siren who ever swept \$1,000,000 in legal suits out of a courtroom, U. S. Citizen Dietrich, formerly Mary von Losch, has upset the equilibrium of a long list of strong men—Fairbanks, Jr., Von Sternberg, Eric Remarque, Gabin—but won't divorce Rudi Sieber until their daughter Maria, now 16, is married. Before Universal's "The Spoilers" and after a two-year stay-away, Dietrich came East with a broken ankle, affectionately embraced Rudi three times for photographers. Marlene says she's not "hard," contrary to critics' words—simply must always be in love with someone. Always does her own make-up because she knows her own face best, lives on air to keep her 5' 5" down to 118. Love-pirate? Not our Blue Angel!



Mickey Rooney

"I'll marry when I'm 28 or 29," he announced a year or so back, in his pre-Ava Gardner days. Now, at 21, Mickey Rooney thinks he's Hollywood's luckiest married guy. His 19-year-old bride has hitched her wagon to a star and aims to match Mick's No. 1 box office rating, careering up from small \$75-a-week extra roles. She's plenty persevering, too—waited until midnite for Mickey to show up on their very first date, a hamburger and chocolate ride. Both admit there's only one real jitter 'n' jiver in the family—and it's *not Ava!* Looks like M-G-M keeps pace with the private life of Mr. and Mrs. Rooney, Mickey's latest bell-ringer being "The Courtship of Andy Hardy." Considers himself too short to be a leading man (Ava tops him by an inch), but Mick's plenty big enough for Bob Montgomery to dub him "the greatest scene stealer in the business."

C-U-T-E—spells Ann Rutherford, the heap biggest dish of feminine dessert ever piled into 105 pounds, 5 feet 3½ inches. Talk about wild life, and Ann will lead you straight to her zoo-zoo room that's chock full of nothing but her 12 canaries, 9 parakeets and 4 turtles. Gab on about clothes, and she won't withhold the vital statistics on her wardrobe: 24 hats, 44 pairs of shoes (not counting skating and riding shoes), 14 bathing suits, 23 blouses and then the things she really wears that would fill the better part of a two-room suite. But Ann really has "the stuff," too. She paints, knits and cooks like a trouter; tennises adeptly, and one date with her convinces anybody ("specially jive pianist Skitch Henderson) why "The Courtship of Andy Hardy" got under way when Andy met up with her. She's a Toronto Canadian, but Ann's typical U. S. A. mm-mm girl in anybody's language!

Ann Rutherford



Clarence Bull

In the midst of war-torn England, Laurence Olivier is happy . . . happy because he's serving the land he loves and because he's with the woman he loves, Vivien Leigh. They're blissfully settled with favorite pussy Tissie in a tiny cottage by the sea . . . Viv doing a cracking good job at housekeeping . . . arising at 6 to breakfast Larry before he motor-bikes to his Royal Fleet Air Arm base . . . giving up the stage to raise a namesake. On special occasions (like his 35th birthday coming up May 22nd) they celebrate by puffing up to London in their 14-year-old car and doing all those gay things they used to take for granted. It took the combined efforts of the British and Canadian governments to drag Larry out of active service long enough to play in Columbia's recent, Canadian-made "The Invaders" . . . which he swears will be his last till the war's fought and won!

Laurence Olivier



Clarence Bull



Donna Reed

It was her pretty puss that upset the applecart! Born on an obscure Iowa farm, Donna spent an uneventful childhood feeding the chicks, minding brattish brothers and sisters . . . and yearning with all her heart and soul to be a private secretary in a tall city skyscraper! Conscientiously enrolling for a stenographic course in high school and college, her 5' 3" chassis and that gorgeous phiz of hers definitely interfered with her work, won her title of "Campus Queen." Studio offers came and went, but it wasn't till after graduation that Donna turned tail on all things secretarial, took a screen test and emerged with a contract a mile long and a chunky part in M-G-M's "Mokey." Satisfies her yearning for the country with home-made bread and churned butter . . . bowls in the 170's, avidly skirts bridge games and typewriters!



Ronald Reagan

He can't help it if everybody likes him. It's just his nature! Ronnie Reagan has so many friends in Hollywood he has to keep three appointment books going at once to be sure everything's straight. Trusts people instinctively, lives within his bank account allotments, insists on planning his own life and long shots though he knows his doting spouse Janie Wyman has had more experience in the ups and downs of the business. He thought they should wait before they had their first baby, she didn't—result, their pride and joy Maureen Reagan, age under one year, familiarly known as Monkeypuss, Nutsy and the IT girl. Ronnie's cute 'n' crazy ways made him the darling of Warners' current "Juke Girl," convinced Janie that golf and horses were more exciting than beer halls and night clubs. Now it's strictly "bring on the outdoors, gang, us Reagans are ready!"

Had it not been for the lure of Florida's sun, she'd probably be wielding a mean scalpel today and listening for "Calling Doctor Keanel" Yup, that's featherweight Veronica

Lake, one-time Constance Keane of McGill University, a serious pre-medical student, but not so serious that when Mom and Pop left for Miami, she could resist the temptation

to go along. In 1938 she couldn't resist another temptation—Hollywood; and in 1940 she succumbed to the real thing—art director John Detlie. Now they have a baby, but

Ronnie's still "Mousie" to John, and he's "Mutt." Paramount musses her goldilocks up fine in "This Gun For Hire." Ronnie 'fesses her method's been to

make 'em marvel at her over-one-eye sheep dog hair-do, keep 'em intrigued with her freckled nose, slay 'em with her believe-it-or-not 18½-inch waist. P. S. It works!

Veronica Lake



Gorgeous Hunk

Jack Albin



VIC MATURE SALUTES VIC MATURE—ADMITS HE'S A GREAT GUY!



Bright Boy Mature bought a bike to ride around Selznick's office. The "GENIUS" badge was immediately oworded.



He ended up in the hospital after refusing to let a double do tough tor-and-feother scenes.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Vic's saying whether blonde dozzler Lano Turner crashed the pages of "The Incurrigible One"—self-outhorized tale of his own life and loves for which the curly hoired incurrigible demands \$25,000 of T.C.F.

IN New York last year, somebody asked Moss Hart, the Broadway producer, what kind of a guy this exotic Adonis, Victor Mature, whom he'd signed for Gertrude Lawrence's leading man in "Lady In the Dark," really was.

Mr. Hart is pretty handy with words as a rule, but that stumped him.

"I can't tell you," he replied. "All I can think of is a play I once wrote. Victor Mature is something that happens *Once in a Lifetime!*"

The "great big hunk of beautiful man" has been called plenty of things around Hollywood, Manhattan and elsewhere—most of them flavored with razzberry. He's been termed a "lush Lothario" and an "over-ripe Romeo." He's been dubbed a lens-louse, a publicity hound, a *poseur*, a phony and the pretty boy winner of Hollywood's unpopularity contest.

Right now the impression also prevails in Hollywood that Vic Mature is as nutty as a chocolate bar. On his home studio lot, Twentieth Century-Fox, people shake their heads and grin as he gallops by in khaki overalls with a great white brand on the back—"GENIUS."

If you want a genuinely candid opinion on all this baffling business direct from Victor Mature,



He married actress Frances Evans in June, 1939. She filed for divorce in same year.

Gorgeous Hunk CONTINUED

himself, he's strictly a "2-4-6-8" guy."

What is a 2-4-6-8 guy? Well, the closest translation is a character who knows what he wants and sets about getting it no matter how, when or what. Vic can say it another way: "Day and night I'm all out for Mature!"

That's being frank about it. That's being 2-4-6-8—See? Most of Hollywood is on the 3-6-9-12 side. So naturally they think Vic is cuckoo when instead of saying, "I'm not understood," he comes right out and says, "I'm the most hated man in Hollywood. Today four guys wayed when I drove in the studio. I must be slipping!"

Crazy? Well—sometimes it looks like it. On the other hand—it gets results. Every time Vic's progress has been blocked, instead of shadow boxing, he has punched right to the heart of the thing, letting the quips fall where they may. And in the process he's built up the most fabulous personal legend since Valentino.

Take his New York break—the thing that really put Mature on the map. Vic engineered that like a fast express. He was backed on to a Hollywood siding at the time. After "One Million B.C." and the leopard skin sarong, the producers thought all he was good for was a (Continued on page 94)



Roach discovered him in "To Quito And Back" and signed him up pronto. Now he's in T.C.F.'s "My Gal Sal."



Martha Kemp, his June 1941 bride, didn't like the love nest he bought, but she won't admit they're rifting.



Gorgeous hunk N'o. 2—Rita Hayworth, is Vic's gal Sal in their latest. Vic's role was first meant for Don Ameche.



BY IDA ZEITLIN

The divorce that couldn't happen!

The day of panhandling à nickel-for-a-cuppa-java is gone. Now it's a nickel-for-a-slugga-jive. Honest! The rhythm-mad little pickaninies down south started it, and it's spreading. From Memphis, to Mobile. From Harlem to Haiti. And Jimmy Dorsey's the guy to blame. A faster man with a nickel around a juke-box you never saw. Why the kids are even hocking Gene Autry belts to get funds to hear his "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing In a Hurry" and "I Said No"—and greater love hath no twelve-year-old.

Confronted with the news that he's the official Juke-Box King, J. D. gives you that incredulous stare that involves the bluest eyes you ever saw except on Ivory Soap ad babies. "How'd this happen to me? Gosh, I never wanted to be a band-leader. Never even wanted to be a musician."

Department of gross understatements. He fought against music lessons like a small panther. At four his brilliantly musical dad, Prof. T. Dorsey, Sr., bought him a cornet. It was as big as he was, and Jimmy hated it. He was six before he could even tolerate the thing and well into his teens before he developed a real affection for music. Papa Dorsey, however, was no softie for tears or tantrums, and he had Jimmy and Tommy (two years younger) doing "Stars and Stripes Forever" before they were even old enough to go to school.

"Listen to that, Tess," Mr. Dorsey would say to Mrs. of an evening while they listened to the two infants practicing in the backyard. "Great kids."

"Yes, great." But her heart would be breaking for the pair of them as she thought how tired their little arms were getting and how red their faces. "They'd probably both be insurance salesmen or something if they'd had to depend on me for (Continued on page 76)

It's raining gutbuckets on jivin'

James of the fighting Irish Dorseys
since he chucked his Caesar for a sax!



Cut-up vocalist Helen O'Connell and the gang glitter up Para's "The Fleet's In."

Juke
boy



Actually dressed to kill! Tammy, with fist traditionally clenched; little sister Mary, a completely unmusical Dorsey, now married, and Jimmy, hair parted in middle because it wouldn't stay any other way.



Made in Heaven

"Obviously," confide the Holdens, "we're meant to stay together forever and a day or two!"

"I don't especially like *her*," Bill Holden jerks a mammoth thumb in the general direction of his wife, "but she's crazy about me." Mrs. Holden makes a terrifying face at him, and then they throw their arms around each other and scream with laughter. Like a child bride and groom. They've been married eight months, and wouldn't you think they'd be getting a bit old-married-coupleish about now?

"Wouldn't you think?" says Brenda. "But we seem to get worse and worse." And you know darn well she means better and better, and they wouldn't change

their beautiful screwball setup for anything on earth.

Incredible thing, when Brenda came to Hollywood three years ago, the one person in the world she didn't want to meet was Bill Holden. She had seen "Golden Boy" on the stage, had gone mad over Luther Adler in the title role and harbored a deep and terrible resentment against Bill for daring to be the screen "Golden Boy."

"Who'd's he think he is?" she'd hear herself muttering insanely whenever his name was mentioned. "Got some nerve." And the first time she actually saw Bill in person (it was on a Warners' set), she skulked behind scenery for hours so she wouldn't have to meet him. Inevitably, of course, they were introduced—"and gosh, I liked the guy. He was kind of



Bill had to give up skeet-shooting on account of a bum arm (dislocated while combing his hair for the President's Birthday Ball). He and chum Glenn Ford hunt with a Rhodesian hunting dog sired by Errol Flynn's pup.

by Kaaren Pieck

shy and cute . . ." That was September 29, 1938, and romance loomed instantly. However, it was a year and a half before Bill so much as breathed his intentions.

Every night she'd think, "Mm, tonight's the night. I couldn't be looking more glamorous." So they'd go to the movies, and he'd bring her home, and it would be just another case of, "Well, goodnight, hon. See you tomorrow."

The very day after she got her final decree, however, he appeared with the ring. And none of this waiting for evening and a romantic setting, either. "At high noon with egg from his lunch on his face, he put this little box in my hand. No proposal whatsoever. Just 'I love you very much,' in a (Continued on page 64)



They're both terrifically jealous, can hardly sit through each other's cinemo love scenes. He's currently romancing in "The Fleet's In," and she's co-courtain' in "Washington Broadcast."



Oscar was Coop's second oword this year. First one was the Redbook presentation ot which time he gave o huge purse to Red Cross representative Joon Leslie, (above) his co-stor in "Sergeont York."

Academy Award Winners!



1941 Oscar winners, Lieut. James Stewart and Ginger Rogers, presented the awards this year. Admission was cut to \$11 and white ties bonned.



Armed with a bodyguard, chief speaker Wendell Willkie came with Joan Bennett. Was given a huge ovation at start and end of his speech.



Award for the best female performance went to Joan Fontaine ("Suspicion"). Spouse Brion Aherne flew from the East (above with Myrna Loy).



Despite an early morning air-raid alarm and blackout, there wasn't a single cancellation to the 7:45 P.M. dinner. Above, Betty Grable and George Raft.



Prizes for top supporting roles went to Mory Astor for her acting in "The Great Lie" and Donald Crisp for "How Green Was My Valley."

1600 spectators cheered Gory of the gold Academy Award dinner at the Biltmore Bowl.





Joan had to grob Ginger Rogers for support. Gary forgot to take his Oscar off the platform with him, retrieved it pronto!

Academy Award Winners!

Cameramen glued their lenses to both Joan Fontaine and her sister, Olivia de Havilland, snapped this one of Joan the moment the announcement was made that she was the winner!



Bill and Brendo Holden come with the Reagons, but she preferred a swankier dinner gown.



Lindo Darnell with Corole Londis, the sole violator of the wartime "don't dress" rule.



M. C. Bob Hape gave Jack Benny a special skirt-draped Oscar for Jack's struttin' in "Charley's Aunt," playfully dubbed him "the best cigar-smoking sweater-girl in Hollywood."



Four hundred pounds of whew! Jahn Payne and Vic Mature escorted each other, alone and wifeless.



The Reagans—Janie Wyman and Ronald—arrived promptly, chase simple attire, beamed all night.



Rival Livvy de Havilland with Buzz Meredith tells sis Jaan how swell!

Continued on Page 66

Here's what happens to those fabulous salaries, straight from the budgets of Betty Grable, Anne Gwynne and the Ronnie Reagans!



Dinners with Roft go sky-high, but make no dent in the Grable budget! Geo. tips enormously for seats at a corner table!



Huge slices of the Grable income go into her platter collection. Traveling expenses have been cut way down since the studio ordered her to substitute train trips for flying!

HOW THEY

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

When you've dreamed of being a movie star, have you ever dreamed how you'd spend your money?

MODERN SCREEN picked four Hollywood players—Betty Grable, an unmarried star; Anne Gwynne, an up-and-coming starlet; Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, a popular young couple—and asked them how they spent their salaries last month.

What impressed us most was their common sense. If these four are typical—and we think they are, for we picked them at random—there'll be no ex-stars ten or twenty years hence, haunting Central Casting for extra work. Read how it's done.

Betty Grable

Betty lives with her mother, sister, brother-in-law and little nephew, Peter, in the house she bought her mother four years ago, and for which she pays at the rate of two hundred a month. Rent on a similar place would be as much or more. This way, says practical Betty, you have a house to show for it instead of just rent receipts.

She puts half her weekly salary aside and forgets about it. That's income tax, it doesn't belong to her. The studio puts one sixth into a trust fund—a kind of insurance against temperament. "If I'm a bad girl, they say I can't have it." Sometimes the entire balance goes into savings, sometimes half and half into checking and savings, depending on how her checkbook looks.

Last month, with an accumulation of savings, she bought ten thousand dollars worth of defense bonds and asked the studio to put her trust fund into bonds. She has no patience with the viewpoint of certain players, who refuse to make too many pictures because it ups them into higher tax brackets. "If you don't take it, somebody else gets it, and the government doesn't. Suppose you only keep two hundred out of five thousand

and the government gets forty-eight hundred, what's the matter with that to help beat the Japs?"

Food comes to between a hundred and a hundred twenty-five, including Red Heart for three dogs, and practically excluding Betty, who always dines with George. Gas and oil for her mother's Cadillac and her own runs around twenty-five. She keeps a car for at least three years, this being her second. In Brentwood, where everything's long distance, the phone bills are high—about twenty-five. Utilities—fifteen. She's not sure if they use electricity or gas for cooking, but thinks it must be gas. You just turn the thing, and it goes on without further fussing.

Everything's insured—house, furniture, cars, furs, jewels. The minute she acquires an item, it's automatically covered, so she can't figure out just how much her insurance costs. Ever since the square-cut diamond, her engagement ring from Jackie Coogan, was stolen in Chicago, she's been a bug on insurance. She holds life and endowment policies. "I want it fixed so I can get out of this business before I start falling apart. That is, if they don't kick me out first." (Continued on page 85)



No matter how little they spend, the Reagans always have a super-calassal time! A first-class romanticist, Jane says, "I wish every girl would send lipstick-impressioned X's to her soldier."

**SPEND THEIR
MONEY**



Bob used to peddle neckties at the studios just to get a look-in at the bigwigs. He bucked M-G-M's sales resistance, now it's "This Time For Keeps."

Superman's Kid Brother

BY DUGAL O'LIAM

**BOB STERLING CRASHED THROUGH HOLLYWOOD'S CLOSED DOORS
WITHOUT A VISITORS' CARD—HE RANG THE BELL LATER!**

There's something reassuring about meeting a young man who's been a Hollywood actor for a year and a half and who still says, in describing a school-day romance, "Gosh, I was stuck on that girl." People may be slain by each other, on each other's beam or out of this world in Hollywood, but in Bob Sterling's home town—Newcastle, Pa.—they're still getting stuck on each other. And Bob isn't streamlining his vocabulary or his personality to fit the Hollywood groove. Not that he's anybody's Mortimer Snerd. You ought to see the rumba he unleashes occasionally on Saturday nights at Mocambo! It's just that he's a wholesome, unaffected, honest guy who can't put on any other kind of an act.

Listening to him talk about his family, his philosophy of life, his taste in women, you know it's strictly the stuff. No artificial coloring added. His dad, he'll tell you proudly, is "Hub" Hart, an ex-catcher for the Chicago Cubs. (Making him the sole movie star's father who isn't for publicity purposes a tycoon of some sort.) He broke his knee going after a fast one and switched very successfully from baseball to golf. "Hub" was managing a Newcastle golf club before Bob transplanted the whole family (Mom, Pop and Sis) to Hollywood.

They're living in a nice little house in Beverly Hills until Bob can swing a place in the San Fernando Valley. "Nothing swimming poorly, you understand," he says quickly. "Just something with an acre or two around it where Pop can have a garden to putter in." "Pop" recently had a stroke and has kind of lost interest in things, but Bob knows he'll be fine again the minute he has a temperamental tomato or two to worry about. "Mom doesn't have to cook any more," he says wistfully, remembering her indescribable shortcakes. (Continued on page 80)



Bob's been the breadwinner for Pop, Mom and Sis Nell since Pop became ill.



He idolized Garbo, profited by her advice on the set, lived for her applause.



Ann Sathern keeps him guessing, hired his sister Helen as private secretary.



Ward's around that Jackie Cooper and Bun Granville will merge soon. En route East with Pat Marisan!



Back from a six weeks trip to Mexico, Paulette trekked to New York where she charitably treated service men to one on Gaddard at each club she visited. Above, with Mary Martin.



Deanna Durbin, Irene Dunne and Bob Hope made things hum on this West Coast broadcast. Bab's just won a double-award for the best program and the tapnotch comedies on the airways!

BY SYLVIA KAHN

NEWS

Dietrich and Mature desert Hollywood for Broadway! Michele Margan inherits French railway depot! Bob Taylor minus a mustache!

The Awful Truth

With Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck looking back on eons and eons of marvelous matrimony, it's kind of funny to recall The Incident that nearly split them up.

Years ago, when Bob and Barbara first put their hearts on the griddle and announced they were meant for each other, their love idyll was suddenly disrupted by the appearance of Another Woman! This young person, a well known character-about-town, telephoned local reporters one black midnight and informed them that she, and not Miss Stanwyck, had taken dinner with Mr. Taylor that very evening!

The reporters, eager as ever for a smack of scandal, smeared the tidbit over their papers, hinting a bust-up, quarrels, jealousies and similar tripe for Barbara and Bob. They knew their informant was publicity-mad, but they were positive she wouldn't dare give them a bum steer.

Faced by a hurt and angry Barbara, Bob flatly denied the story. He insisted he had never dated the girl! However, the young lady, pinned down by the newspaper scribes, declared herself willing to swear on a stack of Bibles that she and Mr. Taylor had dined tête-à-tête!

Finally the controversy reached such major proportions, Bob's studio stepped in and appointed a special representative to get to the bottom of the matter. The movie colony waited with bated breath for the outcome of the investigation: At last the representative emerged bearing the all-important communique.

"Mr. Taylor did dine with the young lady in question," he admitted wearily. "The meeting took place in Schwab's drugstore. Bob was seated at the counter eating a plate of soup and some scrambled eggs. The girl saw him and moved into the next stool. They exchanged a few words. After he finished his coffee, Bob went home. That's all there was to it. The girl has caused us considerable dismay—but she has been telling the truth!"

Micraphabias

Not all ether fright is suffered on the operating table. In Hollywood's Radio City where ether means waves, and not fumes, the mere mention of the word causes panic. For great movie stars who can meet a mob of fans or a horde of wolves without flexing a finger, go limp at the thought of facing a network microphone.

To dispel ether fear, Jack Benny stuffs a stogie between his teeth before every broadcast, only removing it to mouth his lines . . . Irene Rich nearly pulverizes her pencil . . . Red Skelton twists his hat around and around and winds up wearing it upside down. It slays the studio audience, but it also relaxes Red's nerves . . . Bette Davis always arrives for a show with an old



That Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond romance continues bigger and better than ever. Gene's valentine to her was a recording of his new love song, which is dedicated to wife Jeanette!



Except for one broadcast with Ty Power, Maureen O'Sullivan constantly bedside-nursed hubby Johnny Farrow, stricken in the Canadian Navy. He's gained 10 lbs., plans to direct a pic soon!



High school junior Joan Leslie plays a college senior in "The Male Animal." Off-screen she's one of Hollywood's most active Red Cross workers.

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED

hankie clutched in her fist. She rolls and re-rolls it and, before she's through, has it torn to shreds . . . Ann Rutherford is another shredder. Her script looks like confetti when she finally puts it down . . . Barbara Stanwyck takes her shoes off . . . Joan Crawford's "mike" appearance is a signal for the prop men to start working. Before Joan will face the Demon Ether Wave, a wooden chair must be nailed to the floor. Joan grips it for dear life while she's acting and collapses into it when she's through.

Didja Know

That General Douglas MacArthur's first wife is the present spouse of Movie Villain Lionel Atwill . . . That the Mocambo, star-packed by night, is used by day as a rehearsal hall for Army camp shows . . . That Jean Gabin, man of the people, has thumbs-downed all dress-up roles? Says one sophisticated Frenchman in Hollywood is enough—and Mr. Boyer is filling the bill very nicely . . . That great actress Helen Hayes has two cows on her farm—one, a beautiful, big-eyed Jersey named Bette Davis, and the other, a sad-faced Holstein called Edna May Oliver . . . That George Sanders is scowling at future "Falcon" roles? Claims he rates nothing but "A" productions from now on . . . That Bill Gargan and wife were remarried in Palm Springs on their 14th wedding anniversary . . . That Barbara Stanwyck thinks her husband looks "just awful" since his mustache bowed to a razor?

That even when they're working at the same studio, Ann Sheridan and George Brent scootle home to spend their lunch hour



Besides second-lieutenonting and movie-moking ("G-2") for the air corps, Jimmy Stewart defended Chorlie McCorthy of his "court-martial" oiring!

Now that Wayne Morris has turned Ensign, U.S.N., it's mostly hail and farewell for him and wife Pot O'Rourke. Meonwhile, she's coreering.



As soon as Freddie Brisson gets his citizenship papers, he'll start army service. Wife Roz cooks one dinner a week on her own hook!

far from the maddening crowd . . . That Lew Ayres is crooning sweet airs to his new leading lady, Ann Ayars?

That the cute little seven-month-old you'll see with Richard Carlson in "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" is Dick's own son. Baby's salary will go to the infantile paralysis fund . . . That Gary Cooper, Hollywood's Number One Silent Man, made a 15 minute speech in L. A.'s Pershing Square, urging the crowd to buy defense bonds . . . That Michele Morgan recently fell heir to a railway station in Arles, a city in Southern France . . . That the only way Alexander Korda could get to England was to buy the bomber that took him there and donate it to the government on his arrival!

Lucky Partner

We don't know why everyone picks on Errol Flynn. Just because his screen heroism is an endless wonder, local townfolk expect daily demonstrations of bravery in his private life!

What folks don't seem to realize is that being brave at a studio all day is hard work, and a guy can't go around battling Indians and pirates in his off-hours, too. Anyway, what Errol needs in his private life isn't fearlessness—it's strategy. Ever since his separation from Lili Damita, he's had to face an army as determined as any Custer ever met. Only Errol's assailants aren't soldiers—they're women. And you can't go after them with a six-shooter!

One of Errol's slickest methods of warding off the gals who hope to become the second Mrs. Flynn, is the scheme he's developed with Bruce Cabot, his apartment-mate. Whenever an ambitious female pleads for his phone number, Errol gives her one which is listed in Bruce's name. Bruce answers all calls that come into the apartment and, if Errol is avoiding a girl, tells her Flynn isn't with him, and he doesn't know where he can be reached. If she's a little dish Errol happens to approve, Bruce tells her he's visiting a friend at such-and-such a number—which happens to be the phone across the room. Errol waits patiently for her second call and, unless the gal's bright, she never even knows she's on his private line!

Unfortunately, the stunt has bad as well as good points. While it rids Errol of countless undesirables, it has also lost him many a worthy date. Bruce, it seems, extracts payment for rendering his services by telling the choicer morsels that Flynn has gone to Alaska—but don't go away now, Gorgeous, Cabot is available!

Rhubatism

Mind you, we don't endorse it. But if you know anyone who's troubled with rheumatism, you might pass on this proven cure, authorized by Gary Cooper's mother.

Mrs. Cooper, a spritely young thing, aged 68, was afflicted with rheumatism two years ago. She was immediately provided with the best in medical attention and, being a responsive patient, managed to find some relief in her doctors' treatments. But not enough. She was accustomed to activity and couldn't bear being left a semi-invalid. So when a new physician advised her to take up dancing, she hopped to it—literally!

It must have worked because the other afternoon, Mrs. Cooper, tall and stately and looking every inch the dignified grandmom, arrived at the monthly meeting of the Motion Picture Mothers of America Club with her dancing instructor in tow—and for one solid hour wowed the assemblage with her snappy interpretations of the conga, rumba and samba!

In the audience, Mrs. Anna MacDonald, Jeanette's mom; Mrs. Anna Le Sueur, Joan Crawford's mother; Mrs. Nell Panky, Mickey Rooney's "best girl," and a dozen others, sat pop-eyed with amazement. When it was all over, Mrs. Lela Rogers, whose daughter, Ginger, is no terpsichorean without herself, was seen staggering to the telephone "to warn Astaire!"

Name-Calling

Anna Lee's new daughter (her second) has been tagged Caroline after the giddy heroine of Anna's first American movie "My Life With Caroline" . . . Martha Scott's baby (her first) has been christened Carleton Scott Alsop, in honor of his pappy, Carleton Alsop . . . And the Oscar Levants wire that their expected heir (they already have a daughter) will be called Quiz Kid if it's a boy—Question Mark, if it's a girl!

A Woman Scorned

Hollywood has its eyes riveted to the romance of that well-known movie duo whose marriage has been predicted for the past two years. According to their own admission, the pair have been living for the day the divorce of one of them would be final, leaving them free to bee-line to the preacher. (Continued on page 102)



In Johnny Weissmuller's latest, "Tarzan's Secret Treasure," he sticks exclusively to a 97-word vocabulary. Above, with the missus of the Kelly shindig.



Nancy and her dad threw a huge party for Mamma Kelly on her recent birthday, invited hordes of Hollywood chums. Mr. K.'s in the business end of the theatrical business while Mrs. is an ex-actress of note!



For this surprise birthday gift to George, Ann had to have blueprints made by an expert in miniatures. She and her co-conspirator made several secret trips to the harbor to check details and perfect scaling.



Ann and George must O.K. each other's stories before production begins. On the Warners' lot, his "In This Our Life" and her "Juke Girl" passed muster right off.



Ever since the Brent-Sheridan tie-up, George's Russian wolfhound and Ann's French poodle have fought with each other like mad. The poodle was a gift from George, who is an authority on dogs of all nationalities.

THE MARRIAGE THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

George Brent and Ann Sheridan gave each other
the double-decker freeze from the start . . .
so of course marriage was out of the question!

● Once upon a time—as all good love stories should begin—in a little town in Texas, there lived a lanky tomboy with red hair and the confetti of freckles across her nose. Her name was Clara Lou Sheridan. Every time a Gary Cooper picture played at the local movie, she sat through it until she had it nearly committed to memory. Her taste was strictly on the rugged side—she liked her entertainment bang-bang and giddyap, with the villain exceedingly dead at fade-out.

However, when she sought amusement on the suave side, her hero was a young and dashing leading man. Although his parts were limited to drawing room comedy (he himself says, "For seven years I've been the set-dressing against which beautiful women were photographed"), all accounts of his private life indicated a past that would recommend him to a lively girl from Texas. As a youngster, he had been the courier for Michael Collins, the Irish revolutionary who was eventually executed. At this time, a price was placed on George's head, so the kid proved the value of his cerebral

equipment by going to the one place considered unlikeliest by the authorities—London. From there he got to the United States. Because of this evidence, Clara Lou decided that the guy must be okay in spite of his fancy clothes, so she tacked up a picture of George Brent beside that of Gary Cooper.

Lap dissolve to 1936:

Clara Lou has lost her lanky look, her freckles and even her original tag. She is now Ann, and—irritated as it makes her—the name Sheridan is frequently coupled with the noun "oomph." Gary Cooper is still her favorite actor, but she has caught glimpses of the Brent man on her home lot and found him even more attractive off-screen than on.

However, George came on the set one day—where Ann was working in a picture with Jimmy Cagney. Naturally, Mr. C. took George over to present him to Miss Sheridan, who was playing a portable phonograph and practicing athletic dance steps.

"How do you do, Mr. Brent," Ann said, extending a hand capable of the grip of an oarsman.

"How do you do, Miss Sheridan," answered George, returning as good a grip as he got.

Ann noticed his hands with approval. They hadn't the soft palms of the actor; they were calloused, brown and muscular from tennis and boxing. She waited for her original good impression to be strengthened by some amusing conversation.

But that day George was busy talking politics with Jimmy. George, when he discusses taxes, administration and government, is entirely the Irish Republican who became an American Republican. Ann is a southern Democrat. She listened as long as she politely could, then murmured an excuse and dissolved from the spot. "There," she told herself, "is a stuffed shirt and how! A dead-pan guy without a laugh in his whole system."

Mr. Brent thought, "Strictly jitterbug, but her eyes are magnificent. It's too bad that she's so shallow."



The Brents were important at the opening of the U.S.O. Recreational Center in Hollywood. Ann donated for scrap iron a medal which the Thailand government awarded her several years back.

THE MARRIAGE THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN

CONTINUED

Lap dissolve to 1942:

Mrs. George Brent (née Ann Sheridan) is seated on the platform at a Warner Brothers' rally along with several officials. Stars and employees file into the meeting. Ann, chaffing the person seated next to her, still manages to keep an eye on the door. Finally George comes in. He lifts his hand in a small salute and Ann waves.

Apparently two inconsequential greetings, but between them flashes a long, uncensored look: a look as old as rain and as new as tomorrow's violets. A look that is fine and clean and lovely as sunlight. A look that only a man and a woman in deepest love can exchange.

P. S. The lady's favorite actor is still Gary Cooper, which proves that a wife can be loyal to her husband without giving up her girlhood hero.

Puzzle: What happened between that refrigerated meeting in 1936 and the Warner rally in 1942 to make it possible for George to place a ring on Ann's third finger, left hand?

The romance, having started at zero, rapidly progressed to zero-zero. They couldn't see each other for frost. They nodded when they met on the lot; they spoke when they unexpectedly bumped into each other in the commissary. But you probably write to your congressman oftener than Ann thought of George or vice versa.

Then, on December 31, 1939, Mrs. Jack Warner gave a party to welcome 1940. Ann says, "Everyone was there—but everyone!" She was seated at a table where stories were being exchanged—typical Hollywood stories, not off-color, but strictly cockeyed. The story about the bird who got caught in a badminton game. The story about the man who wouldn't jump out of a thirteenth story window because he was superstitious.

George ambled over to the table. He listened and laughed politely, but mainly his expression was deadpan. Finally, when a lull occurred, he started a story of his own. This special (which Ann says she has subsequently heard again and again) is a drawn-out history of a talking dog. It has more verses than Old McDougal had animals, and is just about as sensible. George talked on, suavely, smoothly, as only George can. People began to hold their ribs, two cases of laughing apoplexy occurred, and one man nearly strangled of mirth while deadpan Brent talked on.

It was then that Ann discovered one of George's greatest assets. "It's the thing of this twinkle. His entire face remains calm and almost without expression, but his eyes simply dance!"

The next day he asked Ann to have dinner with him on the seventh of January at Harry's Steak House. She said yes, thank you.

On the way home that night she said, "You had me fooled. I really didn't credit you with such a swell sense of humor. How come this dead-pan stuff?"

Tipping back his head, as George does when he allows himself to laugh, he said, "If you'd spent as much time on legit as I have, you'd know how necessary a dead-pan is. For years I had callouses on the inside of my cheeks from closing my jaws hard on the flesh to keep from laughing. It's (*Continued on page 90*)



George has to go cruising on his friends' boats nowadays! He'd planned to honeymoon on his own yacht, but he had junked his old engine, and War priorities prevented him from buying a new one.

For that Spring-Lovely Look

POND'S TWIN BEAUTY SPECIAL



Luxurious enough for a princess—soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream is priced for thrifty purses! Use this smooth-as-silk cream for your daily Pond's glamour care. Slather it thick over your face and throat. Tissue it off. "Rinse" with lots more Pond's. Tissue it off again. Do this *every* night—for daytime cleanups, too. Lovely how Pond's takes off every little smitch of soil—leaves your skin so much softer, so much smoother!

Gossamer-light Pond's NEW Dreamflower Face Powder! Your choice of 4 flattering new Dreamflower shades, each blended to give your face a magic touch of glamour-soft color. New smoothness that lends a dreamy "misty-soft" quality to your skin. Adorable new Dreamflower box! The 28¢ size is *free* with your purchase, at the regular price, of the medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream in this Pond's Twin Beauty Special!

Get these Two Delightful Beauty Aids—for the Price of the Cream alone

You'll find this Pond's Twin Beauty Special at your favorite beauty counter—the Cold Cream and Powder conveniently packaged together to take right home. Don't wait—this offer is for a limited time. You pay only for the Cold Cream (the medium-large size)—the 28¢ size box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder comes with it free—a gift to you from Pond's!

• "I just love Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my face feel so fresh, clean and soft," says Ann Swanson of Washington, D. C.—one of Pond's lovely engaged girls.

• "I'm so pleased with Pond's new Dreamflower Powder! The texture is lovely—fluffy as air—but so clinging! And the box is simply sweet!" says beautiful Geraldine Spreckels, of the famous California family.



Free 28¢ size Pond's Dreamflower Powder with purchase of medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at the regular price. Such a large jar for so little. At your favorite beauty counter. Sold only in this convenient package, this Twin Beauty Special is for a limited time only.



Susan Hayward
in

REAP THE WILD WIND

Stella L.



Hold that Smile

BY CAROL CARTER



Carol Adams—Republic player

Give those sparklers of yours the care they deserve if you want the kind of smile that is always young, confident and engaging. Here's how you can do it!

What happens when you smile? Are you suddenly prettier and more animated, or is your beauty dimmed by teeth that aren't all they ought to be?

Radiant, even teeth are important to you, no matter what your ambitions or dreams—whether you hope to be a movie star, to make a success of your job or to hold your boy friend's affection. They make themselves visible with every word you speak, every smile, every wholehearted laugh—and if they are bright and lovely, they add sparkle to your personality. Happily enough, well-cared-for teeth are the useful ones, too, for it takes strong, regular teeth to cut, shred and chew food thoroughly for easy digestion and consequent good health.

If your teeth are just average—neither assets nor liabilities—or if their irregularities make you self-conscious about smiling, they don't have to stay that way. You can make them healthier and brighter by regular cleansing and polishing, daily massage and proper nourishment. And their imperfections can be corrected by dentistry.

Teeth, you know, consist of three principal parts—dentine, enamel and cementum. Dentine is a semi-hard, elastic substance, which comprises the major portion of each tooth and inside of which lies the nerve. Enamel—the hardest material your body produces—encases the part which shows above the gum, while cementum covers the root. When these outer coverings become injured in any way, then your tooth troubles begin, and

you make a flying trip to the dentist. Incidentally, he's the one person in your life you should visit twice a year, for he'll clean your teeth thoroughly of stubborn deposits that mar your smile, and he'll check defects before they have a chance to cause you serious difficulty.

But the major job of tooth beautification depends on you. There's nothing glamorous about brushing your teeth, but it's the best smile brightener we know. Choose a brush that's small enough to reach all corners of your mouth, and whose bristles are firm and long enough to penetrate and cleanse all the tiny little crevices and depressions in your teeth. Then, use it after every meal. Whether you use paste, powder or liquid dentifrice is a matter of your own choice, but select one whose texture and flavor leaves your mouth feeling clean and fresh. Then, you'll never be tempted to forego that important service to your teeth.

Hold your brush at a 45-degree angle to your teeth and stroke from the gums toward the biting edges, both inside and out. Then, scour the chewing surfaces thoroughly. Concentrate on two or three teeth at a time, then move on to the next group until all thirty-two of your precious sparklers are thoroughly scrubbed.

If you want your brush to do a good cleansing job for you, do the same for it. After every use, rinse it thoroughly in cold water and hang it where air can get to it. It's a good idea to keep two brushes handy and alternate their use, so one will always be dry and firm. If you work away from home, keep another in your desk, locker, or some other convenient place, so your smile will be as bright after luncheon as it was in the morning. You'll be glad to have a brush handy when you have a special date after work. The effective life of any tooth brush is only as long as the (Continued on page 89)



Use dental floss carefully every day to clean hard-to-get-at spaces between your teeth.



Brush your teeth frequently during the day with a firm-bristled brush and your favorite dentifrice.



Keep your mouth and breath fresh and clean by using a mouth wash after every meal.

Chew gum to exercise gums and mouth muscles and to help keep teeth bright and sparkling.



New .. Luscious! Pond's Dreamflower Powder

New Shades—Radiant! They do more than merely match your skin! New Dreamflower shades throw a lovely veil of glamour-soft color over your face!

New Smoothness—Luxurious! Dreamflower's fragrant new silkiness clings tenderly . . . Gives skin a wonderful "misty-soft" look!

New Box—Adorable!

Gorgeous big box—only 49¢! 2 smaller sizes, too.

"Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is delightful. It has everything a powder should have—lovely shades, delicate, smooth texture and such a pretty box!"
MISS FERNANDA WANAMAKER

FREE—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PE, Clinton, Conn.

I should love to try *all* of the new Dreamflower Powder shades so I can be sure of finding the one that is perfect for my coloring. Will you please send me *free samples* right away?

My name _____

My address _____

(Offer good in U. S. only)



10¢
Also a
larger
size

**Discovered !
Pond's "LIPS"**

New! Stays on Longer

Smash-success new lipstick in 5 "Stagline" shades. Yummy colors that stay on and on!



modern screen's smile chart . . .

FOR	DO THIS	USING THESE AIDS
<i>Radiant Teeth</i>	Brush your teeth faithfully after every meal with a reliable dentifrice—either paste, powder or liquid. Concentrate on two or three teeth at one time, brushing from gums to biting surfaces, both inside and out, then go on to the next group. In order to have a dry, firm-bristled brush each time, keep two good brushes on hand. Dental floss should be used daily, too, to remove food particles, etc., that accumulate between the teeth. Rinse and cleanse your teeth and mouth regularly with a good mouth wash. Chewing gum also helps to keep teeth bright.	Dentifrice—either paste, powder or liquid type, 2 firm-bristled brushes, dental floss, mouth wash, chewing gum.
<i>Healthy Gums</i>	Brush and stimulate your gums daily, when brushing your teeth. Also, massage them daily with your dentifrice and a special rubber gum massager or your finger wrapped in clean gauze. Chewing gum and eating hard, crisp foods are other good exercisers. A good mouth wash will also help to soothe inflamed mouth tissue and will rinse food particles from your gums.	Dentifrice, gum massager, clean gauze, chewing gum, mouth wash.
<i>Firm Chin Contours</i>	Rub a rich lubricating cream over your throat and chin in upward and outward movements. Using the backs of your hands, slap under chin briskly. Then apply bracing skin tanner or astringent. At night, apply a rich nourishing cream to throat area and leave it on while you sleep. Chewing gum vigorously is another good maker of lovely chin contours.	Lubricating cream, nourishing cream, chewing gum.
<i>Fragrant Breath</i>	Thorough cleansing of teeth as outlined above is most important, but to thoroughly cleanse the mouth of food particles and to neutralize food odors, be sure to use a good mouth wash after every meal. Swish the solution around in your mouth a minute or more. Chewing gum will also help to keep your breath clean and fresh. Drink citrus fruit juices and plenty of water.	Dentifrice, 2 firm-bristled brushes, dental floss, mouth wash, chewing gum, fruit juices, water.
<i>An Engaging Smile</i>	Make up your lips becomingly by selecting shades to suit your skin coloring and costume. Keep your lips soft by lubricating at night with nourishing cream or lip pomade and by cleansing lips thoroughly with cleansing tissue and cream before every application of lipstick. Be sure to use a dentifrice regularly so your smile will reveal clean, sparkling teeth. Chew gum to keep mouth muscles exercised and mobile. Your breath is always kept fresh by using mouth wash regularly.	Harmonious lip make-up, lip pomade or rich nourishing cream, cleansing tissue, cleansing cream, teeth cleansers, chewing gum, mouth wash.



Virginia Gilmore will appear in 20th Century's "Sundown Jim."



Bonita Granville did a fine job in "H. M. Pulham, Esq."



Linda Darnell will be seen in the "Loves of Edgar Allan Poe."

Help your **BEAUTY** bloom this Spring!

Give your skin Ivory "baby-care," doctors recommend

Help yourself to a fresh complexion . . . to go with your new spring clothes. Use as your model of skin perfection the Loveliest Complexion in all the world . . . baby's own!

Do as you do for baby . . . take doctors' beauty advice! Give *your* skin, too, the gentle daily care of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory Soap . . . now *milder* and faster-lathering than ever!

What finer beauty-care could *your* complexion have than that advised by doctors for baby's lovely skin?



Avoid WINTER-DRIED "flakiness"

Help bring spring's bloom to your skin by "babying" it this way *every night*: With New Ivory's creamy, quick lather (lukewarm, never hot!) gently massage your skin upward, following facial contours. Warm rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin is "winter-dried" apply lightly a little cold cream.

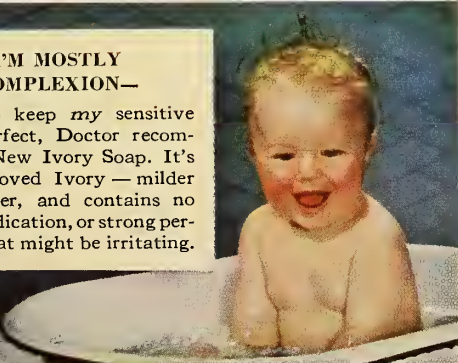


Avoid OILY-SKIN drabness

Since oily skins tend to *hold* dirt, give yours this *thorough* spring-cleansing each night and morning: Work up a cleansing-mask of quick, thick Ivory lather on your face. Then *scrub* with a washcloth. Rinse. Repeat Ivory-mask cleansing. Warm rinse, then cold. Let New Ivory be spring to your beauty!

I'M MOSTLY COMPLEXION—

To help keep *my* sensitive skin perfect, Doctor recommends New Ivory Soap. It's an improved Ivory — milder than ever, and contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.



ENJOY "BABY-CARE" ALL OVER!

Sink back into a caressing sea of "velvet suds" that quickly creams off your big white floating Ivory cake. Every pore responds to gentle Ivory! Then you step out to untroubled sleep . . . and waken with "Spring-Fresh" beauty!



99 44/100 % PURE
IT FLOATS

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

New Velvet-suds **IVORY**

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

Ladies!

HERE IS SUCH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

TO READERS OF THE
MODERN SCREEN

WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF IT



SEND YOUR NAME...WE'LL SEND THE RINGS

SEND NO MONEY

**MAIL COUPON TODAY...TEST 10 DAYS ON
GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR
MONEY BACK!**

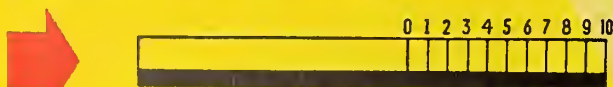
The beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ -karat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. You have your choice of genuine sterling silver or yellow gold-plate mountings. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost \$100.00, \$200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds ARE one of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy, it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection.

The solitaire is offered to you for only \$1.00. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only \$1.69... the perfect pair for only \$1.69. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit \$1.00 for the solitaire alone or \$1.69 for both the solitaire and wedding ring, plus 10% Federal Excise Tax, and postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on-approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then, if you can bear to part with your rings, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait, but mail the coupon, today!

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 504, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR RING SIZE

Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



Send a Letter or Order From Convenient Coupon

Ladies... have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams come true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire replica diamond ring, nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ -karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

HAVE YOU EVER WISHED TO OWN A BEAUTIFUL EXPENSIVE-LOOKING REPLICA DIAMOND SOLITAIRE?

Just think! No other type ring so beautifully expresses the sentiment of true love as a solitaire... a replica diamond solitaire, gleaming in its crystal white beauty... exquisitely set in a sterling silver or yellow gold-plate ring that proudly encircles "her" finger... the perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment... an adorable token of love and affection. Replica diamonds are decidedly new and very fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in flaming, dazzling colors, the average person can scarcely tell them apart. So you, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny.

"The Perfect Pair"

The solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting is offered at \$1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 69¢ extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only \$1.69. Mail the coupon today.



CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 504, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as checked below. I will pay the postman amount indicated, plus postage on arrival, on understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you will refund my money immediately without question.

- ☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire—\$1.00 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax
☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Ring—Both For \$1.69 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax

Size..... ☐ Sterling Silver ☐ Yellow Gold-Plate

Name..... (print plainly)

Address.....

SPARKLING white teeth, anyone will tell you, are the first requisite of a beguiling smile. But don't count on their brilliance alone to dazzle your public.

The way you paint your lips, for instance, can make or break your smile. And a doubled or redoubled chin will deglamorize the most beaming countenance. Another thing—people associate your voice with your mouth, so it is important to sound as attractive as you look. And lastly, watch your mouth mannerisms, for as the colored mummies always tell the storybook belles, "Yo' has to ack pretty too, Honeychile."

Harmonious and artistic lip make-up can beautify and glorify your smile, so choose one of the clear new shades for spring that will highlight your coloring as well as your smile. If your skin has a golden tone, choose a lipstick with an orange-red cast, or if your complexion is pale or neutral with a faint pink tint, you will look your best in a shade slightly on the blue-red side. Clear red make-up is flattering to all skin types, whether golden tan, ivory or a pale neutral shade.

Rouge your upper lip first, then by pressing both lips together, transfer the color to your lower. Next, outline with your lip pencil and fill in again with color. Finally, remove the excess by taking an impression of your lip rouge on a cleansing tissue. As to shaping your lips, Hollywood make-up experts agree that you should avoid the appearance of a small mouth and thin lip line. On the other hand, if your mouth is too wide or too full, it is best not to outline lips to their fullest extent. If your mouth is of normal size and in correct proportion to your face, shape it clearly, keeping the corners turned up slightly. Use cream or pomade on your lips at night to keep them soft and alluring.

If you don't see what your voice has to do with beauty, try to imagine Deanna Durbin, the smiling Jean Arthur or Joan Fontaine with a strident, squeaky voice. The rich, effective timbre of their voices contributes to that subtle quality of personality just as a smile does. Men, too, comment (*Continued on page 88*)

Deanna Durbin's smile captures hearts. She's just back from a U.S.O. tour to begin a new picture for Universal.

SPEAK OUT FOR BEAUTY



By Carol Carter

AROUND THE CLOCK IN COLOR



IF you are like any of the other girls we know, overcast morning skies mean a search through the closet for the brightest, most colorful thing you own. Many of you even have pet gloom chasers. A red felt beret that defies grey clouds or a vivid flower garden of a blouse. Diana Lewis, we hear, cherishes an emerald green flannel jacket for just that purpose. Color, whether unrelieved or sharply contrasted, does something to you. And just as important, it lifts the spirits of those who have to look at you. So these days, when even a sunny morning can turn droopy by grim noonday headlines, why not be smart and stock up on gloom chasers, every variety. The red calf shoes and green ones, too, seen everywhere around town, are doing their walking best to brighten the scenery. And even the conservative, navy-blue girls are giving in to signal green topcoats and violet wool suits. Color is rampant, and the prints are bold, just like we told you.

The southern cotton boll has gotten itself a new lease on life and is going places from morning till night, via the striking new cotton print, made into housecoats, evening dresses and



a wonderful three-piece play suit, including shorts, backless dress and bolero, which can be worn a number of ways. With its gay red background and white cotton bolls scattered here and there, this print is bound to pep you up and chase away the doldrums.

Red it is again, in a three-piece suit of spun rayon linen, with white rayon crepe shirt and trim little butcher-boy vest. There isn't any law that says you have to wear the white shirt with the suit, either. If you have one with stripes or flowers, give that a try.

Now that white has established itself as an around-the-year favorite, you don't have to wait for June to get into the Sunday special above, with panel and pockets of red roses done in dainty petitpoint—simulated, of course.

Perfect print ensembles are ever scarce. By perfect, we mean a print dress that hangs well and can stand by itself, combined with a jacket that converts the print into a smart street costume. The one above does all it should and more, with sailor collar and printed piping. Sprawling red and green palm leaves add a colorful splash to any background, be it sunshine or clouds!



By Elizabeth Willguss

For further fashion information, see page 88.

THEY'RE

Charming



Irresistible

THEY USE IRRESISTIBLE
PERFUME AND LIPSTICK

Mother and Daughter . . . both glamorous, adored and admired wherever they go. Both accent their charm with the exotic lasting fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. A touch of Irresistible will make you divinely enchanting, unforgettable! Try it today. Now in adorable Mother's Day Box. 10¢ at all 5 and 10¢ stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

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

MADE IN HEAVEN

(Continued from page 37)

kind of funny voice and a grip on my hand that hurt." And six weeks later they flew to Las Vegas with Brian and Marge Donlevy and were married "by a little one-armed man with a growling tummy. I cried through the whole thing, but Bill was so calm. Little did he dream, poor angel, what a heller he was getting."

Mrs. Holden's one claim to hellerdom is her heckly streak. She doesn't know what possesses her, but she simply cannot refrain from a well-placed heckle. They'll come out of a preview of one of Bill's pictures, and Brenda will be bursting with pride. She'll rave over it all the way home, and then suddenly she'll hear herself saying, "Too bad the old shuffling walk slipped in in that one spot." "Yeah," he'll say in such a miserable voice that she'll feel like biting her tongue off. And there's her silent heckling—a small tug at his tie, a yank at his collar. "It's my vice," she tells you with immense contrite eyes. You'd think she was Mrs. Al Capone or someone.

They live in a dream of an old English farmhouse with a flagstone walk and an acre of land. It has eight rooms, and only the dining room is "anything definite." It's French Provincial. The living room, two bedrooms, den and playroom are lovely mixtures of everything in the world. Bill and Brenda decorated the whole house themselves, and it has taken on a lot of their sort of slap-happy charm. There are pictures hung not quite straight, and pipe ashes lurking under carpets. But you only see the softness of all the colors and the comfortable sat-in look of the chairs and a kind of tangible happiness all over the place.

"Betcha," you think, "these walls have never heard a cross word uttered." It develops you're right.

battle cries . . .

"You simply can't get mad in this nice fireside atmosphere, we discovered—but where we have really divine brawls is upstairs in the bathroom. Oh divine! We turn on the shower so that no one can hear us, then—mm—the yelling! For all of about five minutes you'd think Reno, Nev., was positively the next move. Then the whole picture will strike us so funny we just stare at each other and hoot."

Once in a while there'll be a killer-diller of a fight that no amount of shower-running will cure. Brenda will sulk off to bed and lie awake half the night brooding. Bill will have terrible nightmares and get up at dawn to write her one of his heartrending notes of apology. "Dear Ardis," he'll write (that's her real name, and he's never called her anything else), "I've been very stupid and I love you very much. Bill." He puts it on her pillow and contrives to get silently out of the house before she sees it. She wakes up, reads the note and cries her head off over his cuteness. "It's his big ugly writing that kills me, and his 'Dear Ardis'—never 'darling' or anything. Half the time the anticipation of one of those notes bedevils me into prolonging a fight overnight. Isn't that awful? I save the things—they're so Billish."

She has yet to get a real love letter out of him. They all begin "Dear Ardis," and go on to say how he is, and how is

she? Then after several matter of fact pages, "much love, Bill." "That was the gist of them even when I was on location in Canada last July—a bride of three days!" Mrs. Holden's man Bill admits he's no Casanova. On the telephone however, he couldn't be more Charles Boyer. He phones her daily when they're separated, and they hang on the wire by the hour—knocking the living hell out of their poor budget. ("Serves it right, the damned old trouble-maker.")

That budget drives them crazy. They've somehow gotten into the toils of a fiend of a business manager whose motto seems to be, "If it's fun, it's out." To hear Brenda tell it, their entertainment allowance is virtually non-existent. "An ice cream soda here, a movie there. But splash? Never." As for clothes—well, once ages ago she binged and bought a stunning I. Magnin dress. She has since learned to loathe it, for she's still paying for the thing "out of this miserable, tiny little pittance that man allows me. Haven't had another stitch since, except this suit which I picked up for almost nothing." It sounds grim, but she looks like Mrs. Harrison Williams and they're saving enough money to let themselves retire before too, too long.

her bill . . .

Bill spends most of his clothes allowance on boogie-woogie records. "And God help us all when he's depressed," says Brenda. "He closets himself in the den for hours and plays every Duke Ellington he owns. Then he feels better and starts on Jimmy Dorsey. I happened to look in on him one night around three—not having laid eyes on him since dinner—and isn't he playing an imaginary drum! Then a piano, also phoney. And finally a sax like absolutely crazy. I often wonder how I got affiliated with him—I who ask only for a bit of Kostelanetz of a Sunday afternoon." We happen to know, though, she's aiding and abetting him every step of the way. Smuggles money from the food allowance to buy him albums of Count Basie and Bing. Funny, though, she doesn't associate Bill with jive. He's irrevocably tied up in her mind with "Begin the Beguine" and Cesar Franck's "Symphonic Variations," because those were the two pieces he kept playing for her the first night she was invited to have dinner at his house.

(Continued on page 67)

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

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

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Academy Award Winners!



Two-million-dollar Defense Band seller Dottie Lamour with Novol Commander Bolton, T.C.F. go-between in current Service-film tie-up.



Maureen O'Hara and husband Will Price smiled while her co-workers in "Haw Green Was My Valley" won directing, acting honors.



Brendo Marshall and Cory Grant knew they weren't in the running, talked calmly while awaiting results of 10,000 ballots counted.

by Helen Holmes

minutes longer or until chicken, onions and mushrooms are tender. (Reduce oven heat to moderate—350°F.—for this final cooking.) Remove chicken and vegetables to a hot serving platter, simmer juices in the casserole on surface of range until slightly thickened. Serve over the chicken.

The stars all enjoy the combination of chicken, vegetable and sauce in this next recipe. Sometimes use tender tips of broccoli or asparagus in place of spinach.

CHICKEN MOCAMBO

For this you will need large slices of cold chicken, so we suggest that you boil 1 or 2 chickens and reserve the breast meat. (The meat from the legs, wings etc., may be used for creamed chicken or croquettes.) Cut in slivers, about 12 blanched almonds. Brown them in butter. Add 2 to 3 cups chopped, well-drained spinach, which has been freshly cooked and well seasoned. Make 2 cups of well-seasoned white sauce of medium thickness, using rich milk. When slightly cool, add 1 tablespoon mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon whipped cream. Place spinach in bottom of a greased shallow casserole, arrange slices of chicken over it and pour sauce over all. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan type cheese and brown slightly under the broiler.

You'll also like this very simple recipe for Veal Scallopine, with sherry sauce.

VEAL SCALLOPINE

Purchase veal cutlets, ¼ inch in thickness, from very young veal. Allow 1 for each person to be served. Whack meat with the back of a heavy knife or potato masher to flatten it out. Dredge with flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Fry in-butter on both sides, until tender and golden brown, being careful not to let the butter burn. Remove meat from the skillet and place it where it will keep hot, while you prepare the sauce.

SAUCE

Put a pinch of white pepper in the skillet with ¼ cup of sherry wine. Simmer for two minutes. Add ½ pint of light cream or top milk and simmer until slightly thickened. Add a teaspoon of finely minced fresh spinach. Pour over the veal. Then taste what the cinema lads and lassies eat on their evenings out!

SALAD DE CIGCO

(Omitted from last month's "House of Murphy" article)

Shred the hearts of 2 crisp heads of romaine and 1 head of lettuce into a large salad bowl. Make 12 1-inch croutons of French bread and fry them in olive oil. Rub each with garlic. Add to the greens, then break in 2 hot 2-minute coddled eggs. Toss together, then add the following ingredients in the order given, tossing until the greens are coated with the dressing.

- ½ cup olive oil
- 3 tablespoons wine vinegar
- Juice 2 lemons
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- Dash of salt
- ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 12 anchovies (optional)

Serve on chilled plates with a sprinkling of freshly ground pepper. Serves 4 to 6.

"Can't Make It- TODAY WAS WASH-DAY!"



Bill is beginning to wonder . . . "It's funny how Jane always folds after wash-day. I see other women . . ."

HOLD it Bill! Washing a tubful of clothes is no pushover. If you saw the time it takes, the way Jane has to rub—and rub—just to get your shirts clean, you'd get a shock.

She doesn't *have* to work so hard though. Not if she'll use Fels-Naptha Soap. Fels gives her a combination of gentle naphtha and richer *golden* soap that gets dirt out *much* faster. No matter how it's ground in.

She won't spend so much time bending over the washtub if she uses Fels-Naptha Soap. She won't have to break her back, nor ruin her hands, *rubbing*. You'll have whiter shirts and they'll probably wear better . . .

We've been trying to get Jane to use Fels-Naptha Soap—like 'those other women.' Maybe you can persuade her.



*Golden bar
or Golden chips—*

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

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THE DIVORCE THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN

(Continued from page 31)

transforms the world. A couple of weeks later she ran in to her mother's room.

"Mother, mother, I want to bring John up. He wants to ask you something."

Mrs. Shirley was in bed. "Wait a minute, young woman. He may be your John, but I hardly know him. Do you mind if I dress?"

Hollywood was enchanted. Anne deserved the best, which was what she'd gotten in John Payne. He had looks and charm, kindness and breeding, and he obviously adored the ground she walked on. Bless you, my children, here's one Hollywood marriage that will stick.

wedded bliss ...

I saw her three days after the wedding, and she radiated joy. She talked about the ceremony at Santa Barbara and about the phone call to John's people in Virginia. She bubbled over his brothers. "Now I feel I've got brothers, too. It's a wonderful feeling when you've been an only child for years."

But mostly she talked about John and the wonder and perfection of John, till you got the idea that to be eighteen and Anne Shirley Payne, head over ears in love with her husband, was the most glorious destiny ever allotted woman on this earth.

Well, most girls feel that way, you'll say, three days after marriage. All right, I saw Anne again over two years later, shortly before the birth of her baby. Her happiness seemed just as flawless. She was wearing a new gold bracelet, John's birthday gift. On the heart hanging from it, he had had inscribed: "To match the golden heart you already have."

She talked off the record about John that day, because they'd agreed on no more joint publicity. At the time of their marriage, Anne's position in pictures was established, John was a beginner. Since then, a year's contract at Warner's hadn't done him much good. Not till he went to Twentieth Century-Fox did his career start looking healthy.

He wanted to make his way as John Payne, not as the husband of Anne Shirley. There were to be no more Mr.-and-Mrs. stories. John would talk about anything but his wife and home. Their careers were to be divorced from their private lives. Anne was in full sympathy with his viewpoint.

So when she talked about John that day, it wasn't for publication. Now the reason for keeping it out of print is gone.

That old chestnut, career versus marriage, came up, and Anne laughed. For her there wasn't any versus. She had no burning ambition. She could be happy in pictures forever, she could also be happy if she had to quit tomorrow. Please don't think her ungrateful or disinterested. She was neither. She had the movies to thank for everything, including her present happiness with John. If they threw her out next week, she'd still be grateful. She couldn't expect a million years. She was no raving beauty like Miss Jane Tiddledypush. And if it ever came to choosing between husband and career, what was a career? The end of an option, and good-bye. A husband, said Anne, was for life.

She and John had everything they wanted. Which didn't include a town car or a choice assortment of jewels or a yacht. If they ever got such things, it would be very nice. If not, it would still

be very nice. She didn't want to sound like a sweet little nitwit, making Pollyanna noises. The fact remained that she didn't see how people with yachts and diamonds could get any more fun out of life than she and John got. It was fun to take walks or pick flowers in the garden or see a good picture or lie on the beach, worrying only about what kind of sun-tan they were getting—or run down to the delicatessen for food when the gang dropped in. Having fun was their hobby. They thought they had the finest friends in the world. "And I know," said Anne, "that I have the finest husband."

Anne's mother, a wise and lovely woman, thought so, too. Anne was so young when she married. "Such a little girl," as Mrs. Shirley put it. To give such a little girl into a man's keeping was a serious thing. Yet she hadn't hesitated. She'd felt that the boy was right and that in the final analysis, Anne's marriage was her own business. She'd never held with women who felt they owned leases on the lives of their children. "Suppose I'd said no, and things turned out wrong. I'd always feel I'd stolen something from her." About John, she had no fear, only hope, that he was what she thought he was.

"He's better than I thought," she said. "He treats her like a little queen. When he looks at her, it's like being in church. After two and a half years, they're still moonstruck. Let them be together, and they don't know anyone else is around. John's more tender of her feelings than I am."

They'd gone, all three, to see "Pygmalion." Mrs. Shirley and John were crazy about it, Anne wasn't.

"Oh, it's just over your head," teased her mother.

"It's not either," John objected and, while Mrs. Shirley chuckled, found twelve good reasons why Anne shouldn't like the picture.

major calamity ...

What happened in a year to strike at the roots of such happiness? Because we know now that it's almost a year since the possibility of divorce was first broached between them. Meantime, to romantics their marriage remained a symbol, proof that shining young love could flourish on Hollywood soil. After seeing "Remember the Day," I overheard a woman in the lobby tell her companion: "Grand guy, John Payne—married to Anne Shirley—four and a half years and still crazy about each other—" Next morning the separation was announced.

It staggered Hollywood. Never by word

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or sign had either of the two betrayed himself. There had been none of the customary underground rumblings. Mrs. Shirley herself—and no mother has ever been closer to a daughter—didn't suspect.

What happened in the course of that year? A girl like Anne doesn't divorce a man who treats her like a little queen and looks at her as if he were in church. All Hollywood asked the question. Only John and Anne know the answer, and they're not telling. Oh yes, they talked, and when they got through talking, you were still asking, why?

The known facts are few, the conjectures myriad. We know that the idea of divorce presented itself to Anne almost a year ago, and that John pooh-poohed it. His wife was a girl who thought for herself. Nothing happened to disperse the clouds, whatever their cause. On the contrary.

Anne finally reached the conclusion that, for John and herself, separation was best. But how about the baby? What would be best for Julie Ann? At last she figured it this way. Since she and her husband were no longer happy together, who could guarantee that they wouldn't break up a year hence, or two or five? The wrench would be minimized for a child of two and aggravated by each succeeding year. Having found that answer, there seemed nothing to wait for.

They'd been out to dinner one night. When they got home Anne said: "I've got something important to talk over with you."

John had six pages of new dialogue to learn for next day. Couldn't it wait till tomorrow?

"This is more important than new dialogue, John."

He knew then what she meant. They talked far into the night. John had to leave for the studio early. When he got back, she and the baby were gone—to her mother's, he concluded.

But she hadn't gone to her mother's. She'd rented a house with a big backyard. The house wasn't much to look at, but that didn't matter so long as the baby had sunlight and room to play. John took her and Julie back to the house where they'd lived together and moved his own belongings to a hotel.

If Anne doesn't mention the heart-break through which she moved to her decision, it's because she has no instinct for self-dramatization or pity. Anyway, she doesn't have to. The pain is in her eyes. It's in John's, too. That's what makes the whole thing so incredible.

court proceedings . . .

The divorce papers cite mental cruelty—a legal phrase which may mean anything from a sock in the jaw to reading in bed. Anne calls it incompatibility. Most women speak of divorce in terms of the past—what the brute did to bring her to this pass. Anne speaks of hers in terms of the future.

"We just couldn't seem to be happy together any longer, and I think we're both nice enough people to deserve a happy life. Maybe we can find it alone or, eventually, with somebody else."

Each is quick in defense of the other. John says it must be his fault, it can't be Anne's. Anne says it's nobody's fault.

"We can't point to any one big cause of conflict, so people are going to find it for us, and we'll just have to bear it. But don't you believe them. I'm not in love with anyone else, nor is John. It's just a question of looking ahead five years or ten and doing what must be done now, however it hurts.

"I used to hoot and howl when newly-divorced couples said, we're the best of

Ellen Drew

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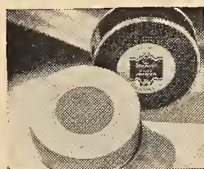
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Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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friends. I used to think if I couldn't dream up a better one than that, I'd keep my mouth shut. Now I feel silly, because I can't. John's one of the nicest people I know. Then why am I divorcing him? Because we're still not happy."

Which brings us right back where we started. For three years they were blissfully happy. What stopped them?

Anne was unfortunately right on one point. People will look for reasons. One nasty rumor had John drinking. He met that charge in the open, if with understandable grimness. Yes, he took an occasional cocktail like you or me. But if someone would tell him how you could work for twelve solid months on end, always be there, always on time, always up in your lines and still be a drinker in the sense implied, he'd be glad to pass the formula on to those interested. For himself, he wasn't.

But the blame, he says, lies on his shoulders. Yes, Anne did bring up the possibility of divorce a year ago but he never believed it would happen. He hadn't been as attentive as he should, but after this picture, he thought, he'd have more time, they'd straighten things out.

blue world...

Then came another picture and still another, one overlapping the next, with John working through the twelve-week period of layoff, sometimes Sundays and evenings. No time for picking flowers, having the gang in. No time for people in the garden or lying on the beach or—who used to be more important than anything else. No time even for Anne.

Up at six, he'd reach home exhausted. He wasn't offering alibis or making excuses, just telling what happened. Anne's schedule happened to be less heavy. She'd be waiting at home. Instead of the gay considerate companion, in would come a man often too tired to talk. Or too grumpy for companionship, so that he'd go off by himself to read or write or work on his music. He remembers

evenings when they'd planned to have dinner with friends, and because he couldn't face the effort of dressing, he'd let her go alone while he went out with the boys. Nor could he blame it all on overwork, says John. He's a moody guy, not too easy to get along with. Looking back, he can see how small slights, small omissions, small failures piled up till a barrier loomed between them.

That's how John explains it, and people make skeptical noises. It's not enough, they say. Anne's too understanding. She'd make every allowance for the strain of nervous fatigue. If that were all, things would never have reached an impasse. It's an explanation, they say, which doesn't explain. I'm sorry. It's the best I could get. You're at liberty to decide for yourself how to reconcile Anne's statement to Hollywood with what the papers reported her to have said in court—that John had been so rude of late to her friends, her mother and herself that she grew nervous and ill to the point where it was difficult for her to continue her work.

John is to see the baby whenever he likes. Anne sent her to him the first Sunday he was off. On that subject she's passionate. Julie's as much John's baby as hers, he loves her as well, he has an equal claim to her. To interfere between them would be wickedness.

It's been no fun seeing Anne or John or Mrs. Shirley these past weeks. They're three unhappy people, trying to keep their unhappiness to themselves. When you're hurt, your first impulse is toward flight, escape from torturing reminders. Anne and John escaped as soon as they could. The studio released John from a picture he was scheduled to make, and he went to his family in Virginia. The day after her interlocutory decree was granted, Anne left for New York to stay with Phyllis Fraser, her closest friend.

Hollywood watched them go and had nothing to say. Except that we're very, very sorry. Something lovely faded for all of us when their happiness faded.

JUKE BOY

(Continued from page 35)

inspiration," she says. "I couldn't get them in fast enough to murder them with milk and cookies." Mrs. Dorsey is sweet-faced and white-haired and very Irish. It's no wonder, you think the minute you've seen her, that the boys are crazy about her.

"Occasionally," she confesses, "I'd go strictly against their father's orders—God help me—and let them out of their practicing entirely. He'd go into town to some concert and tell me to see that they each ran through eight solos before bedtime. Or was it fourteen?—some tremendous figure anyhow. He'd hide their shoes so they couldn't go out. Well, I'd see the two poor little men blowing and blowing, their cheeks like tomatoes, and I'd slip out to the yard with their shoes and two dimes. 'Here,' I'd say. 'Go to the movies a while.' Then I'd quake for three hours imagining Tom, Sr., coming home unexpectedly and finding me out for the sinner I was."

Jimmy says he was about twelve before he could read a note of music, and keeping this item from his exacting dad was no picnic. He finally devised a scheme: numbering the keys on his cornet, then numbering the notes of the score. It was a most laborious operation, but Mr. Dorsey never got onto it and used to brag to his musician cronies

about the "magnificent little sight reader" his James was. He never told the kids how proud he was of them, and they grew up completely oblivious to the fact that they were any way unusual. "We were never exactly heroes around the house," Jimmy grins. "Kind of the reverse, what with our terrific tempers and mediocre marks."

junior lady killer...

Maybe not around the house, James, but with the local gals a killer diller. A regular terror, we understand. When he was seven, he suddenly got into the habit of coming home from school at impossible hours, like six-thirty and quarter of seven. His straight hair would be mussed, and Mrs. Dorsey would wonder if she'd been seeing too many Theda Bara movies or was that lipstick all over his face.

"It's late, James."

"Yes'm."

"Were you kept in?"

"No, mom."

"Well, where were you till this hour?"

"I been playing 'Spin the Bottle.'"

Upon further grilling, it developed that the girls in first year high had taken to giving lots of parties after school at which Spin the Bottle was the piece de resistance. All of the males invited

were eligible fourteen-year-olds except Jim, who had captured their fancy and was always included.

Mrs. Dorsey would be just about to give him a terrible scolding when he'd shove his hands into his coat. "Here, Mom." He'd have every one of his pockets bursting with candy and cake, squashed and unappetizing. "I brung 'em for you."

"Brought, James," Mrs. Dorsey would say, hugging him. And the next day the infant Casanova would be off again enslaving more females.

Growing older, his interest in women waned and his fondness for music grew. The war broke out when he was ten, and he and Tommy fell in love with martial tunes. By the time the U. S. went in in 1917, they had quite a repertoire. "Hey, Mac," Jimmy said one day (Mac's still his name for Tommy), "let's follow those soldiers down to the station and play our stuff." So the two got out their trumpets and ran after the doughboys playing "Over There" and "Stars and Stripes Forever." Eventually they built the band up to five, and they got to be quite famous around Shenandoah, Pa., where they lived.

"That," says Jimmy, "was the original Dorsey Bros. band—and a stinker if you ever heard one." It was no stinker at all if the truth were known. In fact, John Phillips Sousa heard them play and thought them magnificent.

About this time, school was beginning to pall unspeakably. Music was in the kids' very bones, and they begrudged every second they had to devote to anything else. One lone day in high school sufficed to show Jimmy that algebra and Latin verbs were not for him, but that music definitely was. He swapped his Caesar for a saxophone and organized the Dorsey Novelty Six. Tommy was right with him, and before Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey could say boo, weren't they off to a Baltimore honky tonk for their first out-of-town engagement.

"That," says Jimmy, "was in the early 1920's. The F. Scott Fitzgerald post-war era of wine, women and racoon coats. Baltimore was sort of a mecca of early swing musicians, and I especially remember two red hot colored bands—The Louisiana Dixieland Five and Mamie Smith and her Jazzhounds! Gosh that name Jazzhounds tickled us. We kept wishing we'd thought of it. Novelty Six sounded practically Philharmonic by comparison, so we changed it to Dorsey's Wild Canaries. And did that pack 'em in!"

The band was paid \$285 a week, and each member got \$45 except the pianist, who got \$60. "Not that he was any Paderewski. Damn bad, in fact, as I remember him. But he was married, and that was that." Jimmy and Tommy were about seventeen and fifteen at this point, right at the age where any sentimental attachment for home and mother is thoroughly squelched, and any correspondence with same is unthinkable.

big shots . . .

"Never a line out of them," says Mrs. Dorsey, "for months on end. The only way I knew they were still in the land of the living was that their laundry would come home occasionally." Sometimes she'd break down completely and call them up. "Hello, Jimmy darling, how are you?" I'd say. "What's that?" a tight little voice would come over the line. "One moment, please." Then I'd hear him telling the boys in the band that it was an important business call and to get out so's he could hear himself think. They'd leave, and he'd whisper

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TOOTHBRUSH**

into the phone, "Gee, mom. How we gonna command any respect if the boys get on that you call us up? What are we, babies?" "I just want to know are you keeping good and warm, and do you need your winter underwear yet?" He'd nearly go frantic at that. "Christmas, Mom," he'd hiss. "It's hot down here. This is the South, remember? For the love of Mike don't send any of that stuff. The boys think the cookies and taffy you send is funny enough. Not that it's not swell, Mom—but good night—"

"The telephone operator used to listen to every word, and when I'd ring off, she'd call me back and we'd have a grand cry over them."

When they came home after that, their parents hardly knew them. They were men of the world. "Derby hats and everything, God help us," reminisces Mrs. Dorsey. "And rich as Croesus, the pair of them." From then on they were never home very much.

Jazz was in the air, loud and exciting. Whiteman and Lopez were its more sophisticated purveyors. And there was Bix Beiderbecke, who played a marvelous throbbing new kind of music later to be known as swing. Those were the days of the sensational all-night jam sessions at Plunkett's on Fifty-third Street. Jimmy used to leave his saxophone there after work, dash out for a shower and a bite to eat and come back and play till morning. Bix would be there, and Art Tatum and any number of spectacular colored musicians. They'd stimulate each other, and by three or four in the A. M. they'd be dishing up music that was out of this world. . . . Those were the days when gangsters lurked in every night club, and hold-ups and murders were a dime a dozen. ("Closest I ever got to a 'gangster,'" says Jimmy sadly, "was when George Raft m-ceed for our band for a while.") . . . It was the era of fabulous money when a trip to Europe was about as unusual as a week-end in Atlantic City.

"Even I," Jimmy beams, "got to Europe. J. D. who'd never saved a nickel in his life." He'd married a darling little 18-year-old named Janie (a beauty contest winner, incidentally), and that was their honeymoon. "Exactly \$1,800 it cost us, and we did it up right. London, Paris, Vienna—"

gay twenties . . .

The terrible twenties. Gay, mad and unforgettable. "Gee what a decade to grow up in! But musically speaking, the thirties were more exciting." Colored bands—Jimmy adores them—came into their own. Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway, Count Basie and Louis Armstrong. You couldn't miss their influence on the old Dorsey Bros. Orchestra which the boys led jointly from 1933 to 1936. And you can't miss it now in Jimmy's own outfit. He's captured something primitive and wild that few white bands have.

Kind of interesting the way the brothers split up. It was on Memorial Day, 1936, when they were playing at the Meadowbrook. Tommy was leading the orchestra, and the piece was "I'll Never Say Never Again." When it was over, some chap in the band said, "Gosh, Tommy. That was kind of fast, wasn't it?" "Much too fast, Mac," agreed Jimmy. Tommy strode over to his brother in a towering rage. Hot words sizzled back and forth, and eventually Tommy stamped off the platform. He didn't come back. Everyone tried to get them to patch it up, but to this day they aren't friends. (Though Jimmy says he thinks Tommy's the greatest trombonist

the swingtime world has ever known.

Temperamentally, they're millions of miles apart. Tommy's the big-talker. Spiels off for hours about when he worked in the coal mines. Whereas Jimmy's the one who really did, but doesn't talk about it. Tommy's got the jitterbug jargon down cold. Everything's "solid" or "awreet." Jimmy's the chap who—when spoken to in terms of "gut-bucket," "blackstick" and "ride"—says, "I don't know much about that stuff. I just blow." Tommy likes flash. His clothes are loud; he has a 32-room house in New Jersey; he dates Lana Turner. Jimmy dresses like a banker, lives in hotels and dates his wife consistently.

They were never soul mates, and each has hit new heights since the divorce. Jimmy sold 5,000,000 records for Decca last year, had nine song hits on his hands (Green Eyes, Maria Elena, Amapola, I Hear a Rhapsody, Jim, My Sister and I, Blue Champagne, Yours, and High on a Windy Hill) and got \$75,000 for four weeks of film work on "The Fleet's In"—the biggest money ever paid to any maestro.

pampering papa . . .

All of which made him pretty happy. But you know what really gave him the most colossal kick of all? Being voted Outstanding Father in the Musical World. There was no standing him for days after the award was made. Jimmy—who just smiled kind of abstractedly when they told him his Maria Elena was the year's best-seller with over 1,000,000 sales—grinned and grinned when he heard about it. It's no secret what a nut he is about his ten-year-old daughter, Julie Lou. And vice versa. She's the only thing in his life he's not modest about. "I honestly think she's a little outstanding," he tells you the minute you give him an opening. "You know, pretty, bright. A marvelous kid. Not a bit musical though." She takes piano lessons but isn't so hot at it. Skates like a dream and never had a lesson in her life.

Last year she went to school in Connecticut, and the phoning to Daddy in New York was something scandalous. One night she called, insisting that he come for the Junior Prom the following Saturday. Jimmy happened to be rather tied up at the Hotel Pennsylvania right then, and tried to explain that Saturday night was quite a big night. Much tears and sobbing on the Connecticut end of the line. A very depressed Daddy on the New York end. "Good-bye, then—" almost hysterically. "Bye, honey."

That Saturday Mrs. Jimmy went up to school to bring her home for the week-end. The trip down was mostly devoted to Julie Lou's panning of Daddy. "But," said her mother, "you're too young to go to the dance even if he had been able to get away." "The big kids," announced Julie Lou, "said that if I got him there I could go to it and dance with everyone." "Ah, what a shame." "Oh, don't feel badly, Mommy. I'm used to it, now. This isn't the first time Daddy's loused things up for me. . . ."

But let anyone else mention her pop with anything less than adoration, and oh boy! "He's the sweetest man in the world, the smartest, the most marvelous bandleader and the handsomest." Tyrone Power is also handsome in Julie Lou's eyes, but not mentionable in the same breath with Daddy. Glenn Miller is also a good band leader, but ditto. Once she went to the New York Paramount and heard some other orchestra play "Flight of the Bumblebee"—Jimmy's pet piece,

and one he does wonderfully. Julie stood up on her seat. "Stop," she yelled. "You can't play my Daddy's tune."

Julie's in school in Hollywood this year, and the phoning situation is, if anything worse. Now it's can't he fly out to play for the school picnic sing or for their operetta or something.

He's always seeing a bracelet or a watch that he can't resist for Janie. Mom has just about everything in the world he can think of to give her, so when he's stuck for a new present for her he sends her dozens and dozens of flowers.

His own wants are few, and getting presents embarrasses him. Has one great passion though—brocade pajamas—and last Christmas he got twenty-two pairs.

"Now all I need is some time to sleep in 'em," he grins.

Well, gosh, Jimmy—you can't have everything!

JUKE BOX PARADE

These are the discs they're asking for more than any others around the nickel-nickel-nickel noisemakers. They change from month to month, so keep track of where *your* favorite ranks.

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Woody Herman.....Decca
Cab Calloway.....Okeh

Dear Mom

Sammy Kaye.....Victor
Kate Smith.....Columbia

Deep In The Heart Of Texas

Alvino Rey.....Bluebird
Bing Crosby.....Decca

Everything I Love

Glenn Miller.....Bluebird
Jimmy Dorsey.....Decca

I Don't Want To Walk

Harry James.....Columbia
Vaughn Monroe.....Decca

I Said No

Alvino Rey.....Bluebird
Jimmy Dorsey.....Decca

Madelaine

Bob Chester.....Bluebird
Sammy Kaye.....Victor

Moonlight Cocktails

Glenn Miller.....Bluebird
Tommy Tucker.....Okeh

On The Street Of Regret

Vaughn Monroe.....Bluebird
Sammy Kaye.....Victor

Remember Pearl Harbor

Sammy Kaye.....Victor
Glenn Miller.....Bluebird

Rose O'Day

Kate Smith.....Columbia
Woody Herman.....Decca

Somebody Else Is Taking My Place

Benny Goodman.....Okeh
Russ Morgan.....Decca

String Of Pearls

Glenn Miller.....Bluebird
Woody Herman.....Decca

This Is No Laughing Matter

Charlie Spivak.....Okeh
Sammy Kaye.....Victor

'Tis Autumn

Les Brown.....Okeh
Woody Herman.....Decca

We Did It Before

Dick Robertson.....Decca
Eddy Howard.....Columbia

We're The Couple In The Castle

Johnny Long.....Decca
Glenn Miller.....Bluebird

White Cliffs Of Dover

Sammy Kaye.....Victor
Jimmy Dorsey.....Decca

You Made Me Love You

Harry James.....Columbia

You're A Sap, Mr. Jap

Dick Robertson.....Decca
Carl Hoff.....Okeh

"I was a Part-Time Wife".

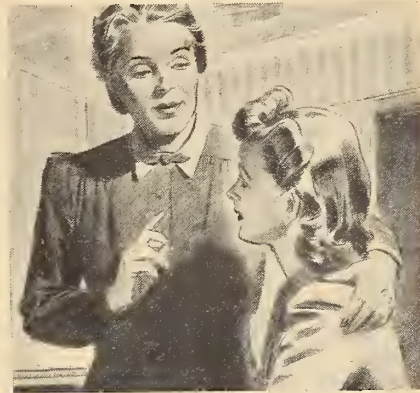
HOW MRS. E. OVERCAME THE
"ONE NEGLECT"
THAT MARS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. When Bob and I were first married, I thought we'd be the happiest pair in the world. I was a good manager, a good cook. I'd always been considered attractive. But ... well, Bob became cold, indifferent. The romantic side of our marriage simply fizzled out.



2. One morning after Bob stormed off to work in a temper, my Aunt Sue dropped in. She's a trained nurse. I couldn't help blurting out the whole story to her. "My dear," she said, "when love goes on the rocks, it's often because a woman is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene ...



3. "It's one neglect," Aunt Sue went on, "that most husbands *can't* forgive. That's why so many *modern* wives use Lysol for intimate personal protection. Lysol solution isn't only cleansing and deodorizing—it kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues. We nurses *know*."



4. Never again will I risk my happiness! I use Lysol regularly now for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle—and effective. Economical, too, because it's so diluted in use. P.S.: Bob and I are cooing like doves again.

6 Reasons for using LYSOL

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These fears are so needless!

Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and sold on a money-back guarantee, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade so beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years, proving its merit and safety.

So help yourself to happiness—today! Get a bottle of your shade of Mary T. Goldman's—in *st*ist on the original. Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 8478 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

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Address.....
City..... State.....

SUPERMAN'S KID BROTHER

(Continued from page 45)

"She just markets and fusses around. Sis helps around the house and heckles me."

He won't even phoney up a good exotic philosophy of life. His is disgustingly simple, and Nietzsche and Schopenhauer had no hand in it. "It just came to me one night," he tells you, lighting the inevitable cigarette, looking years too young to be touching the stuff. "I firmly believe that you get just about what you give in this world," and here's what makes him think so.

The night before his track team (he was quarter-miler and pole-vaulter) was to meet mortal rivals, the red-headed dream-girl on whom he was stuck—and who turned out to be a small-scale Mata Hari—gave a party. Bob was invited, and so were several lads from the rival school. Well, it was all very jolly, and redhead was never more charming. All Bob's resolves to hit the hay at an early hour were forgotten to the *huge* glee of the visiting firemen who'd arranged the party for the express purpose of keeping Rival Bob up all night—thinking, of course, to bench him for the meet.

Came the boomerang! Bob woke the next morning not even slightly tired. Feeling, moreover, like Superman on one of his good days. He discusses the incredible business dazedly. "Gosh, was I something! Ran the quarter mile in two seconds better time than I'd ever made before, and high jumped three and a half inches higher." He grins. "Those chaps thought they had me in camphor balls the night before, but they really slipped me Jesse Owens' legs for a couple of hours." He's serious again. "See what I mean about getting what you give? There were those fellows dishing out a shady deal and losing a meet they should have won. Gee, the late hours must have agreed with me—if I'd been in my usual form I wouldn't have had a chance."

dream girl...

His ideas on the ideal woman are less homespun, but just as sound. And when he talks about her, you know he's thought about the gal a lot... isn't just making her up as he goes along. "Mrs. S. is going to love the outdoor and dogs and boats. She's going to dance well, talk well and laugh a lot. She'll insist on steak seven nights a week. She won't be a gold-digger. She'll never whine, and she'll be beautiful in a scrubbed, shiny way. Yeah, and I'll find her, too." If it were two other guys talking you'd be inclined to give them the are-you-kiddin' routine. But it's Bob Sterling, so you shut up. He's been getting what he went after for years now.

First, that junior salesman job ("open to men between the ages of 18 and 20") when he was just 15. Then a wacky series of other jobs acquired God knows how. He'd had no experience in any of them. Soda jerker, singing waiter, credit manager in a tire store. And now, also without benefit of letters of introduction, he's a Hollywood star. Oh, he'll round up that wonder woman all right. You're hooked, wow frau!

It was while he was credit managing in the tire store that he began to dream about Hollywood and his name (it was William Hart then) in 1,000-watt lights. Coincidental with the dreaming binge came a three-week layoff without pay. Three weeks is a long time, seethed Bob. Boy, in just one week I could be

out in Hollywood. In two weeks I'd be practically a millionaire. Three weeks—wow! Say, in three weeks I'll be opening at Radio City Music Hall. "S'long boys," he told his electrified co-workers. "See you in the movies."

And in a week he was in California. Then something went wrong. The week he should have started in pictures he was picking oranges at fifteen cents an hour. Subsequent weeks found him patrolling a citrus grove, driving a taxi and eating infrequently. The way he tells it—"I didn't actually miss any meals, but I sure postponed a couple." He spent every quarter he could come by on the third-run movie houses and read dozens of plays at the public library. After six months of it he went to Columbia Studios, told them their search for the lead in Clifford Odets' "Golden Boy" was over.

But his friend Bill Holden had more stage experience and got the job.

Bob was taken on at Columbia for stock work, but was given about as much to do as a WPA worker and at approximately the same salary. Incensed, he got himself an agent (by the simple process of throwing a dart at the agent section of the phone book) whom he put to work getting him a new job. Twentieth Century-Fox next took him on, gave him a part in a remake of "Bad Girl," allowed him to vegetate for weeks. When option time came around and the studio had renewed it, Bob told his agent he would rather not stay there.

"That same night," Bob stated, "I went to a meeting of executive assistants with one of my pals and dropped a hint that I might be leaving Fox. The next morning my agent called. There'd been calls

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A friend of mine took Linda Darnell out on one of her first dates, here in Dallas, at a time when she didn't go out much with boys. They went to a show, and when they came home my friend kissed her good-night. He said she sure couldn't kiss then like she does now on the screen. He and I both think Hollywood girls sure must have a system all their own on the art of kissing. They should give Dallas girls some lessons on the art of kissing. We boys sure would appreciate it.

A. L. Fields,
Dallas, Texas.

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All you have to do is write us an entertaining *true* story, such as the one above, about some Hollywood star whom you've known or made faces at or met—a story which we in Movietown will never hear unless you tell it to us. Send as many as you like, and FOR EVERY ANECDOTE WE USE WE WILL MAIL YOU ONE DOLLAR.

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from three studios! Luckily, I picked M-G-M and here I am."

Yes, the 175-pound Sterling has definitely arrived, and at last he has time to catch up on his living. Time for sports and books and friends. "And hallelujah," he yells, "time to sing in the shower!" That's his vice. (In school they dubbed him Bing. Also "Two-Gun" on account of his name being William Hart. Also "Spike" because of his length. He's six feet one-and-a-half.) The Hit Parade practically in toto every day of his life! Lately the family has banished him to a bachelor suite on the top floor where he plays classical and jive records at all hours and rehearses noisily and interminably in front of mirrors.

He spends his afternoons of leisure on the golf course. Goes around in the 70's, and pros for miles and miles envy his beautiful swing. For violent exercise he boxes, but is admittedly no Joe Louis threat. Is so mad about watching the sport he averages three or four fight cards a week—hence the realistic technique in "Ringside Maisie."

top o' the world . . .

Now that he's able to read more than plays and want-ads, he concentrates on news weeklies, the Saturday Evening Post and current novels.

"The swellest part of the whole new regime," he'll tell you, "is having time for a few old-time friends." There's bowling with his ex-roommate, talent scout Henry Wilson, till the wee hours; shop talk with new star Craig Stevens; beautiful brawls at the Bob Taylors'; dinners at "Butch" Romero's new bachelor home, and discreet luncheons with Ann Sothorn.

He is a major mystery man in Hollywood in the matter of women. He has few dates, but is highly popular as a dancer and a conversationalist. He is liked enormously for his frankness, his sincerity and his amazing logic. He is invited to almost every Hollywood party of importance and was one of the guests at the Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck New Year's party, Hollywood's top social event. The affaire Sothorn started when they co-starred in "Ringside Maisie," and Ann was such a saint about teaching him little tricks of the trade. At Christmas time, Bob gave her a gold cigarette case with an inscription in it that no one but Ann's ever seen. Neither of them will divulge a word of it, and Bob gets positively dramatic when quizzed about it. While we're mentally tussling with the riddle of the cigarette case, he's off on the subject of clothes.

He never succumbed for a second to Hollywood's famous "sharp stuff"—the sunburst tie, mauve slacks and pointed shoes which are practically a uniform out there. He sticks to dark suits, except in spring or summer. Hates striped, plaid or checked suits, but can stand not-too-loud Scotch plaid socks. His sole concession to flash is a camel's hair sports coat and the midnight-blue suede strap on his square gold watch. He heard the other day that he'd been voted one of the three best-dressed men at Metro. "On account of my conservatism," he explains proudly. "How about that with all that stiff competition!" He's not smug about it. Just thrilled. The way he's thrilled about having made a picture with Garbo, and having Spencer Tracy "hi, kid" him. The way he was thrilled when he got his first fan letter. And the way he's thrilled and awed and a little humble about his new life.

Frankly, he's kind of stuck on Hollywood—and it, confidentially, is more than a little out of this world about him!



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In Action



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Arthur Murray Dancers Do!

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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

(Continued from page 15)

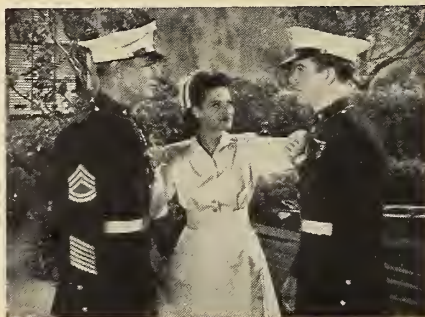
TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

Hollywood has landed on the Marines and there's quite a situation. Not that it's very novel or particularly original; this situation has done yeoman work for the Army and Navy in the past as well as its full share of civilian duty. It has more service stripes than a leather-faced top sergeant.

John Payne (Chris Winters), arrogant, supercilious but able son of Minor Watson (Captain Chris Winters) reports to Marine Base at San Diego as a recruit under his father's old war pal, Sgt. Dixie Smith (Randolph Scott). Dixie tries to whip Chris into a Marine, but Chris goes his own sweet way with everybody hating his guts.

Except the women, of course.

There are two of them: Mary Carter (Maureen O'Hara) and Helene Hunt (Nancy Kelly). Mary's a nurse and the



light of Chris' eye at the Marine Base. Helene is a beauty out of Chris' past, who knows Admirals and such and wants to get Chris a desk job in Washington, marry him and spend all her time with fascinating diplomats and suave spies.

Things blow up nicely when Dixie loses his Sgt. rating taking a rap for Chris. Mary Carter turns her attractive back on Chris; his mess mates give him the silent treatment. And Chris is ready to take up Helene and Washington. But maneuvers are announced just then and off Chris goes.

There's a climax with Dixie stranded on a target boat. Chris risks life and limb, takes a launch through the shell fire, rescues Dixie and is the hero of the hour. But Chris is still bitter; he's still going to Washington. Helene, here we come.

At the last moment he sees his company marking off to transports for Iceland. That's too much for Chris. He ducks Helene, forgets about the desk job and goes off with the Marines. And on the boat, with enough warmth in her eyes to melt Iceland's keenest blasts, is Mary Carter.

There's nothing much wrong with "To The Shores of Tripoli"; it's standard, fairly slick, funny perhaps, with a quota of Marine scenes in it to make it authentic. Maybe that's all you can ask. No doubt the Marines have an eye for a well-turned ankle; but these days it's more likely that their eyes are turned to Wake Island and a couple of other places.

Hollywood, please note.—T.C.F.

P. S.

Maureen O'Hara discovered more men staring at her legs when she wore white

cotton stockings, than when she donned sheer silk hose . . . Nancy Kelly, Maureen's rival for John Payne's affections in the film, persuaded the O'Hara to make a bet with her and see which gal could make John spend the most time with her between scenes. Director "Lucky" Humberstone heard about it, settled it pronto by ordering Payne to stay in his dressing room and study dialogue . . . Basil Walker, after playing a Marine for six weeks, signed up with Uncle Sam's Navy . . . Members of the technical crew were trapped in the islands December seventh . . . Photographers with the group filmed some of the ensuing Pacific naval action and turned the results over to the government . . . In one of the last scenes, Payne jumps into a marching regiment of Marines and starts changing his civilian clothes for his uniform. The action was filmed near the studio's business offices, and the windows were crowded with stenographers, watching to see how many takes Payne needed to effect a perfect shirt-and-trouser transfer . . . Randolph Scott has appeared in so many military roles, the part of Sergeant Dixie Smith was a breeze. In the drill scenes of the film, he led real Marines through real maneuvers, earned their respect by doing it perfectly . . . Three technical experts were on hand to check the work of Frank Orth. Orth plays a Marine Corps barber who cuts Payne's hair down to the bone, as per regulations . . . Maxie Rosenbloom accidentally landed a couple of blows on Edmund MacDonald while demonstrating his Sunday punches for the Marines at San Diego . . . He was so thrilled and excited, he immediately challenged Joe Louis—for the 22nd time.

EAGLE SQUADRON

It's no longer news, of course, that in the days before Pearl Harbor a group of Americans flew with the RAF. Some



of them came out of conviction, some for the ride, some for adventure, a few for pay; but whatever their reasons they were in the air in their Hurricanes and Spitfires at a time when England desperately needed trained pilots. The Eagle Squadron is already history and part legend; in this picture the camera rides the sky with its pilots.

Even an air picture has to be earth-bound at times for reasons of plot. After all, there is always a girl, there is always love, and no one will begrudge the script the time needed to cover these essentials. "Eagle Squadron" fills these spaces with a sturdy story.

Chuck Brewer (Robert Stack) follows his pal Johnny Coe (Leif Erikson)

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

to England and joins the Eagle Squadron not so much out of conviction as merely to be along with Johnny. On their first sweep over France Johnny is shot down, and Chuck is bewildered and embittered by the unemotional response of the other pilots. He can't understand that their casual acceptance of death is the only way they can preserve sanity in a service that may see their brothers, best friends or even themselves, shot down in flames each time they take to the air.

It takes the love of a girl, Anne Partridge (Diana Barrymore), to show him that English reserve doesn't mean coldness. Their love story is told amid raids, blitz and war duty among familiar English scenes and some not so familiar. And it's carefully done to show as much of England's war work as possible; their love story takes them to air-raided London, out with England's refuge children, to the danger zones of Dover, to air fields and smoky bistros.

"Eagle Squadron" is by no means merely the story of these two. There are a host of interesting characters spotted throughout. Nigel Bruce, John Loder, Jon Hall, Edgar Barrier and Eddie Albert all have parts of consequence. It's the story of a whole group, well handled and with building suspense.

Not the least interesting feature is the sense it gives of the many jobs women are doing today in England. There's a girl, for instance, who ferries planes to outlying airfields; there are women in important jobs in communications keeping radio contact with pilots, plotting the course of air raids over England; women in the WAAF and women driving trucks in the Transport Service. The women of England are doing the job.

But the big story of "Eagle Squadron" is in the streamlined noses of the planes they fly and the details of life among the pilots. For good measure the picture ends with a Commando raid on an airfield in occupied France; the raid, to top it all, ends with an air fight over the Channel. "Eagle Squadron" doesn't skimp on any of these essentials.

Better than any other medium, the movies have been able to catch the poetry, excitement and reality of flight. Let a camera follow an airplane off the ground, and the screen itself seems to become as wide as the sky. Once in the skies, an air picture, almost by definition, is tense, exciting and satisfying.—Univ.

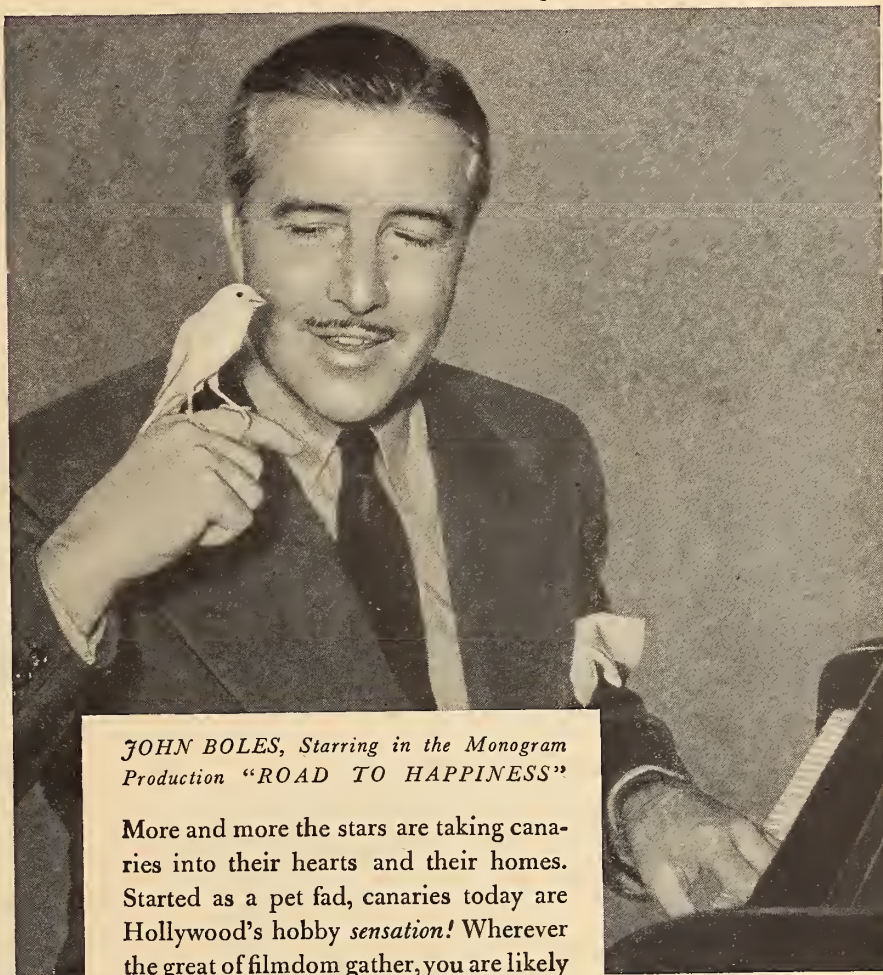
P. S.

The foreword by Quentin Reynolds cost Universal \$7500. Quentin says he would have done it for nothing, if they'd asked him. He broke down in the middle of his script when he caught sight of young Gene Tobin pictured in the English footage that ran with his commentary. Gene was the young boy Reynolds was going to adopt, if the lad hadn't been killed on his 21st birthday . . . Altogether, 12,000 feet of English film was used . . . This is the third picture in which Bob Stack plays a pilot. He was a Nazi flyer in "Mortal Storm" and a Polish aviator in "To Be or Not To Be" . . . Jill Esmond, who plays Diana Barrymore's friend, is the former Mrs. Laurence Olivier . . . During production, Director Arthur Lubin bought a station wagon and joined Lewis Stone's Ambulance Corps . . . John Loder, signed to play an identical Squadron Leader role in a picture with Errol Flynn, obtained his release so he

(Continued on page 98)

"You're Good Company for yourself—with a Canary hanging around!"

John Boles



JOHN BOLES, Starring in the Monogram Production "ROAD TO HAPPINESS"

More and more the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby sensation! Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting everyone's spirits with his happy song.

A canary takes but little care, and will give you matchless hours of loving companionship. Take the canary "road to happiness!" Let one of these gay little pets keep your heart buoyant in these trying times.



Send for FREE 76-page illustrated book on Canaries. Just mail your name and address, on a penny post card, to The R. T. French Company, 2483 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

In Hollywood
FRENCH'S BIRD SEED IS THE FAVORITE... 4 to 1

Keep your canary happy, healthy and singing. FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit included FREE) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Today—and every day—feed your canary FRENCH'S.



THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

CANDIDLY YOURS

Sophisticated sixteen-year-old Jane Withers at an Earl Corroll party, jitterbugged the night away with handsome boyfriend A. C. Lyles, Jr., young Paramount publicity man who dotes most of the young glamorites.



Moureen O'Hara won the acting award at the N. Y. Gaelic Society after her new husband, Will Price, coached her in "How Green" role.



Erroll Flynn and Lono Turner took time out for radio after he'd gotten his final Americanization papers and skiing vocation, and she'd evaded all T. Dorsey gossips!



On their return from a vacation at Del Monte where they were wed in 1939, the Brion Aherne celebrated at Mocombo. They've adopted two war orphans.

HOW THEY SPEND THEIR MONEY

(Continued from page 43)

Her philosophy of spending is roughly as follows. If she sees something she likes and wants, she buys it. She won't haggle or go round looking for little shops where she might get it cheaper. On the other hand, she doesn't go in for extravagances in daily living—has no secretary, for instance. Her mother would be glad to take that work off her hands, but she gets a kick out of doing it for herself.

Also she hates to be taken advantage of and cited a man she knew who totes up every item on a restaurant bill. He's willing to pay thirty dollars for a cup of coffee if that's what a cup of coffee's worth, but he won't play the sucker and be overcharged and smile. That's Betty.

She's not terribly clothes-minded. If she were Jo Blow, she thinks she'd wear slacks and be done with it. But a movie star who's not well-dressed harms herself. So she feels it's not smart to economize on wardrobe.

She never says, "I need a new dress, I'll go shopping," but buys what she happens to see and like. Only her suits and evening gowns are made to order, and only on those does she spend much money. Three hundred is par for an evening gown, and she buys them mostly for New York where you have to dress. She and George both hate getting toggled out, and she owns dresses she's never worn in Hollywood.

She likes herself best in suits, has them made by a men's tailor and pays between a hundred fifty and a hundred seventy-five. But they wear and wear

and never go out of style. She's got four- and five-year-old suits in her closet which she still uses. Hats and gloves cost nothing, she won't wear them. She hasn't bought stockings in years, George just gave her four dozen. Like Anne Gwynne she's extravagant about shoes, can't resist them, pays about fifteen dollars and soothes her conscience by remembering that her sister wears the same size and can step right into them. She indulges herself in the luxury of handmade chiffon panties, embroidered with Betty, but saves on bras and girdles. Her figure needs neither.

In addition to the gardener, who comes three times weekly for twenty a month, she normally employs a cook and houseman, married, and pays them a hundred-seventy-five. Right now, she has no one, and thereby hangs a tragedy. One evening, just before her trip East, the family went out. Returning, Betty found her staff on a spree, and Clinker, the beguiling poodle George gave her for Christmas, limp on the road, crushed to death by a car. She could find no words for her woe, but plenty for her wrath. The servants were dismissed. With Betty and Mrs. Grable leaving, her sister refused to have others engaged till they got back.

Weekly shampoos and manicures, plus tips, come to about thirty a month. Betty used to do her own nails, but they kept on breaking. She can apply polish like mad though, and does, sometimes even at the beauty parlor if the girls are busy. No permanents—her hair has a natural

curl—no facials, and she plucks her own eyebrows. Occasionally she'll treat herself to a pedicure for the logical reason that she thinks feet are horrible. Ask her why, and she shrugs. "They're just not very pretty, that's all." But toenails painted to match the fingernails takes the curse off—a little.

George gives her perfume. She uses one bottle till it's finished, then fills it with tea and puts it back on her dresser, because the bottles are too pretty to throw away. A pushover for lipsticks and angora socks, she had a lovely time the other day buying five of each at a buck apiece. Why she's so crazy about lipsticks she doesn't know, except that when she uses a fresh one, it makes her feel good.

Change from a dollar always goes into defense stamps for Peter. Of his Christmas gifts, a train and what he calls his "defense bomb book" thrilled him most. Only on horses has she ever thrown money away. George gave her two, both crawlers. Knowing they can't win, she still bets on them so their feelings won't be hurt. For their sake and hers, she's glad the races were cancelled this year.

Books and magazines cost about twenty a month. She can't go to sleep without reading. Some books she buys, others she borrows from a lending library. Passing an anti-aircraft station setup near her home not long ago, she caught a glimpse of the kids reading tattered newspapers. Now all her magazines and some of her books go to the kids. So does the weekly carton, sent her by



**Hollywood's best bet
for good taste**

Wally Westmore is head of Paramount's make-up department. His good taste is tops in the art of make-up. Here's Wally—behind the scenes, working on a shot for "Dr. Broadway."

Hollywood's and all America's best bet for better taste is Pepsi-Cola . . . finer flavored and pure all the way, first sip to last. And when you want a lot, those 12 full ounces do the job for a nickel. Give yourself a big treat today . . . a Pepsi-Cola.

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



★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

Chesterfield. She's a cigarette-moocher, not as a measure of economy, but because her own vanish. George smokes Luckies—maybe a pack a week—but keeps a special mooching pack of Chesterfields in his pocket for Betty. He wouldn't have to, she says. For free, she'd smoke anything.

Her toughest job is finding ways to spend money on George, who's a more accomplished giver than taker. In Miami, where she went for the premiere of "Song of the Island," she hunted high and low till she dug up the kind of lovely Swiss handkerchiefs which are getting scarce now. She's having them initialled and thinks George will be pleased. His pet things are handkerchiefs.

For Christmas she gave him a cat's-eye ring. She didn't expect him to discard his favorite star ruby and knew he wouldn't wear two. "I happen to like cat's-eye," she said. "Just wear mine once in a while."

Which does he wear all the time, students? Cat's-eye is right.

Anne Gwynne

Ann thinks if she kept a budget, she could probably cut the corners a little closer. But first, she's too lazy and besides, the Scotch in her acts as a monitor. She used to be more Scotch, she says, but has loosened up since she's got more money to spend. As don't we all?

Her ace-in-the-hole is papa, who pays the rent. He spends about six months in Hollywood, six in New York on busi-

ness. He hates restaurants, so when he's at home, Mrs. Gwynne does the cooking. Otherwise, because of the irregularity of Anne's hours, she and her mother eat at small places near the apartment. Dinners average between seventy-five cents and a dollar. Only on special occasions like birthdays, do they fly as high as two or two and a half. Anne notes, with a tinge of regret, that she gets more two-fifty meals than her mother, on account of Saturday and Sunday dates. She'd rather not say whom she's dating at the moment, since she's off and on so much that it might be somebody else by the time this sees print. Not that she's fickle, just likes new interests. "No doubt they get tired of me, too," says Anne.

Monthly payments on her car come to forty-one-eighty. After wistfully eyeing a Cadillac, she compromised on a Chevrolet convertible and satisfied her yearning for dash by getting yellow. Seeing a neat primrose job headed for Universal, people say, "There goes Anne." She gets what she calls a juvenile kick out of that.

Gas and oil used to be twenty-five a month. Mrs. Gwynne loves to drive, and every Sunday Anne would take her over the hills and far away to Palm Springs or such. Now, like good citizens, they stay home or travel by train and use the car strictly for business, which cuts bills more than half.

Last month Anne bought a ten-dollar pair of slacks, and that's all in the wardrobe line, but guesses her clothes average about fifty a month. She describes her-

self as the medium type, between tailored and fluffy, depending on her mood. If she doesn't happen to have what she's moody about, she wears what she's got.

Shoes are her passion, and hats her hate. She pays between ten and twelve for one, as little as possible for the other. By choice she'd go bareheaded all the time, but this annoys Daddy who with true paternal exaggeration says: "Once in my life I'd like to see you in a hat." Anyway, you've got to have an occasional hat for cocktail parties or when you go out at night. Her mother picks them because she's got better taste than her daughter, says Anne. What with birthdays and Christmas, she doesn't remember when she's spent money on stockings.

Phone, including long distance and wires—ten dollars. Utilities and the laundering of household linen are covered by rent. Anne does her own stockings and underwear by her own method, she doesn't like other people fooling with them. Cleaning's an item—twenty a month when she's working. The grease of make-up stains the slacks and blouses you wear to the studio, but you've got to look fresh and can't economize on cleaning.

They don't entertain much. Mrs. Gwynne doesn't like to do things without Anne, and Anne has a busy schedule at Universal. Right now she's up to her ears in "Broadway" with George Raft. Occasionally they take people out to dinner—a two-fifty dinner. When friends drop in for bridge, they serve sandwiches, ice cream and cake. They don't drink, but bought a bottle of whiskey at New Year's—four-twenty-five—for eggnog to serve their guests.

Membership Guild, social security and old-age pension take thirty a month, income tax fifty. Last month Anne contributed twenty-five dollars to various charities. She'd planned to take out another annuity—her present premium is fifty a month—but buys a hundred-dollar defense bond each month instead.

Last month she had no time for movies or sports. Off a picture, she'll take her mother to the movies a couple of times weekly. She rides better than she plays tennis, swims better than either and loves all three. Riding costs her a dollar-fifty, tennis sixty cents, swimming fifty cents. She buys her mother perfume on birthdays and Easter and St. Valentine's, then uses her mother's.

About seven-fifty a month goes in tips. She thinks good service should be paid for and poor service shouldn't.

Once she planned to be a lawyer, and went to business school. What's left of that plan is a knowledge of shorthand and typing, so she rents a typewriter for three dollars to answer fan mail. Gum's responsible for an outlay of two-fifty a month, maybe, because she chews a stick just long enough to get the sweet out of it, but saves a nickel by buying three for a dime. When excited, she chews so furiously people howl at her to stop. She knows chewing's not lady-like, but she doesn't smoke or bite her nails, and a girl must do something.

Her ambition is to win the Academy Award some day. Her best friend is Mary Lou Cook of the Merry Macs. It took her two years to find a girl friend she could pour out her soul to. But Mary Lou, says Anne, was worth waiting for.

The Ronnie Reagans

Jane and Ronnie pool their money in one joint income. It's a system which works fine for them though they're frank to admit that, men being what they are,

FREE OFFER!

Mail us your answers to the questionnaire below. If your letter is among the FIRST 1500 to reach us, you will receive a FREE COPY of Dell's gorgeous SCREEN ALBUM—containing autographed portraits and fact-jammed biographies of your favorite movie stars, such as Deanna Durbin, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Linda Darnell and dozens of others. Letters postmarked later than April 3rd will not be honored. So get your questionnaire into the mail-box this minute!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our May issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <i>Superman's Kid Brother (Sterling)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Marriage That Couldn't Happen (Brent-Sheridan)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Divorce That Couldn't Happen (Payne-Shirley)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Gorgeous Hunk (Mature)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Made in Heaven (The Holdens)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>I Married an Angel</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Juke Boy (Dorsey)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>How They Spend Their Money</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | <i>Good News</i> <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.....

What 3 bands would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.....

My name is.....

My address..... City..... State.....

I am years of age.

**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN,
149 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.**

it might not have worked so fine, had their proportionate earning capacities been reversed. Ronnie's salary has at all times since their marriage equalled or exceeded Jane's.

Their agent picks up the checks, deducts his ten per cent commission, enters sixty per cent in their savings, forty per cent in their checking account. Half their savings are set aside for income tax. This year they expect to hand Uncle Sam, cheerfully, all of Jane's salary and part of Ronnie's in tax, then put the bulk of their surplus into defense bonds. Ten per cent goes to charity. Ronnie has a kind of feeling about tithes.

They've just built a seven-room house at a cost of fifteen thousand, and had it financed by FHA on a twenty-year loan, though this year's income tax would cover the cost of the house. Monthly payments, including taxes and interest, come to a hundred twenty-five. They've seen too many people build mansions, which are swell, says Ronnie, while you're making the dough, but comes the day when you're not, then what?

In building they allowed themselves two extravagances, and only two—an extra large living room, which they combined with the space most people reserve for a den—and two combination bathrooms and dressing rooms, where they can dress from nothing to an overcoat without bumping noses when they're both hustling out for an early studio call.

Monthly food bills for the household of five—papa, mama, baby, nurse and maid—average ninety dollars. Velma, their domestic jewel who believes in no waste, rules that department. They never know what's for dinner, except if it's roast tonight, you can bet five dollars it'll be stew tomorrow. When it comes to fowl, they're Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt.

Ronnie can eat no white, his wife can eat no dark, so she takes the breast, and he takes the legs, and they wipe the platter clean.

Velma indulges their whims up to a point, doesn't make Ronnie eat the liver he loathes, but insists on cooking certain despised vegetables for Jane because they're good for her. Feeling abused but noble, she eats them. Velma and the nurse are paid average wages—what, the Reagans would rather not say.

Ronnie's '38 LaSalle and Jane's '41 Cadillac take about thirty dollars in gas and oil. They take no trips, both because of tire rationing, and because it's too tough to find time when they're both off. Anyway, they'd rather stay with Maureen.

Last month, being close to Christmas, they bought no clothes. Jane furnishes her own shoes and hose in pictures. She doesn't budget her wardrobe, just keeps it, like everything else, within checking account limits. Maybe she'll come home and rave about a dress. "Can we afford it, Ronnie?"

"Better wait till next month," says the lord and master. Or: "Go ahead. We've got some money in the bank."

Ronnie maintains a wardrobe of from eight to ten suits at about a hundred per, which calls for, say, two replacements a year and is considered skimpy for a movie star. In a modern-clothes picture, you may have to make fourteen changes. But watch Ronnie closely, and you'll see him step blithely into Scene 16, garbed as he was in Scene 3 but pretending he isn't. When you've worn the same suit in too many pictures, you get a broad hint, which means that somebody's in for a present of clothes. Ronnie can't wear his out off-screen, being a strictly slacks-and-sports-coat guy. To

the non-professional Reagan, a suit's something you're occasionally dragged into.

Utilities—twenty-five. This would be less, except that Jane always leaves lights on. It would be more, except that Ronnie trails her and turns them off. Laundry and cleaning—thirty-five. Ronnie will be relieved when they get their Bendix, and the baby's laundry can be done at home. Not that he begrudges his daughter her cleanliness, but only by gritting his teeth can he bring himself to sit down and write out a check to something called the Dainty Dy-dee Baby Laundry, Inc.

Maureen's not an expensive child. The house is so cluttered with dolls and toys, contributed by kind friends, that her parents can hardly kick their way through. She gets the usual baby shots but, since they're administered by the family doctor who doesn't soak the Reagans for being movie players, they cost the usual five dollars per shot. Jane and Ronnie are healthy. Their medical expense is confined to seeing the dentist twice a year and paying him five bucks to clean their teeth.

Each gets an allowance of twenty-five a week, which goes for such items as lunch, movies, golf balls, caddy fees, riding, swimming, cigarettes, magazines, parking, tipping. Ronnie goes overboard on pipes. He hoards paper clips from advertising matter and the rubber bands 'round the morning paper. Jane has no small economies. Small china things in antique shops are her ruin. A couple of weeks ago, she invested ten dollars of her allowance in defense stamps for Maureen. That made her feel so angelic, that the next week she squandered fifteen in an antique shop and had to borrow lunch money from her husband.

P.S.—He made her pay it back.

ALL SMOKERS INHALE—

**BUT YOUR THROAT
NEEDN'T KNOW IT!**

The thing to think about is—*what cigarette* you smoke. Look what eminent doctors found—on comparing the leading favorite cigarettes:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

No finer tobaccos grow than those in PHILIP MORRIS. But—in addition—PHILIP MORRIS give you this exclusive, *proved protection!*

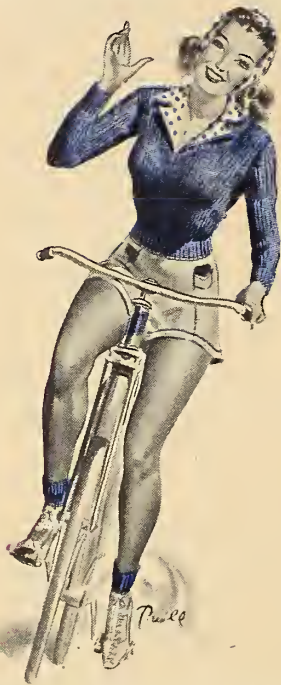


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America's Finest Cigarette

Which Tampon?

WHY—WHEN—HOW!



FIBS—THE KOTEX TAMPON— merits your confidence! Ideal when wearing a play suit, shorts or even a bathing suit . . . with nobody the wiser! Worn internally, Fibs provide invisible sanitary protection . . . no pins, pads or belts . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.



FULL DOZEN ONLY 20¢. Not 8—not 10—but 12 for 20¢. And only Fibs are quilted for greater comfort and safety . . . easy to insert without artificial means. (When you buy Fibs, you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion . . . for none is needed.) Next time buy Fibs, the tampon you can trust. Fibs save you money, too.

FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon



NOT 8—NOT 10—BUT
12 FOR 20¢

(★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

SPEAK OUT FOR BEAUTY

(Continued from page 61)

as frequently about women's voices as they do about their faces or figures. They warn us against the "subway voice," which sounds as though the speaker is trying always to shout down the roar of the trains. A periodic house-cleaning to discard outmoded overly used words and phrases has been suggested. Words like "cute," "divine" and "definitely" are all right in their place, but, as the men folks say, their place is not in every sentence.

A vocal mirror, it seems, would give most people quite a shock. If you are not voice conscious, it would be a good idea to check up on your sound effects. You can do this by cupping your ears with your hands and standing a foot away from a flat wooden surface. Listen for harsh or flat sounds and for others that may be too loud, rasping, monotonous, whiny, sing-song or squeaking. Once you are aware of your defects, you have a start on voice beauty. Notice particularly how you pronounce "t" and "d." They should be distinctly controlled sounds. Then, look in the mirror to notice whether or not you open your lips when you talk. If you do, it is an indication of careful enunciation which, even to a deaf person, is more valuable than shouting.

When you go about correcting the faults you may find in your own voice, the first step is to gain breath control. Both speech and singing are produced by the physical act of exhaling. Good posture and diaphragm control and the position of your mouth and tongue help maintain an easy flow of breath, while lack of breath control makes everyday speech sound sloppy and creates hard, nasal tones. You can also help yourself to a beautiful voice by keeping your lower jaw relaxed. Never press your teeth tightly together nor hold your tongue stiffly against the roof of your mouth. Only relaxation can produce a mellow voice. For constantly beautiful speech, try always to be as voice conscious as you are over the telephone. Almost everyone is particularly careful with her voice when using the telephone, probably because one depends entirely upon speech for a good impression upon another person. So we would like to suggest that you speak at all times as though on your voice alone depended a good impression. It does.

watch that chinline . . .

Another beauty spot that can enhance or sabotage your smile is your chin line. The firm youthful contours of your chin, throat and underchin will benefit by simple nightly treatment. After cleansing, apply cream to your throat and underchin. Massage upward over neck muscles, beginning low on your chest and working toward your jawline. Repeat for 5 minutes with firm even strokes, then remove the cream with a cleansing tissue moistened with skin freshener. A profile view of your chin and jawline daily will remind you to keep them in shape. Exercise, too, will strengthen and firm neck muscles. The pleasantest "drill," of course, is chewing gum, so you can work on that chinline even at the ball game. "Star gazing" is also an excellent exercise. Clasp hands at the back of your neck to hold your head down, bringing your face gradually upward to look at the sky. You will feel

your whole back straightening. Bring your head back as far as possible before letting it drop forward again. Repeat 10 times at first and increase as you progress. Equally good is the following routine. Swing your head slowly around in a complete circle, first down in front, to the right, then back and to the left shoulder. Describe these circles 5 times each way, right to left first, then reverse. Poor posture is as often the cause of double chins and flabby necklines as age or fat, so resolve with a will to sit straight and to hold your head up. Forsake the luxury of a very fat pillow, too, if you want a youthful chinline.

All this sets the stage for a beautiful mouth and a bewitching smile. So don't spoil the picture with those annoying little mouth mannerisms that lose friends and discourage suitors. Don't be guilty of twitching lips, pursing your mouth or talking to yourself. Such habits betray nervousness and cause it in others. Constantly biting your lips or your nails has the same effect, and it certainly doesn't improve their appearance. Chewing gum is always good exercise for your mouth and chin muscles, but it is good manners only when you chew with your lips closed. Watch the direction of your cough and always carry a hanky to catch a stray sneeze. No one, not even the most enamored admirer, appreciates your lip print on his shirt front; and a smear of red on cups, glasses or napkins makes an unpleasant impression, particularly on your hostess. So blot your lips with cleansing tissue an extra time after making up your lips.

Worse than to have a less than perfect smile is to be known as the girl with a perpetual frown, so perk up and have a gay look. Then see that your teeth, lips, voice, chinline and mannerisms are top-flight. With so much in favor of the happy countenance, you are in no danger of being called a gloomy glum if you give yourself the assurance of a happy smile you will want ever on display.

Remember, a friendly, confident smile attracts more beaux and wins friends, so keep your teeth bright and free of unattractive smudges. Iodent Tooth Paste will aid your tooth brush in keeping your teeth radiant, and it gently but firmly removes accumulations and smoke smudges. If your teeth are easy to brighten, Iodent No. 1 is best for you. If you have stubborn smudges or stains, try Iodent No. 2. Whichever you choose, you'll like the refreshed feeling that Iodent Tooth Paste gives your mouth.

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGES 62 and 63

The play suit, evening dress and housecoat made in the All American Cotton Boll print, a Pacific Factag fabric, are available at James McCreery, N. Y., for little coin.

Red skirt, vest and blouse ensemble from Loma Leads, \$8.95 at Mabley Carew, Cincinnati; rose print dress and spun linen jacket, also Loma Leads, \$8.95, at Crowley Milner, Detroit.

Two Kay Dunhill originals; white with red pockets, \$10.98; palm leaf print, \$7.98, at Scruggs-Vandervoort, St. Louis, Mo.

HOLD THAT SMILE

(Continued from page 57)

bristles are firm and stiff, generally about two months. The minute one of yours becomes worn or soft, replace it at once.

No matter how carefully you brush your teeth, there are always small spaces between them that even the best-designed brush can't reach, so follow up with dental floss. Pull it gently down between your teeth, taking care not to jerk it and cut your gums. Draw it back and forth carefully until all food particles, etc., are dislodged. This is an important "must" for you girls whose teeth are spaced very close together.

If with all this scouring and polishing, your teeth don't become a sparkling white, don't be discouraged. Nobody's really are. Natural shades vary from pale ivory to cream and some have pink, blue or gray undertones. Teeth only seem to be white in contrast to deeper skin coloring and vivid shades of lipstick.

Your smile may be a honey, but it won't win the admiration it deserves unless your breath is always fresh and fragrant, too. Unpleasant breath springs from so many causes—improperly chewed or volatile food, indigestion, irritated gums, colds, etc.—that no one, no matter how fastidious, is entirely immune to this social hazard unless extra precautions are taken. Brushing your teeth regularly after every meal will remove food particles that may become odorous, but be sure to use also a good mouth wash after every meal and before you retire at night. Swish it around in your mouth a minute or so until the inside feels clean and invigorated. Another good way to ward off offensive breath is to clean your tongue whenever you brush your teeth. Your tooth brush or a special rubber brush will do the job effectively, or you can use a piece of gauze moistened with mouth wash. Chewing gum during the day is also good insurance for a fragrant breath.

You hear a lot these days about stimulating and massaging gums for healthy bright teeth, and here's why it's necessary. In olden times, people ate coarse, harsh foods which gave gums the invigoration and exercise they needed to keep them hard and strong enough to hold teeth firm. However, in these days of highly refined, easy-to-chew foods, gums are apt to become soft and sluggish, and they require supplementary exercise. To give yours the workout they need, massage your gums with your brush whenever you clean your teeth. And before retiring at night, massage your dentifrice into your gums, using a special finger gadget or your finger wrapped in sterilized gauze. Chewing gum and eating crisp, crunchy foods, such as toast, cabbage, carrots and the like, are also grand stimulators and toners.

good food for good teeth . . .

Incidentally, I wonder if you realize how important the kind of food you eat is to the health and beauty of your teeth. Your dentist doesn't need psychic powers to tell you when you haven't been drinking your quota of fruit juices and milk. The evidence lies in the condition of your mouth and teeth. To have teeth that do you proud, now and when you are an old lady, you need to eat three well-balanced meals daily which include plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables. And do drink some milk every day. Milk, particularly, is an excellent source of vitamin D, also calcium and phos-

Ribbon adds Charm . .

"I'll buy ten cents worth of RIBBON and retrim this hat for Easter!"

"Darling, that's a beautiful hat!"

"And see how perfectly it matches my Easter outfit."

THE LOVELIEST EASTER BONNET
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Of course, ask for

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"YANKEE DOODLE
DANDY"



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with Olive Oil because
it's **APPROVED** by
★ Highest Authorities"

If you have dry or sensitive skin, you will be simply delighted to discover these wonderful Special Formula Creams. They were made for you!

So fine . . . so pure! No wonder famous stars endorse them. No wonder they receive professional recognition.

Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil is a glorious all-purpose cream. Smooths and softens dry skin . . . relieves that drawn feeling. Grand for overnight use.

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Lander's Milk Emulsion Cleanser gives sensitive skin that peaches and cream look—exquisitely fresh and clean!

A big jar of each cream only 10¢ at your 10¢ store. Amazing value. Get some.

★ **THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION** accepts these creams for advertising in their Journal because they are fine and pure . . . and because our advertising tells the truth.



FOR VICTORY • Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps

phorus—all essential for healthy teeth and firm gums.

Are you ever bothered by gums that are sore, puffy and bleeding? If so, you'd better check up on your habits. The condition may be due to careless cleansing, lack of stimulation or dietary deficiency. Whatever the cause, look to your mouth hygiene and personal health, and hie yourself to a dentist for medication and treatment. One of the best things you yourself can do to stimulate your gums and give them a healthy red color instead of an unattractive white cast, is to brush them when you brush your teeth, lightly at first, more vigorously when they are used to it.

When mother was a girl, a crooked or badly spaced set of teeth was a cross to bear with patience and resignation, but not so any more. These days every girl has an equal chance for an engaging smile, for modern orthodontia (tooth straightening) can realign crooked teeth and "cap" broken or jagged ones so they look as attractive as naturally perfect ones. Even if you are out of your teens, the job can be performed successfully, and it's a good idea to have it done not only for beauty's sake, but for your health. Irregular teeth spoil your "bite" and make for incomplete chewing and poor digestion.

Of course, there is some trouble and expense involved, so if you are still in the formative years (under twenty), watch your habits. Protruding and badly spaced teeth have been traced to sleeping on your hand every night, resting your chin continuously on your hand while you work, breathing through your mouth, etc. And, of course, such habits

as chewing pencils, snipping threads with teeth never did any teeth—even grown-up ones—any good, but we don't need to caution fastidious girls about that.

A friendly smile, backed by two rows of sound, radiant teeth is an invitation to friendship and happiness. Give your teeth the everyday care they need and you'll hold that winning smile through the years.

Get out your powder puff—and let Pond's Dreamflower Powder help make you prettier this spring. It's available in six delightful new shades that are warmer, rosier in cast and bring life and sparkle to your skin—natural, rachel, rose cream, brunette, dark rachel and dusk rose. From this selection, you'll be able to find a shade for both daytime and evening that will suit just you and will flatter other make-up. Why not try Pond's Dreamflower Powder today. It's petal soft, clings for hours and gives your skin that enviable, youthful look.

Although it takes a lot of shopping about to harmonize a spring wardrobe, it's easy to ensemble a complete set of mouth hygiene aids. The Pepsodent Company has them all. To keep teeth bright and clean, you can select either a special 50-tuft brush with a small head and synthetic bristles, or a new professional type brush with natural bristles. And you have three types of excellent dentifrices to choose from—paste, powder and liquid. All contain Irium, that ace-beautifier of teeth. Complete the ensemble with a bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic and use it after every meal to be assured of a breath that's always fresh and pleasant.

THE MARRIAGE THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN

(Continued from page 52)

an old stage trick to try to break up another actor."

He went on to tell about the night the blond juvenile appeared in the wings wearing a coal-black mustache. Then there was the case of the chap with rare muscular control who could hold one eye dead ahead while the other revolved in its socket in a small, unhappy circle. This sub rosa stunt was calculated to break up the most seasoned trouper.

Ann asked what had come before those days on the New York stage, so George went back to the Irish period. One has to hear George actually story-telling to appreciate the extent of his vocabulary and the talent he has for turning a phrase. The timbre of his voice, too, lends music to his words.

He told about the grim old castles and the thatched cottages. He told about gnomes who live in Irish dells and about the banshee that wails before a man dies. He told, modestly, about his own escape through strange, forbidding streets; about hiding in doorways, his heart beating loud enough to make his eardrums pop, while a bobby walked by; about being so enamoured of adventure that he didn't realize his danger.

When Ann told him good night at the door, she extended her hand. "Brent," she said, "you're okay."

"Red," said Brent, "the same to you." Several days later, George met Ann on the lot. "Will you have dinner with me tonight?" he asked.

"Could be," grinned Ann.

"You name the place, Tex."

"Okay. La Bomba."

At that, George executed what Ann calls "his triple-take." His eyes pop

wide, his shoulders go up and his neck thrusts out. It's one of the funniest gestures on earth, and George uses it to indicate excessive surprise.

"I beg pardon. Where did you say?"

So Ann explained. La Bomba was a small but colorful night club down near Olvera Street and the old Plaza. The food was excellent, although peppery; the music was strictly maracha.

Mr. Brent, who is good at pantomime, put on an imaginary sombrero and ad-justed an invisible serape. "La Bomba," he said, "here we come. Muy bien."

They danced the conga and the rumba, say nothing of now and then a tango. By way of approval Ann told George that he had a pair of educated zapatos (shoes). And she called him Jorge (pronounced Horrhee, the Spanish version of George).

When they returned to their table, an ambitious young man came over and said with great sincerity, "Could I have the next dance, Miss Sheridan? How about a whirl?" He pronounced it "whoil."

This same thing had happened before, so Ann had a pre-fabricated answer. "No, thank you. I dance only with my escort."

whoil goil . . .

The presumptuous lad didn't get his dance, but he had supplied George and Ann with a permanent catch phrase. From that day on, George has never asked Ann to "dance." He teasingly says, "How about a whoil?" When he thinks it is time to leave a party, he invariably asks her, "Shall we whoil, Tex?"

One week-end, George was entertaining a party of friends on his boat, so he asked Ann to ride down with him. On the way to the harbor, they became two tiny stars in a vast milky way of traffic. The car inched along as George was unable to fight his way to the outside lane which was moving slightly faster. Someone recognized the double prides of Warners Brothers. "Yoo-hoo, George!" someone called. "Hello, Annie!"

That was taken up. As car after car passed there was whistling, shouting, demands for autographs from the holiday crowds.

George's neck reddened; Ann's forehead glowed. They were two horribly embarrassed people, unable to pass off the situation or to escape from it. For twenty miles they endured all kinds of good-natured, but painful ribbing from the lordly public, then George turned into a side road, took a short-cut and scorched the rest of the way to the harbor.

As he helped Ann out of the car, George shook his head ruefully. "Sorry to have subjected you to that, Red," he apologized.

It had begun to be funny to Ann. "Gee," she teased, "ain't fame grand?"

At which point, George confessed later, he fully realized what he had been suspecting for a long time: here was a girl who was a 24-carat good scout. Here was a girl who was beautiful and sincere, unspoiled, level-headed and "aware that Hollywood is a business, but not a life. This town does things to people, but I was certain, then, that it would never change Ann."

High praise, indeed, from a man who rates all artificiality lower than a rat race.

canine capers . . .

That was a year of high adventure—that year of getting thoroughly acquainted. Ann learned about George's three great loves: dogs, boats and Hawaii. He will talk about dogs for hours with any other dog lover. Beg pardon, he will not talk—he will *argue*. He has studied every breed listed, and his memory is phenomenal. He makes it a point to plague one director by engaging him in long discussions of the relative merits of the Doberman Pinscher versus the German Shepherd; or the Sealyham as opposed to the Scottie. No matter what breed the director recommends, George knows a succession of reasons why that particular dog is at fault. All of this discussion is done deadpan, of course, so the director still doesn't know that George is ribbing him.

However, when it comes to a gift dog for a lady, George considers only one animal worthy: he gave Ann a French poodle. At another time he added a South American kinkajou to the menagerie, and a large cat simply attached itself to the group and promptly had kittens. When Ann and George had dinner together or went for long drives along the beach, she told him about the honey bear's attempts to make friends with Mrs. Cat and the thorough boxing he got.

They talked boats, too. George's first boat had been sold to Jack Warner, and his second was the apple of his eye. For his birthday, Ann gave him perfect scale models of both boats. It was one of those thoughtful, planned-for gifts for which Ann is famous.

"Those models," George told friends, "are my favorite gifts of all time." Delicate, intricate and lovely as the models were, when George looked at them he saw more than the workmanship. They

Hankies for Show— KLEENEX for Blow!

DURING COLDS MY FAMILY
USES SOFT, ABSORBENT
KLEENEX—IT SOOTHES
THEIR NOSES—IT
SAVES LINEN HANKIES!

(from a letter by
G. W. R., Philadelphia, Pa.)



HIGH GLOW, SILVER!



AFTER CLEANING MY SILVER-
WARE I USE SOFT **KLEENEX**
TO MAKE IT SPARKLE...
THEN I USE **KLEENEX** AGAIN
TO WRAP CHOICE PIECES
BEFORE PUTTING THEM AWAY!

(from a letter by D. J. C., Lewiston, Me.)



PAN HANDLER!

I DREADED
KITCHEN CHORES
TILL I DISCOVERED
KLEENEX FOR
HANDLING HOT
HANDLES, WIPING-
OUT GREASY PANS!

(from a letter by H. E. H.,
Lewiston, Me.)

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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Complete Information Chart on 200 Stars

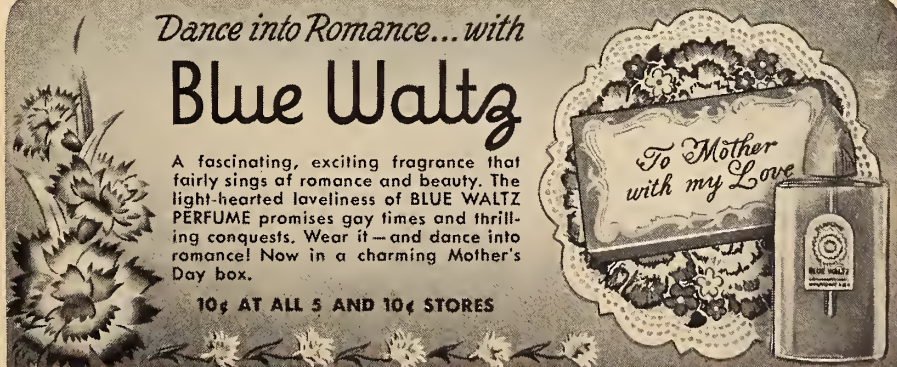
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10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES



Do's and Don'ts about Tampons

Don't be old-fashioned



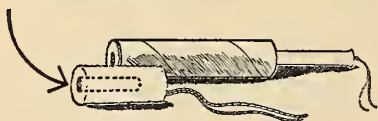
A few years ago, the very thought of tampons was startling—today millions of women know they make sense. Every month, more and more women discover the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection. So don't be timid—but do be wise! Choose a tampon that's *right* for you.



Do get a tampon that fits!

Meds, the Modess tampons, are scientifically correct. They were designed by a leading woman's doctor—after years of scientific experimenting with *all* kinds of tampons. Comfortable? You're as free as any other day! No pins. No odors. No bulges. Easier to use, too. Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

Do be sure of real protection!



Protection depends on how fast, how much a tampon absorbs. Meds absorb *faster* because of the "safety center." No other tampon has it! Meds are made of the finest, pure cotton—they hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

Don't pay more!

You don't have to now! Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading sanitary napkins. Try Meds! Compare! You'll be glad you did!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

Meds



The Modess Tampons

were symbols of Ann's thoughtfulness, of her desire to give him something he could cherish. In Hollywood, the amount of planning that goes into a gift is the measure of its value, because high Hollywood salaries make price an inconsiderable factor.

With parties of friends, Ann and George spent frequent week-ends on the boat, building up memories of moon-flooded decks and the sight of feathery wake spreading out over the dark sea to make the boat look like some gigantic bird in flight.

Frequently George talked about Hawaii—his Shangri-la. He had been in the Islands three times, had bought a ranch on the island of Hawaii (the largest of the group) and was planning to enter the "South Wind" in the summer races to Honolulu.

fireside chats . . .

George told an eager listener about the customs of Hawaii and recited some of the legends. He told her about June 11th, which is Kamehameha Day when all Hawaiians parade in their priceless red and yellow feather capes. He told her about the Pali, a cliff from which the wind tore the last of Kamehameha's enemies after his army had driven them to the promontory. He taught her some Hawaiian words: "Don't give me that hoomali-mali." (Flattery) "What I need is kau-kau." (Food) "Mahalo," thank you; "Ipo," sweetheart; "Keoki," George. To this day, Ann frequently calls her husband "Keoki."

He told her the story of a certain mountain tribe in the Islands, who believe that it is sinful to eat any animal product. They refuse to touch eggs or milk. The missionaries found that the growing children were in desperate need of a calcium food, so they supplied the Polynesians with canned milk.

"I don't get it," said Ann. "Didn't they figure out that canned milk also came from cows?"

"That's the catch, Tex. The wise padres gave them nothing but Carnation canned milk—which, as everyone knows, comes from flowers."

During this halcyon time they had only two minor differences of opinion. At Christmas, George wanted Ann to go shopping with him, and she loved the idea. But George is one of those persons who remembers everyone from the dog catcher to the King of Kapurthala. When it comes to open-handed generosity there is no one to beat Brent.

For instance, on his list were (1) a tailor who had once made a suit for George—at a fancy price. (2) A filling station attendant who had once helped George change a tire in the rain and who had been handsomely rewarded at the time. (3) A carhop who had given big-hearted Brent a hard luck story about an ailing mother who needed an operation—and how about a screen test for herself?

Ann checked over the list then said quietly, "I know that Christmas means a great deal to you, Keoki, but you remembered these people generously last year, and you haven't even seen them since."

"Oh well, Christmas comes but once a year."

"Lucky thing for you, Brent. It takes you about two months to earn what you spend in honor of that one day."

In the second discussion, George assumed the role of financial adviser.

Ann had purchased a five-acre tract in Encino—a lovely district in San Fernando Valley—and was planning a house. George went over the plans and estimated

the cost, a good, juicy five-figure sum. "Pooh," sniffed Builder Ann, "it won't run into any such amount."

George lifted his eyebrows and looked at the redhead out of the corner of his eyes. "Better take my word for it—I've been through this building business. I know whereof I speak."

Ann, ignoring his advice, went blithely on with her plans. Shh—George was right! But she hasn't told him yet; she's keeping it a secret.

Between financial flurries and general good times, they were making plans. Or, rather, George was planning out loud, and Ann was planning sans speech. He was going to sail the "South Wind" in the Dole Cup Races. He studied charts and bought provisions. Ann made arrangements, in accordance with Hawaiian custom, to place on the boat a number of live chickens and a young pig—traditional good luck symbols inducing fast sailing and clear weather. When George reached the island, this livestock would appear, beautifully roasted, at the feast along with the shark killed by his island friends. What George didn't know was that Ann planned to be on the dock in Honolulu when he arrived.

It's possible that, had these plans worked out, they would have been married in Hawaii, because—early that spring—George had given Ann a magnificent, hand-worked white lace mantilla. Anyone could tell at a glance that this mantilla was meant for the head of a bride.

Then, to prove that it was true love, everything began to go wrong. The boat races were cancelled. That was a blow to George who had talked, planned, dreamed, prayed *Dole Cup—Dole Cup* for two years. Moody, as all Irishmen are, he wanted complete privacy. He didn't want to see people or to talk over the cataclysm. He wanted to have a quiet steak dinner with Ann, take her home early and betake himself to his own house in a hurry.

Ann? Ann still wanted to have fun. A boat race was a boat race—and there was always another year.

About this time, George gave an interview to the effect that he had no plans for immediate marriage. George and Ann are both extremely cooperative with the press; when a charming writer whom George likes asked for an interview on his matrimonial views, he went over all the dangers to conjugality represented by

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Hollywood stars receive frequent offers from people who volunteer to say prayers for them at a very modest fee. There are countless dozens of generous souls who offer themselves as marriage partners to the biggies. And then there are the less pretentious, like the pair who wrote to one of the top-notchers to tell him they had named their pet, highly-prized flea after him!

—Look Magazine

DO YOU KNOW THAT

In 1937, Producer Joe Schenk's involuntary contribution to the cards and horses amounted to \$64,894.15, including \$30,905 lost in a single day. In another year, he tossed more than \$20,000 overboard, Herbert Bayard Swope capturing \$12,190 of it, Harpo Marx \$4,711, and Darryl Zanuck \$2,400. But Schenk felt awfully good about the \$15,000 he cleaned up in election bets.

—Look Magazine

Hollywood. He was speaking in general, impersonal terms, and it never dawned on him that he had given such a good story that it might hit the front pages. Which it did—with Ann coming in for particular attention.

She went to him in her direct, unhesitating way. "How about this?" she asked, grinning up at him.

He looked sick—which, as a matter of fact—he was. "I'm sorry, Red. I wish I could eat every word. I just didn't realize. . . ."

"I knew that was the way of it," Ann answered. "It's okay. Let's skip it."

Shortly after that George went back to the hospital for further surgery. The recurrence of an old trouble made it necessary for him to spend some time dedicated to clinical thermometers, fever charts, five A.M. face-washings and general detention between the sheets.

that bedside manner . . .

Ann spent every spare moment with him. She brought him books about sailing and chart-reading. She brought him copies of Don Blanding's Hawaiian poems and a book of Island legends. She helped various groups at the studio rig up gag presents—everything from hot water bottles that looked like Flora-from-the-Follies to pink bassinets.

"It's swell of you to spend so much time with me," George said, looking at her as though he could eat her up.

"I'm morbid. I love hospitals," answered the gal from Texas, but observers noted that her expression was not so much Florence Nightingale as it was Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

As if disappointment and illness were not enough, dat ole debbil Career began to rear its ugly head. George and a non-professional couple who are close friends of his, asked Ann to go down to La Quinta (pronounced La Keenta) for a week-end. It is a heavenly spot, twenty miles south of Palm Springs on the road to Indio. The sunsets are pure strawberry sherbet, and the desert verbena is a breath from Elysian Gardens. Ann promised to drive down on Friday night.

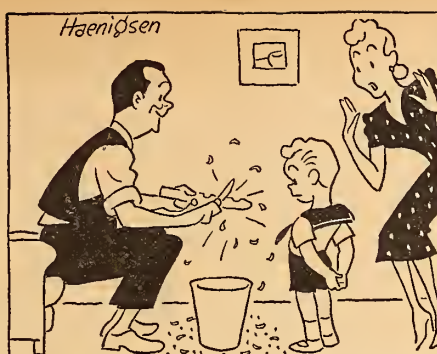
Well, she had to work all night Friday and all night Saturday—so she spent a miserable Sunday alone.

Another week-end, a group of six planned to sail to Catalina and back. At the last moment, Ann couldn't go because she had to pose for fashions all day Saturday. Two weeks later, George and Ann were invited up to the home of friends near Santa Barbara, but Ann had to check in Saturday for wardrobe fittings.

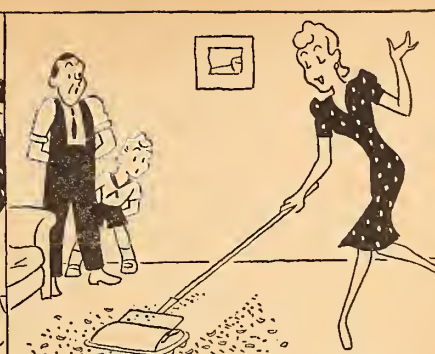
Then George, fully recovered, went back to work, and whenever Ann had some free time, George was busy. Naturally Ann, vital, lovely and popular, couldn't be expected to mope at home. When an attractive man—such as Cesar Romero—asked her to go dancing, she accepted.

In November when someone asked Ann if she and George were "through" she shrugged impatiently. "That's such a dramatic way of putting it," she objected. "You know me well enough to realize that I'm not one of those 'never-darken-my-door-again' people. George and I—and I'm not being corny—are good friends. There are simply times in Hollywood when picture commitments and circumstances make it impossible for two people to see much of one another."

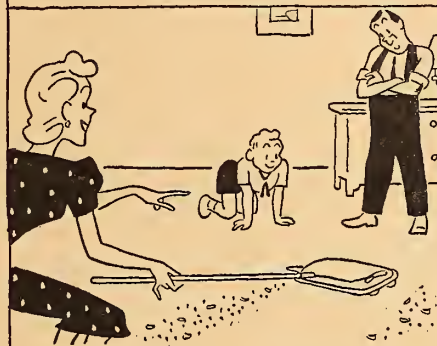
This is known as a declaration of independence, and it was printed far and wide. It was read in Peach Point by Millie Miller, who could have cried—and wrote to the studio about it. It was read in army camps throughout this



HORRIFIED AS THOUGHTLESS HUSBAND TRIES OUT NEW KNIFE, STREWING SHAVINGS ON BRAND CLEAN RUG



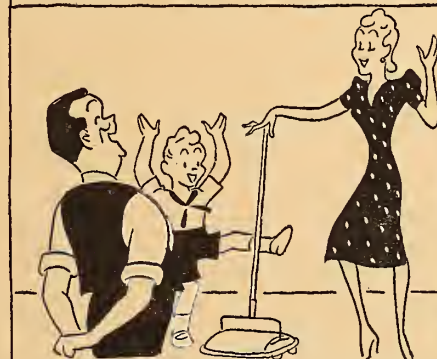
BUT IS CALMED WHEN HER NEW BISSELL SWEEPER WHISKS UP MESS COMPLETELY. NO NEED FOR VACUUMING



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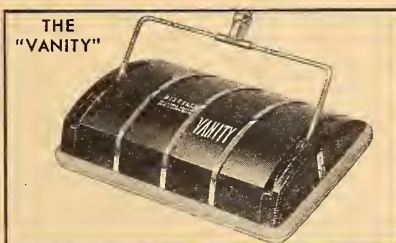


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SWEEP QUICKLY—EMPTY EASILY

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

broad land, and many was the khaki arm that got busy with a pen. Perhaps it was read in Hollywood by one George Brent, who knew that there is always one antidote for the woes of career interference in romance—it's marriage.

"I do" . . .

Ann says, her eyes soft, "We started to plan our wedding around Christmas time. No one knew. Not even Gwenn Woodford, my secretary, and not even George's secretary—although she may have had her suspicions because she had to make certain arrangements."

So you think the course of true love is at last going into high gear? Wrong again. Ann and George planned to fly to Palm Beach and to be married New Year's Day to commemorate the second anniversary of their meeting at Mrs. Jack Warner's party. However, at the last moment, George was called back to the studio for retakes. He couldn't protest without revealing his plans and expos-

ing himself and Ann to publicity.

So the bride flew to Fort Worth—alone. There her plane was grounded by bad weather, and George joined her somewhat later when his plane was also grounded. They took the train and arrived in Palm Beach in a driving rain. . . . On January 5—four days delayed.

So Ann donned the champagne tulle and arranged the white mantilla George had given her, with a white gardenia in her hair. She wore something old (a locket her father had given her when she was two years old) and something new (her tulle dress.) She wore something borrowed (Gwenn Woodford's sheer sandal hose) and something blue (the ribbons on her bridal bouquet).

She says, "In our wedding picture, George and I look as if someone had just set off a firecracker behind us."

So Prince Charming from Eire and the red-haired princess from Texas were married and lived happily ever after—as all good love stories must end.

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GORGEOUS HUNK

(Continued from page 29)

body beautiful, and the public called him a slice of razzberry pie. Vic had acted in some sixty stage plays, and he knew differently. But how to get action?

He was going with Lana Turner. He was going with Lana because he liked her, of course, but also because canny Vic was making it a point to date all the Hollywood sirens. He'd had front page romances with Carole Landis, Liz Whitney, etc., etc., because the word was around that he was a boy beautiful, a pantywaist and a lollypop. "It was romance," Vic grins, "but it was also business." He turned night-club wolf to smash the rumors.

smart stuff . . .

So he was with Lana at Ciro's. At the next table sat curvaceous Betty Grable. Betty was just back from a smash hit on Broadway in "DuBarry Was a Lady." She was holding forth on the subject. Something clicked in Vic's brain. He went right to the point. "Lana," he said, "get me Betty's telephone number!" Such crust! Lana could have shot him. But she smiled sweetly and said something about not having seen Betty for too, too long, and by the way what was her number? Then she wrote it on a slip of Kleenex and slipped it under the table to Vic.

"Thanks," said Mr. Mature. "About ready to go?" Lana certainly was. The next night he had a date with Betty Grable. The first words he said were: "How does it feel to have a hit on Broadway?"

"Swell!" said Betty.

"Tell me—how did you do it?"

"Well," began Bett, "It was like this—"

You see? Victor had an idea. He knew Hollywood needed waking up on the subject of Victor Mature. Smart as a fox, he realized only Broadway could do it. And he knew Broadway should be his meat. But how to get there?

Betty Grable went to Chicago on a personal appearance, right after that.

Victor Mature also went to Chicago, business unknown and unstated. Betty travelled on to New York. When she arrived at Grand Central Terminal, who was by her side grinning for the photographers? You've got it. Victor Mature. Romance? The reporters vibrated. Who was this beautiful guy? Some Hollywood dope, the name was faintly familiar. Pictures. Headlines. And pretty soon telephone calls from Broadway producers. See how it works? Right from Ciro's to the Stork Club because—well—he planned it that way.

Of course Vic had talent as well as crust. But you'd be surprised how far crust can go toward peddling the talent. The saga of Mature in Manhattan is a wonderful lesson. He hocked his car, by the way, and gave his dad a post-dated check for \$200 to get there.

He put up at a ritzy hotel and applied the 2-4-6-8 pronto. He started on the second floor. He didn't like it so he squawked to the manager. They put him on the third floor. He squawked again. They raised him to four. He ended up occupying the penthouse for the same price as the second story room! Nuts? Well, let's go on to the night clubs.

Victor Mature really doesn't like night clubs. He doesn't drink. But a little over a year ago he was the prince of the plush, after-hour Gotham bistros. Why? He knew Broadway after dark was the

Broadway that set the stages by day.

So Mature's raven locks, his sensual smile, his dark heavy-lidded peepers and his hunk of muscle became props at Monte Carlo, the Stork, the Versailles, Cafe Society and so on around town. Did it pay off? It did. Columns buzzed about him. Debutantes swooned. A gent by the name of Louis Schurr got a load of Mature at Monte Carlo one night and had something like an inspiration. "There's Randy Curtis," he cried, smiting his brow. There was Randy Curtis, of "Lady in the Dark." At least there was after a little more 2-4-6-8.

The Brains of Broadway gathered in the theater for Victor's tryout. When Vic saw the big shots he thought fast. He had to sing in the play, and he'd never sung in his life. He knew he'd be terrible. He thought straight, the 2-4-6-8 way. "The only way to impress this bunch," he told himself, "is to play hard-to-get."

He walked up on the stage, hummed a few bars of "I'll Never Smile Again," and it was pretty awful. Then he hopped down off the footlights and started out the door. "Hey," yelled the producer, "where you going?"

"Home," said Vic. "I'm an actor, not a crooner."

They said, "Wait a minute."

"Uh-uh," said Vic. They got in his path. They explained that the crooning wasn't really important. They'd consider him for the contract.

"What do you mean, 'consider'?" said Vic indignantly. "Either you want me or you don't—right now!"

It wasn't done, the producers said. Impossible. Out of the question.

Well, the point is, they'd never seen anything like it before. A practically unknown dope doing nothing in a tryout and somehow making them like it. Then acting like Mister Broadway. They offered him \$300. Vic was very nice. "I support nine people," he said. (He supported nobody but himself then, and that not very well.) He ended up drawing \$750 a week and the contract signed.

Now, this could go on all afternoon. This Victor Mature 2-4-6-8 stuff. When he finally clicked on Broadway, Vic worked by day—and he worked by night, too. He doubled up on his night clubs. He beamed at benefits, he crashed the 400, he became Mayor LaGuardia's personal appearance stooge and stand-by for public clambakes. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt got to calling him "Glamour Puss." Fans chased him around Manhattan's canyons. One girl made him take her to lunch at the point of a pistol. Papers printed pictures of his Greek statue face

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Nothing can be considered actual waste in an actor's household, because he never can tell what sort of truck will gladden the heart of a fan. Here are a few recent sample requests: paper lipstick tissues; a "piece of gum you have chewed"; three hairs; a "telegram to my cousin on his birthday"; a cigarette butt; a "picture of you in step-ins"; eleven pages of "I love you" written 825 times; a button from a coat; a million dollars in movie money; an "autographed pair of your shorts."

—Look Magazine

and figure. Vic never disappointed anybody at any time. He caused so much furor in and around Broadway that—well—are you getting the point?

Back in Hollywood nobody was missing a bit of this. Vic didn't intend that they should. Pretty soon he got wires to hurry back—quick. Darryl Zanuck had offered \$80,000 cash and a big Saturday pay check for his languishing contract at Hal Roach's. That little campaign paid off—and how!

So that shows you how Victor Mature operates. But it doesn't say anything about what he is. And what Victor Mature is, above all else, is a lone wolf. He's a one man corporation. He's an iconoclast. He's a rebel. It is Mature versus the world.

marital mishap . . .

Since I started this, Vic has busted up with his wife, Martha Kemp, New York society girl. Everyone who knew Victor, knew it was coming. He's not meant for marriage. He's not the kind of a man to share himself all the way—ever.

A few weeks ago Vic was late on the set. He's punctual as a time clock, ordinarily, because his career is serious stuff. But this time something happened. Anyway, Twentieth Century called his house to check.

"Why, he's at the studio," said his wife.

"No," they said, "he isn't."

"Then," said Mrs. Mature, "I can't tell you. I haven't seen him for four days."

Being a lone wolf is no new experience to Vic Mature. He got plenty of practice as a kid in his home town of Louisville. Louisville is one of the citadels of the snobbish South where who your folks are counts in big figures. Vic's folks were immigrants. His dad was an Aus-

trian, his mother half Swiss, half French. Furriners didn't rate in his narrow-minded old Kentucky home. On top of this, Vic's dad set about his business in the American way, which further alienated him from the local pooh-bahs. He started at the bottom, grinding knives. The dark, curly-headed, different looking kid found things tough in juvenile social circles.

snob sister . . .

"I used to go to parties," Vic recalls, "that is, for a while I did. But I didn't fit. There'd be the banker's son, the lawyer's son, the sons of the first families. When they came to me they'd pass me by like a dirty shirt. I got laughed at, I got snubbed, I got insulted. All because my dad was making an honest living grinding knives. Pretty soon he could buy and sell a lot of those guys' dads. But that didn't mean a thing. I was garbage. They never let me forget it."

It was about this time that the famous face-slapping event took place. It's a well told Mature tale, but maybe you've missed it. Some local Louisville blue-bloods who were on the democratic side, hauled Vic along to a coming-out party. He got up nerve enough to ask a haughty deb for a dance. Her eyes blazed, and she handed him a stinging cut across the cheek. "How dare you ask me to dance," said this gracious, charming daughter of Dixie, "you common son of a knife grinder!"

The sequel to this also packs a wallop. Coming out of the Stork Club one night last year the same haughty girl grabbed Vic by the arm. She was done up in minks and jewels, as ever. "Mr. Mature," she syrupy cooed, "I don't suppose you remember me from Louisville!"

"How could I forget you?" said Victor sweetly. "You did me the biggest favor of my life. You started me out to make a name for myself!" The girl was speechless.

Victor Mature's career has been called a career of revenge. That's not quite the truth. It's true he was kicked around pretty thoroughly as a kid. One day, for instance, his father came home to find Vic absent from the dinner table. "Where's Victor?" he asked his wife. She pointed upstairs and shook her head sadly.

Mature, Senior (his name was Victor, too) found his only son stretched on his bed, sobbing bitter tears. He didn't have to ask what it was. He knew about the snubs and insults. He shook Vic gently, then took a hundred dollar bill out of his wallet. "See this?" he said. "That isn't only money—that's friendship." He tore the bill in two. "Now," he said, "that's two friendships." The moral was plain even to a twelve year old kid. Go out and get the money—that's what his father meant.

Victor Mature left Louisville to earn his fortune. That's why he came to Hollywood. He paid his own way. He arrived in town busted flatter than a Brown Derby pancake. The town was terrifying. With his last few cents he sent a wire to his father. "Arrived Hollywood safe and sound. Have eleven cents cash to my name. Love, Victor."

The wire he got back said that, "Dear Victor. I am glad to learn you have arrived safely in Hollywood with eleven cents. Reminds me of the time forty-two years ago I arrived in New York harbor with five cents. I couldn't speak English. You can. Good luck. Dad."

If there's any hidden spur behind the success craving of Victor Mature, it lies

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not in any revenge vendetta with a silly glamour girl, but in Victor's resolve to show his hard-headed father he was a man in his own right.

That resolve broke down once or twice, but when it did Mature Senior's will never wobbled. Once Vic wrote his old man asking for ten dollars. The way he put it, it meant the difference between life and death, and the way he put it, he meant it. His pop never even answered the letter.

Ironically enough, the day Zanuck bought Victor's contract for \$80,000 and boosted his salary to \$1750 a week, Victor Mature, Senior, died. He left an estate of \$687,000. He must have had some pretty good ideas.

There's no doubt Vic's starvation period around the Pasadena Community Playhouse, before he ever got a crack at a camera, fattened his private isolationist complex. He lived in a tent and kept his dog in a piano box. When the rains began, he moved into the doghouse. He kept body and soul together jerking sodas, waxing floors at the YMCA, cutting grass and even minding babies. He spent the rest of his time acting and learning to act and—he admits it—dallying along the primrose path of a few hundred art-for-art's-sake romances. But he was a one-girl-at-a-time man and he never sparkled in a crowd. Those years didn't help to make Vic the life of the party.

But they did help teach him how to take care of himself. How to go all out for Mature. How to think 2-4-6-8.

A while back Vic did "Shanghai Gesture" at United Artists. They gave him a canvas box for a dressing room. He howled to high Heaven. "What are you kicking for?" said the powers. "You ought to be used to tents."

"That's different," said Vic. "I've got nothing against canvas. But I was down and out then. And today I'm a star. I want a star's dressing room." He got one with everything but hot and cold running champagne.

nice guying it . . .

Here's another example: When he had made a name for himself in New York, Vic was contacted by a super sophisticated magazine. They wanted to profile him, quite an honor.

But Vic knew something else; he knew they'd pan him for a mere actor and a new incomprehensible one at that. The reporter arrived at Vic's hotel. He was met by Vic in his pajamas guzzling a warm coke (his favorite drink). Vic went right to the point.

"Look," he said, "I know your magazine, and I appreciate the honor. But I know something else. What you're here for is to boob me. I don't care to be booped. So—have a coke—let's shake hands and part friends."

The reporter—and a darned good one too—almost fell over. He changed his tack and sat around for all hours. When he'd written his piece he called up Victor. "You're going to get me fired," he told him. "I've actually made a human, likeable guy out of you!"

That's the funny thing about Victor Mature. Something about him—his looks, his legend—hang up two strikes against him at the start. People who don't know him unanimously agree that he's a drip.

Almost all who've learned to know the guy, admire him.

Not long ago Vic was proposed for a poker club by a non-professional pal of his.

"That chocolate drop!" snorted the gamblers. "Nothing doing. No actors in this club—especially not the 'beautiful hunk of man!'"

"Let me bring him over," pressed the sponsor. "Just once, then I'll leave it up to you." They consented. Vic arrived, raked in all the chips, rolled the bones ragged and in general proved himself just a Hell of a guy. When he left he was pals with the skeptics.

I can testify there's nothing drippy about Victor Mature. He's a giant of a gent with hands like hams and size 12-D gunboats. He's direct as a poke in the nose, full of beans as a Boston deacon and masculine as a chew of tobacco. The long curly locks are a professional prop. Actually Vic has little regard for his looks away from the camera.

He lopes around in sloppy, baggy clothes, unkempt and lazy looking. His best suits are old studio wardrobe numbers that he gets for half off. He owns no jewelry save a locket his mother gave him. He wears the wrong ties with the right shirts. But he's scrupulously clean. He takes five and six showers a day and keeps new shorts in boxes scattered around his dressing room, sometimes changing underwear as many times as he showers. He's continually dousing his body with toilet water because as he say, "I like the clean smell."

armchair athlete . . .

He doesn't wear tops to his underwear or bottoms to his pajamas. He hates stiff collars. Anything that's confining at all is out with Victor, which includes all his habits. He's absolutely irresponsible to the point of wackiness about his meals. For lunch he'll start out with a coke, then a cup of coffee and a beaker of grapefruit juice. Along about four he'll wolf a cheeseburger. He might eat dinner at midnight. Or he might not eat at all.

He smokes cigarettes like a furnace, but he doesn't like whiskey. When he's forced to drink something, he pours Scotch over ice and sips it shuddering and remembering his one and only bout with demon rum.

That was when Vic first became a Hollywood personality after "One Million B.C." He had a date with the boss's daughter, Margaret Roach. They went to a party, fashionably late, arriving at nine o'clock. Vic thought it was for dinner, but no dinner. Everybody was drinking instead. Still uncertain about how to act in high society, Vic drank like the rest of them just to be inconspicuous. On the empty stomach it was dynamite. He got boiled. And we really mean boiled.

It isn't any physical culture complex that makes Victor lay off dissipation. He hates the Tarzan peg he's been tagged with. He was scheduled for a body beautiful scene in "I Wake Up Screaming." Vic objected; objections overruled. So he ate like a horse and put on twelve pounds. The body was no longer beautiful—not what you'd call streamlined.

He takes practically no care of his

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famous physique. He's an armchair athlete for the main part although he'll dabble at tennis and swimming if there's no way out. He's been pedaling a bike to and from the studio since the tire shortage. But it's not for exercise.

Mature's campaign for Mature takes care of cooking off any spare calories. Photographers stare at him in amazement when he grabs them going by on the set and says, "How about taking twenty heads of me?" One producer issued an order to cut down on the still pictures of Vic's picture. Now, ordinarily stars hate nothing worse than making still pictures. When Victor heard the order he said, "All right, I'll hire a cameraman of my own." And he did!

The "Genius" campaign at TCF goes down the line with "Assistant Genius Number One," "Assistant Genius Number Two" and so on—all set workers with khaki uniforms supplied by Mature. Emmett, the colored perambulator man in the Café de Paris, gets a five spot each week to call Vic "Mr. Genius."

Victor is frank and perfectly above board about his pattern for fame. He isn't egotistical or superior. He's just consciously colorful, and he admits it. "I'll do anything I can to make the world Mature-conscious," he says, "as long as it is honest and it doesn't hurt anybody." He calls all the money he spends in this way "putting it back in the business."

Matter of fact, Mature is not concerned too much about the check-book end of Hollywood success. "The only money that ever did me any good was the money I gave away," he says. Before his father died, the old man decided to will all his money to Vic. Vic made him change his will and leave it all to his mother. In spite of that precaution, he recently had a good many insurance windfalls light on him, policies he never knew his father had. This disturbs him. "This money is bad," he mutters. "Why, it might make me start taking it easy!"

just a gypsy . . .

Wherever Victor Mature would be would make little difference in his personal life. He has no sense of private grandeur and ease. He'll never be a social lion if he makes a million and kicks Clark Gable off his throne.

He doesn't know the right people in Hollywood yet and probably never will. He never gets invited to swank Hollywood soirees and wouldn't go if he were. It took Vic two years for the waiters at Ciro's to move him out of corners.

Victor Mature's real pals are about five little known non-professional Hollywood people and anybody he runs on to who looks like he's mixed up and needs help. One of Vic's chums was an eccentric inventor who was plugging some Rube Goldberg contraption. When Vic saw him he was discouraged and about to hop in the river. Vic moved him and the invention to his apartment where the latter spread out all over the place. He kept patting the depressed Edison on the back and saying, "You'll do it! You'll sell it!" And sure enough, the guy finally did for \$50,000! Nobody was more thrilled than Mature. It's the success that counts with him.

Right now Vic is all steamed up about buying Rudolph Valentino's old hide-away—the fabulous "Falcon's Lair."

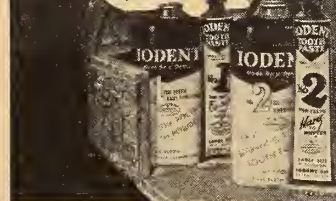
Maybe he will and maybe he won't. But if he does, it won't be because he vibrates to the baronial halls and mediaeval splendor of the Sheikh's shack.

It will simply be another gambit in the game of making the world Mature conscious. And to that Vic is totally dedicated. To him that's only 2-4-6-8.

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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

(Continued from page 83)

could take the longer "Eagle Squadron" part . . . During the last war, Loder was a 20-year-old cavalry captain, the youngest British officer in action at the front. He spent six months in a German prison camp before being freed at the time of the Armistice . . . There are 89 separate, distinct acting roles in the picture. Leif Erikson, Eddie Albert, Nigel Bruce, Jon Hall and Albert Dekker—all of them have small roles, but strong ones . . . The Eagle Squadron insignia was especially designed for the boys by one of Walt Disney's artists . . . Director Lubin decreed "No make-up—grim realism is the keynote of this film" . . . Every typist in the studio is at work knitting sweaters for the Eagle Squadron boys in England . . . The first day of filming, Diana Barrymore walked on the set with a blackened eye. Asked for an explanation, she told folks, "My father hit me!"

THE INVADERS

Out with it.

"The Invaders" isn't a very good picture. It's sprawling and overlong. It isn't very dramatic and it looks as if it were patched together. It lacks unity, it's dull in some spots and pretentious in others. Despite its stars, Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard and Raymond Massey, it's not a star production. It was directed with a wide-toothed rake when it needed fine pruning shears. Well, then, should you see it?

By all means.

There are scenes when it speaks with a burning intensity of the things for which we are fighting today; there are times when it spots flawlessly the chinks in the armor of our enemies. It speaks with an honesty and integrity worth yard



after yard of some "perfect" pictures you might name.

True, it doesn't come off as a whole, and you'll have to sit through some dull and bad sequences. But when the good bits and pieces are flashed on the screen you'll know they were worth waiting for. It's a propaganda picture, out and out, and a bit too full of speeches; but that's no point against it. Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt make propaganda speeches, and they've never lacked for an audience yet.

"The Invaders" begins like a melodrama. The U-37, the first Nazi submarine to invade the Western Hemisphere, creeps into Hudson Bay to hole up while the first alarms for it die down. Six men of the crew are sent out as a foraging expedition to raid and loot an isolated Hudson Bay trading post. But no sooner is the party off than an RCAF bomber spots the sub and sinks it, leaving the six Nazis alone in hostile Canada. Since

all this was before Pearl Harbor, the Nazis decide to make for still neutral America. The picture traces their progress as they thread through Canada, meeting various groups, being captured or killed, one by one. While it starts tautly, there's soon no suspense left, and the story dribbles slowly to an end. But what of the good things?

Wait for the sequence among the Hutterites, a Christian sect settled in Canada who give refuge to the fleeing Nazis without questioning them. The Hutterites are predominantly German, and the fanatic Nazi Lt. makes an impassioned plea to them as brothers, Germans and Nazis. The simplicity and quietness of their reply throws into high relief the revolting glibberish of the Nazi creed. We have to know always that there can be no argument against decency and freedom. The unassuming triumph of the Hutterites is the triumph of democracy everywhere as a living belief.

There are other good things. There's a true and tragic insight in the story of the Nazi Vogel. "The Invaders" doesn't make the mistake of underrating or over-simplifying the Nazis; the Nazi characters are etched carefully and truly. There's the power of barbarism, but theirs also, are its weaknesses.

Wait for the scene where Leslie Howard, as the dilettante writer, shows off his prizes: a painting by Matisse, a book by Thomas Mann—works banned and burned by the Nazis. There's quiet power and it says a mouthful for our side.

Go to see it, if only to see Laurence Olivier in a backwoods beard, playing a trapper with a French accent; it's something, all right. Raymond Massey, speaking a sort of Canadian-American slang, is interesting if not very convincing. It's all superbly acted. Skipping the stars, don't miss Eric Portman as Lt. Hirth and Niall MacGinnis as Vogel. None of the actors in the picture misses fire, although sometimes you wish they had better material to work with.—Col.

P. S.

"The Invaders" took more than a year to film . . . 80 per cent of the production was shot in Canada, the rest in the Denham studios near London . . . The cast and crew used clipper, train, auto and dog sled getting back and forth between Canada and home . . . 17-year-old Glynis Johns was chosen by Director Michael Powell to replace Elisabeth Bergner . . . Miss Bergner, after traveling all the way to the Dominion to play the lead, decided not to return to England to finish her role . . . Biggest problem was getting the Hutterites, members of a religious sect, to cooperate. None of the colonists had ever seen a motion picture. Cameras were classed with mirrors—signs of vanity—and were not allowed . . . Director Powell pleaded with the Leader, explaining that the film would give the world an authentic picture of Canadian life . . . After consent was obtained, the Leader decided his flock was having too good a time and called a halt . . . Powell secured another audience with the head Hutterite and promised him that the entire troupe—actors and technicians—would work in their fields the next day to prove their good spirit . . . Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey and all the rest rose with the dawn and helped the colonists harvest their wheat . . . Once more permission to film the

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

group was granted, and the men finished the scenes in two days . . . The beautiful Hutterite girl who's caused commotion in the breast of every male who's seen the picture turned down all offers for a picture career. She's 18, 5 feet 4 inches tall, brunette, and has never seen herself in a mirror nor used cosmetics. Name: Elso Reimann . . . In the Indian territory, Powell ran into a problem caused by Hollywood's influence. After agreeing to work for \$20 a day, one redskin chief reneged, told Powell he'd just remembered Richard Dix, who wasn't even an Indian, had received more than that for his portrayal. "You pay me as much as Richard Dix," grunted the Chief. "Then me play Indian." They raised his salary \$5 a day and started production.

MOONTIDE

A few years ago in some of the dingy, little "art" and foreign language movie houses that dot the bigger towns, you used to run across an occasional French picture whose hero had a down-to-earth reality, a quality of danger mixed with amiability. So despite the fact that the picture may have seemed like a muddled gibberish in a language you couldn't understand very well, you never quite forgot the face of the hero: simple, plain, not particularly handsome. You checked



his name in your memory book: Jean Gabin.

Well, Jean Gabin is in Hollywood now and his first American picture is called "Moontide." It's the story of Bobo, a Frenchy dock worker on the Pacific coast. It's a story haunted by fog and the smell of cheap food and the blare of waterfront saloons.

And a girl.

Out of the thundering Pacific one night Bobo saves the girl Anna from drowning after she has waded far out in the weed-entangled sea, bent on committing suicide. He brings her to his waterfront barge and revives her, asking nothing, demanding nothing. But, somehow, spoken in monosyllables, told by looks, a love grows up between the two: Bobo, the dockworker, always on the move, wanting no ties, and Anna, the girl who had despaired of her life. It's a love that becomes stronger with each passing day, despite Bobo's restlessness and despite his shadowy friend Tiny's insistence

(Continued on page 100)

If you suffer "Periodic" distress from Female Weakness

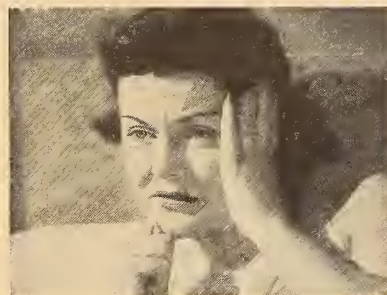
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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

that they move on down along the coast. There's something untold in the friendship between Bobo and Tiny. And there is something hidden and dark in Bobo; there's a streak of violence in him, a violence that could culminate in killing. Anna slowly unravels clues from hints that Tiny drops. And she is faced, finally, with the dread that Bobo may have killed a waterfront character whose murderer the police are seeking.

Against this background, like a summer sky threaded with thunder clouds, the story unfolds. Bobo and Anna grope toward their small happiness threatened by the unseen horror and by Tiny always growing bolder in his demands, hinting exposure of the unmentioned crime. It all explodes violently on the wedding day of Anna and Bobo, with Anna half murdered and Bobo stalking Tiny across the docks and breakwaters of foggy and night-shrouded San Pablo.

Yet for all its violence "Moonlight" is a simple picture told in terms of atmosphere and character. Ida Lupino, whose fine performance in "Ladies In Retirement" you may remember, plays Anna. Thomas Mitchell is the evil Tiny. Claude Rains figures importantly as a character named Nutty. Across them all sweeps the fog of San Pablo, obscuring their destinies, hiding their failures.

Gabin has been called the Spencer Tracy of France, but the comparison is not quite apt. Tracy has a big brother quality about him, Gabin is nobody's big brother. There's a sullen maleness to him that makes him in a way the equivalent of Lana Turner's sweaters. He's not romantic in the Valentino-Taylor-Mature manner; it's something subtler than good looks or a piercing eye, something new to Hollywood and the American public. There's an element of danger and sudden violence always lurking beneath that amiable face. And it has an appeal. At least it did in French. This one's in English, and there's an old proverb that says you lose something in translation.

Go and see for yourself.—T.C.F.

P. S.

\$100,000 was tacked on to the budget for extra love scenes after studio execs glimpsed Jean Gabin burning up the celluloid of the first rushes with his smouldering wooing technique... Director Archie Mayo says Jean can do more with a glance than most actors can accomplish with pages of dialogue... For the first time in seven years of picture-making, Ida Lupino wins her man... Claude Rains spent six weeks developing the peculiar shambling walk he uses in the picture. Copied it from a fellow he met along the harbor waterfront... 20th Century-Fox got a waiver from the State game board allowing them to catch and use sea gulls on the condition that the birds would be returned to the spot at which they'd been trapped. The prop man sent to catch 'em couldn't get anywhere near the beach because of military coastal defense preparations. Desperate, he drove inland about a mile, scattered a couple of loaves of bread around an empty lot, then sat down to wait, fingers crossed. After three hours he had caught 15 gullible gulls which had swooped down for a quick lunch... All production came to a standstill while Director Mayo and a couple of trainers tried to persuade bulldog Officer Smith to plant a cold-nosed kiss on Lupino. The

puppy, extremely shy, made them wait an hour and a half while he got in the mood... \$19 was the sum total expended on costumes for Ida... One-time society gal Helene Reynolds has had her name yanked from the Social Register, 'cause she plays such "baddies" on the screen... Ralph Byrd gets a real chance to play a straight dramatic role. He's known to the Saturday-afternoon-kiddie contingent as "Dick Tracy"... Claude Rains got the role author-actor Willard Robertson had written into the book for himself... Marlene Dietrich, an enthusiastic advice-giver, visited Gabin daily on the set. Officials had to ask her, please, not to speak French to him, especially when he was studying dialogue between scenes... During the last two weeks of production, Ginger Rogers supplanted Miss Dietrich in Jean's affections and promised to show him around New York when both arrived there for vacations.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

"To Be or Not To Be" is a comedy that laughs in the horror that was Poland after Hitler's invasion. The trick, of course, is that it isn't really the Poland you read about in your daily paper, despite the physical resemblance. The geography is by Ernst Lubitsch and the lines by Jack Benny; and beguiling geography and amusing lines they are, too.

It's a comedy melodrama that tells of the Turas, Joseph and Maria (Jack Benny and Carole Lombard) reigning favorites of the Warsaw theater and happily married. But not so much married that Maria is above a pretty compliment or two from a handsome flying officer; or Joseph above a skeptical suspicion or two in return.

But involved as they are in romantic complications over the handsome flying officer (Robert Stack), they are at the same time involved with the Gestapo, and their effort to stop a spy from betraying the underground leaders of Poland. The picture proceeds from bedroom to Gestapo headquarters, from the hams of the Teatr Polski to Adolf Hitler, from melodrama on the stage of a deserted theatre to the not-so-subtle comedy of husband Benny finding flying officer Stack asleep in said husband's bed. It's mad and tense, merry and taut. There's a chuckle to match every gasp.

The famed Lubitsch touch is perhaps not quite so evident as it has been in some other pictures. But the picture is directed deftly with an eye for detail and a sense of pace and unity. The script is studded with good lines and good situations. And comedy being the slight thing it is, the flicker of a director's fingers can make or break a scene. Mr. Lubitsch's fingers are very sure.

The picture is blessed with a perfectly assigned cast. Jack Benny gives a delightfully bland performance in the role of Joseph. Carole Lombard matches him every step of the way with her graceful and incisive comedy. Stanley Ridges, Sig Ruman, Felix Bressart and Lionel Atwill deserve a round of applause. Robert Stack is properly handsome and animated as the juvenile lead.

"To Be or Not To Be," with its oddly prophetic title, was Carole Lombard's last picture. Only the morbid will find it macabre. For, as an actress, she leaves on a peak note, with her audience laughing and asking for more.

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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

and gaudy eccentricities sometimes pass for genius, she had a real and solid talent. The screen is an odd master; shadowy and unreal, it is a gigantic mirror for those who pass before its cameras. Every close-up is a huge and monstrous exaggeration, and Hollywood itself, living in its perpetual spotlight, is a challenge and a test. Carole Lombard carried her beauty and ability lightly and graciously and with the great gift of laughter.—U. A.

P. S.

When Director Lubitsch wasn't pleased with the scenes, he'd simply say, "Let's do it over again," but when they did a good job, he yelled excitedly, "Good! Fine! Excellent!" At picture's end, Benny said the most musical words in the English language as far as he was concerned were "Good! Fine! Excellent!" . . . Production was held up for more than an hour while the sound department hunted high and low for an echo. Every time Felix Bressart started to speak, the echo of his voice boomed back onto the sound track and ruined the scene. As a last resort, he was moved just five and a half feet, and quiet was restored. Why, nobody knew . . . Prop man Jack Caffee had a tough time finding duplicate automobile plates of those used on Hitler's car, old-fashioned bathtub, Warsaw restaurant toothpicks and horse harnesses! Most spectacular set was the interior of Warsaw's leading theater, which cost in the vicinity of \$25,000 . . . Bobby Stack got a week off to go duck-hunting on the condition that he'd bring back some ducks for the cast. Amazingly, he returned with a fowl for every single member! . . . Benny is sick to death of disguises, what with those curls for his part as Hamlet and whiskers for the Polish actor. Says, "I am certainly glad that I wasn't working in a racing picture, for I'm sure Lubitsch would have loved to disguise me as Seabiscuit!" . . . Sound man Jimmy Thompson rigged up a gadget called the payoff bank. Rules were:

1. No language to be spoken on set other than English.
 2. Nothing stronger than a faint "damn" to be uttered when swearing.
 3. Penalty for "blowing" lines.
- The Children's Hospital got the \$117.40 collected. Benny led the contributors for his ad-libbing spree. Lombard and Stack were about even for blowing lines of dialogue.

HIGHLY IRREGULAR

Franchot Tone is an R.A.F. man shot

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10

S	H	E	L	A	K	E	E	L	I	D	I	N	G
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MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued)

down in Holland, taking refuge in Joan Bennett's home. Her goofy husband is in a sanatorium, but Allyn Joslyn, a German Major in the Army of Occupation, isn't. He pursues Joan, so does Franchot, who is in turn bothered by the not unsuspecting Axis bunch. Fake divorce, possible bigamy, secret radios, the Gestapo, enemy submarines and old ladies all play their part in finally uniting Tone and Joan on the home front.—Col.

THE SPOILERS

Blood and thunder rule the day, and Marlene Dietrich, owner of the most glittering gin palace in gold rush Alaska, rules the men. There is claim-jumping galore, murder, robbery, train ride shenanigans, sheriffs, bare fist fights and all the go-withs. Hero John Wayne knocks the dickens out of Randy Scott and finally wins Marlene.—Univ.

LADY IN A JAM

Psycho-analysis comes up for some light-hearted joshery again as Irene Dunne's lawyer (Eugene Pallette) decides she is a screwball in need of being set aright. Patric Knowles disguises himself as a chauffeur and takes over the psychiatric job. Irene turns the tables on everybody, however, proving that some of our greatest fools are people.—Univ.

THE FLEET'S IN

Hollywood shows us again what sport it is to be in the U. S. Navy, where guys like Bill Holden stake their lives for a public kissing of Dorothy Lamour. Jimmy Dorsey's band and Betty Hutton liven the party, complicate the plot and toss World War II off lightly.—Par.

BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT

The domestic dithers of the Dagwood clan again run the gamut. Blondie's (Penny Singleton) new arrival, a baby girl dubbed Cookie, is only one of many newcomers on the scene. Daisy, the family pooch, simultaneously presents the household with a litter of quints, which Baby Dumpling (Larry Simms) leads Dagwood (Arthur Lake) to believe is his wife's blessed event. Frantically confused, Dagwood delivers a speech to a group of architects on building homes out of potato peels. From there on it's everybody's game.—Col.

TWIN BEDS

Newlyweds George Brent and Joan Bennett wind in and out of some funny marital difficulties with the U.S.O., a mad Roasian singer (Mischa Auer) and his meddlesome spouse (Glenda Farrell). When Joan peremptorily has twin beds installed in the apartment, husband George's growing suspicions of his wife's fidelity reach a peak. The situation continues ambiguous through the final scene in 1985.—U.A.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

Gene Autry manages always to be around when Edith Fellows, a fourteen-year-old rich kid gets into trouble on Sarah Padden's semi-nude ranch for semi-debutante lassies. Edith conducts a hilarious, almost tragic, one-girl campaign to get herself sent home from the ranch, but by the time she's through, she's changed her mind about the whole thing. Blame it on Gene Autry's winning ways.—Rep.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 49)

The divorce came through the other A.M.—but the wedding bells are still a long way off. With the last obstacle to their union removed, the young man has decided he doesn't want to get married, after all!

Quite understandably, he is reluctant to tell the girl about his change of heart. He doesn't want to hurt her, and he doesn't want to hurt himself—as he very well might since his sweetheart has a notoriously fiery temper. Rather than risk her wrath, he's done what he considers the next best thing. He has secured a job which will keep him out of town for at least six months. The lady, held here by her own picture commitments, will be unable to follow.

What will happen at the end—or if the girl discovers the plot—we would rather not think. We always did hate horror stories.

Our British Brethren

We don't suppose anyone will be very surprised to hear that, before the war, Winston Churchill was a red-hot Bing Crosby fan. Owned every record the Groaner ever made. It's pretty well known by now that the Prime Minister is a regular guy who can carry a note with the best of them. However, what is surprising about England's winsome Winnie, is this: He was once under contract to Alexander Korda!

In a long ago, happier day, Korda hired Churchill to write an original scenario. Churchill whipped through the job in two

hours, turning out the best darned story Korda ever read. But for some reason, the picture was never filmed.

It's said that Churchill is still enormously interested in American movies—but not so much as his friend, Lord Beaverbrook. M'lord boasts he has seen every Marlene Dietrich flicker at least five times!

Short Shots

Hedy Lamarr has two new house guests. Her beautiful refugee mother and a little Scottie who was Hedy's pet purp Over There... Jackie Cooper and the kids in his gang have rented a concrete mixer and will build a bombproof shelter in Bonita Granville's back yard... Hollywood is due for a fresh exodus of its stars to Broadway. Marlene Dietrich will lead the pack when she departs to appear in Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband." (Wonder why she picked that one!) She'll be trailed by Vic Mature who will thrill the debbies in a new Moss Hart comedy. Last time Vic went East, he brought back a bride!... Sonja Henie's last ice show grossed a trifling \$1,750,000... Mrs. Pat Boyer's birthday surprise for her husband, Charles, will be his portrait done by Painter John Decker... Richard Greene showed 'em! He put the stopper on those rumors that he was still torch-bearing for Virginia Field when he wed Patricia Medina, a British actress. The ceremony took place in London. Ginny is also scheduled for an altar-march—



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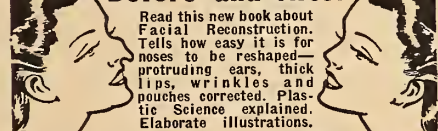
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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

with famed radio announcer Paul Douglas.

News About Zachary Gold

Zachary Gold, MODERN SCREEN's new genius of judgment—the man who tells you what movies are good, bad or worse and why—has long been a demon at the type-writer. His easy-to-read style first came to public notice when it was found engraved in the pages of Brown University's Anthology, a collection of pieces nothing but the best. But the best was none too good for Zachary, and before they could pin his coat tails down, he had started to shovel up the shekels that the Saturday Evening Post threw his way. In fact, the stories he wrote for the century-old weekly were judged so super select that they were chosen during three successive years—1939, 1940, 1941—to go into the veddy exclusive Post Stories, a slew of tales than which there are few better. Colliers' carried the torch for him immediately thereupon, and darned if the Cleveland Public Library didn't start to wonder who this young upstart was. When they found out, they gave his works a knockout exhibition. Illinois took up the gun from there, and come Autumn, boys and girls throughout the high schools in that state will be reading a few of his works in a new text book which was chosen from many of its type, but not its calibre. Budding literary lights will be able to study a finished product at first hand. We saw Zachary about a month ago and managed to convince him that he and MODERN SCREEN's review department fitted hand-in-glove—both honest, both tops. Hope you think so, too!

Hollywood in the War

The whole town's working like mad, from the topmost director to the smallest errand boy! Studio doors open at the crack of dawn, don't close till far into the night. Stars rush from set to extra-curricular defense activities. Many leading citizens have left home to go where they're needed. Director Frank Capra is in Washington, heading a Morale Division of the Army. Director John Ford is in the U. S. Navy. Melvyn Douglas, at present in Hollywood, on temporary leave from the nation's capital, has been appointed Chief of the Arts Council in the Office of Civilian Defense. And Bob Cummings is in Arizona flying almost steadily to amass the air hours necessary to retain his pilot's license and admit him into the Service.

On the Local Front

The younger set is following the example of Ann Rutherford who has ditched silk hose for Wartime cottons . . . Perfectionist directors who require twenty "takes" before they get an acceptable one, are learning to mend their wasteful ways. A new ruling imposes a "three take" limit, to conserve film . . . Due to the auto shortage, John Shelton gave Kathryn Grayson a motor scooter instead of a new car on her 20th birthday . . . Vivien Leigh, invited to return to these shores for another picture, indicates she will remain in England, close to her husband, Laurence Olivier . . . Studio writers are being urged by the War Department to inject the phrase "Keep 'Em Flying" into their pictures as often as possible.

An ad appeared in the Hollywood Reporter advertising the sale of two French Poodle Pups . . . "But Not Vichy!" . . . Brenda Joyce is living in an auto court near Camp Roberts where her husband, Lieut. Owen Ward, is stationed . . . Gene Tierney won't let the fans forget soldiers Richard Greene and Bob Shaw. She insisted that their photos

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

be conspicuous on her dresser in "Rings On Her Fingers" . . . It's Defense Bonds instead of fancy duds for Binnie Barnes and Michele Morgan. They're buying fewer clothes and swapping wardrobes with their friends when they need something new . . . And speaking of Bonds, Paulette Goddard has \$36,000 worth already—and she's not through! . . . Loretta Young is preparing for the day all her tires go flat. The other afternoon she made her calls in a horse-towed buggy with a liveried driver at the reins.

Rudy Vallee, a third class seaman in World War I, has been appointed an honorary flight cadet . . . Gas masks for young 'uns may be decorated with Mickey Mouse designs, so they won't scare the kiddies . . . Wednesday night is Bundles for Bluejackets night at the Milton Berles. Guests bring playing cards, cigarettes, books and sweaters for the boys in Service . . . 400 Paramount employees have each poured a pint of their blood into the Red Cross blood bank . . . Donald Crisp is a blood-donor who deserves special mention. Though over age, he insisted on giving his share . . . The Hollywood Swimming Pool set has been asked to keep their swimmin' holes filled at all times. Pool water may be needed if a bombing cuts the local water supply.

The Way to a Man's Heart . . . ?

Friends are telling the newly-wedded Maureen O'Hara that the first year is always the hardest. Not that Maureen isn't finding that out for herself! Another domestic crisis like the last one, and she'll be running home to Mother!

Maureen's marital troubles started when she picked up a volume entitled "Advice to the Bride" and learned that all men love to start their day with a big breakfast. That sounded reasonable, so the day she and Will Price moved into their new apartment, Maureen began conducting her kitchen according to the book.

The first morning, Will downed his fruit juice, cereal, eggs, toast, coffee and buns, with relish. The second and third days he cleaned his plates but a little more slowly. By the end of a week, he was approaching the table reluctantly. And at the end of a month, the very thought of breakfast was making him ill.

Maureen, cheerfully following the rules, failed to notice that anything was wrong. Each morning, she stacked Will's food higher and hovered over him till the final morsel was gone.

The other day, Will cracked up. Snatching Maureen's hand as she slid another pancake into a dish, he drew her onto his lap.

"Honey," he said, "I'm going to tell you something that may hurt. But remember that no matter what I say, I do love you. These

breakfasts," he continued, "you've gotten up every morning before dawn to prepare them. And I've devoured every last crumb. Now there's something you must know. I can't stand the sight of them! I've been strictly a coffee-and-toast man all my life, and if I ever have to face another seven-course breakfast, I'm going on a hunger strike!"

How to Win Friends . . .

Joan Crawford and Glenn Ford say it's only friendship, and they ought to know. But whatever it is, we suspect that Glenn—perhaps without his own knowledge—is being strongly influenced by those dinners and set-visits with the elegant Crawford. Anyway, we hope so. An up-and-coming actor like Glenn, still wet behind his career ears, has much that's good to learn from a star like Joan.

Joan, for one thing, has never snooted a fan. She knows that it's the autograph hounds and the celebrity seekers who put her on the top of the heap, and she's grateful to them. That this same quality of appreciativeness is growing in Glenn, is obvious from the following story.

The day he went to work in "Martin Eden," Glenn received a letter from a housewife in the Middle-West who told him how swell she considered him as an actor and how hard she was plugging for his success.

"I know you're too busy to answer this," she wrote. "But in your next picture, could you do some little thing that will let me know you've heard from me? Could you walk into a scene, tugging at the lobe of your ear? If you do that, I'll know it's meant for me. That will be my answer!"

Glenn didn't say "crackpot" and toss the letter into a wastepaper basket. Instead, he tugged at his ear in one scene—and in another for good measure! Unless his "message" lands on the cutting room floor, it will be the first time a star has used a million dollar production to answer a fan letter!

Disa and Data

Glenn Ford, a ciggie smoker, acquires that man-of-the-world feeling by puffing one big black cigar a day.

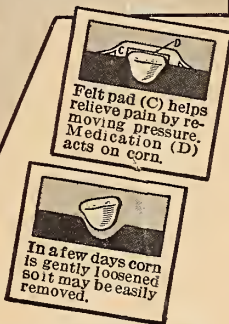
As soon as materials are available, Ann Sheridan will have special quarters built for George Brent, across the driveway from her main house. The two structures will be connected by a wooden bridge . . . Hedy Lamarr, who probably owns more jewels than any other movie star, hasn't taken her pretty baubles out of the vault since she came to Movietown. She doesn't like 'em . . . Gene Autry says thanks for the compliment, but he "does not choose to run for Senator of Oklahoma." . . . It took four shopping trips to Vermont, but the Henry Fondas finally got their new home furnished with pieces all over 100 years old . . . Out of respect for Judy Canova's feelings, Republic will not use the title "Moonstruck" for her latest picture. The studio recalls that at the time Judy sued for an annulment of her marriage to Corporal James Ripley, she averred she had been "hit on the head by a big yellow moon" . . . When Artie Shaw split his band, most of his men were snapped up by Chico Marx, who's embarking on a new bandleading career.

What's in a Name?

It's all settled. Ronald Colman will play the part of Rochester, and the first guy who snickers can answer to David O. Selznick, personally!

No, dear moviegoer, you who shifted uncomfortably in your seat while Don Ameche

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

portrayed Stephen Foster, and who found Mickey Rooney's Young Tom Edison just as hard to take—Mr. Colman is not going into blackface.

Last year, when Selznick announced the production of Emily Bronte's famous novel, "Jane Eyre," he also announced that he might give Jane's lover, Edward Rochester, a new name. He was afraid, he said, that audiences would howl at a romantic lead whose name reminded them of Jack Benny's favorite dorkie!

Immediately, Bronte clubs all over the world bombarded Selznick with protests. If the producer changed so much as a hair, they vowed they would boycott his picture—and call on the ghost of Emily to aid them!

The battle raged for one solid year. The other day Selznick revealed it was ended.

"Ronald Colman will appear as Rochester," he said. "And I promise that when he's finished with the role, movie fans will be laughing at Eddie Anderson—because he hasn't got an English accent!"

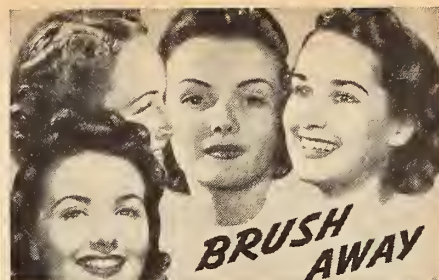
More Disa and Data

Jimmy Stewart and Olivia de Havilland are closer to the altar than anyone thinks . . . It was different in Abe Lincoln's day! Bob Young's daughters had to travel such a great distance to their school, Bob and a few of his neighbors chipped in and established a schoolroom of their own, closer to home, with a qualified teacher in charge! . . . Alice Faye, expecting her fan mail to dwindle when she retired to await her baby, is thrilled with the way it zoomed beyond its previous record . . . 20th Century-Fox is paying U-No, a 36-year-old trained mule, \$1,250 a week for his appearance in "Ten Gentlemen From West Point"—an amount in excess of the combined salaries of Maureen O'Hara and George Montgomery who are the stars of the picture! . . . George Sanders' original tune, dedicated to Norma Shearer, has music publishers pounding at his door . . . You can't sneeze at a business that pays 208,000 persons an annual salary of \$407,000,000!

The torch Marlene Dietrich is bearing for Jean Gabin is bigger than the Statue of Liberty's . . . The John Sheltons call their three cocker spaniels Hinky, Dinky and Parley-vous, and their sheep dogs, Itch and Scratch . . . Six of Chris-Pin Martin's grandchildren will make their movie bow in "Across the Border," Chris-Pin's latest . . . Samuel Goldwyn was afraid that "damn Yankee" feeling still exists below the Mason-Dixon line, so he polled 500 representative citizens in representative Southern communities, asking if they'd object to "Pride of the Yankees" as the title of Gary Cooper's newest starter. The 500 r. c.'s responded with a unanimous "No!" . . . If she has her way, Joan Crawford will become M-G-M's first full-fledged woman producer . . . Louis Bromfield, who receives fabulous prices for his novels, is the new editor of Humphrey Bogart's fan club magazine! He's doing it free, out of friendship for Boggy.

Grace Notes About Bob Eberly

Years and years ago, Bob Eberly won a Fred Allen Amateur contest, played a week at Roxy's and then went slinking home again to Hoosic Falls, N. Y. sans contract, sans dough. A broken man. Locally, however, he was still Caruso, and firemen's benefits and things kept him in the chips and in chronically elegant voice. One night in 1936, he was asked to sing at a police ball in Troy, N. Y.—a colossal item for which 10,000 tickets had been sold and for which the



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Dorsey Bros. orchestra had been engaged. Bob, who usually accompanied himself on the guitar or banjo, let the Dorseys take over the job, and it was like champagne and caviar, Abbott and Costello, and all the other divine combinations you can think of. When the Dorseys left Troy, Bob was with 'em. He stayed with Jimmy when the brothers rifted. Says he wouldn't leave him for a million . . . Ex-newsboy, ex-high school pitcher, he's currently most fan-mailed singer in the business. There still is no Mrs. E. to gloom up the picture, but he's shopping. Wants an intelligent brunette with a sense of humor. It'll help if she's a Debussy addict, 'cause he is; and a good cook, as his appetite's phenomenal . . . He's five feet eleven, weighs 167 pounds. Always looks Greek go-d-y, but doesn't care much about clothes. He smokes Camels, has flat feet and stays awake till dawn over a good mystery. Hates beer, single-breasted suits and being alone. The last "hate" is purely imaginary, we feel, as he's got more friends than anybody.

Grace Notes About Helen O'Connell

Blonde glamour puss Helen O'Connell was a child career-woman. Has been supporting herself since she was 13, no less—all of nine years ago. Taught dancing to other pint-sized Pavlovas for a while in her home town, Lima, Ohio; then discovered she could sing and got a job with one Jimmy Richards' orchestra. Her 17-year-old heart, however, wasn't quite in it, on account of her terrific crush on another Jimmy's band. Yep—old J. Dorsey's. Used to invest all her money in his recordings and sing along with them. Eventually she got to New York with Larry Funk's orchestra and—she still doesn't believe it—was discovered by dream guy Dorsey . . . Five feet six and 121 pounds, she couldn't be shyer in real life. Is constantly amazed at her own antics on the bandstand. Was stunned when she saw herself cutting up in her first movie, Paramount's "The Fleet's In" . . . She's about the only blonde Bob Eberly can tolerate. "Cause she's got a brunette personality," he alibis. We, however, know it's because she's straight O'Connell and just plain irresistible. Look at the record: Polls taken by swing mags, "Downbeat" and "Orchestra World" last year gave her top popularity honors among all gal vocalists; last year's senior class at Harvard voted her "Sweetheart of 1941"; and the block around any theater where she's appearing is invariably like Times Square on New Year's Eve. And if that's "brunette personality," boy, wrap it up, we'll take one.

Stoodents!

So many fans ask Constance Bennett for advice on clothes she's written a booklet for them called "Your Grooming I.Q."

Highlights: Never, she warns, dress too consciously with or against fashion . . . Always remember simplicity is the basis of smart dressing . . . When you've assembled a complete costume, practice wearing it around the house so you'll feel at ease.

Two Way Stretch

Toughest costuming problem of the month confronted Designer Royer when he picked up the script of Hal Roach's "Brooklyn Orchid." A pixy-ish writer had developed a scene in which Florine McKinney was to romp through a series of strenuous exercises wearing a skin-tight evening gown (to be created by Royer)—and emerge from the tussle with every dress seam intact.

Royer cursed the writer and slunk off to dream up the impossible. Lo and behold, he returned to the set a couple of days later with the dress. "Here you are," he smirked. "This will give Florine a real body-hugging. And it won't pop a single seam, either—they're all held together with elastic thread!"

This is as good a time as any, incidentally, to clear up a question we're asked at least a dozen times a day. No, the stars do *not* own the clothes they're pictured wearing. Local stores lend their merchandise to be photographed on the gals, but often, as in Bette Davis' case, the star likes something so well, she buys it. And pays full price for it, too, in case you're wondering about discounts!

Good News About K. T. Stevens

Don't call her "Katie"! It's K. T.—most emphatically—K. T. Stevens, up and becoming famous daughter of a famous father, a girl who changed her name because she refused to cash in on her father's reputation when looking for a job . . . substituted initials for a full label in the first half of her moniker, pulled "Stevens" out of the bag, and set out full sail on her own career . . . Blushingly she admits that she's head over heels in love with her new life, but she puts a giant question mark over any other possible loves that fall closest to her heart . . . forthrightly announcing, however, that one of them is NOT social colossus Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, as is publicly rumored . . . because she doesn't like the competition from his horses! Any interested bidders for K. T.'s hand will have to forego one of life's greatest pleasures, furthermore . . . because she "can't stand men who eat vanilla ice cream" . . . it makes her think the men might be as colorless as the confection . . . chocolate sauce or no chocolate sauce! Fair Lady Stevens confesses to having attended several dramatic schools, but, in her own words, "none of them were of the kind in which the pupil is required to sit on a table and act like an apple." . . . At the same time her mother insisted that she learn to play the piano, said she'd regret it if she didn't learn . . . evidently, though, mom was wrong, judging from K. T.'s current admission that "I don't even like to *look* at a piano!" Biggest onstage worry she's had has been her hands . . . "What to do with those huge hunks of paralyzed flesh hanging from the ends of my arms! I'm over this now, thank heaven, but it took me nearly four years to whip this phobia." . . . maybe because she tried to emulate the person she most admires, Mrs. Hepburn's older daughter, Katharine . . . K. T. claims she rehearses under any roof or tree, no matter where she is . . . usually, she says, her pre-performance carryings-on occur on busses or in subways when she's studying . . . "I look up to find people all around me staring as if I'd lost my mind. For a minute I'm not sure, either." Her favorite expression, she's discovered, seems to be "You're so right, chum." Her one make-up can't-do-without is a lipstick brush. Asked if she had any endearing vices, she countered quickly with "You'll never be able to pin me down to name what vices are endearing." Her favorite director? We'll quote her in full on this one . . . "I'd like to say William Wellman but can you imagine what would happen to me when I came home to dinner if I said that! P.S. My father is Sam Wood. So let's call this a tie between Mr. Wood and Mr. Wellman." Ooops . . . we let the cat out of the bag . . . but K. T. Stevens, the slopped-up-in-cold-cream-and-paper-curlers Gertie of "Kitty Foyle" comedy fame really is a career girl on her own. She can't help it if her father's famous, too!

Fri., Feb. 27th: Still drowsy after last Academy Award dinner. What a w/evening! Didn't have the glitter of Academy nights 'cause all the go asked to leave their formals at home come in either street or dinner dress. Wendell Willkie and Dr. Hu Shih, Ambassador to the U. S., who were the pal speakers, more than compensated for lack of sequins and shiny shoulders.

Accepted Adrian's invitation to see the private showing of his Spring collection. When I heard he was exhibiting Ready-To-Wear line, I thought I'd discovered the perfect shopping place for M/S SCREEN's working-girl readers. Should be known better. Turned out Adrian's Ready Wears start at \$69.75!

The show didn't have a swank cocktail atmosphere, though. Only thing served was a slab of gum at the door. Funny thing about my invitation. Greta Garbo's name was crossed out and mine written above it. Expected to find my seat behind a screen or post, but it was right out in the open near Gracie Allen's, Jeanette MacDonald's, Janet Gaynor's and Greer Garson's. Maybe that's why G. G. wouldn't come.

Stopped at Robert's Drive-In for a quick Pepsi. The place is famous for its "Remember Pearl Harbor"—stamped butter pats!

Wed., Mar. 4th: Walking by Hollywood High this morning and noticed a mob of kids surrounding an instructor who was showing them how to douse incendiary bombs. Found Jean Gabin in the crowd of onlookers. Jean doesn't look as strained as he did when I met him the week he arrived from France. California has loosened his taut war nerves. Says he prayed the Axis plague would never strike here. But he's happy, as we all are, that West Coast stars are pitching in cheerfully and without panic.

Coincidence! Saw Jean again this evening—with Ginger Rogers in a little restaurant in Beverly Hills. And only yesterday, Ginger's personal p. a. announced she was on her farm in Oregon—and was not seeing Gabin!

Mon., Mar. 9th: Here I am, completely snowed out by the news that Gary Cooper delivered a long speech at Pershing Square, when Gary deals me another shock! On the "Pride of the Yankees" set we got to talking about Gary's 5-year-old daughter, Maria, and Proud Papa didn't stop talking for an hour. Mostly about how superbly Maria skis and skates at Sun Valley. Guess Gary isn't so silent after all. Just hates to gab about Cooper.

To the Ballet Russe at the Philharmonic, this evening. Met Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith, Michele Morgan, Hedda Hopper and Lili Damita in the lobby. Also, Humphrey Bogart, the sissy! Bogey tells me he'll only go to the Ballet if he's driven, but once he's there he loves it.

Bogey had a funny story to tell about the ballet troupe. When they were at Warners making shorts, they almost disrupted the studio. Other Warner stars would stray from their own sets to watch them, and directors were driven frantic trying to locate players when they were needed. Eventually the situation got so serious, the ballet set had to be closed to visitors. However, bewhiskered Monty Woolley wouldn't be kept out. When the studio cop refused him entrance, Woolley thought fast. Hearing the strains of "Tales of Hoffmann," composed in the middle of the 18th century by Jacques Offenbach, Woolley glared furiously at the studio cop and snapped, "That is my music they're playing! I am Offenbach!" The abashed policeman pored out apologies and banged open the set doors. "Go right in, sir," he gulped. Woolley

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save tires. Nor is the rest of the town. Under-stand the Beverly Hills License Bureau registered 1,200 new bicycles in the last four weeks.

Wed., Mar. 18th: Joined Kirt Baskette in the Fox commissary for his interview with Vic Mature. Vic swears, word of honor, there's absolutely no connection between his separation from his wife and Rita Hayworth's from her husband, so soon after they co-starred in "My Gal Sal." Rita's charge that Eddie Judson "inflicted great and grievous physical and mental cruelty upon her" rocked the town that thought the Judsons' 5-year-old marriage was on a reasonably solid foundation.

Cesar Romero and Carole Landis stopped by. Both are up to their necks in war work. Last week, Cesar gave a big party at his home and invited the Ray Millands, Fred MacMurrays, Alan Joneses, Gary Coopers, Ann Sothorn and Bob Sterling, and Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery. The party didn't break up till 2 o'clock. But at the stroke of 12, Cesar waved his guests good-night and trundled off to bed. He had to report for State Guard maneuvers at 8 A.M. the following day and needed a good night's rest! Carole says she's under doctor's orders to slow up her national defense efforts. Seven nights a week and every free afternoon are too much for one frail gal, according to her medic.

Had dinner at the Streets of Paris where Wingy Manone toots the trumpet with the band. Wingy hasn't stopped glowing since his Las Vegas elopement with Lois Murphy. He's kind of ashamed, though, of the way he gumbled up the ceremony by tossing jive patter at the preacher instead of the conventional "I do's." Wingy had to apologize like a naughty child before the preacher would go through with the ceremony!

Mon., Mar. 23rd: Brown Derby-lunched with Ida Lupino and June Duprez. Lots of rubber-necking when Ida and June began to hum, "Time Stops," the ditty they co-composed. I suppose it's good, but the stares focused on us were so discomforting, I hardly heard the tune! The spotlight finally shifted to Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith, seated at a table close by. Strange thing. Every time the Derby photographer tried to snap them, Agent Myron Selznick popped up from the next table and shooed the camera boy away. Can't imagine why. It's no secret that the Goddard-Meredith deal is a robust romance.

Over to the Palladium this evening to dance to Tommy Dorsey's band. Leopold Stokowski stopped in unexpectedly. The entrance of the Maestro didn't disturb the hepcats. They just ignored him. But I think The Great Presence shook Dorsey and his boys. Not that Stokowski came to criticize. He raved about the band and dealt a special complimentary pat to drummer Buddy Rich. Stokowski says Buddy reminds him of the drummers he heard in Central Africa!

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BUY FOR VICTORY

The pictures on this page are shining evidence of the unselfish chapter in American history being written daily by Hollywood.

Wider awake than the rest of us, Hollywoodites recognize that this is *total* war. It is every citizen's war. If the soldier on the battlefield can give his life, we here can give our blood. If the boys in the camps can scale down to \$21 a month, certainly we at home can stop by at the bank or post office and buy defense bonds and stamps . . . till it hurts!!

Actually, because ours is a government *for* the people, Uncle Sam is *paying* you to help him! Buy a defense bond, and in ten years your money increases by one-third.

When the Axis started this war, they counted on a first round knockout. Free people can't fight, can't sacrifice, they said. They are wrong. We will fight and buy and buy and fight—not because we have to—but because we want to. And we will show Hollywood that its sacrifice, its fine publicity, have sown the seeds of Cooperation and Victory!

Albert Einstein





Annette was a debutante.
 She came from a good family.
 She went to the very best schools.
 Then she "came out"—
 And NOTHING happened!
 Here she is at a party, all dressed up,
 And no heart to break but her own.
 Dainty, sweet, and her nose CAREFULLY powdered,
 She wears just the right shade of lipstick,
 But her eyes are a *BLANK*—
 They just don't register!
 One day Annette learned about MAYBELLINE,
 Just as you are doing—and,
 Look at Annette NOW!

MORAL: *Many a man has been swept
 off his feet by fluttering lashes!*

Annette's lashes now
 appear long, dark and
 lovely, with a few simple
 brush-strokes of
 MAYBELLINE MAS-
 CARA (solid or cream
 form—both are non-
 smudging and tear-proof).

Annette's eyebrows now
 have character and ex-
 pression, thanks to
 the smooth-marking
 MAYBELLINE EYE-
 BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of
 added charm, Annette
 lends a bit of creamy
 MAYBELLINE EYE
 SHADOW on her eyelids
 —her eyes appear spark-
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Give your eyes thrilling
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